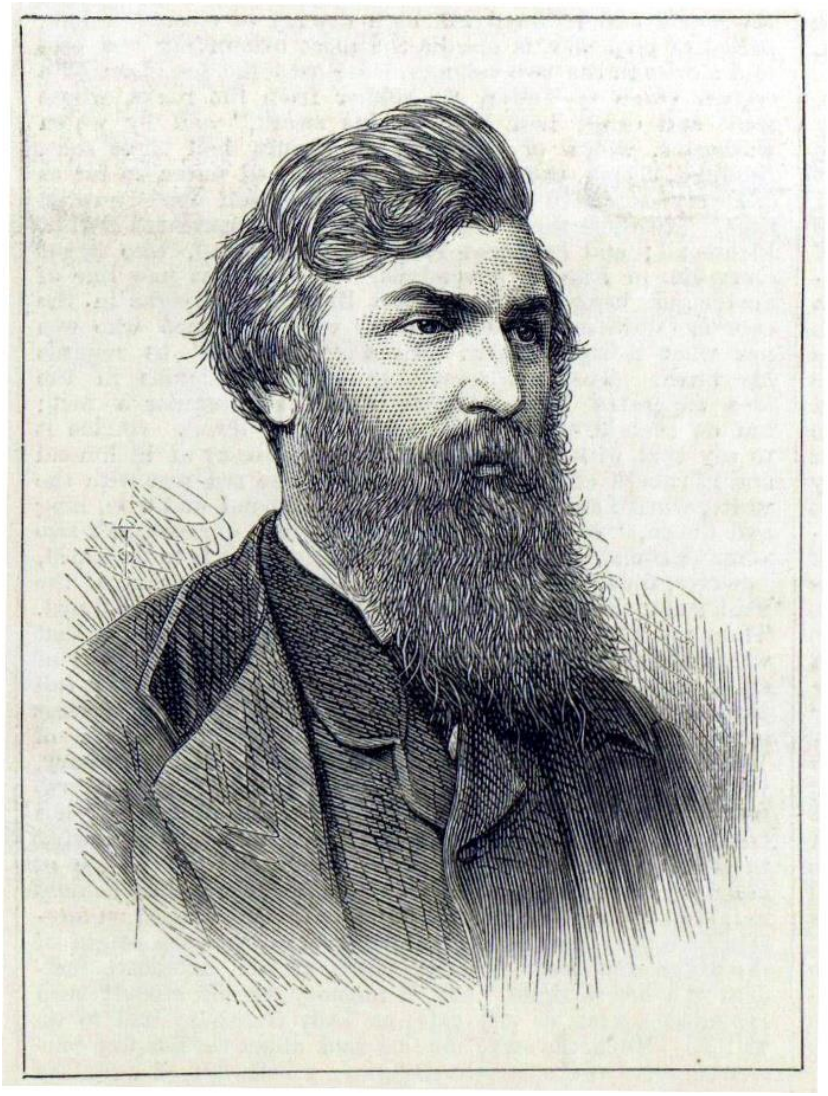
The Gay Science

E. S. Dallas



Edited by

Graham Law and Jenny Bourne Taylor

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The portrait of Dallas on the cover derives from a photograph taken by M. Bingham, of the Rue de Larochefoucauld, Paris, and reproduced to accompany the author's obituary in the *Illustrated London News* (8 February 1879), p. 129. The image is taken from a copy in the possession of the editors.

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Editorial Introduction

In the interval of rather over a century and a half since it was written, *The Gay Science*—E.S. Dallas's monograph aiming 'to settle the first principles of Criticism, and to show how alone it can be raised to the dignity of a science', as he put it in his brief Preface—has occasionally attracted the highest praise but has much more generally been ignored. The encomia have come from distinguished scholars as historically scattered and ideologically diverse as: George Saintsbury, the arch-enemy of system, who just after the close of the Victorian period nevertheless acknowledged that Dallas 'had real critical talent … it is a pity that it has not had more adequate recognition';[1] the poet and playwright John Drinkwater, who, leafing through *The Gay Science* at the London Library between the wars, was astounded to discover himself 'under the spell of a quite remarkable critical intelligence';[2] the comparativist René Wellek advocating a synthetic approach to literary studies, who at the beginning of the new Elizabethan era pronounced Dallas to be virtually 'alone among Victorian critics' in attempting 'a systematic theory of poetry with scientific aspirations';[3] and the radical poet and critic Hugh MacDiarmid, who, in a work only appearing after his death in 1978, acknowledged the contribution to modern aesthetics of this 'important and far too little known Scottish writer'.[4] Perhaps the most striking evidence of how Dallas's critical project has been overlooked is the fact that no scholarly edition of *The Gay Science* has ever been published.[5] The present volume, a collaboration between two veteran nineteenth-century scholars who have long studied Dallas's contributions to both the psychology and the journalism of the period, is intended to fill this gap. In addition to a fresh and careful re-setting of Dallas's text, the material provided here prominently includes: a detailed chronology of the author's life which receives only brief and superficial treatment in the *Oxford Dictionary of National Bibliography*; a listing of all his known publications, whether the limited number in volume or the much larger quantity in periodicals of all sorts and conditions; detailed explanatory footnotes designed to assist twenty-first century readers; and endnotes tracing the complex intertextual relations between *The Gay Science* and Dallas's earlier work. This Introduction is principally concerned to analyse 'The Range and Originality of the Argument', though that section is preceded and followed by slightly briefer ones devoted respectively to 'The Composition and Compilation of the Text' and 'The Publication and Reception of the Book'.

The Composition and Compilation of the Text

As Laurel Brake has demonstrated, the later Victorian period in particular witnessed a 'trepidation of the spheres' of serial and book issue reflecting pressures both aesthetic and economic.[6] Two significant forms of literary interaction between these major publishing formats already prevalent by the mid-century were: the prior issuing of full-length works, whether non-fictional or fictional, in periodical instalments, thus permitting reader feedback and author revision in advance of volume publication; and the gathering of series of related articles or tales initially published independently in magazines or newspapers into volume collections. Representative non-fictional examples from the relevant era would be, respectively: John Ruskin's *'Unto this Last'* (Smith, Elder, 1862), a slim volume 'on the First Principles of Political Economy', curtailed from the original plan due to hostile reactions to the four essays serialized in the *Cornhill Magazine* in the second half of 1860; and *Eminent Men and Popular Books* (Routledge, 1859), the first of four volumes each consisting of around a dozen selected *Times* reviews from Dallas's fellow staff-writer Samuel Lucas, reprinted with only minor revisions and with the

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1 George Saintsbury, *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe: Vol. III* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1904), p. 513.

2 John Drinkwater, 'Eneas Sweetland Dallas', in his edited volume, *The Eighteen-Sixties* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1932), pp. 201–23; p. 202.

3 René Wellek, *A History of Modern Criticism: Vol. IV* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1955), p. 145.

4 Hugh MacDiarmid, *Aesthetics in Scotland*, ed. Alan Bold (Edinburgh: Mainstream Publishing, 1984), p. 55.

5 It seems, however, that Wellek had once planned one: in the Preface to his edition of Dallas's 1877 'Manual of Cookery', *Kettner's Book of the Table* (London: Centaur Press, 1968), Derek Hudson suggested prematurely that 'an American publishing company is engaged in re-issuing both *Poetics* and *The Gay Science*, edited by Professor Wellek' (p. x). Unedited facsimiles of the original 1866 two-volume edition include the following: New York: Johnson Reprint Corporation, 1969; New York: Garland, 1986; Bristol: Thoemmes Press, 1999; and Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011.

6 Laurel Brake, *Print in Transition, 1850–1910: Studies and Media and Book History* (London: Palgrave, 2001), pp. 3–26.

title of the newspaper prominent on both cover and title-page.[7] Dallas's *The Gay Science*, however, follows neither of these paradigms; the bulk of the book was freshly written according to an original design outlined in the chapter abstracts, but there are substantial sections featuring a collage of extracts from his previous publications, mainly review articles from a range of periodicals.[8]

In the Preface to *The Gay Science*, Dallas indeed mentions that '[a] few of the following pages have already seen the light in various publications, although they now stand in their places without any acknowledgment', since '[t]hey are so few in number, and, having been rewritten, are so altered in form'. As can be seen clearly from the textual endnotes in this edition, this represents something of an understatement: the editors have in fact identified over eighty passages scattered unevenly throughout *The Gay Science* which are adapted from previous writings by Dallas,[9] some of considerable length and many with only very minor revisions. Altogether these passages amount to well over 20,000 words, approaching twenty per cent of the total; the previous works in question include not only periodical publications (the *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, *Eclectic Review*, *Cornhill Magazine*, *Hogg's Instructor*, all monthly miscellanies, and the *Edinburgh Guardian*, a weekly journal, as well as, most frequently of all, *The Times* daily newspaper, with the issues in question dating from October 1853 through to December 1864) but also the early monograph *Poetics: An Essay on Poetry* (Smith, Elder, 1852), especially its introductory and concluding chapters. If the passages recycled from *Poetics*—of which there are twenty-eight in total, most rather brief—can often be simply explained as the author building on foundations laid down in an earlier work exploring similar themes,[10] this is far from the case with the material from Dallas's journal articles. In a few instances, the recycling of a substantial passage of text in the pages of *The Gay Science* seems to be the only extant evidence that a particular unsigned periodical article was in fact penned by Dallas. Given that the *Eclectic Review* is only partially indexed in the *Wellesley*, and *Hogg's Instructor* not at all, the main documentary evidence of Dallas's association with those journals is provided by the unacknowledged inclusion in this work of a number of extracts from articles dating respectively from the 1850s, and of course there may well be other contributions not so explicitly signalled.[11] In the case of *The Times*, of course, this is much less likely; the available series of Editorial Diaries confirming the identity of contributors provides a pretty reliable record from January 1857 onwards, and during the less certain period immediately before that of under a year and a half, when Dallas was already contributing to the newspaper, and when attributions tend to rely on the fragments of his correspondence that have survived, we have not be able to pin down any new reviews cited in *The Gay Science*.

Moreover, as the textual endnotes suggest, these recycled passages are found much more frequently in the later chapters of the book, with the ratio between the two volumes in terms of number of words standing at roughly one to three. For this imbalance we can offer two rather different reasons. The first is related to the structure of the argument (discussed in more detail in the following section of this introduction): the modes of

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[7] The first two were both published by Routledge and carried the phrase 'From the "Times"' on the cover, with the second titled *Biography and Criticism* (1860); the later volumes, *Mornings of the Recess* (2 vols; 1864), were issued by Tinsley and carried the legend ''Reprinted, by permission, from the "Times"' prominently on the title-page. For reasons unknown Dallas's contributions were not reprinted in this collective form, though he was an equally prolific reviewer to Lucas and for the same newspaper; see Graham Law and Jenny Bourne Taylor, eds, *E.S. Dallas in 'The Times'* (London: Routledge, 2024), pp. xlvi–lxvii.

[8] According to the *OED*, the noun 'collage' with the meaning '[a]n abstract form of art in which photographs, pieces of paper, newspaper cuttings, string, etc., are placed in juxtaposition and glued to the pictorial surface', is only found from 1919 in response to the artistic innovations of Picasso or Braque. W.H. Auden and Louis Macneice are cited there among the early voices extending the concept to textual compilation.

[9] There are quite likely to be others, as tracking down such textual borrowing cannot be carried out entirely by machine, and our listing of Dallas's periodical contributions is by no means complete.

[10] As early as the summer of 1855 there had been press reports that Dallas was at work on 'a second part or continuation' of *Poetics*: see, for example, 'General Jottings', *Edinburgh News* (28 July 1855), p. 6d.

[11] In particular, during that period the *Eclectic* carried two reviews of works by Victor Cousin ('Studies of Foreign Literature, Ancient and Modern II', September 1856, pp. 219–43, and 'French Society in the Seventeenth Century', November 1858, pp. 385–98), which overlap a good deal with Dallas's lengthy discussion of Madame de Rambouillet in *The Gay Science*, Ch. V: 'The Agreement of the Critics'; however, since there is no direct quotation from either article it is quite possible that they represent sources used silently by Dallas rather than his own compositions.

journalistic discourse that Dallas was primarily drawing on naturally tended to reflect what Richard Altick has called 'the presence of the present',[12] and most of the exemplification from contemporary culture and society is found in the later part of the book, with a particular concentration in the final chapter on 'The Ethical Current' of the Victorian era, while the earlier chapters focus more on theoretical and historical issues. The second concerns the author's personal and professional circumstances: as shown in detail later, Dallas had finished writing the first volume by the summer of 1865 but, from towards the end of that year with the projected publication already widely publicised, he must have been under increasing pressure to complete the second, thus perhaps providing an incentive to 'borrow' appropriate passages of previously published material. As Roellinger notes, there is some evidence from around this time of Dallas also struggling with deadlines at *The Times*.[13] The newspaper's archives also shed some light on why the author did not acknowledge explicitly what was recycled and where. At a time when impersonality remained the norm in journalistic discourse, *The Times* maintained an especially strict policy of authorial anonymity which Dallas had run foul of back in the autumn of 1855, when his responsibility for his first contribution to the newspaper, an abrasive review of Tennyson's *Maud*, was leaked to the Scottish press. A decade later, perhaps with that incident still in mind, Dallas must have written to his immediate supervisor, the office manager Mowbray Morris, asking for permission to silently reprint material from his published reviews, for on 1 November 1865 Morris had responded: 'The only objection that occurs to me against your unacknowledged quotation of what has appeared in The Times is, that if some clever critic should detect & expose the plagiarism, you would have to submit to the charge without explanation. That however would be your affair, not ours …'.[14] The implication, of course, is that the newspaper would not have allowed Dallas to provide readers of his new volumes with specific details regarding the recycling of material from his *Times* contributions, although it must have done so for Samuel Lucas.

As indicated by the footnotes to this edition, whether the author's own occasional comments on/additions to his own analysis or the explanatory editorial notes, the text of *The Gay Science* incorporates such an inordinately wide range and large number of citations from other writers, whether explicitly acknowledged or not, that this also should be seen as contributing to the effect of collage. This extensive quotation includes a good deal of material in other European languages, notably classical Latin and French, but on occasion also German, Spanish and Provençal, all of which, as the notes suggest, Dallas seems to have had the competence or confidence to translate himself if necessary, though he also makes use when available of well-known renderings. These include those of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Travels* by Carlyle (in Ch. IV: 'The Corner Stone'), or of Spanish verse by Bowring (in Ch. XVII: 'The Ethical Current'). In contrast, unlike in *Poetics*, quotations from classical Greek are never cited in the original, with the many translations generally taken from established sources, such as Clough's recent adaptation of Dryden's version of Plutarch's *Lives*, again in the final chapter.

The authorial footnotes, of which there are over thirty in all, most typically provide space for the voices of others to be heard at greater length than practical in the body of the text, as most notably in the extended quotation from Ruskin in Ch. VII, which the author chose to place it at the end of the chapter due to its length. Only very occasionally do these notes offer the personal details generally absent from Dallas's unsigned journalism—as in the references to his friendship with Thomas Spencer Baynes during their college days (p. 38 in Ch. IV) or to assistance with a translation received from Sydney Dobell, another Edinburgh colleague (p. 205 in the final chapter). The editorial footnotes serve most often to supply specific bibliographic information to support citations omitted or left incomplete by the author, although a smaller number supply cross-references or explanatory information. On several occasions Dallas compiles mini-catalogues of prose extracts in illustration of a given topic: for example, the list of insults directed at critics assembled towards the beginning of Ch. II: 'The Science of Criticism', or the comprehensive collection of anecdotes showing that 'understanding is not essential

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12 See Richard D. Altick, *The Presence of the Present: Topics of the Day in the Victorian Novel* (Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State University Press, 1991).

13 See F.X. Roellinger, 'E.S. Dallas: A Study in Victorian Criticism', Unpublished Ph.D. Thesis, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1938, pp. 27–28.

14 See News UK Archive, NRA 19359 *The Times*, Managers Letters Books (1st Series), Vol. 13, p. 618.

to memory' at the heart of Ch. VII: 'The Hidden Soul'. On other occasions, he compiles brief anthologies of verse quotations, as in the case of those connecting 'the fulness of joy with the absence of consciousness' or those illuminating 'the element of mystery' in the finest poetry, both found in Ch. XIII: 'Hidden Pleasure'. Stylistically, Dallas has a decided preference for serial apposition, so that some of these illustrative inventories are abbreviated to little more than lists, as with those of mystical theorists or of familiar spirits both found in the same paragraph of his chapter on 'The Hidden Soul' (pp. 91–92).

Here, given the ethical conventions operative in the academic world today, where such an absence of specific acknowledgment of works cited could result in censure for plagiarism (including self-plagiarism), it is worth noting that in the Victorian period the concept of intellectual property was much less precisely codified and the ethical rules governing scholarship were considerably more flexible; while it is true that Mowbray Morris employs the term 'plagiarism' in his letter to Dallas, he immediately adds that this 'seems so small a matter that it need not disturb you'.[15] And however many pieces there are that make up in the complex puzzle that is the text of *The Gay Science*, as we shall show in the following section, when they are put together they constitute a generally cohesive argument concerning the psychological and social functions of the arts that is both wide-ranging and strikingly original.

The Range and Originality of the Argument

In the opening chapters of *The Gay Science,* Dallas sets himself the ambitious task of developing a 'science of criticism', which he argues must be founded on 'a science of the laws of pleasure' (p. 13). These 'laws' in turn need to be based on 'a correct psychology' (p. 25): an understanding of the workings of what he later calls the 'Hidden Soul'—the unconscious mind that lies at the source not only of artistic creation, but of all productive thought (Ch. VII). This project, ambitious enough in itself, is made more complex by at least two further aspirations: firstly, to give a comprehensive overview of the historical development of literary criticism and its strengths and weaknesses; secondly to interrogate the idea of 'the individual', both as a singular entity with a dynamic inner life, and as a social identity shaped by specific cultural and historical processes, manifested above all in the general notion of what he calls 'the national life' (p. 19) and within the particular forms of modern individualism. Such breadth of ambition certainly helps to explain Dallas's often diffuse mode of proceeding, not only in his opening chapters, but also in his lengthy analysis of the nature of pleasure in the early chapters of the second volume, and indeed throughout the work, with its numerous elaborations, digressions, citations and repetitions. But we might also interpret this diffuseness as the product of many years of meditation about the nature of 'literature', of how it is produced and circulated, and of the nature of aesthetic response—a complex project that Dallas pursued in a piecemeal but enduring way throughout his career as a journalist. So while, as we have seen, Dallas does indeed 'borrow' extensively from his own earlier writings, we can also read these earlier passages as partial drafts of the material that he was only able to develop fully in an authored monograph.

As suggested above, *The Gay Science* attempts to bring together and develop two very different modes of analysis, both rooted in the author's early intellectual life at Edinburgh, that Dallas had expounded towards the beginning of his writing career in the 1850s both in his monograph *Poetics: An Essay on Poetry* and in his series of articles on 'Popular Literature' in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. As the textual endnotes to this edition show, Dallas's re-use of this material tends to come toward the conclusion of the second volume of *The Gay Science*, giving this earlier writing a new angle as he employs it in this new context. Much of the material from *Poetics* is taken from its penultimate chapter—'The Truth of Poetry'—and transplanted into the opening of Chapter XVI: 'The World of Fiction' in *The Gay Science*. However, in the process it is transformed. In *Poetics* Dallas stresses the problematic nature of 'truth' in poetry; in *The Gay Science* it is *fiction* in its widest sense that is scrutinised, both as the 'the means which art employs' and as the basis of all abstract and synthetic thought (p. 193). Dallas's assertion here, that 'it is a world of fictions in which we live' (p. 196) and that

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[15] 'Acknowledgment of assistance is a cardinal point in literary courtesy too often neglected' (I, vii), wrote G.H. Lewes in his Preface to *Life and Works of Goethe* (2 vols; London: David Nutt, 1855), a work which Dallas describes as 'one of the finest biographies in our language' (p. 64).

all speculative thought, whether in mathematics, grammar, law or religion, involves creating imaginative scenarios, transforms his earlier largely conventional remarks into an ambitious foreshadowing of twentieth-century debates in the philosophy of science. In contrast, in addition to passages recycled from around a dozen different reviews from *The Times*, Dallas's discussion in his final chapter devoted to 'The Ethical Current' draws heavily on the first of his 1859 articles on 'The Popular Press in *Blackwood's*, but takes the argument in a different direction. Both discussions explore the social and cultural effects of the development of writing—creating an elite clerical caste—and much later of printing—fostering a democratic impulse while also contributing to social fragmentation with the development of modern techniques of mass production and communication. In *Blackwood's*, however, Dallas goes on to develop this into a detailed analysis of the role of the periodical press in contemporary political culture that builds on the liberal ideas of Alexis de Tocqueville in *De La Démocratie en Amérique*,[16] while in *The Gay Science* he incorporates this material into a broader sociological discussion of the nature of modern individualism.

Dallas concludes the chapter 'The World of Fiction' by briefly returning to the central concept of the dynamic nature of unconscious thought elaborated throughout the chapters in the first volume: 'On Imagination', 'The Hidden Soul', 'The Play of Thought', and the 'The Secrecy of Art'. There are very few borrowings from his earlier writings here, since Dallas's reviews in *The Times* give little indication of the intellectual context of *The Gay Science*—that the later 1850s and the early 1860s represented an extraordinarily productive period in the development of mental science, extending debates in the philosophy of mind, medicine and physiology.[17] *The Times* tended not to cover this material, and Dallas of course did not control the newspaper's policy regarding what books were to be reviewed; his notices in *The Times* of the writings of Sir William Hamilton and Sir Henry Holland, for example, make no mention of their respective analyses of latent memory and double consciousness.[18] Nonetheless, despite Dallas's own claims that 'mental science has not yet done much for us in any department of study' and that 'the application of scientific methods to the mind and action of man … are still in their infancy' (p. 30), there was extensive discussion of a range of psychological theories in mid-century journalism, both in the more weighty quarterly journals such as the *Westminster Review* and in a range of more popular monthly miscellanies, such as *Fraser's Magazine*.[19] Dallas was clearly aware of many of these debates and their historical development both in Britain and Germany: in his overview of the concept of unconscious thought, for example, he cites the work of Christian Wolff, a key figure in the development in eighteenth-century Germany of both psychological and aesthetic theory,[20] as well as the Romantic thought of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their British contemporaries, both regarding the philosophy of mind and the more materialist field of mental science. Dallas's ambition to reach a more systematic understanding of the workings of the mind and of aesthetic responses thus tallies with the endeavours of many of his contemporaries. Yet it is impossible to characterise *The Gay Science* as fitting into any existing paradigm, and it is this elusiveness that makes the text so intriguing.

For example, in his discussion of the 'Hidden Soul', Dallas is dismissive of both the mysticism of German transcendentalism and of the concept of innate faculties put forward within the Reidian tradition in Scottish philosophy of mind: he insists that unconscious creative energy manifests itself as a *function* rather than a *faculty*, and that it 'embrace[s] the action … of the whole mind' (p. 97). His key argument that the 'play of

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16 See the Introduction to Law and Taylor, eds, *E.S. Dallas in 'The Times'*, pp. xxi–xxiv.

17 Edward S. Reed, *From Soul to Mind: The Emergence of Psychology from Erasmus Darwin to William James* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1997); Jenny Bourne Taylor and Sally Shuttleworth, eds, *Embodied Selves, An Anthology of Psychological Text, 1830–1890* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998); and Rick Rylance, *Victorian Psychology and British Culture, 1850–1880* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000).

18 Dallas reviewed Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic* in May 1859, and Holland's *Essays on Scientific and Other Subjects* in April 1862; for the details, see 'E. S. Dallas: Towards a Primary Bibliography'.

19 See Geoffrey Cantor, *Science in the Nineteenth-Century Periodical: Reading the Magazine of Nature* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004); and Geoffrey Cantor and Sally Shuttleworth, eds. *Science Serial-ized: Representations of Science in Nineteenth-Century Periodicals* (London: MIT Press, 2004).

20 See Matthew Bell, *The German Tradition of Psychology in Literature and Thought* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), pp. 19–28.

thought' consists of a continuous process of reflection and interchange between conscious and unconscious mental 'streams' stems from the associationist tradition originating at the end of the seventeenth century, in which consciousness is based on experience rather than on innate properties, that was reworked in discussions of memory, and particularly of the clues provided by altered mental states, in medical as well as more abstract philosophical debates throughout the second half of the nineteenth. But Dallas also criticises its contemporary manifestations, and rejects the moves towards a more materialist analysis of mind. He acknowledges the power of Hamilton's concept of (in Hamilton's own words) 'three degrees of … mental latency': knowledge that is not always at the forefront of consciousness but which can be accessed; suppressed knowledge acquired in early childhood which 'flash[es] out into luminous consciousness' in altered states such as delirium; and knowledge acquired through making unconscious connections between latent associations;[21] indeed, much of Dallas's analysis of the 'Hidden Soul' and 'the play of thought' extends Hamilton's observations. But he also perceptively notes that his former mentor 'again and again … lapses into the old Cartesian way of speaking, and … says that the mind is co-extensive with consciousness—that thought only exists in so far as we know it exists' (p. 77), before returning to defending Hamilton from J.S. Mill's recent critique, with a little help from Herbert Spencer.

Similarly, in his analysis of latent memory in the chapter on 'The Hidden Soul', Dallas cites many of the well-known cases of suppressed or buried memory, particularly those recounted by John Abercrombie, that had intrigued early and mid-century mental physiologists, some of whom, such as the phrenologist George Combe and the physician Arthur Wigan, had argued that such cases of 'double consciousness' had an organic origin.[22] Dallas's rejection of concepts of cerebral localisation in which mental properties are linked to different regions of the brain ('these physical explanations are not satisfactory…' p. 84), chimes with the objections of many of his contemporaries, such as Sir Henry Holland, G.H. Lewes and William Carpenter; but it is Dallas's willingness to take these reflections into the realm of artistic creation and response, together with his positive generative model of unconscious thought, that pushes him beyond the perceptions of his contemporaries, and towards late-nineteenth-century analyses, such as Frederick W.H. Myers's notion of the 'subliminal self', William James's development of associationist ideas in *The Principles of Psychology,* and later, Sigmund's Freud's discussion of 'Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming'.[23] Dallas, however, does not directly foreshadow later psychoanalytic ideas. His concept of the Hidden Soul never really reaches a synthesis and his notion of unconscious mental life does not correspond to understandings of trauma or repression that emerged in the final years of the nineteenth century. And, of course, it by no means shares the fundamental concern with sexuality that distinguishes Freud's approach in particular. But it does take the notion of a dynamic unconscious far further than his contemporaries were able to do by channelling it through the concept of pleasure in aesthetic response, in a way that both echoes mid-Victorian notions of morality and transcends them.

Dallas began his Preface to *The Gay Science* by stating that the two volumes published were soon 'to be followed by two more' in which he would develop and expand his analysis by further extending its application to 'the practical questions of criticism' (p. 2). While there are clear biographical reasons for the failure of these volumes to appear (as detailed in 'E.S. Dallas (1827–79): A Brief Life', the author's health, personal life, and career all went rapidly downhill from the late 1860s), it is also difficult to know exactly how he would have expanded or elaborated this material, given that so much of *The Gay Science* already takes the form of extended exemplification and exegesis. Indeed, it is possible to consider the cornucopia of his previous published critical reviews, whose existence is hinted at in the number and range of extracted passages detailed here, as standing in lieu of the two unwritten volumes. We have already discussed how Dallas reuses his early material from *Poetics* and from his first *Blackwood's* article on 'Popular Literature'. He also makes extensive use of his literary and other reviews in *The Times* in particular, especially in the final chapter of *The Gay Science*:

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21 See William Hamilton, Lecture XVIII, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic,* ed. H.C. Mansel and John Veith (2 vols; Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1859), I pp. 338–63.

22 For debates on 'double consciousness, see in particular Henry Holland, 'Ch. VIII: On the Brain as a Double Organ' in *Chapters on Mental Physiology* (London: Longman, 1852), pp. 170–91. See also Anne Harrington, *Medicine, Mind and the Double Brain* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1987).

23 See 'Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming' (1908), in James Strachey, ed., *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud: Volume IX* (London: Hogarth Press, 1959), pp. 143–53.

while his position as *Times* reviewer provided little scope to explore the material that would contribute to the central 'psychological' chapters of his monograph, it did provide him with an arena in which he could develop the arguments that would form a significant part of his analysis of the social function of literature as a reflection of the modern concept of social identity. In certain respects, there seems to be a tension between the 'psychological' and 'sociological' aspects of *The Gay Science.* On the one hand, Dallas engages in a subtle investigation of the workings of the mind in the first volume of the work that may seem at odds with his comments on the role of 'crazy beings' in the discussion of the sensation novel in the chapter 'The Ethical Current'. While hidden memory provides an intriguing glimpse of the 'hidden soul' in the earlier discussion, here, as in several of his *Times* reviews of contemporary fiction, the use of lapses in consciousness is seen more as a lazy plot device.[24] On the other hand, Dallas's discussion of various forms of biography in *The Times*—a genre that fitted well within the paper's editorial policy—makes an important contribution to his exploration of the precise nature of modern individualism, in which '[t]he individual as a great public character withers' even as '[t]he individual as a member of society and in all his private relations grows in importance' (p. 220), and places his earlier *Blackwood's* essay in a new context by drawing on the material he was able to develop in the intervening years in his *Times* reviews, particularly in his discussions of Thackeray and Anthony Trollope. Dallas's analysis of the rise of 'private man', of the central role that women play in this newly prominent private sphere, and above all, the role of the novel as a form of 'fictitious biography' thus draws together a set of disparate comments developed through the 1860s and turns them into a sustained analysis of the centrality of the novel that 'deal[s] with precisely the same movement and sign of the times as we have in biography' (p. 217) and plays a crucial role in shaping modern culture. Rather than seeing this apparent tension as an inconsistency, we can rather read it as evidence of Dallas's extraordinary ambition in *The Gay Science* to bring together the psychological and the sociological, even if not seamlessly—to explore two implied notions of 'the individual': as a complex divided consciousness that continually draws on latent impulses and processes, and as a historically contingent singularity that both shapes and reflects wider social and economic forces. It is an ambition that critics today still grapple with.

The Publication and Reception of the Book

At first glance, the publishing history of *The Gay Science* could not be simpler: issued in two volumes from Chapman and Hall late in November 1866, for over a century the book seems not to have been reprinted in that or any other edition, while, as we have seen, the author was never to complete the two further volumes promised in his Preface. (In particular, we might note that the potential readership for Dallas's book was considerably reduced because, unlike most new works issued by major British publishers, it was not reprinted in the United States either through a formal transatlantic agreement with an American house involving 'advance sheets' or without authorization by piratical publishers, both common practices in the absence of any copyright agreement between the two governments.)[25] However, this simple picture overlooks a series of complications in advance of the official first publication, as shown in detail in the publishers' advertisements placed regularly in, among other periodicals, the *Athenaeum*, the prestigious weekly critical journal that was generally quick off the mark with its reviews. In this case the *Athenaeum* evaluation of Dallas's work appeared promptly on Saturday, 8 December 1866 (pp. 743–44), while the most specific indication of the date of publication is found in the Chapman and Hall notice two weeks earlier (24 November, p. 666), which specified 'On Monday', that is, 26 November. Announcements in the weeks leading up to publication were standard, so that on 13 October 1866 (p. 480), for example, *The Gay Science* was scheduled to be available 'In November'. What was abnormal was that similar notices had begun to appear in the *Athenaeum* from as early as 26 August the previous year, when the book was announced by the publishers as already 'In press' (p. 287), with the information that the work was

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[24] See Dallas's reviews in *The Times* of Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* (30 October 1860); George Eliot, *Silas Marner* (29 April 1861); Wilkie Collins's *No Name* and Ellen Wood's *Mrs Halliburton's Troubles* (22 January 1863); Charles Reade's *Hard Cash* and M.E. Braddon's *John Marchmont's Legacy* (2 January 1864), and Emma Wood's *Sabina* (11 November 1867); for further details, see 'E. S. Dallas: Towards a Primary Bibliography'.

[25] For example, a couple of other new non-fiction works issued in the same month as *The Gay Science* by Chapman & Hall, *The World Before the Deluge* and *The Vegetable World*, both by Louis Figuier, were both promptly reprinted by D. Appleton in New York.

'Nearly ready' introduced on 11 November 1865 (p. 668) and repeated intermittently until 7 April 1866 (p. 480), after which the updates ceased for six months even as the general weekly notices of publication by Chapman and Hall appeared as usual. Moreover, the publishers' ads in the *Athenaeum* indicated virtually throughout, including in the weeks after the work was available for purchase at 28 shillings, that Dallas's monograph would have an explanatory sub-title, most typically 'Essays towards a Science of Criticism', though with the occasional variations 'Being Essays …' and '… towards the Science …'. Nevertheless, on both spine and full-title page all copies seen of the Chapman and Hall edition bear only the simple heading 'The Gay Science'.[26] The omission led to a good deal of conjecture and criticism on the part of the reviewers, but no justification seems to have been forthcoming from either author or publishers. And, as we shall see, the premature notices of publication also led to a degree of confusion and adverse comment among the critics, although here private correspondence does shed some light on the reasons.

The death at the age of only 52 on 4 August 1865 of W.E. Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh University who had taught Dallas there as an undergraduate, was quickly followed by the recruitment of a replacement, with the list of applicants including Dallas himself. As we have seen, although Dallas had published a wide range of unsigned critical articles in various periodicals over the previous decade, his only signed publication was the slim volume *Poetics* dating from 1852, not long after he had come down from the university. Along with other candidates,[27] Dallas clearly wished to embellish his *curriculum vitae* and gather prestigious recommendations. The Scottish journalist had been in contact with Dickens since around 1860, both as fellow members of the Garrick Club and via correspondence, and the latter's collected letters reveal that Dallas had sent him printed leaves from the first volume of *The Gay Science* in mid-August 1865, and promised before the end of the month to have the entire volume ready from the printers.[28] After it was announced in mid-October that the Edinburgh chair had in fact been awarded to the philosopher David Masson, then Professor of University College, London, and editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, it seems that printed copies of the first volume may also have been sent to potential reviewers, including John Skelton, another unsuccessful aspirant to the Edinburgh chair who had previously studied and worked as a journalist together with Dallas in the Scottish capital. Skelton was then acting as literary critic under the pen-name 'Shirley' for *Fraser's Magazine*, where his review of *The Gay Science* appeared with remarkable speed in the December 1866 issue, though referring to material from the first volume only. In mid-August that year, the editor of *Fraser's*, J.A. Froude had in fact written to Skelton asking, 'What about Dallas? Is the book ever coming out, or is the article to be broken up?', implying that the review might have been written and set up in type months rather than weeks earlier. There is also the strange case of a notice appearing almost a year *before* the book was formally published. In the course of a lengthy general article by poet and critic Frank T. Marzials in the *Quarterly Review* of January 1866 on the writings of Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, while discussing Matthew Arnold's respect for the French critic, the author had devoted a couple of pages to an evaluation of *The Gay Science* (pp. 105–7), again referring only to the first volume where Arnold's position was subject to questioning. The accuracy of the one lengthy quotation offered by Marzial suggests strongly that he had to hand a printed copy of the text,[29] though in his case there is no record of any personal contact with Dallas. Altogether these

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[26] Moreover, the following item had appeared near the head of the 'Our Weekly Gossip' column of the *Athenaeum* for 2 September 1865: 'Mr. E. S. Dallas has a work in the press called "The Gay Science: Essays towards a Science of Criticism." Many years ago,—as critical and poetical readers know,—Mr. Dallas published "Poetics," a work containing new and striking ideas. It is understood that "The Gay Science" is a development of the principles then first proposed to the public.' (p. 313).

[27] The identity of the applicants was public knowledge; see, for example, 'The Chair of Rhetoric', *Paisley Herald* (23 September 1865), p. 61a.

[28] See Dickens's letters in the Pilgrim edition to Sir George Grey, the chairman of the appointment committee, and The Earl Russell, who was shortly to become Prime Minister for the second time, both of 16 August 1865: M. House et al., eds, *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, (12 vols; Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965–2002), XI, pp. 81–82. Perhaps among others, Dallas had also written to John Blackwood around the same time requesting him to exert his influence with Grey and Russell, forwarding the publisher a copy of the first volume of *The Gay Science* on 18 August (Blackwood Papers, MS. 4198).

[29] See the passage from 'Mr. Arnold … tells us that the main intellectual effort…' to '… scarcely go to the feuilletons of M. Sainte Beuve.' in Ch. III: The Despair of a Science, pp. 33–34.

documents lead us to the conclusion that the first volume of Dallas's monograph must have been set up in type around fifteen months before the second.

Including those already mentioned, we have located a total of twenty substantial British reviews of *The Gay Science*,[30] organized in the list below according to the frequency of appearance of the periodicals concerned from Quarterlies to Dailies, and therein in chronological order. Based on just under half of the notices listed here (those with the periodical title underlined), Roellinger reported that the 'reviews in general were very hostile';[31] rather we would describe our more comprehensive collection as less mixed than polarized, with the majority either strongly positive or negative, and a minority more evenly balanced. As suggested by the rough classification of these notices using the mathematical symbols (+), (-), and (±), the daily reviews tend to lean markedly to the positive and the weekly ones to the negative, though less acutely, while overall those in both the quarterlies and monthlies seem more evenly balanced.

QUARTERLIES
(+) *Quarterly Review:* [F.T. Marzials], 'M. Sainte-Beuve', 119 (January 1866), pp. 81–108.
(-) *Westminster Review:* [J.R. Wise], 'Belles Lettres', 37 (January 1867), pp. 257–8.
(±) *London Quarterly Review:* [J.H. Rigg?], 'The Gay Science', 28 (April 1867), pp. 140–66.
(±) *British Quarterly Review:* 'Poetry, Fiction, and Belles Lettres', 46 (July 1867), pp. 237–41.

MONTHLIES
(±) *Fraser's Magazine:* 'Shirley' [John Skelton], 'Mr. Dallas on The Gay Science: The Laws and Functions of Criticism', 74 (December 1866), pp. 771–86.
(+) *Bentley's Miscellany:* Unsigned, 'The Gay Science: The Science of Criticism', 61 (January 1867), pp. 187–95.
(±) *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine:* [William H. Smith], 'The Gay Science', 101 (February 1867), pp. 149–65.
(-) *Contemporary Review:* Edward Dowden, 'Notices Of Books', 5 (May 1867), pp. 129–32.

WEEKLIES
(±) *Athenaeum:* Unsigned, 'Literature', (8 December 1866), pp. 743–4.
(-) *London Review:* Unsigned, 'The Gay Science', (3 pts; 15–29 December 1866), pp. 664–5; 688–9; 717–8.
(-) *Reader:* Unsigned, 'The Gay Science', (29 December 1866), pp. 1035–6.
(-) *Saturday Review:* Unsigned, 'The Gay Science', (26 January 1867) pp. 114–5.
(+) *Sunday Times:* Unsigned, Unsigned, 'The Gay Science', (10 February 1867), p. 7b.
(±) *Illustrated London News:* Unsigned, 'The Gay Science', (23 March 1867), p. 290–1.
(+) *Examiner:* Unsigned, 'The Literary Examiner', (2 pts; 19 Jan, 20 April 1867), pp. 36–7; 244–5.
(-) *Spectator:* Unsigned, 'Mr. Dallas on Scientific Criticism', (25 May 1867), pp. 584–5.

DAILIES
(+) *The Times:* [Arthur Locker], 'The Gay Science', (27 December 1866), p. 5a–d.
(+) *Daily News:* Unsigned, 'Literature', (28 December 1866), p. 2a–c.
(±) *Pall Mall Gazette:* Unsigned, 'The Science of Criticism', (25 January 1867), p. 10a–b.
(+) *Morning Post:* Unsigned, 'The Gay Science', (5 February 1867), p. 3b–d.

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30 Overlooked here are: evaluative comments in the British press consisting of only a few lines, such as the ironical remarks in the *Musical Weekly* ('To the Author of *The Gay Science*', 5 January 1867, p. 8), citing the limerick 'There was an old *London Review,* | Whose writers all took up their cue | From the *Saturday* ditto, | But they hadn't the wit to | Equal the latter review.', or the generous ones in *Lloyd's Illustrated London Newspaper* ('"Once a Week" in 1868', 29 December 1867, p. 8b), where, in reporting his taking over the editorship of *Once a Week*, Dallas was referred to as 'the author of that thoughtful, scholarly, and delightful work—"The Gay Science" and the well-known literary critic of the *Times*'; reviews published overseas, notably the paragraph in 'Notes: Literary' from the weekly (New York) *Nation* (27 December 1866, p. 512), briefly offering an abstract of the argument and suggesting that it offers 'much pleasant reading and lively illustration'; and brief extracts from the book reprinted without comment in the press, such as the passage from Ch. VIII on 'Hidden Memory' recounting the anecdotes of the Countess Laval etc., which appeared in a number of provincial newspapers including 'Literary Extracts', *Chester Chronicle* (2 March 1867), p. 2.

31 Roellinger, 'E.S. Dallas: A Study in Victorian Criticism', pp. 30–32.

The polar opposites are perhaps most clearly represented by: at the negative pole, the abrasive *Saturday Review* founded to rival the *Athenaeum* in 1855, where the 'psychological inquiry' pursued by Dallas was written off as 'singularly flimsy and unsatisfactory' (p. 115), with the theory of the 'Hidden Soul' roundly rejected because, among other reasons, 'far from a spontaneous and unconscious action, we should say that the artist's mind must be as consciously and voluntarily employed as that of other intellectual workers' (p. 115);[32] and, at the positive, the Liberal *Daily News* founded in 1846 with Dickens as its first editor, which offered the general judgment that Dallas had expressed 'with wonderful power and wealth of illustration, a thesis which most thinking men will rejoice to see so ably maintained' (p. 2b), while offering a particularly suggestive critique of the author's concept of the 'hidden soul' as the unconscious action of the mind 'from which art comes, to which it appeals, and by which, therefore, it must be judged' (p. 2c). Some of the polarised opinions can perhaps be explained by ideological bias or personal prejudice: from the start any author who tended to side with William Hamilton in his debate with John Stuart Mill was bound to be castigated by the venerable Benthamite *Westminster Review* (whose readers did 'not need to be reminded of the way in which Mill has upset that theorem', p. 257), while the lively but short-lived *London Review* seems to have born a grudge against any writer associated with *The Times* (whose reviews were described peremptorily as 'the worst published in London', p. 664); at the same time, Marzials at the *Quarterly Review* was clearly ready in advance to support a 'very clever' critic contesting Matthew Arnold's elitist preference for an 'atmosphere of highly-cultivated intellectual urbanity, bordering on indifference' (p. 105), while *The Times* was no doubt happy to congratulate warmly its own journalist 'on having written two most interesting volumes on a subject which in less accomplished hands might have become dry and uninteresting' (p. 5d). All the same, other reviewers or journals personally connected with the author offered as much blame as praise: John Skelton's early notice in *Fraser's* suggested, for example, that the 'illustrations to which he frequently resorts are often admirable; yet they are at times trivial, and at times far-fetched' (p. 771), while the philosopher William Henry Smith, a veteran reviewer for *Blackwood's*, to which Dallas used to be a regular contributor and whose proprietor John Blackwood had personally recommended him for the position at *The Times*, warned that though readers initially 'find themselves in companionship with a sprightly writer, whose sharp ringing sentences forbid all fear of weariness and ennui', they may soon be 'dismayed, when they discover that they are being led into the thorny track and bewildering maze of metaphysics.' (p. 150).[33] At least half of the notices questioned the suitability of the title, from the *Athenaeum* gently noting that it was liable to be 'misunderstood' (p. 743) or *Blackwood's* mildly suggesting that it was 'more attractive than appropriate' (p. 149), to the *London Review* ranting that the author had 'expended all his genius in the title, for his book is neither gay nor scientific' (p. 664). A couple of journals (the monthly *Contemporary Review* and the weekly *Reader*) complained of the prolonged postponement in publication, the latter commenting ironically on the appearance of a review nearly a year in advance of the book's issue and speculating whether 'the so-called first edition is a later one, … the publishers blundered, or … the work was first printed for private circulation' (p. 1035). Two (the *London Quarterly Review* and again the weekly *London Review*) decried the collage effect created by Dallas's extensive recycling of second-hand material, the former objecting to the 'digressions and irrelevancies … especially in the last chapter', apparently consisting of 'bits and ends of critical "screeds," which Mr. Dallas has before published in the *Times*, or elsewhere' (p. 166), with a couple of the passages borrowed from *Poetics* duly recognized. But, on balance, it is clearly an overstatement to suggest that the reviews were generally 'very hostile'; indeed, there were a fair few widely available journals which gave Dallas's monograph both a thorough and a thoroughly sympathetic appraisal. At the same time, the marked polarisation of the opinions revealed in this substantial collection of critical notices may be taken as further evidence of the disturbingly modernising tendencies underlying the originality of the argument of *The Gay Science.*

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[32] Ironically, Dallas had cited with considerable approval a critical article from the *Saturday Review* in Ch. IX: 'The Secrecy of Art' (pp. 119-20).

[33] On 3 February 1867 Dallas wrote to Blackwood: "Many many thanks for that very nice article on the Gay Science. I am sure that the critic does not agree with me as to the Hidden Soul and I am rather surprised that he should regard the theory as unintelligible— but all the same, your critique will do the book good, & I am very grateful for it." (Blackwood Papers, MS. 4220 ff1–2).

E.S. Dallas (1827–79): A Brief Life

(The key sources and most of the details are found in 'Chronology of the Life and Career of E.S. Dallas' from Law and Taylor, eds, *E.S. Dallas in 'The Times'*, pp. xxxv–xlv.)

1827–32 In the West Indies

Eneas Sweetland Dallas was born on 18 November 1827 on the tiny British Caribbean island of Carriacou to the northeast of Grenada. There his parents were the owners and managers of La Breteche estate, among a number of plantations still dependent on slave labour; this was in the period when sugar replaced cotton as the main cash crop, between the abolition throughout the Empire of the slave trade in 1807 and the formal emancipation of the enslaved people under the 1833 Act. Like the majority of European settlers on the island at that time both parents were Scottish-born. The father John Dallas (*c.*1783–1831) was the eighth child of an Inverness pewterer, who had been resident on Carriacou for at least fifteen years, serving at one point as the Warden of Hillsborough, the only town on the island, and later as the representative for the parish of Carriacou in the Grenada House of Assembly. During 1826 he had returned to the north of Scotland to marry a woman twenty years his junior, Eliza Baillie Mackintosh (1804–70), the eldest daughter of the Church of Scotland minister for the parish of Tain, Ross-shire, on the Dornoch Firth. Within four years Eneas had both a little brother (William) and sister (Ann), the latter being less than nine months old when the father died of unknown causes in late 1831. According to the large tombstone erected in the cemetery at Harvey Vale 'by his disconsolate widow … in testimony of affection and respect for the best of men and the kindest of husbands', he passed away 'firmly trusting for pardon and acceptance to the merits of his saviour'. The ownership of the plantations was also bequeathed to her in her husband's will. Before that, Eneas and William seem to have been taken back to the highlands to live with their mother's family in the summer of 1830, while Eliza seems to have stayed on at Carriacou with Ann until the spring of 1835, presumably to sort out the estate.

1832–39 In the Scottish Highlands

In the meantime back home in northeastern Scotland, Eliza Dallas's younger brother, the Revd. Charles Calder Mackintosh, had succeeded to the Tain ministry in the summer of 1830 while her father had passed away just over a year later. A fervent evangelical like his father, Charles Mackintosh was among those highland ministers who were to join the Free Church of Scotland at the 'Great Disruption', as the schism of 1843 became known. During this period of Dallas's childhood the parish of Tain remained a predominantly rural Gaelic-speaking community: his maternal grandfather had undoubtedly preached in Gaelic as well as English, and it seems likely that his mother and uncle had some competence in the 'old' tongue, though there is no evidence that this was acquired by Dallas himself. Few of his childhood memories of Tain seem to have survived, although in *The Gay Science* Dallas tells the story of a boy getting lost while wandering in the Ross-shire hills and enjoying a meal of barley bannocks and milk with some kindly quarrymen, and in a late letter he recalls 'as a boy with my brother and an uncle … going to bury a puppy named Joseph under an apple tree and we all sang the 100th psalm over the grave—"All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!". He and his siblings received an elementary education in English at the Tain Royal Academy, a small co-educational seminary founded in 1813, where, according to local press reports, the two boys regularly won class prizes in their senior years. In 1836 his mother received the bulk of the nearly £3,000 awarded by the British authorities as compensation for the 117 enslaved labourers emancipated at the Carriacou plantations, and it seems that she decided to invest much of this capital in the academic education of her sons.

1839–45 In St Andrews

According to the decennial census of 1841, the thirteen-year-old Dallas was then resident in St Andrews, Fife, with his brother, sister and mother (noted as 'of Independent Means'). The two boys, but probably not Ann, were then enrolled at Madras College, St Andrews, a flourishing co-educational seminary with around 800 pupils from all social classes. The school was named for the system of education developed by the East India Company in Madras, where, due to the limited number of teachers, capable senior scholars were appointed as 'Monitors' to oversee the progress of groups of junior pupils. According to annual reports in the *Fife Herald*, Eneas Dallas attended Madras College from the autumn of 1839 until the spring of 1845, consistently winning prizes in 'Latin and Greek' among other subjects in the annual examinations, and serving as monitor in his senior years; although scholars from the Free Church were often perceived as 'idle and illiterate', in his final year he was reported in the *Northern Warder* as first among the group of such students to achieve academic distinction at the school. Again, surviving memories of this period are few and far between, though, in this correspondence with the Blackwood brothers from the later 1850s, on more than one occasion he mentions playing golf on the links of the St Andrews Royal and Ancient while still at school, recalling 'old Phillips the clubmaker … how he

smoked from morning to dewy eve in that shop of his, & looked sour at us boys, who were always breaking our clubs in bunkers'. According to an obituary report, Dallas's 'early education and training were conducted with a view to his entering the ministry …, but an unfortunate personal defect forced him to employ his talents in some other manner.' It remains unclear whether this defect concerned lack of faith, sexual incontinence, or something else, but on leaving the Madras, and presumably with his mother's consent if not approval, Dallas was to advance not into the Free Church College recently founded during the 'Great Disruption' but into the more venerable halls of Edinburgh University.

1845–50 At Edinburgh University

In September 1845 records show Dallas matriculated as a student in the Faculty of Arts at Edinburgh University, giving his address as 'St Andrews, Fife'. At the university, he studied Logic and Metaphysics under Sir William Hamilton, Moral Philosophy under John Wilson, and Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres* under W.E. Aytoun, all three of whose works he was later to review for *The Times*. However, he seems to have completed only three of the four prescribed annual courses of study, and left without taking a degree. This, however, was then true of the vast majority of scholars at Scottish institutions, if we are to credit Dallas's March 1860 article on 'Student Life in Scotland' in the *Cornhill*. There he offered a vivid evocation of Hamilton's lectures, 'perhaps the most marvellously conducted class in any university', where around a hundred and fifty scholars 'were ranged on seats before the professor, who lectured three days in the week, and on two days held a sort of open conference with his pupils'. More generally he praised universities like Edinburgh for both their openness to the lower classes and the intellectual rigour of their pedagogy, but lamented the lack of opportunity for the kind of social networking that the Oxbridge college system offered in abundance. He concluded that the Scottish university was 'planned on the model of a day school' so that, ironically, there was precious little 'Student Life' to be observed. The long-term companions he made during his years at the university included budding academics such as Thomas Spencer Baynes, or future literary critics like John Skelton or Sydney Dobell. Such friendships perhaps provide an indication of his intentions regarding a future career, as does what seems to be Dallas's first publication, an article on 'The English Language' appearing shortly after he left the university in the *North British Review*, which purported to be a review of three recent books but was in fact a wide-ranging discussion of the past, present, and future 'tendencies of the English tongue'.

1850–55 Journalism in Edinburgh

Somewhat surprisingly, then, the census of March 1851 reveals the twenty-three-year-old Dallas not employed in Edinburgh as a journalist but working as a 'Private Tutor', and living alone with a single servant in the English village of Cringleford, near Norwich. Presumably he was also working towards *Poetics*, his monograph on aesthetics dedicated to William Hamilton, which was to be published in London late the following year. However, we must assume that his residence in England was only temporary, as the spring of 1853 found him heavily committed to starting up a new weekly critical review in the Scottish capital. This was the *Edinburgh Guardian*, advertised as 'like the London *Examiner*, *Spectator*, and *Leader*, mainly distinguished by Original Articles on Politics and Literature, but combining with these the fullest digest of Social, Commercial, and General News', with Baynes as chief editor, and Skelton and Dobell among the regular contributors. Dallas was to cover literature and the arts, a role which included reviewing not only books, but also lectures, exhibitions and (as 'Opera Glass') dramatic performances, engagements which led to his first contacts with both the art historian John Ruskin, who was to prove a major intellectual influence, and the powerful Shakespearean actress Isabella Glyn, rather older than Dallas and already a widow, who he was shortly to marry. This was in December 1853, under Scots law at a lodging house in the city of Glasgow, where the actress was then performing. Presumably it was the combined social and professional ambitions of the recently united couple, together with the demise of the *Guardian* in June 1855, that led them to remove to London. The most important task Dallas set himself before leaving Edinburgh was to arrange an introduction to the publisher John Blackwood, who in turn recommended him to John Thadeus Delane, editor of *The Times*, with whom Blackwood had shared lodgings when resident in London in the early 1840s.

1855–66 Journalism in Mayfair

The Dallases moved to London in the summer of 1855, and the signs of the success of the journey in both social and professional terms were almost immediate: before the end of the year the couple had remarried under English law at St. George's, Hanover Square, and found accommodation off Park Lane, while Dallas himself had already contributed a handful of literary reviews and a series of leading articles to *The Times*. The following decade undoubtedly represented the zenith of his career. On the social side, from 1857 Dallas was to join the Royal Blackheath Club where he played rounds of golf with the senior men at the newspaper, and from 1862 the theatrical and artistic Garrick Club where he rubbed shoulders with the likes of W.M. Thackeray, W.H. Russell, John Millais, and Charles Reade. In the 1861 census he was thus registered as a 'Journalist' resident with his wife, mother-in-law, and a troop of servants on the upper floors of 6, Hanover Square. There Dallas and Glyn hosted not only *impromptu* suppers with bohemian actors, artists and

journalists, but also glittering dinner parties with the cream of the West End. And on the professional side, during the decade or so from mid-1855 the material that Dallas contributed to the press was truly exceptional, whether measured by generic range, intellectual quality, or sheer quantity. First and foremost, at *The Times* in addition to over 50 other articles on a startling variety of subjects there appeared more than 150 substantial reviews, and his critical acumen was singled out for praise by Eliot, Trollope and Dickens alike; all the same, his status at the newspaper was perhaps even more clearly signalled by the fact that during 1861 he was entrusted with composing the obituaries of both the mother and husband of Queen Victoria. Moreover, he found it easy to place the occasional article not required by the newspaper in other prestigious periodicals, most notably *Blackwood's* and the *Cornhill*, both monthly miscellanies. Yet Dallas's position at these dizzying social and professional heights was never quite secure. At *The Times*, though his remuneration as a regular contributor was fairly generous, he never seems to have been appointed as a permanent staff member, and at the end of 1859 he had to borrow at interest the substantial sum of £300 from Blackwood and Son, with the principal and more remaining outstanding over a decade later; his correspondence with the powerful *Time*s office manager, Mowbray Morris, also shows him being reprimanded early on for breaching the newspaper's strict policy of journalistic anonymity, and later on for unreliability regarding deadlines. The clearest indications of the growing uncertainty regarding his position were: in the spring of 1863 at a reported salary of £1,000 per annum, his taking on the editorship of the new sixpenny *Mirror: A Weekly Newspaper and Review*, owned by Alexander Strahan who also hailed from Tain, which in an already over-crowded market failed after only four issues; and, in the summer of 1865, his application for the Chair of Rhetoric at Edinburgh University, rendered vacant by Aytoun's premature death, which was unsuccessful despite his submission of the proofs of the first volume of *The Gay Science* and warm support from Dickens, among others. His personal life also showed signs of instability: after a dinner party with the Dallases, John Blackwood described the husband as 'a gentleman both in feelings and manners' though he found his wife 'rather loud', but it was in fact Dallas who was prone to 'ungentlemanly conduct': once together in the metropolis he seems to have discouraged Glyn from continuing her career on the stage, but been unable to restrain his own habits of casual infidelity: D.G. Rossetti was later to compose the notorious jingle, 'Poor old Dallas! | All along of his phallus, | Must he come to the gallows?'. These problems were to come to a head early in 1867.

1867–71 Between Paris and London

While, as the range of reference in *The Gay Science* suggests, Dallas was clearly a confident and gifted linguistic, his two lengthy periods in Paris as a French correspondent of *The Times* proved to be signs less of the diversity of his talents than of his increasingly marginal position at the paper. As 'Special Correspondent' in 1867 during the Universal Exposition of Art and Industry, Dallas still had the responsibility of conducting his chief editor around the exhibitions and supplying over two dozen reports over six months, though he seems to have been remunerated at a relatively low daily rate. In 1870-71 during the Franco-Prussian War and its aftermath, with doubts about his reliability a major concern, his status was reduced to that of an 'Occasional Correspondent' and he supplied only four reports sporadically over a similar period; in the event these proved to be his last contributions to the paper. Although he seems to have stayed on in Paris until at least the autumn of 1871, throughout the Commune and beyond, he was then supplying copy to the liberal *Daily News*. In between the two stints in Paris, only around a dozen of his reviews, and a similar number of other articles, were to be published by *The Times*, and Dallas was clearly under pressure to supplement his income from other sources; thus during this period he served in 1868–69 at £800 a year as editor for three semi-annual volumes of *Once a Week*, a once prestigious journal now in decline, and performed literary odd jobs such as editing an abridged version of Samuel Richardson's long epistolary novel *Clarissa* or writing a preface to William Shenstone's *Essays on Men and Manners* (both in 1868). Even more significantly, when he left home for Paris in spring 1867 Dallas also deserted his wife, sparking what she later described as '[e]leven years of legal and domestic wars'. (Painful snapshots of the initial breakdown of the marriage can be found in the manuscript diary for 1867 of Shirley Brooks, who was then on intimate terms with both parties—with thanks to Patrick Leary.) Glyn resumed her acting career (initially as Shakespeare's Cleopatra at the Princess's Theatre) and began to offer lessons at Hanover Square in 'Reading and Elocution' to 'Statesmen, Clergymen, and Barristers, as well as to Ladies'. However, early in September 1868 a serious fire there led to a major loss of her personal property without insurance cover and forced her to decamp temporarily to the nearby Brunswick Hotel; the press coverage of the incident also revealed that the couple were no longer living together. In the summer of 1870, as Dallas headed to Paris for his second sojourn, his estranged wife left for New York on the 'Russia', to begin an extended theatrical tour of America and Australia. The long-term outcome was a very messy and public divorce on the grounds of desertion and adultery, but rumours of such personal problems had clearly served rather earlier to undermine Dallas's position at the newspaper. From around the time of the separation, the husband's most affective personal relationships became those newly formed with Lady Emma Caroline Wood (1802–79) who had recently lost her ordained husband the baronet, and her daughter Anna Caroline Steele (1841-1920) who had abandoned hers immediately following their

marriage in 1858. Dallas soon began to visit regularly at their country home at Rivenhall Place, near Witham, Essex, encouraging both in their budding literary careers, and exchanging intimate letters with Lady Wood almost on a daily basis, where he tended to adopt the role of devoted son towards the widow and that of hopeless suitor towards the daughter.

1871–79 Decline and Demise

Dallas's divorce case reached the courts in the spring of 1874 and was covered widely and often colourfully in the press; in the process the journalist was accused by Glyn of 'living in terms of peculiar intimacy with two ladies in Paris' while serving there in 1867 as *Times* correspondent, and subsequently of pressuring her to write a letter declaring that she suffered from insane delusions, apparently in part to protect the reputations of Wood and Steele. This was not his only legal entanglement during the decade. Earlier the same year Dallas had been called to give evidence in a successful libel action against *The Times* by the Polish émigré who had acted as his assistant in Paris during the days of the Commune and suffered a lengthy period of imprisonment there. Moreover, at the end of 1874 Dallas had entered a Chancery suit to recover personal property from his ex-wife, which resulted in her imprisonment in Holloway for ten days for contempt of court in the summer of 1876. In the glare of such publicity, his writing undoubtedly suffered. While our primary bibliography of Dallas's contributions to periodicals over his career remains far from complete, and the record for the final years seems particularly inadequate, there is also no doubt that his literary output then fell off significantly. In his obituary in the *Illustrated London News*, George Sala reported that Dallas had latterly provided copy for both the daily evening newspaper the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the weekly *Saturday Review*, but, with few exceptions such as 'La Rochefoucauld', posthumously published as a lengthy signed article but originally intended as an introduction to an edition of the *Maximes*, the main confirmed attributions we have are a handful of articles on food and drink appearing during 1875 in Edmund Yates's society weekly *The World*. At least some of these were incorporated into his most substantial later work, the volume entitled *Kettner's Book of the Table*, 'A Manual of Cookery Practical, Theoretical, Historical' published in the autumn of 1877. This combined the recipes of the proprietor of the French restaurant in Soho, arranged alphabetically from 'Absinthe' to 'Zootje' (the Dutch term for 'seethe'), with a wealth of cultural commentary; dedicated to Sala, the volume strangely did not bear Dallas's name though there is ample evidence of his role as principal editor and author. However, following the loss of his substantial income from *The Times*, Dallas seems to have begun to stay in a series of cheap lodgings as his financial affairs deteriorated: in the spring of 1873 he wrote to Blackwood to apologise for failing to repay his debt, explaining that he had been seriously ill for the past fifteen months and unable to engage in regular work, while around 1874 he was forced to sell the bound manuscript of *Our Mutual Friend* to an American collector. He often still ate and drank at Kettner's with Sala and other press colleagues, though he may have been relying on the good will of the proprietor. His surviving correspondence with Lady Wood shows that the mid-1870s witnessed a precipitate decline in Dallas's health both physical and mental: from around 1876 he seems to have started to take opium as a relief from physical pain due to a serious liver complaint, so that, during his visits to Rivenhall, he was reported to be often 'irritable and bad-tempered' while his final letters were characterised as close to 'the incoherent ravings of a mad man'. In their respective obituary remarks, Yates noted that '[d]esperate ill-health had prematurely whitened his hair and lined his handsome face', while Sala described him as physically merely 'a shadow of his former self'. After starting to haemorrhage a couple of days before, early in the evening of Friday, 17 January 1879, Dallas died in his lodgings at 88, Newman Street, off Oxford Street, aged only 51, perhaps in the company of Anna Steele. He was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery on the afternoon of the following Friday, with the small group attending the funeral including Sala, Yates, Kettner's wife, his own ex-wife, and his brother William, then a solicitor in Surrey, while no representative from *The Times* seems to have been present.

E. S. Dallas: Towards a Primary Bibliography

(Sources and other evidence of attribution are found in the footnotes to this section.)

In Volumes

Poetics: An Essay on Poetry. Author. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1852.
The Gay Science, 2 vols. Author. London: Chapman and Hall, 1866.
Clarissa, by Samuel Richardson, 3 vols. Editor. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1868.[1]
Essays on Men and Manners, by William Shenstone. Editor. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1868.[2]
Kettner's Book of the Table: A Manual of Cookery. Editor/Author. London: Dulau, 1877.[3]

In Annuals

Once a Year[4]

'Preface', *Once a Year* (25 December 1868), pp. 1-5. Brief introductory comments by the editor.
'My Cid', *Once a Year* (25 December 1868), p. 15. Poem on the death of a pet dog in twenty quatrains.[5]

In Quarterly Reviews

North British Review[6]

'The English Language', *North British Review* 13 (August 1850), pp. 373–98. Review of three recent general works on English Linguistics and Literature.
'The Sicilian Game', *North British Review* 33 (November 1860), pp. 549–76. Article on current British foreign policy.

In Monthly Miscellanies[7]

Eclectic Review[8]

'Massey's Ballad of Babe Christabel', *Eclectic Review* 5thS9 (April 1855), pp. 415–27. Review of Gerald Massey, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems*.
'John Milton', *Eclectic Review* 7thS1 (January 1859), pp. 1–21. Review of David Masson, *Life of John Milton*.

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1 This and the two items above are all signed 'E. S. Dallas' on the title page.

2 Evidence given in William E. Buckler, 'William Shenstone and E.S. Dallas: An Identification', *Notes and Queries* (18 March 1950), p. 118–19.

3 Evidence given in Francis X. Roellinger, 'A Note on Kettner's Book of the Table', *Modern Language Notes*, 54:5 (May 1939), pp. 363–64.

4 Independent Christmas annual associated with *Once a Week*; edited by E.S. Dallas in 1868 only.

5 This and the item above are signed *in situ* with the initials 'E. S. D.', with the full name provided for both in advertisements for *Once a Year* such as that in the *Athenaeum* (5 December 1868), p. 736.

6 Evidence from the *Wellesley Index*.

7 Other than those listed below, there may be other unidentified monthlies to which Dallas contributed: the pre-publication advertising for *The Shilling Magazine*, for example, which ran for thirteen monthly issues from May 1865 under the editorship of Samuel Lucas on his retirement from *The Times*, listed Dallas (among other writers linked to that newspaper) as a forthcoming contributor; however, although most contributions were signed, his name is not mentioned on the content pages of the thirteen issue appearing, and the only unsigned article that seems at all likely to be from his pen would be 'Mr Gladstone Upon Greek Ladies' in the January 1866 issue.

8 See Textual Endnotes 'q' and 'll' in this volume. There may well be other unidentified contributions to this periodical. A likely candidate is the review of 'Ferrier's Institutes of Metaphysic', *Eclectic Review*, 5thS10 (October 1855), pp. 411–21. In an 1855 letter to John Blackwood held at NLS (MS.4109ff91–92), written on a Monday from Maddox Street in central London, which suggests a date early in his stay in the metropolis, perhaps some time in June, Dallas mentions an as yet unpublished 'article on Professor Ferrier' written in something approaching 'the tone of a daily newspaper'. While it does not feature text later to be recycled, the evaluation in the review in the *Eclectic* is echoed in Dallas's remarks in *The Gay Science* describing Ferrier's volume as 'one of the most gracefully written works on metaphysics that has ever appeared' (p. 76).

Hogg's Instructor

'To Be, Or Not to Be', *Hogg's Instructor* 4 (June 1855) pp. 465–75. Review of Peter Bayne, *The Christian Life, Social and Individual*.[9]

'Shakspere and His Critics', *Hogg's Instructor* 5 (November 1855), pp. 345–53. Article on editing Shakespeare.[10]

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine[11]

'The Drama', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 79 (February 1856), pp. 209–31. Article on contemporary theatre.

'Currer Bell', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 82 (July 1857), pp. 77–94. Review of Elizabeth Gaskell, *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

'Popular Literature: The Periodical Press' I, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 85 (January 1859), pp. 96–112. Article.

'Popular Literature: The Periodical Press' II, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 85 (February 1859), pp. 180–95. Article continued.

'Popular Literature: Tracts', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 85 (May 1859), pp. 515–32. Article.

'Popular Literature: Prize Essays', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 86 (December 1859), pp. 681–89. Article.

'Parliamentary Duelling', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 87 (April 1860), p. 511–24. Article on contemporary politics.

'The Balance of Party', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 87 (June 1860), pp. 762–75. Article on contemporary politics.

'The Reform Bill and the Tory Party', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 88 (July 1860), pp. 123–34. Article on contemporary politics.

'The Political Year', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 89 (January 1861), pp. 1–19. Article on contemporary politics.

'The Foreign Secretary', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 89 (February 1861), pp. 245–60. Article on contemporary politics.

'The Epic of the Budget', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 90 (July 1861), pp. 115–24. Article on contemporary politics.

Cornhill Magazine[12]

'Student Life in Scotland', *Cornhill Magazine* 1 (March 1860), pp. 366–79. Article on the Scottish universities.

'The Poor Man's Kitchen', Cornhill Magazine 1 (June 1860), pp. 745–54. Article on poverty and diet.

'Oratory', *Cornhill Magazine* 2 (November 1860), pp. 580–90. Article on public speaking in parliament and the church.

'On Physiognomy', Cornhill Magazine 4 (October 1861), pp. 472–81. Article on physiognomy after Lavater.

'The First Principle of Physiognomy', *Cornhill Magazine* 4 (November 1861), pp. 569–81. Article on physiognomy as a science.

'John Leech', *Cornhill Magazine* 10 (December 1864), pp. 743–60. Article on the premature death of the artist.

Macmillan's Magazine[13]

'William Blake', *Macmillan's Magazine* 11 (November 1864), pp. 26–33. Review of Alexander Gilchrist, *The Life of William Blake*.

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9 See Textual Endnote 'lll' in this volume.

10 See Law and Taylor, eds, *E.S. Dallas in 'The Times'*, pp. xvii & xxxiii*n*15. There may well be other unidentified contributions to this periodical.

11 Evidence from the *Wellesley Index*.

12 Evidence from the *Wellesley Index*.

13 Evidence from the *Wellesley Index*.

The Nineteenth Century[14]

'La Rochefoucauld', *The Nineteenth Century* 9 (February 1881), pp. 269–91. Posthumous article, intended as an introduction to an edition of La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes.*

In Weekly Journals

Edinburgh Guardian

'Art: Schools of Design', *Edinburgh Guardian* (11 June 1853), p. 6b-d. Article on the need for art education for the consumer as well as the producer.

'Art: *The Orthographic Beauty of the Parthenon* by D.R. Hay' I, *Edinburgh Guardian* (16 July 1853), pp. 5b–6a. First part of two-part review.

'Art: *The Orthographic Beauty of the Parthenon* by D.R. Hay' II, *Edinburgh Guardian* (23 July 1853), pp. 5a–6a. Second part of two-part review.[15]

'The Theatre: Extravaganza Puns', *Edinburgh Guardian* (16 July 1853), p. 6a-b. Report (signed 'Opera Glass') on Planché's burlesque *The Prince of Happy Land* at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.[16]

'The Theatre: Widdicombe and Toole', *Edinburgh Guardian* (23 July 1853), p. 6a. Report (signed 'Opera Glass') on the recent performance of *Alice May, or the Last Appeal* at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

'Theatre: Miss Glyn', *Edinburgh Guardian* (8 October 1853), pp. 4c–5a. Report (signed 'Opera Glass') on the recent performances of Isabella Glyn at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

'Theatre: The Opera', *Edinburgh Guardian* (22 October 1853), p. 5a-b. Report (signed 'Opera Glass') mainly on the Italian Opera, in particular the performance of Louisa Pyne.

'Theatre Royal: Close of the Season', *Edinburgh Guardian* (29 October 1853), p. 5c. Report (signed 'Opera Glass') on the need for a change of system at the theatre.

'Art: *The Stones of Venice. Volume the Second: The Sea Stories* by John Ruskin', *Edinburgh Guardian* (22 October 1853), pp. 4b–5a. Review.

'Art: *The Stones of Venice. Volume the Third: The Fall* by John Ruskin', *Edinburgh Guardian* (29 October 1853), p. 5a-c. Review.

'Art: Mr Ruskin's Lectures', *Edinburgh Guardian* (19 November 1853), pp. 4b–5a. Report on John Ruskin's Lectures on art and architecture at the Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh.[17]

'Theatre: The Camp at the Royal', *Edinburgh Guardian* (19 November 1853), p. 5a. Report (signed 'Opera Glass') on an extravaganza attributed to Planché at the Theatre Royal.

'Literature: *Balder. Part the First*', *Edinburgh Guardian* (11 March 1854), pp. 151b–52c. Review of Sydney Dobell's dramatic poem, whose planned second and third parts never appeared.

'Literature: *Poems* by Matthew Arnold, and *The Ballad of Babe Christabel* by Gerald Massey' I, *Edinburgh Guardian* (2 September 1854), pp. 559a–60b. First part of two-part review, mainly focused on Arnold's work.

'Literature: *Poems* by Matthew Arnold, and *The Ballad of Babe Christabel* by Gerald Massey' II, *Edinburgh Guardian* (16 September 1854), pp. 590c–92b. Second part of two-part review, mainly focused on Massey's work.[18]

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[14] Evidence from the *Wellesley Index*.

[15] For evidence concerning this and the two items above, see Dallas's personal letters to Hay of 13 & 22 June 1853, in E. S. Dallas, Letters to David Ramsay Hay, 1853–57, Edinburgh University Library, Special Collections, Coll/329.

[16] An untitled but detailed report in the *Banffshire Journal* (3 December 1861), p. 5b, reveals that Dallas's theatre reviews in the *Edinburgh Guardian* had appeared over the pseudonym 'Opera Glass'.

[17] Evidence for the attribution of this item and the two above are found in Roellinger, 'E.S. Dallas: A Study in Victorian Criticism', p. 240.

[18] Evidence for the attribution of this item and the two above are found in I.R. Carruthers, 'E.S. Dallas as Reviewer of Contemporary Literature', Unpublished PhD Thesis, Birkbeck College, University of London, 1970, pp. 372 & 377. However, there may well be other unidentified contributions to this periodical.

The Mirror: A Weekly Newspaper and Review[19]

Review of Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, *The Mirror* (9 May 1863), pp. 122–23.
Review of Gustav Flaubert, *Salambô*, *The Mirror* (16 May 1863), p. 158.[20]

Once a Week[21]

'Soho Economies', *Once a Week* (30 May 1868), pp. 480-82. Article on the cheap continental foodshops and restaurants in the Soho district of central London.[22]
'Milton, or Not Milton?", *Once a Week* (15 August 1868), pp. 134-36. Article on the controversy concerning a poem recently attributed (incorrectly) to John Milton.[23]
'Victor Hugo at Home', *Once a Week* (9 January 1869), pp. 563-70. First article explaining the delay in the appearance in the journal of Hugo's latest novel, and instead offering an overview of his life and writings.
'More About Victor Hugo', *Once a Week* (16 January 1869), pp. 1-4. Second article as above, with further details about his life and writings.[24]

The World: A Journal for Men and Women[25]

'Wine,' *The World* (14 July 1875), pp. 37–38. Article on cuisine.
'A Dinner of Herbs,' *The World* (25 August 1875), pp. 185–186. Article on cuisine.
'More About Salad,' *The World* (8 September 1875), pp. 233–234. Article on cuisine.
'Coffee,' *The World* (15 September 1875), pp. 253–254. Article on cuisine.

In Daily Newspapers

Daily News

1855

'Literature', *Daily News* (14 August 1855), p. 2. Review of John Tulloch, *Theism*.[26]

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[19] Given the fact that Dallas was editor for all four issues published, there are almost certainly other unidentified contributions to this periodical. Based on content and style, one likely candidate is the article 'Anonymous Journalism' (25 April 1863); see Graham Law, *The Periodical Press Revolution: E. S. Dallas and the Nineteenth-Century British Media System* (London: Routledge, 2024), p. 91.

[20] Evidence from Carruthers, 'E.S. Dallas as Reviewer', pp. 378 & 386.

[21] Given that Dallas was editor for all of eighty-two issues (see Buckler, 'E.S. Dallas's Appointment'), there are likely be further unidentified contributions. Based on content and style, three candidates are: 'The Profession of Literature' (30 May 1868), pp. 471–74; 'The Songs of Scotland' (13 June 1868), pp. 517-20; and 'Leech in Paris' (27 June 1868), pp. 554-59. 'Table Talk', the miscellany of brief items concluding each issue, must generally have been selected and arranged by Dallas, and many are likely to have been written by him. On occasion there is a clear attribution to the editor: e.g. the paragraph beginning 'Heat expands bodies: the hot weather dilates ideas …' and mocking the proposal that 'street names and numbers should be abolished, and that houses and places be designated by latitudes and longitudes', so that 'my address' would thus become 'The Editor at ONCE A WEEK. | 0°. 2'. 21". 34"'. W. | 51°. 28'. 30". 76"', N.'; see 'Table Talk' (25 July 1868), pp. 78-80; p. 78. In addition, we can assume that all editorial announcements in 'Table Talk' can be assigned to Dallas; these would notably include notices concerning the anticipated but finally cancelled serialization of Victor Hugo's *By Order of the King* and Anthony Trollope's *The Vicar of Bullhampton*: see 'Victor Hugo is the most …' (7 November 1868), p. 386; 'We have to announce …' (20 February 1869), p. 132; 'At last it is possible …' (10 April 1869), p. 286.

[22] Attribution based on the points that: a series of details in the article foreshadow those made by Dallas in his letter to *The Times* on dining in Soho (see ['A Beast at Feeding-Time'], 'Dinner', *The Times* (26 August 1869), p. 10e–f; the article is referred to as by the editor in a later issue—see 'Table Talk', *Once a Week* (11 July 1868), pp. 38-40; pp. 39-40.

[23] Attribution based on the fact that, noting that 'I have ventured, elsewhere, to describe this process . . .', in the opening paragraph the writer repeats a series of examples of false logic (from Bacon, Northbrooke, Foster, and Tertullian, in particular) found in the same order in similar words in *The Gay Science*, pp. 155-57 (Ch. XIV: The Ethics of Art).

[24] Attribution of this and the article above based on the fact that they are explicitly from the pen of the editor, and includes details of his personal contacts with the French author then living in exile in Guernsey.

[25] See Roellinger, 'E.S. Dallas: A Study in Victorian Criticism', p. 255. There are likely to be other unidentified contributions to this periodical.

[26] Attribution confirmed by Dallas's letter to John Blackwood of 7 August 1855 (Blackwood Papers, MS. 4109 ff69–70): 'Having been in the country, I have not seen the Daily News for a fortnight & do not know whether my article on the Burnett Prize Essay has appeared'. (Tulloch's volume won second prize in the 1854 Burnett competition for the best treatise in support of Theism.)

1870[27]

‘France’, *Daily News* (19 September 1870), p. 5c–d. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Our Paris Letter’, *Daily News* (26 September 1870), p. 5d. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Life in Paris’, *Daily News* (25 November 1870), pp. 5f–6d. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Life in Paris’, *Daily News* (26 November 1870), p. 5d–f. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.

1871

‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (5 January 1871), pp. 5f~6c. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (6 January 1871), p. 5d–e. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (9 January 1871), pp. 5e~6a. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (13 January 1871), pp. 5f~6b. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (16 January 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘News From Paris’, *Daily News* (17 January 1871), p. 5d–f. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (20 January 1871), p. 5e. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (23 January 1871), p. 6a–c. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (24 January 1871), p. 6a–b. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (25 January 1871), p. 5e–f. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Besieged Paris’, *Daily News* (26 January 1871), pp. 5e~6a. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Disturbances in Paris’, *Daily News* (27 January 1871), p. 5d–f. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Present State of Paris’, *Daily News* (8 February 1871), p. 6b–d. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Paris Elections’, *Daily News* (11 February 1871), p. 3a. Telegram ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Present State of Paris’, *Daily News* (13 February 1871), p. 6c–e. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Elections in Paris’, *Daily News* (13 February 1871), p. 3a. Telegram ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Elections in Paris’, *Daily News* (14 February 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Present State of Paris’, *Daily News* (16 February 1871), p. 6a–c. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Present State of Paris’, *Daily News* (18 February 1871), p. 6a–c. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Elections in Paris’, *Daily News* (21 February 1871), p. 5f. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘Public Feeling in Paris’, *Daily News* (22 February 1871), p. 6a–b. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.
‘The Present State of Paris’, *Daily News* (23 February 1871), p. 5f. Report ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.’.

[27] Generally on the following sequence of nearly 150 reports in the *Daily News*—including around a dozen by telegraph—all with the by-line ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris’, both during the Franco-Prussian War (mid-July 1870 to mid-March 1871), and throughout the subsequent civil conflict under the Commune (mid-March to late May 1871) and its aftermath, see Law, ‘The Other Besieged Residents’, where this extensive material is assigned to Dallas for the first time. In support of the attribution, crucial evidence concerns documents related to the young Polish émigré Stefan Poles (1841–75), who was resident in the French capital during the period in question. As detailed in Law, ‘The Other Besieged Residents’, the by-line ‘From Our Special Correspondent. Paris’ was also in use by the *Daily News* before Dallas arrived in the French capital near the end of August: a linked sequence of eighteen such reports published between 12 August and 5 September entitled ‘Paris in a State of Siege’ are there attributed confidently to J.C. Parkinson, while three others appearing on 7, 9, and 10 September, the last two with the title ‘Paris Transformed’, are assigned more tentatively to an otherwise unidentified journalist named Barry.

'The Present State of Paris', *Daily News* (24 February 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.', *Daily News* (25 February 1871), p. 5e. Brief report.
'The Peace Negotiations', *Daily News* (25 February 1871), p. 3a. Telegram 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Future of Paris', *Daily News* (27 February 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Conditions of Peace', *Daily News* (27 February 1871), p. 3a. Telegram 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Conditions of Peace', *Daily News* (28 February 1871), p. 3d. Telegram 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (1 March 1871), p. 6a–b. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Agitation in Paris', *Daily News* (2 March 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.', *Daily News* (4 March 1871), pp. 5e~6a. Lengthy Report.
'Paris After the German Occupation', *Daily News* (6 March 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris', *Daily News* (7 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Brief report.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (8 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (9 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'News from Paris', *Daily News* (10 March 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (11 March 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (13 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (14 March 1871), p. 6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Return of the French Troops to Versailles', *Daily News* (15 March 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Situation in Paris', *Daily News* (15 March 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris News', *Daily News* (17 March 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris News', *Daily News* (18 March 1871), p. 6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris in Insurrection', *Daily News* (20 March 1871), p. 5d–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Insurrection in Paris', *Daily News* (21 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Insurrection in Paris', *Daily News* (23 March 1871), p. 5d–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Insurrection in Paris', *Daily News* (23 March 1871), p. 3a. Telegram from 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The New Reign of Terror in Paris', *Daily News* (24 March 1871), p. 5d–e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Reign of Terror in Paris', *Daily News* (25 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Civil War in Paris', *Daily News* (27 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Elections in Paris', *Daily News* (28 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Elections in Paris', *Daily News* (28 March 1871), p. 3d. Telegrams from 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Red Republic in Paris', *Daily News* (29 March 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Revolution in Paris', *Daily News* (30 March 1871), p. 5d. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Revolution in Paris', *Daily News* (31 March 1871), p. 5d–e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.

'The Commune at Work', *Daily News* (1 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris in Confusion', *Daily News* (3 April 1871), p. 5d–e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Fighting Outside Paris', *Daily News* (4 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Fighting Outside Paris', *Daily News* (5 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Rout of the Paris Insurgents', *Daily News* (6 April 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (7 April 1871), p. 5d. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Reign of Terror in Paris', *Daily News* (8 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (10 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Civil War in France', *Daily News* (10 April 1871), p. 3a. Telegram 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Civil War in France', *Daily News* (11 April 1871), p. 5c–d. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Conflict between Paris and Versailles', *Daily News* (12 April 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (13 April 1871), pp. 5f~6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (14 April 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (25 April 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The Day's Truce at Neuilly', *Daily News* (27 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (29 April 1871), p. 5e–f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Commune and the Church', *Daily News* (3 May 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'Incidents of the Paris Insurrection', *Daily News* (5 May 1871), p. 5d–e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Balance–Sheet of the Commune', *Daily News* (6 May 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Forces of the Paris Insurgents', *Daily News* (8 May 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'An Arrest in Paris', *Daily News* (9 May 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (23 May 1871), p. 6a–c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The State of Paris', *Daily News* (14 June 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Among the Paris Workmen', *Daily News* (15 June 1871), p. 3c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Amusement in Paris', *Daily News* (16 June 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The National Library Under the Commune', *Daily News* (23 June 1871), pp. 5g~6a. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The Municipal Elections in Paris', *Daily News* (24 July 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Public Opinion in Paris', *Daily News* (31 July 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Paris Elections', *Daily News* (1 August 1871), p. 5g. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris Holidays', *Daily News* (19 August 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris in August', *Daily News* (25 August 1871), p. 5f. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'The Political Situation in France', *Daily News* (2 September 1871), p. 5d. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Theatre in Paris', *Daily News* (6 September 1871), p. 5b–c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Case of M. Jules Favre', *Daily News* (9 September 1871), pp. 5f~6c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Evacuation of the Paris Forts', *Daily News* (14 September 1871), p. 5c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'A Funeral in Paris', *Daily News* (18 September 1871), p. 5b. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'Paris Races', *Daily News* (19 September 1871), p. 5e. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'France', *Daily News* (21 September 1871), p. 5c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'The Evacuation of the Paris Forts', *Daily News* (22 September 1871), p. 5b–c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
'France', *Daily News* (23 September 1871), p. 5c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'.
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'France', *Daily News* (26 September 1871), p. 5c. Report 'From Our Special Correspondent. Paris.'

The Times[28]

1855

'Maud and Other Poems', *The Times* (25 August 1855), p. 8c–d. Review of Alfred Tennyson, *Maud and Other Poems*.
'Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton', *The Times* (21 September 1855), pp. 8e–f~9a. Review of David Brewster, *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*.
'Professor Wilson', *The Times* (10 October 1855), p. 6d–f. Review of John Wilson, *The Works of Professor Wilson: Noctes Ambrosianae*, ed. J. F. Ferrier, vol. I.
'According to a Greek proverb …', *The Times* (21 November 1855), p. 6e–f. Leader on reformatory schools.
'We are not sure that the importance …', *The Times* (22 November 1855), p. 6d–e. Leader on Scottish universities.
'The Venerable Archdeacon Hale is a rare wit …', *The Times* (23 November 1855), p. 6 e–f. Leader on intramural graves.
'After all that has been said …', *The Times* (17 December 1855), p. 6d–e. Leader on a recent bankruptcy.
'For those who regard murder …', *The Times* (24 December 1855), p. 6d–e. Leader on the Rugeley Poisoning Case.
'In justice to the Chairman of …', *The Times* (24 December 1855), p. 6e–f. Leader on the Eastern Counties Railway.

1856[29]

'That the Board of Trade is alive to …', *The Times* (2 January 1856), p. 6c–e. Leader on agricultural statistics.
'Were it not that a hundred years ago …', *The Times* (9 January 1856), p. 9a. Leader on the appointment to the head of the Inverness-shire Militia of the son of Lord Lovat, Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

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[28] Detailed evidence for all attributions is reported in the notes to 'Chronological Listing of All Confirmed Contributions to *The Times* by E.S. Dallas', in Law and Taylor, eds, *E.S. Dallas in 'The Times'*, pp. xlvi–lxvii.

[29] The record for 1856 is likely to be far from complete. The series of 'Editorial Diaries' for *The Times*, providing a detailed listing of contributions and now held in the News UK Archive, begins only in January 1857, while Dallas's letters found among the Blackwood Papers at the National Library of Scotland help to fill the gap only up until early February 1856 and again from late November the same year. Before that interval, Dallas had been reassigned to contributing leading articles only, whereas afterwards he had clearly resumed writing book reviews. Though there is no external evidence, reviews from that period which, based on both content and style, seem likely to be by Dallas include: the two-part reviews of Alexis de Tocqueville's *On the State of Society in France* (3, 19 September) and of the 'Oxford and Cambridge Essays' published by J.W. Parker (19, 20 November), as well as the single notice of the clerical novel 'Perversion' by Rev. W.J. Coneybeare (14 October).

'What is to become of Smithfield? …', *The Times* (26 January 1856), p. 9a–b. Leader on the proposal to open a meat market in the space previously occupied by the cattle market.

'We lately called attention to …', *The Times* (29 January 1856), p. 6e–f. Leader on the Edward Alleyn bequest and Dulwich College.

'There are few documents that contain …', *The Times* (4 February 1856), p. 6d. Leader on public health problems at Wild Court, St. Giles.

'Aytoun's Bothwell', *The Times* (27 December 1856), p. 4c–e. Review of W. E. Aytoun, *Bothwell: A Poem*.

1857

'Prescott's Philip II' I, *The Times* (12 January 1857), p. 10b–c. Review of W. H. Prescott, *A History of the Reign of Philip II, King of Spain*; & *History of Charles V*.

'Prescott's Philip II' II, *The Times* (29 January 1857), p. 12a–d. Review continued.

'In comparing the Army…', *The Times* (7 March 1857), p. 9b–d. Leader on army estimates.

'General Sir Charles Napier' I, *The Times* (8 April 1857), p. 12a–e. Review of Lieut.-Gen. Sir William F. P. Napier, *The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier*, vols. I & II.

'General Sir Charles Napier' II, *The Times* (10 April 1857), p. 5a–e. Review continued.

'The inquiry into the origin…', *The Times* (17 April 1857), p. 6c–d. Leader on a colliery explosion.

'General Sir Charles Napier' III, *The Times* (25 May 1857), p. 9a–e. Review continued.

'General Sir Charles Napier' IV, *The Times* (24 July 1857), p. 5a–b. Review continued.

'Every new investigation...', *The Times* (5 August 1857), p. 9b–c. Leader on sewage in London.

'New Novels', *The Times* (13 August 1857), p. 5d–f. Review of Mrs. Gore*, The Two Aristocracies*; & Anthony Trollope*, Barchester Towers*.

'Of the various Peerages...', *The Times* (1 September 1857), p. 6e–f. Leader on Macaulay's elevation to the peerage.

'"Can any good thing..."', *The Times* (9 September 1857), p. 7a–b. Leader on the Manchester Exhibition.

'The Militiaman at Home and Abroad', *The Times* (11 September 1857), p. 10e–f. Review of 'Emeritus', *The Times* (*The Militiaman at Home and Abroad*, illustrated by John Leech.

'That the annual election…', *The Times* (28 September 1857), p. 6e. Leader on election of the Lord Mayor of London.

'Even those who personally...', *The Times* (30 September 1857), p. 9a. Leader on the London mayoral election result

'Bermuda as It Is', *The Times* (28 October 1857), p. 10c–e. Review of 'A Field Officer' [Ferdinand Whittingham], *Bermuda: A Colony, a Fortress, and a Prison; or Eighteen Months in the Somers Islands*.

'In the libel case...', *The Times* (30 October 1857), p. 6d–e. Leader on the Cadogan case.

'Antiquities of Kertch', *The Times* (4 November 1857), p. 12c–d. Review of Duncan Macpherson, *Antiquities of Kertch, and Researches in the Cimmerian Bosphorus*.

'That there is a connexion...', *The Times* (9 November 1857), p. 6c–e. Leader on sanitation and health in London.

'It is generally thought…', *The Times* (10 November 1857), p. 6b–c. Leader on street noise in London.

'The Indian Mutiny…', *The Times* (11 November 1857), p. 8f. Leader on Norwegian contributions to the Indian Fund.

'"After all, the whole matter…"', *The Times* (17 November 1857), p. 6d–e. Leader on London main drainage.

'Very seldom has a tale…', *The Times* (18 November 1857), p. 8e–f. Leader on the Wills bigamy case.

'In a return which…', *The Times* (19 December 1857), p. 8d–e. Leader on lunatics in Scotland.

'About the worst crime…', *The Times* (21 December 1857), p. 8. Leader on the Roose seduction case.

1858

'The City, Its Sins and Its Sorrows', *The Times* (2 January 1858), p. 7a–c. Review of Thomas Guthrie*, The City, Its Sins and Its Sorrows*.

'To no one man is…', *The Times* (11 January 1858), p. 6f. Leader on St. Paul's Churchyard.

'Gothic Architecture', *The Times* (16 January 1858), p. 12b–e. Review of George Gilbert Scott*, Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture*.

'English Dictionaries', *The Times* (19 January 1858), p. 12a–b. Review of R. C. Trench*, On Some Deficiencies in Our English Dictionaries*.

'The Siege of Lucknow', *The Times* (8 March 1858), p. 5c–d. Review of L. E. Runtz Rees, *A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow*.

'Parliamentary Government' I, *The Times* (11 March 1858), p. 7a–c. Review of Earl Grey, *Parliamentary Government Considered*.

'Parliamentary Government' II, *The Times* (12 March 1858), p. 10a–c. Review continued.

'Scottish Philosophy', *The Times* (1 April 1858), pp. 6e–f~7a. Review of *The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart*, ed. Sir William Hamilton, and two other volumes.

'The Kingdom of Oude', *The Times* (9 April 1858), p. 5a–e. Review of W. H. Sleeman, *A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude in 1849–50*.

'Ancient Pottery and Porcelain', *The Times* (26 May 1858), p. 12b. Review of Samuel Birch, *History of Ancient Pottery*.

'The Marquis of Hastings in India', *The Times* (7 August 1858), p. 6d–f. Review of Francis Rawdon-Hastings, *The Private Journal of the Marquis of Hastings*, ed. Sophia Crichton-Stuart, Marchioness of Bute.

'Mr. Gladstone's Homeric Studies' I, *The Times* (12 August 1858), p. 7a–c. Review of W. E. Gladstone, *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*.

'Mr. Gladstone's Homeric Studies' II, *The Times* (15 August 1858), p. 5a–f. Review continued.

'General Sir Charles James Napier's Novel', *The Times* (14 September 1858), p. 5c–e. Review of Charles Napier*, William the Conqueror*.

'The Illustrious Henries', *The Times* (21 September 1858), p. 10a–d. Review of John Capgrave, *The Book of the Illustrious Henries*, trans. Rev. F. C. Hingeston.

'The Ballads of Scotland', *The Times* (2 October 1858), p. 10e–f~11a. Review of *The Ballads of Scotland*, ed. W. E. Aytoun.

'The Native Languages of India', *The Times* (10 November 1858), p. 12b–c. Article advocating use of the Roman alphabet.

'The Late Lord Lyons', *The Times* (25 November 1858), p. 7a–b. Obituary of Edmund Lyons, naval officer and diplomat.

'Domestic Annals of Scotland' I, *The Times* (2 December 1858), p. 8a–d. Review of Robert Chambers, *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution*.

'Domestic Annals of Scotland' I, *The Times* (9 December 1858), p. 8a–e. Review continued.

'A French Admiral's Reminiscences of the Last War', *The Times* (14 December 1858), p. 9c–f. Review of a series of articles by Admiral Jurien de la Gravière in *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

1859

'Catherine of Russia', *The Times* (7 January 1859), p. 10a–d. Review of *Mémoires de l'Empératrice Catherine II*.

'Lord Dundonald in South America', *The Times* (13 January 1859), p. 10c–f. Review of Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, *Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru and Brazil*.

'Translations from Goethe', *The Times* (15 January 1859), p. 12a–b. Review of *Poems and Ballads of Goethe*, trans. W. E. Aytoun & Theodore Martin.

'Brialmont's Life of Wellington', *The Times* (20 January 1859), p. 6c–e. Review of A. H. Brialmont, *History of the Life of Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, trans. G. R. Gleig.

'Henry Hallam', *The Times* (24 January 1859), p. 9b–c. Obituary of the Lincolnshire historian.

'The Late Earl of Ripon', *The Times* (29 January 1859), p. 5e–f. Obituary of the former Prime Minister, Frederick John Robinson, 1st Earl of Ripon.

'Tales from the Norse', *The Times* (1 February 1859), p. 10a–d. Review of G. W. Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*.

'Lord Broughton's Italy', *The Times* (2 February 1859), p. 12a–b. Review of J. C. Hobhouse, Baron Broughton, *Italy: Remarks Made in Several Visits*.

'Lord Campbell on Shakspeare', *The Times* (3 February 1859), p. 10a–b. Review of John Campbell, *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered*.

'Eighteen Christian Centuries', *The Times* (5 February 1859), p. 12c–d. Review of James White, *The Eighteen Christian Centuries*.

'The Wallace Monument', *The Times* (14 February 1859), p. 5d. Article attacking the erection of the monument above Stirling.

'Adam Bede', *The Times* (12 April 1859), p. 5d–f. Review of George Eliot, *Adam Bede*.

'Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy', *The Times* (13 May 1859), p. 7a–e. Review of William Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, vols. I & II, ed. H. L. Mansel & John Veitch.

'Burgon's Life of Fraser Tytler', *The Times* (May 1859), p. 4e. Review of J. W. Burgon, *The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman*.

'Anthony Trollope', *The Times* (23 May 1859), p. 12d–f. Review article on five Anthony Trollope novels: *The Warden, Barchester Towers, The Three Clerks, Dr. Thorne,* & *The Bertrams*.

'Prince Metternich', *The Times* (13 June 1859), p. 12b–c. Obituary of Klemens von Metternich, Austrian statesman.

'The Late Lord Minto', *The Times* (2 August 1859), p. 5a–b. Obituary of Gilbert Elliot, politician and diplomat.

'Senior's Turkey and Greece', *The Times* (September 1859), p. 9a–d. Review of N. W. Senior, *A Journal Kept in Turkey and Greece*.

'Modern Warfare and the Invasion of England', *The Times* (6 September 1859), p. 8c–f. Review of *The Military Opinions of Sir John Fox Burgoyne*, ed. George Wrottesley.

'Idylls of the King', *The Times* (10 September 1859), p. 5a–c. Review of Alfred Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*.

'Julius Caesar's Invasion of Britain', *The Times* (29 September 1859), p. 9a–b. Review of Thomas Lewin, *The Invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar*.

'Alpine Travelling', *The Times* (7 October 1859), p. 9a–c. Review of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, ed. John Ball.

'Death of Mr. Robert Stephenson, M. P.', *The Times* (13 October 1859), p. 7c–d. Obituary of the railway engineer.

'Country Life in Piedmont', *The Times* (20 October 20), pp. 8d–f~9a. Review of Antonio Gallenga, *Country Life in Piedmont*.

'Plutarch's Lives', *The Times* (12 December 1859), p. 6b–e. Review of *Plutarch's Lives*, ed. A. H. Clough.

'The Virginians', *The Times* (16 December 1859), p. 7a–c. Review of W. M. Thackeray, *The Virginians*.

'The Late Lord Macaulay', *The Times* (31 December 1859), p. 7d–f. Obituary of the historian and poet, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

1860

'The West Indies', *The Times* (6 January 1860), p. 4b–f. Review of Anthony Trollope, *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*.

'Trollope's Travels', *The Times* (18 January 1860), p. 12a–d. Review of the above continued.

'Miss Nightingale's Notes', *The Times* (24 Jan 1860), p. 7e–f. Review of Florence Nightingale, *Notes on Nursing: What It Is and What It Is Not*.

'Lord Dundonald' I, *The Times* (5 April 1860), p. 10c–f. Review of Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, *The Autobiography of a Seaman*, vol. I.

'A Mighty Hunter', *The Times* (9 April 1860), p. 10d–e. Review of Sir John E. Eardley Wilmot, *Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith*, *Esq*.

'George Rose', *The Times* (11 April 1860), p. 6d–f. Review of *The Diaries and Correspondence of the Right Hon. George Rose*, ed. L. V. Harcourt.

'Friar Bacon', *The Times* (12 April 1860), p. 11a–c. Review of *Fr. Rogeri Bacon. I. Opus Tertium. II. Opus Minus. III. Compendium Philosophiae*, ed. J. S. Brewer.

'The Mill on the Floss', *The Times* (19 May 1860), pp. 10e–f~11a. Review of George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*.

'Wellington as a Civilian', *The Times* (29 May 1860), p. 6d–f. Review of *Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, ed. Arthur Richard Wellesley, Second Duke of Wellington, and two other volumes.

'The French Invasion of Russia', *The Times* (30 May 1860), pp. 6d–f~7a. Review of General Sir Robert Wilson, *Narrative of Events during the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte*.

'Froude's History of England' I, *The Times* (31 August 1860), p. 8d–f~9a–b. Review of J. A. Froude, *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, vols. V and VI.

'Froude's History of England' II, *The Times* (1 September 1860), p. 6c–f. Review continued.

'Thomas Hood', *The Times* (7 September 1860), p. 8c–f. Review of *Memorials of Thomas Hood*, ed. Frances F. Broderip.

'Ragged Schools', *The Times* (28 September 1860), p. 4d–e. Review of Thomas Guthrie, *Seedtime and Harvest of Ragged Schools*.

'Histories of the Kirk', *The Times* (10 October 1860), p. 6c–e. Review of John Lee, *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*; & James Dodds, *The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters, 1638–1688*.

'The Woman in White', *The Times* (30 October 1860), p. 6a–c. Review of Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*.

'West Highland Tales', *The Times* (5 November 1860), p. 10c–e. Review of *Seann Syeulachdan Gaidhealach, Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, Vols I–II, by J. F. Campbell.

'Sir Charles Napier', *The Times* (7 November 1860), p. 7b–c. Obituary of the naval officer and politician.

'The Late Earl of Aberdeen', *The Times* (15 December 1860), p. 10a–e. Obituary of the former Prime Minister, George Hamilton Gordon, 4th Earl of Aberdeen.

'Death of the Marquis of Dalhousie', *The Times* (21 December 1860), p. 7d–f. Obituary of James Andrew Broun Ramsay, former Governor-General of India.

1861

'A New Novel', *The Times* (10 January 1861), p. 4. Review of Unsigned, *The Two Cosmos*.

'Lord Dundonald' II, *The Times* (12 January 1861), p. 4a–c. Review of Thomas Cochrane, *Autobiography of a Seaman*, vol. II.

'Jupiter Carlyle', *The Times* (24 January 1861), p. 7a–c. Review of *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk*.

'The nation will lament the death …', *The Times* (18 March 1861), p. 8b–d. Leader / Obituary of the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria.

'Lord Auckland and the French Treaty of 1786', *The Times* (2 April 1861), p. 4d–f. Review of *The Journal and Correspondence of William, Lord Auckland*, ed. Robert John Eden, Baron Auckland.

'Scottish Histories', *The Times* (3 April 1861), p. 7a–d. Review of Cosmo Innes, *Sketches of Early Scottish History and Social Progress*; & Robert Chambers, *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Rebellion of 1745*.

'Notes of Travel', *The Times* (4 April 1861), p. 12c. Review of *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1860*, ed. Francis Galton.

'Silas Marner', *The Times* (29 April 1861), p. 12b–d. Review of George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.

'Stanhope's Life of Pitt', *The Times* (21 May 1861), p. 10a–d. Review of Philip Henry Stanhope, *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt*, vols. I & II.

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'Death of Lord Chancellor Campbell', *The Times* (24 June 1861), p. 9b–f. Obituary of John Campbell, of St. Andrews, former Lord Chancellor.

'Death of Lord Herbert', *The Times* (3 August 1861), p. 9c–d. Obituary of the politician Sidney Herbert, 1st Baron Herbert of Lea.

'The Bishop of Durham', *The Times* (10 August 1861), p. 8f. Obituary of the cleric, Henry Montagu Villiers.

'Mrs. Delany', *The Times* (14 August 1861), p. 6d–f. Review of *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville*, ed. Lady Llanover.

'The Second Earl Grey', *The Times* (14 August 1861), p. 6c. Review of Charles Grey, *Some Account of the Life and Opinions of Charles, Second Earl Grey*.

'Buckle's New Volume' I, *The Times* (20 August 1861), pp. 8f~9a–b. Review of H. T. Buckle, *History of Civilisation in England*, vol. II.

'Buckle's New Volume' II, *The Times* (22 August 1861), p. 8c–e. Review continued.

'Buckle's New Volume' III, *The Times* (23 August 1861), p. 10a–d. Review continued.

'The Monks of the West', *The Times* (3 September 1861), p. 5a–d. Review of Charles Forbes, Count de Montalembert, *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernand*.

'Great Expectations', *The Times* (17 October 1861), p. 6c–d. Review of Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

'Dr. John Brown', *The Times* (21 October 1861), p. 4d–f. Review of John Brown, *Horae Subsecivae*, 1st & 2nd Series.

'Death of Sir James Graham', *The Times* (26 October 1861), p. 9e. Obituary of the politician from Netherby.

'On Translating Homer', *The Times* (28 October 1861), pp. 8e–f~9a. Review of Matthew Arnold, *On Translating Homer*.

'The Late Prince Consort', *The Times* (4 December 1861), p. 10a–b. Obituary on the death of Prince Albert, at the age of forty-two.

'The Royal Atlas', *The Times* (27 December 1861), p. 10d–e. Review of A. K. Johnston, *The Royal Atlas of Modern Geography*.

1862

'Mrs. Norton's Poem', *The Times* (1 January 1862), p. 10d. Review of Caroline Sheridan Norton, *The Lady of La Garaye*.

'Admiral Napier', *The Times* (23 January 1862), p. 10c–e. Review of Elers Napier, *The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier*.

'The Mausoleum', *The Times* (6 February 1862), p. 12c. Review of C. T. Newton, *A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Caidus, and Branchidae*.

'Sir H. Holland's Essays', *The Times* (21 April 1862), p. 9c–d. Review of Henry Holland, *Essays on Scientific and other Subjects*.

'Stanhope's Life of Pitt', *The Times* (25 April 1862), p. 10c–f. Review of Philip Henry Stanhope, *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt*, vols. III & IV.

'The Late Sir Benjamin Hawes', *The Times* (21 May 1862), p. 5a. Obituary of the politician, former Member of Parliament for Lambeth.

'The Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum', *The Times* (5 June 1862), pp. 6f~7a. Report on the new art exposition.

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'The Late Lord Canning', *The Times* (18 June 1862), p. 9b. Obituary of Charles John Canning, former Viceroy of India.

'The French Court at the International Exhibition' I, *The Times* (19 June 1862), p. 14c–e. Report on the French displays at the Great London Exposition held in South Kensington from May 1862.

'The French Court at the International Exhibition' II, *The Times* (27 June 1862), p. 10d–f. Report continued.

'The French Court at the International Exhibition' III, *The Times* (2 July 1862), p. 10e–f. Report continued.

'Ten Years of Imperialism in France', *The Times* (21August 1862), p. 10c–d. Review of Unsigned [Charles B. Derosne & George W. F. Villiers, Earl of Clarendon], *Ten Years of Imperialism in France; Impressions of a Flaneur*.

'A Brace of Novels', *The Times* (3 September 1862), p. 5d–e. Review of T. Adolphus Trollope, *Marietta*; & Unsigned [Matilda Charlotte Houstoun], *Recommended to Mercy*.

'Reminiscences of a French Ambassador in England', *The Times* (4 September 1862), p. 6e–f~7a. Review of François Guizot, *An Embassy to the Court of St. James's in 1840*.

'Edward Irving', *The Times* (14 October 1862), p. 5a–b. Review of Margaret Oliphant, *The Life of Edward Irving*.
'Lady Audley's Secret', *The Times* (18 November 1862), p. 4c–d. Review of M. E. Braddon, *Lady Audley's Secret*.
'Somebody's Luggage', *The Times* (4 December 1862), p. 3f. Review of Christmas number of *All the Year Round*.
'Mr. Thackeray's Last Novel', *The Times* (5 December 1862), p. 6a–c. Review of W. M. Thackeray, *The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World*.
'Orley Farm', *The Times* (26 December 1862), p. 5d–f. Review of Anthony Trollope, *Orley Farm*.
'Lady Morgan's Memoirs', *The Times* (27 December 1862), p. 5a–c. Review of Sydney Owenson Morgan, *Lady Morgan's Memoirs; Autobiography, Diary and Correspondence*.

1863

'Mr. Whyte Melville's Novels', *The Times* (3 January 1863), p. 4e–f. Review of five novels by G. J. Whyte Melville, *Digby Grand; Holmby House; General Bounce; The Interpreter; & The Queen's Maries*.
'Life in Normandy', *The Times* (12 January 1863), p. 7d–e. Review of Unsigned [W. F. Campbell], *Life in Normandy: Sketches of French Fishing, Farming, Cooking, Natural History, and Politics, Drawn from Nature.*
'Thalatta', *The Times* (13 January 1863), p. 6f. Review of Unsigned [John Skelton], *Thalatta; or, the Great Commoner*.
'New Novels', *The Times* (22 January 1863), p. 7c–d. Review of Wilkie Collins, *No Name*; & Mrs. Henry (Ellen) Wood, *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*.
'The Death of the Marquis of Lansdowne', *The Times* (2 February 1863), p. 9a–e~10a. Obituary of the politician, Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne.
'A New Pantomime', *The Times* (3 February 1863), p. 6c. Review of Edward Vaughan Kenealy*, A New Pantomime*.
'Life of Sir James Graham' I, *The Times* (4 February 1863), p. 5a–b. Review of Torrens M'Cullagh, *The Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir James K. G. Graham, Bart*., vol. I.
'Nuptial Ode', *The Times* (10 March 1863), p. 10b–c. Review of W. E. Aytoun, *Nuptial Ode on the Marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*.
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'David Elginbrod', *The Times* (11 April 1863), p. 14d–e. Review of George MacDonald, *David Elginbrod*.
'Life of Sir James Graham' II, *The Times* (14 April 1863), p. 8d–e. Review of Torrens M'Cullagh, *The Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir James K. G. Graham, Bart*., vol. II.
'Death of Sir George Cornewall Lewis', *The Times* (15 April 1863), p. 9e–f. Obituary of the politician and author on social issues.
'Death of Lord Seaton', *The Times* (18 April 1863), p. 11f. Obituary of John Colborne, 1st Baron Seaton, army officer and colonial governor.
'The Hon. Impulsia Gushington', *The Times* (21 May 1863), p. 12f. Review of Unsigned [*Helen Selina Blackwood, Baroness Dufferin*], *Lispings from Low Latitudes: or, Extracts from the Journals of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington*.
'The Marquis of Normanby', *The Times* (29 July 1863), p. 9f. Obituary of Constantine Henry Phipps, 1st Marquess of Normanby, politician and diplomat.
'Phillimore's History of England', *The Times* (14 August 1863), p. 6b–e. Review of J. G. Phillimore, *History of England During the Reign of George III*.
'Romola', *The Times* (5 September 1863), p. 11c–e. Review of George Eliot, *Romola*.
'Shakesperian Studies', *The Times* (29 September 1863), p. 9a–d. Review of *The Works of William Shakespeare*, ed. W. G. Clark, et al., vols. 1 & 2; and two other volumes.

'Shakesperian Studies', *The Times* (12 October 1863), p. 12d–e. Letter from 'The Writer of the Article on Shakesperian Studies' (above) to *The Times* editor in reply to criticisms by W. G. Clark, expressed in a Letter to the editor dated 8 October, and published on 10 October), p. 10e.

'A Couple of Novels', *The Times* (1 October 1863), p. 9c–d. Review of Unsigned [Matilda Charlotte Houstoun], *Such Things Are*, & *Taken Upon Trust*.

'Eleanor's Victory', *The Times* (3 October 1863), p. 11a–b. Review of M. E. Braddon, *Eleanor's Victory*.

'Our Old Home', *The Times* (9 November 1863), p. 10a–c. Review of Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Our Old Home*.

'Reported Death of Lord Elgin', *The Times* (28 November 28), p. 9f. Obituary of James Bruce, 8th Earl of Elgin, then Viceroy of India.

'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings', *The Times* (3 December 1863), p. 12f. Review of Christmas number of *All The Year Round*.

'The Giftbooks', *The Times* (4 December 1863), p. 5c–d. Review of five Christmas giftbooks, beginning with W. E. Aytoun, *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

'Gift Books', *The Times* (21 December 1863), p. 5c. Review of six Christmas giftbooks, including William Howitt, *Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain and Ireland*.

'New Novels', *The Times* (25 December 1863), p. 4c–f. Review of five recent novels, including Mark Lemon, *Wait for the End*; & Anthony Trollope, *Rachel Ray*.

'Death of Mr. Thackeray', *The Times* (25 December 1863), p. 7f. Obituary of the novelist, William Makepeace Thackeray.

'Industrial Biography', *The Times* (28 December 1863), p. 5a–b. Review of Samuel Smiles*, Industrial Biography; Ironworkers and Toolmakers*.

1864

'Novels in Season', *The Times* (2 January 1864), p. 5b–d. Review of Charles Reade, *Hard Cash*; & M. E. Braddon, *John Marchmont's Legacy*.

'Shakespearean Monuments', *The Times* (20 January 1864), p. 6a–c. Review of *Shakespeare: The First Folio*, photo-lithographic facsimile; *Shakespeare: A Reprint of His Collected Works as Put Forth in 1823*, part II; & *The Works of William Shakespeare*, ed. Alexander Doyle.

'The Kimbolton Papers', *The Times* (3 February 1864), p. 6a–b. Review of William Drogo Montagu, Duke of Manchester, *Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne*.

'Shakespeare', *The Times* (23 April 1864), p. 14a–b. Article on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth.

'Essays on Fiction', *The Times* (18 May 1864), p. 11a–b. Review of N. W. Senior, *Essays on Fiction*.

'History of Our Lord', *The Times* (19 May 1864), p. 7e–f. Review of Mrs. (Anna Brownell) Jameson & Lady Elizabeth Eastlake, *The History of Our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art*.

'Marion', *The Times* (3 June 1864), p. 7d–f. Review of 'Manhattan' [Joseph A. Scoville], *Marion*.

'The Great Prize of Paris', *The Times* (7 June 1864), p. 11c–e. Article on the annual French horse race.

'Too Strange Not To Be True', *The Times* (30 June 1864), p. 13a. Review of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, *Too Strange Not To Be True*.

'Windsor Park and Forest', *The Times* (2 August 1864), p. 12a–b. Review of William Menzies, *The History of Windsor Great Park and Windsor Forest*.

'The Confederate Cruisers', *The Times* (8 August 1864), p. 12b–c. Review of Commander R. Semmes et al., *The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter*.

'Henry Dunbar', *The Times* (9 August 1864), p. 4e–f. Review of M. E. Braddon, *Henry Dunbar*.

'The Competition Wallah', *The Times* (11 August 1864), p. 6a–b. Review of G. O. Trevelyan, *The Competition Wallah*.

'Tennyson's New Poems' I, *The Times* (17 August 1864), p. 9a–c. Review of Alfred Tennyson, *Enoch Arden, Etc*.

'Tennyson's New Poems' II, *The Times* (25 August 1864), p. 4a–d. Review continued.

'Annals of the Stage', *The Times* (27 August 1864), p. 10e–f~11a. Review of Dr. Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants; Annals of the English Stage*.

'The Scot Abroad', *The Times* (31 August 1864), p. 11b–d. Review of John Hill Burton, *The Scot Abroad*.
'Death of Mr. John Leech', *The Times* (31 October 1864), p. 10c–d. Obituary of the artist and illustrator.
'The Funeral of Mr. John Leech', *The Times* (5 November 1864), p. 8f. Report.[30]
'Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy', *The Times* (2 December 1864), p. 12a. Review of Christmas number of *All The Year Round*.
'The Earl of Carlisle', *The Times* (6 December 1864), p. 9d. Obituary of the politician, George William Frederick Howard, 7th Earl of Carlisle.
'Novels', *The Times* (30 December 1864), p. 8d–f. Review of Margaret Oliphant, *The Perpetual Curate*; M. E. Braddon, *The Doctor's Wife*.

1865

'Edward Irving's Works', *The Times* (5 January 1865), p. 8e–f. Review of *The Collected Works of Edward Irving*, ed. Rev. Gavin Carlyle, vols. I & II.
'Bee-Keeping', *The Times* (10 January 1865), p. 6d. Review of '*The Times* Bee-master' [John Cumming], *Bee-Keeping*.
'Modern Poets', *The Times* (11 January 1865), p. 12a–e. Review of a dozen poetical works, including: Robert Browning, *Dramatis Personae*; Coventry Patmore, *The Angel in the House*; & Christina Rossetti, *Goblin Market, and Other Poems*.
'Novels', *The Times* (19 January 1865), p. 6a–c. Review of Ralph Vyvyan, *Breakers Ahead*, Unsigned [Frederick Greenwood], *Margaret Denzil's History*, Mark Lemon, *Loved at Last*, & G. J. Whyte Melville, *The Brookes of Bridlemere*.
'More Novels', *The Times* (4 February 1865), p. 7a–c. Review of Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, *Christian's Mistake*; F. G. Trafford [Charlotte Riddell], *George Geith of Fen Court*; & Unsigned [Charles Lever], *Tony Butler*.
'Mr. John Leech's Drawings', *The Times* (21 April 1865), p. 10e. Article on auction at Christie's.
'Historic Pictures', *The Times* (24 April 1865), p. 12c–e. Review of A. Baillie Cochrane, *Historic Pictures*.
'Sir Benjamin Brodie', *The Times* (11 May 1865), p. 6a–c. Review of *The Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie*, ed. Charles Hawkins.
'Cawnpore', *The Times* (31 May 1865), p. 6a–d. Review of G. O. Trevelyan, *Cawnpore*.
'Locker's Poems', *The Times* (6 June 1865), p. 9c. Review of *A Selection from the Works of Frederick Locker* (Moxon's Miniature Poets).
'Death of Mr. Joseph Parkes', *The Times* (12 August 1865), p. 9a. Obituary of the advocate of municipal reform.
'Recent Novels', *The Times* (23 August 1865), p. 12a–d. Review of Anthony Trollope, *Miss Mackenzie*; Unsigned, *Won by Beauty*; George MacDonald, *Alec Forbes of Howglen*; & Gustav Freytag, *The Lost Manuscript*, trans. Mrs. Malcolm.
'Woman's Work', *The Times* (31 August 1865), p. 10c. Review of Bessie Rayner Parkes, *Woman's Work*.
'Lord Palmerston', *The Times* (19 October 1865), p. 9b–f~10a–d. Obituary of the former Prime Minister, Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount Palmerston.
'Our Mutual Friend', *The Times* (29 November 1865), p. 6a–c. Review of Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*.
'Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions', *The Times* (6 December 1865), p. 6d. Review of Christmas number of *All The Year Round*.
'The King of the Belgians', *The Times* (11 December 1865), p. 9d–f. Obituary of Leopold I, first king of Belgium.
'Christmas Books' I, *The Times* (14 December 1865), p. 5c–d. Review of eight Christmas books, beginning with John Everett Millais, *Millais's Illustrations*.
'Christmas Books' II, *The Times* (26 December 1865), pp. 4d–f~5a. Review of nineteen Christmas books, including John Leech, *Follies of the Year*; & Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

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[30] New attribution based (with thanks to Patrick Leary) on Shirley's Brook's 'Diary: Manuscript, 1864', where, as the entry for the day of the funeral, a cutting from the *Times* report is pasted in and ascribed to Dallas. The account itself mentions that Brooks served as a pall-bearer, while Dallas was '[i]n the cemetery among the crowd', alongside celebrities such as Dickens. Moreover, in mourning the passing of 'a spirit so gentle and graceful', in its warm personal tone the report echoes that of Dallas's obituary of the artist published in the newspaper just a few days earlier.

1866

'The Adventures of Mr. Moens', *The Times* (6 February 1866), p. 12c–d. Review of W. J. C. Moens, *English Travellers and Italian Brigands*.

'The Late Lord Monteagle', *The Times* (9 February 1866), p. 10c. Obituary of the politician, Thomas Spring Rice, 1st Baron Monteagle of Brandon.

'Queen Marie Amélie', *The Times* (26 March 1866), p. 12b–c. Obituary of the wife of King Louis Philippe I of France.

'Windham's Diary', *The Times* (23 May 1866), p. 6e–f. Review of *The Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham, 1784 to 1810*, ed. Mrs. Henry (Cecilia Anne) Baring.

'Felix Holt', *The Times* (26 June 1866), p. 6c–e. Review of *Felix Holt*, by George Eliot.

'Death of Lord Northbrooke *[sic]*', *The Times* (8 September 1866), p. 8f. Obituary of the politician, Francis Thornhill Baring, 1st Baron Northbrook.

'Mugby Junction', *The Times* (5 December 1866), p. 5c–d. Review of Christmas number of *All The Year Round*.

1867

'The New National Gallery', *The Times* (10 January 1867), p. 12a–b. Article on the designs for the new building.

'Sir Brook Fosbrooke', *The Times* (11 January 1867), p. 10a. Review of *Sir Brook Fosbrooke*, by Charles Lever.

'Sir Edwin Landseer's Lions', *The Times* (1 February 1867), p. 7d. Article on the colossal figures to be placed at the foot of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

'The Tonic Treatment of Disease', *The Times* (5 February 1867), p. 6a. Review of P. C. Skey, *Hysteria: Remote Causes of Disease in General*.

'The New Courts of Law', *The Times* (11 February 1867), p. 12d–e. Article on the designs for the new buildings.

'The Reform Bill of 1832' I, *The Times* (13 March 1867), p. 10c–e. Review of *The Reform Act, 1832. The Correspondence of the Late Earl Grey*, ed. Henry Grey.

'The Reform Bill of 1832' II, *The Times* (21 March 1867), p. 10d–f. Review continued.

'The New Site of the Royal Academy', *The Times* (28 March 1867), p. 10c. Article concerning progress on the new buildings in the Burlington Arcade.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (11 April 1867), p. 9e–f. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (16 April 1867), p. 9d–e. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (17 April 1867), p. 10a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (23 April 1867), p. 7a–b. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'Rosewarn', *The Times* (24 April 1867), p. 6f~7a. Review of C. Sylvester [Lady Emma Caroline Wood], *Rosewarn: A Novel.*

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (25 April 1867), p. 8a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (30 April 1867), p. 12a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (13 May 1867), p. 10d–f. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (16 May 1867), p. 11c–d. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (20 May 1867), p. 10d–f. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (23 May 1867), p. 10b–d. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (30 May 1867), p. 7c–d. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (7 June 1867), p. 5c–d. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (18 June 1867), p. 6a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (24 June 1867), p. 10c–d. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (9 July 1867), p. 12a–b. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (25 July 1867), p. 5c–e. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (19 August 1867), p. 7a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (23 August 1867), p. 8c–e. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (26 August 1867), p. 7b–d. Report on 'Sculpture'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (4 September 1867), p. 8a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.

'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (11 September 1867), p. 10a–b. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.
'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (16 September 1867), p. 10a–c. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.
'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (25 September 1867), pp. 10e–f~11a. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.
'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (30 September 1867), pp. 8e–f~9a. Report from 'Our Special Correspondent'.
'The Great French Exhibition', *The Times* (18 October 1867), p. 8. Report on 'Glass'.
'Gardenhurst', *The Times* (26 October 1867), p. 9a–d. Review of Anna C. Steele*, Gardenhurst: A Novel*.
'Sabina', *The Times* (11 November 11), p. 10d–f. Review of Lady [Emma Caroline] Wood*, Sabina*.
'No Thoroughfare', *The Times* (27 December 1867), p. 9a. Review of Charles Dickens & Wilkie Collins*, No Thoroughfare*, Christmas number of *All the Year Round*.

1868

'The Queen's Journal', *The Times* (10 January 1868), p. 8d–f. Review of *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861*, ed. Arthur Helps.
'Tennyson's New Poem', *The Times* (11 May 1868), p. 12a. Review of Alfred Tennyson, 'Lucretius', *The Times* (in *Macmillan's Magazine*.
'George Eliot's Poem', *The Times* (4 June 1868), p. 6d–e. Review of George Eliot*, The Spanish Gypsy: A Poem*.
'Lord Lytton's Prose Works', *The Times* (25 September 1868), p. 7b–d. Review of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, *Miscellaneous Prose Works*.

1869

'Dinner', *The Times* (26 August 1869), p. 10e–f. Letter to *The Times* editor on dining in Soho from 'A Beast at Feeding-Time'.
'The Translation of "L'Homme qui Rit"', *The Times* (16 October 1869), p. 9e. Signed letter to the editor of *The Times* responding to the review of Victor Hugo's latest novel, with its decidedly negative evaluation of the English translation then appearing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.
'The Translation of "L'Homme qui Rit"', *The Times* (19 October 1869), p. 9f. Signed letter to the editor of *The Times* replying intemperately and at length to the response of the reviewer published the previous day.[31]
'The Railway Problem' I, *The Times* (19 October 1869), pp. 6e–f~7a–b. Article on wasteful spending on branch lines.
'The Railway Problem' II, *The Times* (20 October 1869), p. 8c–f. Article continued.
'Lord Derby', *The Times* (25 October 1869), pp. 7e–f~8a–c. Obituary of the former Prime Minister, Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby.
'The Strike in Paris', *The Times* (29 October 1869), p. 7e–f. Article explaining the linendrapers' strike.

1870

'So Runs the World Away', *The Times* (29 January 1870), p. 4d–f. Review of Mrs. A. C. Steele*, So Runs the World Away*.
'Lord Russell's Speeches and Despatches', *The Times* (9 February 1870), p. 4a–d. Review of *Selections from Speeches of Earl Russell, 1817–1841, and from Despatches, 1859–1865*.
'The Railways of the Future' I, *The Times* (18 February 1870), p. 4a–c. Article on the development of lighter narrow-gauge railways.
'The Railways of the Future' II, *The Times* (1 March 1870), p. 4a–c. Article continued.

[31] This and the letter above are identified and discussed in Michael Flynn, 'E.S. Dallas and Trollope's *Vicar of Bullhampton*', p. 259, to whom our grateful thanks.

‘Sketches from Paris’, *The Times* (31 August 1870), p. 9a–c. Report from ‘An Occasional Correspondent’.
‘Inside Paris’, *The Times* (24 November 1870), p. 5a–d. Report ‘By Balloon Post’ from ‘Our Special Correspondent’.
‘Inside Paris’, *The Times* (14 December 1870), p. 12a–c. Report ‘By Balloon Post’ from ‘Our Own Correspondent’.

1871

‘From Inside Paris’, *The Times* (9 February 1871), p. 9f. Report from ‘An Occasional Correspondent’.

Pall Mall Gazette[32]

‘“Sheen’s Foreman”’, *Pall Mall Gazette* (22 April 1878), p. 10a-b. Review of Lady [Emma Caroline] Wood, *Sheen’s Foreman*.

[32] Attribution by Flynn (see ‘E.S. Dallas and Trollope’s *Vicar of Bullhampton*’, p. 260), based on evidence in a letter from Wood to Dallas cited in Bradhurst, *A Century of Letters*, pp. 162–63.

Note on the Text and Paratext

Since the two volumes of *The Gay Science* published in London by Chapman and Hall in late November 1866 represent the one and only edition issued during the author's lifetime, while there is no sign that the manuscript was preserved, there is obviously no need to justify our choice of copy text. However, it is necessary to explain how we deal with the paratextual elements of the 1866 volumes, and how they can be distinguished from those newly introduced here.

Since they may be deemed crucial to an understanding of the author's intentions, from the Chapman and Hall printing we have preserved:

- indications of the volume division on the Contents Page, etc.;
- Dallas's own footnotes (signalled by asterisks as in the original text, unlinked but printed in bold to distinguish them more clearly from editorial footnotes, with bibliographical information added in parentheses as necessary); and
- the lengthy chapter abstracts (though these are gathered together in one set rather than divided by volume as in the original text).

At the same time, since these seem unnecessary or even confusing in a digital edition of this kind, we have omitted:

- the summary notes running in the outer margins of each page (a not uncommon feature in Victorian monographs of a theoretical nature); and
- the original index.

However, these features can be viewed in the facsimile digital copies of the original volumes easily accessible online at Google Books, HathiTrust, or the Internet Archive.

Our own editorial interventions in the text of *The Gay Science* are:

- the occasional introduction of [*sic.*] in the body of the text to flag what appear to be substantive typographical errors or irregularities, while clear errors of punctuation and form only are silently corrected;
- over eighty textual endnotes (marked by alphabetical flags in a single series from '**a**' to '**dddd**', with the symbol '†' inserted to indicate the beginning of each textual passage annotated; each link should take you to its respective endnote, while Ctrl+BackArrow or the like may return you to the point of departure in the main text);
- several hundred explanatory footnotes without links (flagged with Arabic numerals by page, with five or more on a single page by no means unusual).

For further discussion of the last two features in particular, see the section on 'The Composition and Compilation of the Text' in the Editorial Introduction.

In the second chapter of *The Gay Science* Dallas writes scathingly of the work of the literary editor, suggesting that its 'result is nearly worthlesss' (p. 16). We hope that those who make use of this edition will be a little more generous—at least you do not have to pay for it.

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(This list is limited to sources cited in the introductory matter to this volume and does not cover those referred to only in the editorial footnotes and textual endnotes to *The Gay Science*.)

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THE GAY SCIENCE

AUTHORIAL PREFACE

THESE volumes aim at completeness in themselves, but I must ask the reader to bear in mind that they are to be followed by two more. They are an attempt to settle the first principles of Criticism, and to show how alone it can be raised to the dignity of a science. But any one who cares for the discussion is sure to ask at every stage of it,—How do your principles bear on the practical questions of criticism? how are they to be applied? I hope to show this ere long;[1] but I venture also to hope that the principles here evolved—even while their application is withheld—may be worthy of attention, may entertain the reader, and may prove to be suggestive.

A few of the following pages have already seen the light in various publications, although they now stand in their places without any acknowledgment of a previous appearance. They are so few in number, and, having been rewritten, are so altered in form, that it would have been difficult, and it seemed to be needless, to introduce them with the usual marks of quotation.[2]

E. S. D.

[1] In the event, Dallas was never to write the projected third and fourth volumes devoted to the application of the principles of criticism set out in the first and second; for further discussion see the Editorial Introduction.

[2] As can be seen from the textual endnotes, the editors have in fact identified around eighty passages in *The Gay Science* which have been revised from previous publications by Dallas, some of considerable length and many with only very minor revisions; for further discussion see the Editorial Introduction.

CHAPTER ABSTRACTS

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VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE called the present work the Gay Science, because that is the shortest description I can find of its aim and contents. But I have ventured to wrest the term a little from its old Provençal meaning. The Gay Science was the name given by the troubadours to their art of poetry.[1] We could scarcely now, however, call poetry, or the art of poetry, a science. It is true that the distinction between science and art has always been very hazy. In our day it has been as hotly disputed as among the schoolmen whether logic be a science or an art, or both. Even so late a writer as Hobbes classes poetry among the sciences, for it is in his view the science of magnifying and vilifying.[2] I hope before I have finished this work to trace more accurately than has yet been done the dividing line between science and art; but, in the meantime, there is no doubt that poetry must take rank among the arts, and that the name of science in connection with it must be reserved for the critical theory of its processes and of its influence in the world. Such is the sense in which the word is used upon the title pages of the present volumes.

Why the Gay Science, however? The light-hearted minstrels of Provence insisted on the joyfulness of their art. In the dawn of modern literature, they declared, with a straightforwardness which has never been surpassed either by poets or by critics, that the immediate aim of art is the cultivation of pleasure. But it so happens that no critical doctrine is in our day more unfashionable than this—that the object of art is pleasure. Any of us who cleave to the old creed, which has the prescription of about thirty centuries in its favour, are supposed to be shallow and commonplace. Nearly all thinkers now, who pretend to any height or depth of thought, abjure the notion of pleasure as the object of pursuit in the noble moods of art. But what if these high-fliers are wrong and the thirty centuries are right? What, if not one of those who reject the axiom of the thirty centuries can agree with another as to the terms of a better doctrine? What if theirs be the true commonplace which cannot see the grandeur of a doctrine, because it comes to us clothed in unclean and threadbare garments? There is no more commonplace thinker than he who fails to see the virtue of the commonplace.

Pleasure, no doubt, is an ugly word, and, as representing the end of art, a feeble one; but there is no better to be found. It suggests a great deal for which as yet we have no adequate language. One day it may be that we shall find a different word to express more fully our meaning; but that day will never come until we have first learned thoroughly to understand what is involved in pleasure; and to see what a hundred generations of mankind have groped after when they set before them pleasure as the goal of art. It can be shown that this doctrine of pleasure has a greatness of meaning which the high-fliers little suspect: that it is anything but shallow; and that if it be commonplace, it is so only in the sense in which sun, air, earth, water, and all the elements of life are commonplace. We begin to feel this the moment we attempt to define it. Take any allowable definition. Kant says that it is a feeling of the furtherance of life, as pain is a sense of its hindrance.[3] Such a definition at once leads us into a larger circle of ideas than is usually supposed to be covered by the name of pleasure. Perhaps it is not quite satisfactory, but we need not now be too particular about its terms. What Kant says is near enough to the truth to show that on the first blush of it we need not be repelled by the assertion of pleasure being the end of art. Neither need any one be repelled if this doctrine of pleasure strike the key-note, and suggest the title of the present work, in which an attempt will be made to show that a science of criticism is possible, and that it must of necessity be the science of the laws of pleasure, the joy science, the Gay Science.

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1 As Dallas notes later (in Ch. XIV, p. 177), the original Provençal term used by the troubadours of the twelfth century was 'El Gai Saber'.

2 See the table classifying the various sciences following the list of Contents in Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan; or The Matter, Forme and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil* (1651), where Poetry is put in the same grouping as 'Rhetoric, Logic and the Science of Just and Unjust'; the table, and the position of poetry within it, is also referred to by Dallas in *Poetics*, pp. 81–82.

3 In Part 5 of Kant's *Kritik der Urteilskraft* ('Critique of Judgment'), 1790.

CHAPTER II. THE SCIENCE OF CRITICISM.

BUT is a science of criticism possible? That is a great question—often asked, and usually answered in the negative. It cannot well be answered in the affirmative, indeed, so long as criticism is undefined. Criticism is a wide word that, according to late usage, may comprehend almost any stir of thought. It is literally the exercise of judgment, and logicians reduce every act of the mind into an act of judgment. So it comes to pass that there is a criticism of history, of philosophy, of science, of politics and life, as well as of literature and art, which is criticism proper. Sir William Hamilton, who never touched criticism proper, was known throughout Europe as the first critic of his day;[1] and Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately been using the word as a synonym not only for science, but even for poetry. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, are in his view critics. Their work is at bottom a criticism of life, and "the aim of all literature, if one considers it attentively, is in truth nothing but that."[2] It may be convenient sometimes to employ the word thus largely; but there is a danger of our forgetting its more strict application to art. Certainly, in the larger, looser sense of the term, a science of criticism, if at all possible, must resolve itself into something like a science of reason—a logic—a science of science. It is needful, therefore, to explain at the outset that there is a narrower sense of the word criticism, and that there is a good reason why it should be specially applied to the criticism of literature and art.

The reason is, that whereas the criticism of philosophy, truly speaking, is itself philosophy, and that of science science, and that of history history, the criticism of poetry and art is not poetry and art, but is and to the end of time will remain criticism. Kant called his leading work a critique, and he chose that title because his object was not to propound a philosophical system, but to ascertain the competence of reason to sound the depths of philosophy. This, however, as much belongs to philosophy as sounding the ocean belongs to ocean telegraphy. Locke had already done the same thing. He said, that before attempting to dive into philosophy, it would be wise to inquire whether the human mind is able to dive into it, and he would therefore examine into the nature and resources of the thinking faculty. The criticism of the understanding which he thus undertook is Locke's philosophy,[3] just as Kant's critique of reason is the most important part of Kant's philosophy. So in other lines of thought, criticism of philology is a piece of philology, and criticism of history is a contribution to the lore of history. One of the most classical of all histories indeed, that of Julius Cæsar, goes by the name of commentary.[4] But criticism of poetry, it must be repeated, is not poetry, and art lore is not art. The attempt has, no doubt, again and again been made, to elevate criticism into poetry. Witness the well-known poems of Horace, Vida, Boileau, Pope, and others.[5] But criticism that would be poetry is like the cat that set up for a lady and could not forget the mice. Whatever it may be as criticism, it falls short of art. And therefore it is that the name more especially belongs to all that lore which cannot well get beyond itself—the lore of art and literary form.

Now, it must be owned that criticism does not yet rank as a science, and that, following the wonted methods, it seems to have small chance of becoming one. To judge by the names bestowed upon critics, indeed, one might infer that it has no chance at all. Sir Henry Wotton used to say, and Bacon deemed the saying valuable enough to be entered in his book of Apophthegms, that they are but brushers of noblemen's

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1 The philosopher William Hamilton (1788–1856: *ODNB*), was from 1836 until his death Professor in Logic and Metaphysics at the University of Edinburgh, where he taught Dallas in the later 1840s; Dallas had dedicated his early monograph *Poetics* (1852) to Hamilton 'in token of the admiration, the regard, and the obligations of a pupil', and had enthusiastically reviewed the first two volumes of Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic* in *The Times* (13 May 1859).

2 In 'Joubert; or, a French Coleridge' in the *National Review* 18 (January 1864), pp. 168–90, p. 189, by poet and critic Matthew Arnold (1822–88: *ODNB*); reprinted as 'Joubert' in his *Essays in Criticism* (Macmillan, 1865), pp. 214–52; p. 249.

3 Referring to the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690) by John Locke (1632–1704: *ODNB*).

4 Referring to Julius Caesar's military history *Commentarii de Bello Gallico* ('Commentaries on the Gallic War') dating from the first century BCE.

5 Referring to Horace's *De Arte Poetica*, Vida's *De Arte Poetica*, Boileau's *L'Art Poétique*, Pope's *An Essay On Criticism*, dating respectively from Rome in the first century BCE, sixteenth-century Italy, seventeenth-century France, and eighteenth-century England.

clothes;[1] Ben Jonson spoke of them as tinkers who make more faults than they mend;[2] Samuel Butler, as the fierce inquisitors of wit, and as butchers who have no right to sit on a jury;[3] Sir Richard Steele, as of all mortals the silliest;[4] Swift, as dogs, rats, wasps, or, at best, the drones of the learned world;[5] Shenstone, as asses which, by gnawing vines, first taught the advantage of pruning them;[6] Matthew Green, as upholsterers and appraisers;[7] Burns, as cut-throat bandits in the path of fame;[8] Washington Irving, as freebooters in the republic of letters;[9] and Sir Walter Scott, humorously reflecting the general sentiment, as caterpillars. If poets and artists may be described as pillars of the house of fame, critics, wrote Scott, are the caterpillars.[10] Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging, said Ben Jonson;[11] and criticism, says Dryden, is mere hangman's work.[12] It is a malignant deity, says Swift, cradled among the snows of Nova Zembla.[13] Ten censure wrong, says Pope, for one who writes amiss.[14] The critic's livelihood is to find fault, says Thackeray.[15] *Non es vitiosus, Zoile, sed vitium*, is the summing up of the wittiest of Latin poets: You are not at fault, Gaffer critic, but fault.[16] Thomas Moore has a fable of which the point is that from the moment when young Genius became subject to criticism his glory faded.[17] Wordsworth describes criticism as an inglorious employment.[18] "I warn thee," says Edward Irving, "against criticism, which is the region of pride and malice."[19]

Nor is this merely the judgment of poets and artists upon their tormentors. The critics have passed sentence upon each other with equal severity. One of the mildest statements which I can call to mind is that of Payne Knight, who opens an essay on the Greek alphabet with the assertion that what is usually considered the higher sort of criticism has not the slightest value.[20] It was but the other day that a distinguished living critic, Mr.

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1 The Apophthegms (maxims or aphorisms) of Sir Francis Bacon (1561–1626: *ODNB*) had recently been reprinted in Joseph Devey's edition of *The Moral and Historical Works of Lord Bacon* (London: Bohn, 1857), including: 'Sir Henry Wotton used to say, that critics were like brushers of noblemen's clothes.' (p. 185). This is the first of around twenty in Dallas's anthology of insults aimed at critics.

2 In Ben Jonson's commentary on Horace in 'Timber; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter' (1641).

3 In 'Satire upon Critics who judge of Modern Plays precisely by the rules of the Ancients' by the poet Samuel Butler (bap. 1613–80: *ODNB*).

4 In Sir Richard Steele's Essay #29 in *The Tatler*, where the comments are assigned to Tuesday, 14 June 1709.

5 In Jonathan Swift's 'A Tale of a Tub', §III. A Digression Concerning Criticks.

6 From 'On Writing and Books,' which was to be included in Dallas's edition of William Shenstone's *Essays On Men And Manners* (1868), pp. 176–205; p. 196.

7 In 'The Spleen' by Matthew Green: 'On Poems by their dictates writ, | Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit, | And mere upholsterers in a trice | On gems and painting set a price.'

8 In Robert Burns's poem 'To Robert Graham of Fintry, Esq.'.

9 From Washington Irving's '§XX: Monday, 25 January 1808, From My Elbow-Chair' in the satirical periodical *Salmagundi: Whimwhams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others*.

10 In Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Kemble'.

11 Cited in 'Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden' (1619).

12 In John Dryden's 'The Life of Lucian'.

13 In Jonathan Swift's satire 'Battle of the Books'.

14 In the first part of Alexander Pope's 'An Essay on Criticism'.

15 In Thackeray's *The Newcomes*, Ch. I: The Overture.

16 The Latin poet Martial's Epigram #92.

17 In 'Genius and Criticism', among Thomas Moore's *Miscellaneous Poems*.

18 The phrase 'inglorious employment' is found in Wordsworth's letter to Bernard Barton of 12 January 1816; see *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. A.B. Grosart (3 vols; London: Moxon, 1876), p. 271. Dallas might have encountered the phrase in Christopher Wordsworth, *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, ed. Henry Reed (2 vols; London: Moxon, 1851), II, p. 53, or as cited by Matthew Arnold in *Essays in Criticism* (1865), p. 2. There Wordsworth is also recorded as saying that 'If the time consumed in writing critiques on the works of others were given to original composition, it would be much better employed.'

19 Edward Irving, 'Ordination Charge to the Minister of the Scots Church, London Wall, 15 March 1827'. Reprinted in *The Collected Writings of Edward Irving*, ed. G. Carlyle (5 vols; London: Strahan, 1864), I, pp. 524–40; p. 529, which Dallas had reviewed in 'Edward Irving's Works' in *The Times* (5 January 1865).

20 In the opening paragraphs of *An Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet* (1791) by the classical scholar Richard Payne Knight (1751–1824: *ODNB*), where higher critics 'who assume the office of pointing out the beauties, and detecting the faults, of literary composition' are dismissed as 'of no use whatever'.

G. H. Lewes, found occasion to write—"The good effected by criticism is small, the evil incalculable."[1] Critics have always had a strong cannibal instinct. They have not only snapped at the poets: they have devoured one another. It seems as if, like Diana's priest at Aricia, a critic could not attain his high office except by slaughter of the priest already installed;[2] or as if he had been framed in the image of that serpent which, the old legends tell us, cannot become a dragon unless it swallow another serpent.[3] It is not easy to connect the pursuits of such men with the notion of science. The truth, however, is that criticism, if it merit half the reproaches which have been cast upon it, is not fit to live. It is not merely unscientific: it is inhuman. Hissing is the only sound in nature that wakes no echo; and if criticism is nought but hissing, can do nought but hiss, it is altogether a mistake.

It may be hard for the critics to be measured by the meanest of their tribe and by the worst of their deeds; but if we put the meanest and the worst out of sight altogether, and look only to the good, we shall still find that criticism, at its best, is a luxuriant wilderness, and yields nowhere the sure tokens of a science. Take it in any of its forms, editorial, biographical, historical, or systematic, and see if this be not the case.

Editorial criticism, whether it takes the course of revising, or of reviewing, or of expounding the texts of individual authors, has, even in the hands of the ablest critics engaged upon the works of the greatest poets, yielded no large results. It is very much to this kind of criticism, at least when it points out a beauty here and a blemish there, that Payne Knight referred, when he declared that it is of no use whatever. †A good editor of poetry is, indeed, one of the rarest of birds, as those who have paid any attention to certain recent issues must painfully know. Sometimes the editor is an enthusiastic admirer of his author: in this case he generally praises everything he sees, and edits in the style of a showman. Sometimes he is wonderfully erudite: in this case he rarely gets beyond verbal criticism, and edits on the principle of the miser, that if you take care of the halfpence the pounds will take care of themselves. The appearance of one edition after another of the same poets and the same dramatists proves how unsatisfactory was each previous one, and how exceedingly rare is that assemblage of qualities required in a poetical editor—ample knowledge combined with depth of thought, imagination restrained by common sense, and the power of being far more than the editor of other men's work, united with the will to forget oneself and to remain entirely in the background. Perhaps this last is the rarest of combinations. Why should a man, who is himself capable of producing a book, be content with the more humble labour of furbishing up other men's productions? The result is nearly worthless, unless there is some sort of equality, some appearance of companionship and brotherhood between the poet and his editor; but the chances are that only those will undertake the responsibility of editing poetry who are fit for nothing else, who could not by accident write two passable couplets, who could not assume to be the poet's friend, but who, perchance, might lay claim to the dignity of being the poet's lacquey[a]—which Sir Henry Wotton had in his mind when he said that critics are but the brushers of noblemen's clothes.

†The modern author who has been most read and criticised is Shakespeare. There is a well-known edition of his works in which nearly every line has a bushel of notes gathered from the four winds—from the two and thirty winds. All the wisdom of all the annotators is winnowed, and garnered, and set in array.[4] After all, what is it? That which one critic says, the next gainsays, and the next confounds. On reading a dozen such pages, we close the volume in despair, and carry away but one poor idea, that Shakespearian criticism is like the occupation of the prisoner in the Bastile, who, to keep away madness, used daily to scatter a handful of pins about his room, that he might find employment in picking them up again. Strangely enough, it is not the men of highest intellect that in this way have done the most for Shakespeare. Pope was one of his editors; so was Warburton; Johnson another; Malone too, a very able man. Mr. Charles Knight is correct in saying that the best of the old editors of Shakespeare is Theobald—"poor piddling Tibbald." Whatever be the abstract worth of such

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1 The opening sentence of G.H. Lewes, 'Robert Buchanan', *Fortnightly Review*, 1:4 (1 July 1865), pp. 443–58; p. 443.

2 According to the Roman historian Suetonius, the priest of Diana at Aricia on the shores of Lake Nemi in Italy (thus known as the *Rex Nemorensis*) would obtain the office by killing the previous holder.

3 In Francis Bacon's *Essays*, '#40: Of Fortune' it is written: *Serpens nisi serpentem comederit no fit draco.* (Unless a serpent eats another serpent it will not become a dragon.); the idea is also cited by Dallas in *Poetics*, p. 69, though in a different context.

4 Probably referring to 'The Cambridge Shakespeare' (*The Works of William Shakespeare*, ed. W. G. Clark, et al., Macmillan, 1863–), of which Dallas had recently reviewed the first two volumes in *The Times* (see 'Shakesperian Studies', 29 September 1863).

editorial researches, their scientific worth is fairly estimated by Steevens,[1] one of the most eager of his race, when he claims the merit of being the first commentator on Shakespeare who strove with becoming seriousness to account for the stains of gravy, pie-crust, and coffee, that defile nearly all the copies of the First Folio.[b]

Nor can it be said that there is any more certain appearance of science when the ancient authors are subjected to the same strain of criticism. Witness the famous critics of the Bentley and Porson mould.[2] Giant as he was, Porson had but small hands, that played with words as with marbles, and delighted in nothing so much as in good penmanship. One is astonished in reading through his edition of Euripides,[3] to see how he wrote note upon note, all about words, and less than words—syllables, letters, accents, punctuation. He ransacked Codex A and Codex B, Codex Cantabrigiensis and Codex Cottonianus, to show how this noun should be in the dative, not in the accusative; how that verb should have the accent paroxytone, not perispomenon; and how by all the rules of prosody there should be an iambus, not a spondee, in this place or in that. Nothing can be more masterly of its kind than the preface to the *Hecuba*, and the supplement to it. The lad who hears enough of this wonderful dissertation from his tutors at last turns wistful eyes towards it, expecting to find some magical criticism on Greek tragedy. Behold it is a treatise on certain Greek metres. Its talk is of cæsural pauses, penthemimeral and hephthemimeral, of isochronous feet, of enclitics and cretic terminations; and the grand doctrine it promulgates is expressed in the canon regarding the pause which, from the discoverer, has been named the Porsonian, that when the iambic trimeter, after a word of more than one syllable, has the cretic termination, included either in one word or in two, then the fifth foot must be an iambus! The young student throws down the book thus prefaced, and wonders if this be all that giants of Porsonian height can see or care to speak about in Greek literature. Nor was Porson alone; he had disciples even worse. Many a youth of wild temperament wishes for something to break his mind on, like the study of Armenian, which Byron found useful in that way. Let him read Elmsley on the *Medea*. If Porson was a kind of Baal, a lord of flies, Elmsley was a literary dustman.[4] The criticism of detail which both of them studied has an invariable tendency to stray further and further from science, and to become Rabbinical. It ends in teaching Rabbis to count the letters of a sacred book backwards and forwards until they can find the middle one. It ends, as in the last century, in teaching critics to reject false rhymes, and to allow false gods. The motes that people a sunbeam, and are beautiful there, come to eclipse the stars. In the words of Keble:

> A finger-breadth at hand will mar
> A world of light in heaven afar,
> A mote eclipse yon glorious star,
> An eyelid hide the sky.[5]

Balked in the search for science amid the criticism of detail, we next try critics of a higher order, who, not content to examine literary works in and by themselves, examine them in connection with the lives of the authors. The biographical critics are as yet few in number, and their method is of late origin. Johnson (if I must not say Bayle)[6] may be taken as the father of the tribe,[7] though he took to the method rather by chance than from choice, and was never fully alive to its value. It was a great thing, however, to introduce into criticism the

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1 Referring to major eighteenth- and nineteenth-editions of Shakespeare's plays, by Alexander Pope (1725), William Warburton (1747), Samuel Johnson (1765), Edmond Malone (1790), Charles Knight (1839–41), Lewis Theobald (1733), and George Steevens (1773).

2 Richard Bentley (1662–1742: *ODNB*) and Richard Porson (1759–1808: *ODNB*) were both distinguished scholars of classical Greek at Cambridge.

3 Porson began to publish his edition of the works of Euripides in 1797.

4 Referring to the play *Medea* by Euripides as edited in 1818 by Peter Elmsley (1774–1825: *ODNB*).

5 From the latter half of the second stanza in the lyric 'Fine Clothes' from *Lyra Innocentium* (1846) by John Keble (1792–1866: *ODNB*).

6 Referring to the French critic Pierre Bayle (1647–1706), author of *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* (1695–96), which was translated into English in 1750.

7 On account of Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets* (1778–81).

personality of an author, and to study his works in the light of his life. It immediately ensured the sympathy of the critics, for Johnson, with all his drawbacks, must be accepted as essentially kind, hearty, and just. Since his time, other writers, in our own and other countries, have made the most of the new method. Their works are of great interest and of lasting value; for whereas editorial criticism is mere analysis, and so far as it is trustworthy contains nothing which was not previously contained in the work revised, in biographical criticism there is somewhat of synthesis; there is a new element added; there is the image of the author's life projected on his work. But, however entertaining or however valuable this may be, it is not science.

In so far as a science of human nature is possible, it lies not in the actions of the individual, but in those of the race; not in the developments of a lifetime, but in those of ages and cycles. The biographical critics tell us that Dryden, before he courted the Muse, took a dose of salts; that Anacreon choked on a grape-stone; that Æschylus had his bald head broken by an eagle which, high in air, took it for a stone, and dropped a tortoise on it; that Horace was blear-eyed; that Camoens was one-eyed; that two other epic poets were blind of both eyes; that the author of *The Castle of Indolence* used to saunter about his garden, and with his hands in his pockets, bite the sunny sides of his peaches; that John Dennis, the critic, was expelled his college for stabbing a man in the dark (a fact, by the way, unknown to Pope); that Spinoza's darling amusement was to entangle flies in spiders' webs, and to set spiders fighting with each other; that Newton was small enough, when he was born, to be put into a quart-mug, and that if he had any animal taste, it was for apples of the redstreak sort;[1] that Milton married thrice, and each of his wives was a virgin; that Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, married thrice, and each of his wives was a widow. All these details have their significance; but they must be charily dealt with. Too great attention to such matters makes the very worst soil for science, and is apt to reduce a critic to the condition of a parasite. Not that parasitical criticism of this kind is altogether worthless. The latest doctrine of the naturalists is that pearls are the product of a parasite. Still mankind have a wholesome terror of parasites, and usually regard a purely biographical criticism as tending too much to encourage these animals. The system of biography on biography which now prevails, a biographer getting his life written because he has himself written lives,[*] reminds one too vividly of that world described by one of our humourists in which

> Great fleas have little fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*.[2]

The historical critics take a wider field, and dash at higher game, but usually they have been the least critical of their kind. They have too often been chroniclers rather than historians, bibliographers rather than critics, more bent on recording facts than on determining their value. Even when they reach a higher excellence, and give us histories worthy of the name, their work, if we are to look for science in it, shows at once the fatal weakness of being much too narrow in design. At best, the historian can give us only patches of history; but the historians of literature give us very small patches. The stream of political history has been traced from age to age, and from empire to empire. We can voyage back to Babylon; we can find on the walls of Luxor and Karnac

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1 The details are found in David Brewster, *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton* (2 vols; Edinburgh: Constable,1855), I, pp. 4 & 129–30, which Dallas had reviewed in 'Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton', *The Times* (21 September 1855), pp. 8–9.

[*] **On the principle laid down by Sir James Prior, to justify his life of Malone: "He who has expended learning and industry in making known the lives and labours of others, deserves the record he bestows. It forms a debt of honour, if not of gratitude, which literary men are bound to bestow upon each other. The neglect of it is injustice to their class."** [Preface, *Life of Edmond Malone, Editor of Shakespeare* (London: Smith, Elder, 1860), p. ix.]

2 Echoing lines from Jonathan Swift's satirical poem of 1733, 'On Poetry: A Rhapsody', this witty rhyme by the mathematician Augustus De Morgan (1806–71) had appeared in his 'Budget of Paradoxes' series (then still in progress) in the *Athenaeum* (2 September 1865), p. 312; after the author's death, the series was edited by his widow Sophia De Morgan as *A Budget of Paradoxes* (London: Longmans, 1872). There the rhyme cited by Dallas appeared on p. 377 as two hexameters, with the quatrain completed as follows: 'And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on; | While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.'

the Hebrew faces which we meet in the crowd to-day. But the stream of literary history, though it is equally continuous, has never been thus followed. We take it in small reaches, and the first shallow we come to stops our course. Not only is it thus limited in length of view: it is equally so in breadth. It is needless to dwell on the fact that the history of a nation's poetry has seldom been written with much reference to the national life from which it springs. It is the study of botany apart from geography. What is more remarkable than this, however, is that poetry has been studied and its history written in utter forgetfulness of the kindred arts—music, architecture, painting, sculpture. Moore on one occasion speaks with great contempt of an essay on lyrical poetry written by the author of the *Night Thoughts*, in which not one word is said about music.[1] This is but an exaggerated instance of the separation of the arts, one from another, in the view of criticism. It is precisely as if in relation to the flora of a country, one set of men confined their attention to the monocotyledons, making that a special science, another to the dicotyledons, making that a special science, and a third to the flowerless plants, making that also a science by itself, while none of them gave any thought to any but their own branch of the subject. It seems not yet to have been fully understood that the intellectual flora of a country must be studied as a whole; that the arts are one family; that the Muses are sisters; that in their rise and progress there is a concert; that to make out the movements of any one we must watch the movements of all the others in the intricate dance which they lead; and, in a word, that †it is only out of comparative criticism, as out of comparative anatomy, and comparative philology, and comparative mythology, that a true science can come.[c]

At present, so far from there being in existence anything which can bear the name of comparative criticism, there is no attempt to produce it, and the very need of it is scarcely acknowledged. The science of language is quite a modern revelation: it was an impossibility until we were able to compare languages together on the grand scale. In like manner the historical criticism of works of art, with a glimmer of science in its method, is out of the question, until we can compare art with art, can see how the rise of one coincides with the setting of another, and can take note of the circumstances under which two or more flourish together. Whether the arts have gained or lost by separation, so that the same man is no longer poet, architect, painter, and sculptor, all in one, is an open question; but for the purposes of science, at least, it would seem that the division of labour and separation of interest have had an evil effect. It was a theory of Leibnitz that the world is made of monads, each of which has a defined relation to every other, and that the problem eternally before the mind of the Deity is, when the state of any monad is given, to determine what must be the state—past, present, and to come—of every other in the universe.[2] That is, after a sort, the problem which in the universe of art the scientific critic may fairly be called upon to solve. We know from Gibbon that in the darkness of the thirteenth century the orders of a Mogul Khan who reigned on the borders of China told on the price of herrings in the English market.[3] And is it only of such remote influences as rule the price of a herring that we can take account? Surely there is in modern civilization a reason for the fact that our poets of the elder race, as Tasso, delight in no event of nature so much as sunrise, and are continually making proclamation of the effulgence of its coming, while the later ones, as those of the nineteenth century, delight in sunsets, and are never weary of brooding on the glories of an existence that is loveliest at the last.[4] Surely there are some general laws which determine why in ancient times the Doric branch of the great Hellenic family should have been the chief patrons of the lyrical art, while

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1 'An Essay on Lyric Poetry' published in 1765 by Edward Young (1683–1785: *ODNB*), author of the poem sequence *Night Thoughts* (1742–45), was attacked by the Irish lyricist Thomas Moore (1779–1852: *ODNB*) in a footnote to the Preface to the fifth volume of his ten-volume *Poetical Works* (1841–42): 'So little does even the origin of the word "lyric," as applied to poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the poet, *Young*, has left us an *Essay on Lyric Poetry*, in which there is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.'

2 Most succinctly explained in *The Monadology*, originally composed in French in 1714 by German philosopher and polymath Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646–1716); throughout Dallas writes the name 'Leibnitz', the form standardly used in English until recently.

3 In a footnote to Ch. LXIV of Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: 'In the year 1238, the inhabitants of Gothia (Sweden) and Frise were prevented, by their fear of the Tartars, from sending, as usual, their ships to the herring fishery on the coast of England; and as there was no exportation, forty or fifty of these fish were sold for a shilling … It is whimsical enough, that the orders of a Mogul khan, who reigned on the borders of China, should have lowered the price of herrings in the English market.'

4 'Ecco mormorar l'onde' ('Listen to the breezes murmuring', 1590) is the celebrated evocation of the sunrise by the Italian renaissance poet Torquato Tasso (1544–1595), set to music by Monteverdi; Wordsworth's 1802 sonnet 'It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free' is an early example of nineteenth-century evocations of the sunset.

they produced few lyrical artists of renown; and that, as a parallel fact in modern times, England should be the best patron in Europe of musical art, while notwithstanding a few brilliant exceptions, it is eclipsed by other countries as a begetter of great musicians. Surely, again, there is some general law which necessitated, at one and the same period, in the literatures of two such different countries as England, the head quarters of Protestantism, and Spain, the stronghold of Papacy, of Inquisition and of Loyola, an explosion of superabounding dramatic energy such as in modern times no other literatures can boast of. Surely, once more, there is something in history to account for and to connect together that lust of fame which is rampant in the literature of the Elizabethan era—in the strains of the greatest poets, Shakespeare and Spenser, as well as in those of the least, Digges and Barnfield[1]—which makes itself felt with such fervour at no other period of our literary progress, and which, indeed, in the whole history of letters, meets with its match but once, namely, among the Roman poets of the Augustan age. These are the things which historical criticism, to be worthy of itself, ought to set forth, which lie within its grasp, and which it hardly ever touches.

Not only, however, do the critics—editorial, biographical, and historical—fail us when we go to them for science; but even those who undertake to write of poetry and art systematically give us little or no help. There is in all antiquity only one systematic work of criticism which is of much worth or of any authority, to wit—Aristotle's, and that is but a fragment. It might be urged against the scientific character of this famous work that it was built on a too small induction of facts, seeing that the philosopher had only the literature of Greece in his mind. Even, however, with that literature alone before him, he ought not to have committed the mistake which taints his whole work, and has turned what might have been a palace into a cairn, a science into a mere aggregate of facts. His leading principle, which makes all poetry, all art, an imitation, is demonstrably false, has rendered his Poetic one-sided (a treatise not so much on poetry, as on dramatic poetry), and has transmitted to all after criticism a sort of hereditary squint.[2] There is, however, in later criticism a worse fault than the hereditary squint—a fault which belongs to itself, and is not to be found in Aristotle. Among the systematic writers of modern times, from Scaliger downwards, criticism is almost wholly devoted to questions of language.[3] It is true that verbal questions involve much higher ones, for language is the incarnation of thought, and every art has its own speech, every work of art its own voice, which belongs to it as the voice of Esau to the hands of Esau.[4] Epic imagery and verse belong to epic art, the dramatic apparatus of language belongs to dramatic art, and lyrical technicalities belong to the essence of lyrical art with such an indefeasible right of possession as the systematic critics confining their attention to the language almost wholly, that is, to the body without the soul, little suspect. They have studied figures of speech and varieties of metre, with little care for the weightier points of action, passion, manner, character, moral and intellectual aim. In simile and metaphor, in rhyme and rhythm, they have seen rules and measures, and they have reduced all the art of expression to a system as easy as grammar; but they have not sought to methodise the poet's dream, they have not cared in their analysis to grasp his higher thought. The scope of such criticism will best be seen in the design of a systematic work entertained by one of the chief critics of the last century. Johnson projected a work "to show how small a quantity of real fiction there is in the world, and that the same images, with very [few] variations, have served all the authors who have ever written."[5] It is the similarity of imagery that he thought worthy of chief remark. Situation, incidents, characters, and aims, these are of small account beside similes and metaphors. Johnson's project was conceived entirely in the spirit of systematic criticism, as it has been most approved in modern times. Its analysis of images and phrases is, if not perfect, yet very elaborate. Its analysis of the substance which these images and phrases clothe, is, although not wholly neglected, yet very trivial. And the result is, that as a mere theory of language, as a mere pigeon-holing of words and other technical details, such criticism is

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1 Leonard Digges (1588–1635: *ODNB*) and Richard Barnfield (d. 1620: *ODNB*) were minor Elizabethan poets.

2 Referring to the concept of 'mimesis' (the imitation of nature) on which Aristotle centres his definition of art in the *Poetics*.

3 Referring to the Italian classical scholar Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484–1558), whose posthumously published *Poetices libri septem* ('Seven books concerning Poetics') treated the study of rhetoric as the foundation of literary criticism.

4 Recalling the Biblical account in Genesis 27, where the aging Isaac is tricked into giving his blessing to his younger son Jacob rather than the hairier elder brother Esau through the use of an animal pelt, despite the fact that the voice and skin do not match.

5 Citing Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (10 vols; London: Murray, 1835), VIII, p. 230.

unsatisfactory and does not reach the truth, because it has no root, because it forgets the substance and is all for form as form.

No one has more pungently and truthfully described the critical science of what may be termed the Renaissance than Mr. Ruskin. Nearly the whole body of criticism comes from the leaders of the Renaissance, "who discovered suddenly," says Mr. Ruskin, "that the world for ten centuries had been living in an ungrammatical manner, and they made it forthwith the end of human existence to be grammatical. And it mattered thenceforth nothing what was said or what was done, so only that it was said with scholarship, and done with system. Falsehood in a Ciceronian dialect had no opposers; truth in patois no listeners. A Roman phrase was thought worth any number of Gothic facts. The sciences ceased at once to be anything more than different kinds of grammar—grammar of language, grammar of logic, grammar of ethics, grammar of art; and the tongue, wit and invention of the human race were supposed to have found their utmost and most divine mission in syntax and syllogism, perspective, and five orders."[1*]

Almost the only systematic criticism of modern times which is not of the Renaissance, and not entitled to this appraisement is that of Germany, which is, if possible, infected with not a worse, but a less manageable, disease. If the criticism of the Renaissance is afflicted with a deficiency of thought, the new epoch of criticism, which the Germans attempted to inaugurate, is charged with a superfecundity of thought tending to overlay the facts that engage it.[2] Mr. Arnold complains of the want of idea in English criticism. "There is no speculation in those eyes."[3] The same complaint certainly cannot be brought against German criticism. It is all idea. It begins with hypothesis and works by deduction downward to the facts. The most elaborate, the most favoured, and the most successful system in Germany is that of Hegel. To follow it, however, with understanding, you have first to accept the Hegelian philosophy, of which it is a part. It begins by declaring art to be the manifestation of the absolute idea, and when we ask what is the absolute idea, we are told that it is the abstraction of thought in which the identical is identical with the non-identical, and in which absolute being is resolved into absolute nothing. Schelling may not be so wild as this; but he, too, sets out from an absolute idea, and works not from facts to generalisation but from generalisation to facts.[4] The German constructs art as he constructs the camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness. Out of Germany it is impossible and useless to argue with these systems. We can only dismiss them with the assurance that if this be science, then

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[1] In *Stones of Venice*, Vol. III Renaissance Period, Ch. II Roman Renaissance, §XXXII, Library Edition, ed. Cook & Wedderburn, Vol. XI, p. 69.

[*] **Sir Joshua Reynolds's remarks on one of the greatest pictures of Rubens are a fair specimen of the best criticism of his time. We are anxious to learn what so fine a judge as Reynolds has to say of the Taking Down from the Cross. Observe how instinctively he goes to the grammar of Rubens's treatment. His first thought is for the white sheet.**

"The greatest peculiarity of this composition is the contrivance of the white sheet, on which the body of Jesus lies. This circumstance was probably what induced Rubens to adopt the composition. He well knew what effect white linen, opposed to flesh, must have with his powers of colouring; a circumstance which was not likely to enter into the mind of an Italian painter, who probably would have been afraid of the linen's hurting the colouring of the flesh, and have kept it down of a low tint. His Christ I consider as one of the finest figures ever invented; it is most correctly drawn, and, I apprehend, in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, give such an appearance of the heaviness of death that nothing can exceed it. ... The principal light is formed by the body of Christ and the white sheet: there is no second light which bears any proportion to the principal; ... however, there are many little detached lights distributed at some distance from the great mass, such as the head and shoulders of the Magdalen, the heads of the two Maries, the head of Joseph, and the back and arm of the figure leaning over the cross; the whole surrounded with a dark sky, except a little light in the horizon and above the cross." ['A Journey to Flanders and Holland', *The Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, ed. H.W. Beechey (2 vols; London: Cadell, 1835), II, pp. 137–236; pp. 158–59]

[2] Dallas analyses the German tradition of criticism in more detail in Ch. V: 'The Agreement of the Critics', pp. 61–65.

[3] The general reference is to Matthew Arnold, 'The Functions of Criticism at the Present Time', *National Review* 19 (November 1864), pp. 230–51 (reprinted as 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time' in *Essays in Criticism*,1865, pp. 1–41, where Arnold states that 'in literature … the elements with which the creative power works are ideas', pp. 4–5). The following quotation is an ironic echo of the words of the protagonist to the ghost of Banquo in Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* III iv: 'Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; | Thou hast no speculation in those eyes | Which thou dost glare with.'

[4] The idealist theories of Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph Schelling (1775–1854) are most succinctly expressed in his *System of Transcendental Idealism* (1800).

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything and everything is nought;[1]

and that between the Renaissance, or grammatical method of criticism, which busied itself too much with forms—the mere etiquette or ceremonial of literature—and the German, or philosophical method of criticism, which wilders and flounders in the chaos of aboriginal ideas, there must be a middle path—a method of criticism that may fairly be called scientific, and that will weigh with even balance both the idea out of which art springs and the forms in which it grows.

Recent criticism, even when it eschews philosophy, cuts deeper than of yore, both in Germany and out of it, and cannot be content to play with questions of mere images and verses; but it avoids system. It has never been so noble in aim, so conscientious in labour, so large in view, and withal so modest in tone, as now. In point of fact, philosophy, baffled in its aims, has passed into criticism, and minds that a century back might have been lost in searching into the mystery of knowledge and the roots of being, turn their whole gaze on the products of human thought, and the history of human endeavour. But the philosophers turning critics are apt to carry into the new study somewhat of the despair learned from the old, and, I repeat it, carefully avoid system. The deeper, therefore, their criticism delves, the more it becomes a labyrinth of confusion. Fertile in suggestions, and rioting in results, it is a chaos in which the suggestions, though original, do not always connect themselves clearly with first principles, and in which the results, though valuable, are reft of half their importance by the lack of scientific arrangement. Nor is this all; for we too often see critics toiling in ignorance of each other's work, lauding in one country what is slighted in another, and void of any general understanding as to the division of labour, and the correlation of isolated studies. A fair example offers itself in the criticism of Shakespeare. In England we are most struck with Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature, and power of embodying it in the characters of the drama. We rank this above all his gifts, even above his wondrous gift of speech. Pass over to Germany and note how one of the latest critics there, Ulrici, like a true German, admires Shakespeare chiefly for his ideas.[2] When he is pretty sure that the countrymen of the dramatist will object to some of his criticism—to his fathering spurious plays on Shakespeare, and to his finding in genuine ones the most far-fetched ideas; †he says that the English critics are not to be trusted, because they look to the truth of the characters as the chief Shakespearian test. Instead of the truth of the characters, what has he to show? He shows the doctrine of the Atonement preached in one play,[3] the difference between equity and law set forth in another,[4][d] and in all the plays a shower of puns that continually remind us of the Original Sin of our nature, the radical antithesis between thought and action, idea and reality, produced by the Fall. Go then to France, and see there the well-known writer, M. Philarète Châsles. Frenchmanlike, he regards the plot as all-important in the drama, and says that Lear, Hamlet, and Othello are not the creations of Shakespeare, because the story was borrowed. "The admirers of Shakespeare," he says, "praise in him certain qualities which are not his. He is, they declare, the creator of Lear, the creator of Hamlet, the creator of Othello. He has created none of these."[5] Surely the critics of the three nations would gain not a little if they understood each other better, and worked more in concert. Why this conflict of opinion where there ought to be no room for doubt? Why this Babel of voices where all are animated by a common aim? And where the good of criticism if it cannot prevent such misunderstandings?

The backwardness and impotence of criticism show, perhaps, nowhere so glaringly as in the failure of the most splendid offer of prizes to draw together for competition very high intellectual work. †We can get prize oxen and prize pigs that come up to our expectations; but prize essays, prize poems, prize monuments, prize

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1 The lines are from 'Cui Bono?' in *Rejected Addresses* by the English humourist Horace Smith (1779–1849: *ODNB*).

2 Referring to the German philosopher Hermann Ulrici (1806–84), author of *Ueber Shakspeare's dramatische Kunst* (1839; trans. A.J.W. Morrison, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, 1846).

3 Referring to *Measure for Measure.*

4 Referring to *The Merchant of Venice*.

5 Dallas translates from the French of Châsles's *Études sur W. Shakspeare, Marie Stuart, et l'Arétin* (Paris: Amyot, 1851), p. 88.

designs of any kind, are notoriously poor in this country, however high we bid.[e] For the Duke of Wellington's monument the offer was about £20,000; and we all know of the disappointment which the exhibition of the designs created.[1] On the other hand, when prizes were offered for the designs of a Foreign Office and an India Office, some admirable drawings were exhibited, but there followed this odd jarring of opinions, that the design to which the judges allotted the first prize was not adopted by the Government for the building; that the design which took the second prize got really the place of honour in being selected for execution; and that finally Lord Palmerston threw aside all the prize designs, and commissioned the second prizeman to make a wholly new design.[2] †Now, what is the meaning of this? Why are prize essays glittering on the surface, and worthless below it? Why are prize poems a mass of inanity, decked out in far-fetched metaphors, and wild personifications? Why is a prize picture quite uninteresting—a conventional display of balanced lights and slanting lines, dull tints and stage simpering? Why is a prize statue about the most unreal thing under the sun? Why has a prize monument never yet been produced that we can think of with perfect pleasure? Why is a prize play so notoriously bad that managers have long ceased to offer rewards for the inevitable damnation?

The difficulty of answering such questions is the greater because against these disheartening experiences we have to set the fact that under a different system of civilization the offer of prizes produced the most brilliant results. When a Greek drama was acted at Athens it was a prize drama; and we are told that Æschylus won the honour so many times, that Sophocles in the end beat Æschylus, and that Euripides in like manner had his triumphs. The comic dramatist Menander, was drowned in the Piræus, and the story goes (but it is only a story), that he drowned himself in misery at seeing his rival, Philemon, snatch from him the dramatic ivy-crown. Corinna, it will be remembered, won the prize for lyric verse from Pindar himself. Whether it be a fact or not about the poetical contest between Homer and Hesiod, and the prize of a tripod won by the latter, the tradition of such a contest is a voucher for the custom and for the honour in which it was held. At the Pythian games prizes for music and every sort of artistic work were as common and as famous as the prizes for horse-races and foot-races. To realize such a state of things in our time, we must imagine poets, painters, and musicians assembled on Epsom Downs to contend for the honours of the games with colts, the sons of Touchstone and Stockwell, and fillies, the descendants of Pocahontas and Beeswing. Why should that be possible in Greece which is impossible now? Why do we draw the line between jockeys who ride racehorses, and poets who ride their Pegasus—offer prizes for the grosser animals and produce results that have made English horses the first in the world, while the most magnificent offers cannot get a fit monument for the greatest Englishman of the present century?[f]

The explanation is not far to seek: it lies in the uncertainty of judgment, in the waywardness of taste, in the want of recognised standards, in the contempt of criticism. Good work is not usually forthcoming to the offer of a prize, because when—as in the case of the Foreign and India offices—it does come forth, there ensues a chance medley of opinions, in which there is no certainty that the best work will obtain the reward. †The difference in England between a contest of racers and a contest of poets, painters, or essayists, is to be found in this, that the pace of two horses admits of measurement. There is a standard to which all give assent; the race is won by a nose, or a head, or a neck, or a length. There need be no mistake in the comparison; and if the rewards are tempting, we may be pretty sure that the best horses will run, and that the result may be taken as a fair test of merit. If there were any doubtfulness about the test the owners of the best horses would never allow their favourites to run. But in any contest between painters or sculptors, poets or essayists, there is just that dubiety as to the standard of measurement which would prevent the best men from competing.[g]

Not so in Greece, and not so in France. †It has been well said, that whoever has seen but one work of Greek art has seen none, and whoever has seen all has seen but one. In Greek art, in Greek poems, in Greek prose, there is this uniformity, a uniformity that bespeaks, if not clear science, yet, at any rate, a system of recognised rules. In architecture, in statuary, in pottery, the uniformity of aim is so palpable, that students have long suspected the existence of strictly harmonious proportions in the various lengths, curves, and angles,

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[1] See, for example, 'The Selected Design for the Nelson Testimonial', *The Art-Union* (July 1839), p. 1.

[2] The competition was launched in autumn 1856 and the result decided in late 1858; see, for example, 'The New Foreign-Office', *The Times* (29 November 1858), p. 4, which was followed by animated correspondence.

which give life and beauty to the pure Pentelic marble, and at length the law which guides these proportions, the rule for example which produces the peculiar curve called the entasis of a Doric shaft, the rule which provides for the height of the Venus of Medici, or of the Apollo Belvedere, the rule which actuates the contour of the Portland Vase, has been detected.[1] Not that these laws will ever enable an inferior artist to produce another Parthenon or another Venus to enchant the world, but that like the laws of harmony in music, they ought to keep the artist within the lines of beauty. Whatever be the practical value of the rules, we see that to every work of Greek art they give the character of a school, and the unity of aim and of habit produced by a school gives us a standard of measurement about which there need be little ambiguity. On a lesser scale, something of the same sort may be seen in France. Frenchmen are surprised at the individuality of English art. Every artist among us seems to be standing on his own dais, and working out of his own head. In France we can see more distinctly schools of art; a genuine approximation of methods, a theoretic sameness of ideals, and we can understand, that in a country where the influence of school is so apparent, the prize system should be more successful than among us who assert the right of private judgment and our contempt of authority, in no mincing terms. The nation that has three dozen religions and only one sauce,[2] is not likely to have common standards in philosophy, in literature, or in art. Wanting these standards, what faith can we have in our judges?[h] And what wonder that criticism, no matter how deep it goes, should be a byword?

It is a good thing when criticism knows that it is a byword, and learns to be ashamed of itself. It is not to be cured until it feels itself sick; and there is no more healthy sign of our times than the popularity which has been accorded to the writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has come forward to denounce our criticism as folly, and to call upon the critics to mend their ways.[3] In many most important points it is impossible to agree with this delightful writer. Especially when he attempts to reason and to generalize, he rouses in his readers the instincts of war, and makes them wish to break a lance with him. He is a suggestive writer, but not a convincing one. He starts many ideas, but does not carry out his conclusions. He has power of thought enough to win our attention, charm of style enough to enchant us with his strain; but we are won without conviction, and we are enchanted without being satisfied. The most marked peculiarity of his style, when he has to deal not with facts but with ideas, is its intense juvenility—a boy-power to the *nth*. It would be unjust so to characterize his robust scholarship, and his keen biographical insight. But when he comes to what is more especially called an idea, then his merits and his defects alike are those of youthfulness. There is in his thinking the greenness, the unfitness, the impracticability of youth; there is also in it the freshness, the buoyancy, the indescribable gracefulness, the raging activity of youth.[4] We learn as we read him to have so much sympathy with the fine purpose, the fine taste, the fine temper of his writing, that we forget, or we are loth to express, how much we differ with him whenever he attempts to generalize. In the next chapter I shall have occasion to mention some of his errors. Here the great point to be noticed is, that his outcry against English criticism for its want of science (though that is not the phrase by which he would describe its deficiency) has been received with the greatest favour. At the same time, he does less than justice to English criticism in comparing it with foreign; for if we have faults, so also have the Germans and the French. All alike fall short of science. If we fall short of it in our treatment of idea, they fall short of it in their treatment of fact; and Mr. Arnold would have been much nearer the truth, if he had with even-handed justice exposed the shortcomings of all criticism, instead of confining his censure to criticism of the English school. Be he right or wrong however in this matter, the fact of his having raised his voice against our criticism is in itself important. We may take it for a sure proof that the tide is on the turn, and that a change is working. Mr. Arnold is too sympathetic for a solitary thinker. We may agree with him or differ with him; we may deem his views novel or stale; clear, or the reverse; but of one thing we can have no

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1 Dallas is probably thinking here of the work of the Edinburgh designer David Ramsay Hay (1798–1866: *ODNB*), author of volumes such as *The Science of Beauty, as Developed in Nature and Applied in Art* (1856), who Dallas had been in correspondence with in the 1850s.

2 Dallas returned to this witticism in his Introduction to *Kettner's Book of the Table* (1877): 'The English have been often satirised for their one sauce—the so-called melted butter.' (p. 2).

3 Arnold's volume of *Essays in Criticism* had appeared from Macmillan in February 1865.

4 It is worth recalling here that Dallas was in fact around five years junior to Arnold.

doubt that what he thinks, others think also. When such a man complains of the lack of idea in English criticism, we may be satisfied that he is giving form to an opinion which, if it has not before been expressed with equal force, has been widely felt, and has often been at the point of utterance. We may be satisfied also that things are mending. In this case the discovery of the disease is half the cure; the confession of sin is a long step to reform.

In the very act of showing that criticism is not yet a science, something has also been done to show why it has failed of that standard, and why it may be supposed that following another course the dignity of science may not be beyond its reach. Hereafter it will be necessary to point out another great cause of failure in the fact that criticism has hitherto rejected, or at least kept clear of its corner stone; has never attempted to build itself systematically on what nevertheless it has always accepted as the one universal and necessary law of art, the law of pleasure. Meantime, in so far as this discussion has proceeded it will be seen that, if criticism has failed of science, it has been a failure of method. It is only from comparative criticism that we can expect science, but hitherto criticism has been very much lost in details, and has never attempted comparison on the large scale. It is true that all criticism is comparative in a certain sense, for without comparison there is no method of thought; but it is comparative only within narrow limits, and we have to extend the area of comparison before the possibility of science begins to dawn. The comparison required is threefold; the first, which most persons would regard as in peculiar sense critical, a comparison of all the arts one with another, as they appear together and in succession; the next, psychological, a comparison of these in their different phases with the nature of the mind, its intellectual bias and its ethical needs as revealed in the latest analysis; the third, historical, a comparison of the results thus obtained with the facts of history, the influence of race, of religion, of climate, in one word, with the story of human development. There is not one of these lines of comparison which criticism can afford to neglect. It must compare art with art; it must compare art with mind; it must compare art with history; and it must bring together again, and place side by side, the result of these three comparisons.

But though there is not one of these lines of comparative comparison which it will do to neglect, and there is not one which can be regarded as absolutely of more importance than another, nevertheless it may be that at this or that particular time, or for this or that particular purpose, one line of comparison may relatively be of more value than another; and it would seem that at the stage which criticism has now reached there is nothing so much wanting to it as a correct psychology. Accordingly that is the main course of inquiry which, in the present instalment of this work, an attempt will be made to follow. We want, first of all, to know what a watchmaker would call the movement in art—the movement of the mind, the movement of ideas. Why does the mind move in that way? whither does it move? when does it move? what does it move? Some of these questions are among the most abstruse in philosophy, and so well known to be abstruse, that the mere suggestion of them may be a terror to many readers. I may seem to be calmly inviting them to cross with me the arid sands of a Sahara, and to meet the hot blasts of a simoom. But, indeed, it is a mistake to suppose that a subject which is abstruse must be dull and killing to discuss; and it is quite certain that if this subject of the movement of the mind in art is not made interesting the fault lies with the writer, and not in the subject.

There is a curious picture in the *Arabian Nights* of a little turbaned fellow sitting cross-legged on the ground, with pistachio nuts and dates in his lap. He cracks the nuts, munches the kernels and throws the shells to the left, while by a judicious alternation he sucks the delicate pulp of the dates and throws the stones to his right. The philosopher looks on with a mild interest and speculates on the moral that sometimes the insides of things are best and sometimes the outsides.[1] Now, most of the discussions on mind with which we are familiar are like the pistachio nuts of the gentleman of Bagdad: the shell is uninviting, and the kernel, which is hard to get at, and most frequently is rotten, is the only part that is palatable. But there is no reason why these discussions should not on the outside be as palatable as the date; and if we cannot swallow the stones, still they are not useless, but may be turned to account as seed. The simile is rather elaborate, yet perhaps it is

[1] We have been unable to track down the illustration depicting 'the little turbaned fellow' eating pistachios and dates to which Dallas refers here; it does not seem to be found, for example, among the hundreds of woodcuts by William Harvey in the 1839 edition of *The Thousand and One Nights* from Charles Knight.

clear; and I shall be glad if in any way it should suggest to my readers that in here inviting them to a psychological discussion I am luring them not to a study which will break their jaws with hard words and their patience with the husks of logic, but to one which, if not unfairly treated, ought to be as fascinating as romance:

> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute.[1]

[1] Citing the description of 'divine philosophy' from Milton's 1634 masque, *Comus*, lines 476–77.

CHAPTER III. THE DESPAIR OF A SCIENCE.

IT CAN scarcely be a matter of surprise, that amid the littlenesses of the lower criticism, the confusion and conflicts of the higher, any attempt in our day to work towards a science of criticism is sure to be met with a profound despair. I do not merely mean that the world will have its doubts as to this or that man's ability to approach the science. That is quite fair and natural. The doubt is, whether the science be approachable by any son of man. It is a doubt that cleaves just now to any science which has the mind and will of man for its theme. Methods of criticism are nothing, it may be said, for all methods, including the method of comparative criticism, must fail, when the object is to resolve human work to scientific law. I therefore desire, in this chapter, to make a few remarks on that despair with which nearly all Englishmen just now contemplate not merely the science of criticism, but any science of human nature.

†Despair of metaphysics has at length bred in us that state of heart which Mr. John George Phillimore exaggerates, but can scarcely be said to misrepresent, when pointing out that what he calls the Queen of Sciences, that is, metaphysics, is utterly ignored among us, he asks what is the substitute for it, and discovers that we give ourselves up to the most intense study of entomology.[1] We believe in insects as fit objects of science; but the mind of man is beyond our science, and we give it up in despair.[i] Mr. Kingsley, who has written one book to show that a science of history is impossible,[2] has written another to show the great and religious advantage at watering-places of studying science in the works of God—that is, in sea-jellies and cockle-shells. The popular science of the day makes an antithesis between God and man. History, politics, language, art, literature—these are the works of man. Animals, vegetables, and minerals—these are the works of God. When the student of natural history discovers a new species, he seems to be rescuing, says Mr. Kingsley, "one more thought of the divine mind from Hela and the realms of the unknown."[3] When a man goes to the sea-side, and, taking the advice of the same author, begins to study natural history, can tell the number of legs on a crab, the number of joints on a lobster's tail, names one kind of shell a helix, another kind of shell a pecten—that is called studying the works of God. Or if he goes to some quiet inland village, plucks flowers, dries them in blotting-paper, and writes a name of twenty syllables under each—that is studying the works of God. Or if he analyzes a quantity of earth, can tell what are its ingredients, whether it is better for turnips or for wheat, and whether it should be manured with lime or with guano—that is studying the works of God. And especially is it so if these students set upon the Deity, like a tribe of Mohawks, to hunt out his trail, to pounce upon his footprints, to fathom his designs, to see everywhere the hand, and to acknowledge the finger of God. As though He, whose glory it is to conceal a thing, left finger-marks on his work, the exponents of popular science are always finding the finger of God, and by so doing extol their favourite pursuit, while they tacitly rebut the maxim of Pope, that the proper study of mankind is man.[4] We who have been in the habit of regarding man as the noblest work of God, language as his gift, history as his providence, and genius as heaven-born, are startled to hear the inanimate and irrational creation described as peculiarly the work and the care of the Deity, and seem to listen to an echo of the old heathen dogma—*Deus est anima brutorum*.[5] Amid all this cant of finding God in the

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1 Referring to J.G. Phillimore (1808–65; *ODNB*), English barrister and Liberal politician, whose *History of England During the Reign of George the Third: Volume I* (London: Virtue, 1863), depicted that era as one where 'metaphysics, the queen of sciences, the mistress and architect of the materials out of which the adamantine basis of morality must be constructed, [became] absolutely unknown' (p. 271). Phillimore lamented the current national decline which, despite '[g]reat improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology', was due to 'the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations' (p. viii). In his *Times* review of 'Edward Irving's Works' by Gavin Carlyle (5 January 1865), Dallas had returned briefly to the 'auguries of evil' which Phillimore discovered in contemporary writing (p. 9b).

2 Referring to *Limits of Exact Science Applied to History* (1860) by the Darwinian clergyman and socialist novelist Charles Kingsley (1819–75: *ODNB*), based on his inaugural lectures as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

3 Citing Kingsley's *Glaucus: Or, The Wonders of the Shore* (Cambridge: Macmillan, 1855), p. 27.

4 Citing the opening of the Second Epistle of the 'Essay on Man' by Alexander Pope (1688–1744: *ODNB*): 'Know then thyself, presume not God to scan; | The proper study of Mankind is Man.'

5 Latin maxim (meaning 'God is the soul of animals'), cited favourably in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*.

material and not in the moral world, and of thence lauding the sciences of matter to the neglect of the science of mind, who but must remember a sermon in which the speaker, it is true, invited his audience to consider the lilies of the field and to behold the fowls of the air, but only that he might drive home the question—Are ye not much better than they?[1]

†This antithesis between the works of God and the works of man, which we find in the science of our time, seems to have begun in a misanthropical vein of thought belonging to a considerable portion of the poetry of the nineteenth century. Byron, of all our recent poets, would be most easily accused of this misanthropy; but it is not of Byron that we have to complain: it is of Wordsworth and his incessant harping on the opposition between nature and humanity. It was from Wordsworth's region of thought that the petty controversy arose, many years ago, as to the materials of poetry. Bowles contended that poetry is more immediately indebted for its interest to the works of nature than to those of art; that a ship of the line derives its poetry not from anything contributed by man—the sails, masts, and so forth; but from the wind that fills the sails, from the sunshine that touches them with light, from the waves on which the vessel rides—in a word, from nature.[2] The essence of this criticism is misanthropy; it is such misanthropy as abounds in Wordsworth; it is misanthropy which Byron fought against manfully, and with which he was incapable of sympathising. We can trace this misanthropy downwards to Mr. Ruskin, at least so long as he was under the influence of Wordsworth. In his earlier criticism he was always quoting that poet; his whole mind seemed to be given to landscape painting, and he conceived of art as the expression of man's delight in the works of God.[3] He has long outgrown the Wordsworthian misanthropy, and has learned to widen his definition of the theme of art; but still in his eloquent pages, as in the strains of Wordsworth, and as in the tendency to landscape of much of our poetry and painting, the men of science will find some sanction for the hollow antithesis which sets the works of God against those of man.[4]i

It would be unjust not to remember in behalf of this one-sided devotion to physical science—a devotion to it that confines the very name of science almost entirely to the knowledge of matter and material laws, and denies it to the knowledge of man and mental laws—that among all the intellectual pursuits of the present century, the science of things material can point to by far the most splendid results. What more dazzling in speculation than the discovery of Neptune?[5] What more stimulating to curiosity than the researches of Goethe, Cuvier, and Owen?[6] What more enticing to the adventurer than the geological prediction of the gold fields of Australia?[7] In chemistry we have well-nigh realised the dream of alchemy, and pierced the mystery of transmutation.[8] Photography is a craft in which Phoebus Apollo again appears upon the earth in the mortal guise of an artist, and to the powers of which no limit can be set.[9] In meteorology, the wind has been tracked,

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1 Echoing the words of Jesus from Matthew 6:19–34 in the King James Bible.

2 Referring to the literary controversy, in which Byron and Hazlitt become involved, provoked around the early 1820s by the attack on the standing of Alexander Pope by Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850: *ODNB*), poet and author of *The Invariable Principles of Poetry* (1819).

3 Perhaps the clearest statement of Ruskin's position is found in *Two Paths*, §48, Library edition, Vol. XVI. p. 290: 'I have had but one steady aim in all that I have ever tried to teach, namely—to declare that whatever was great in human art was the expression of man's delight in God's work.'

4 See, for example, Ruskin's *Harbours of England*, §19, Library Edition, Vol. XIII. p. 29: 'I know no principle more irrefragably authoritative than that which I had long ago occasion to express: "All noble art is the expression of man's delight in God's work; not in his own."'

5 The first telescopic observation of the outermost planet in the solar system took place in Berlin in September 1846.

6 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), a fine scientist as well as a poet, Georges Cuvier (1769–1832), and Richard Owen (1804–1892: *ODNB*) are all here cited as pioneers in the field of comparative anatomy.

7 Linked through palaeontology, geological science had made advances hand in hand with comparative anatomy, while the first Australian gold rush is generally assigned to May 1851.

8 In the age before Ernest Rutherford developed his atomic model on the eve of World War I, the concept of chemical transmutation was largely governed by the theories of Antoine Lavoisier (1743–94), who formulated the first systematic table of elements.

9 Major advances in photography by chemical means were made during the 1830s, largely due to the work of Louis Daguerre (1787–1851), whose silver-halide method seems to have captured the first photographic image of the human form.

storms and tornados have been reduced to law.[1] In electricity we seem to be hovering on the verge of some grand discovery, and already the electric spark has been trained to feats more marvellous than any recorded of Ariel or Puck.[2] Optics now enables us to discover the composition of the sun, and to detect the presence of minerals to the millionth part of a grain.[3] Seven-league boots are clumsy beside a railway; steam-ships make a jest of the flying carpet. Think, too, of the immense public works which modern science has enabled England to complete. The Crystal Palace rose like the arch of a rainbow over the trees in Hyde Park;[4] the tubular bridge spans the Menai Straits, high enough for "the mast of some great ammiral" to pass beneath:[5] innumerable bridges, tunnels, canals, docks, dazzle the imagination. A thousand years hereafter poets and historians may write of our great engineers and scientific discoverers, as we now speak of Arthur and his Paladins, Faust and the Devil, Cortes and Pizarro.[6] Why should not those who figure in "the fairy tales of science"[7] obtain the renown which is rightfully theirs?

The results they have achieved are all the more wonderful, if we take into account the comparatively recent origin of our sciences. It is little more than two hundred years since there was only one man of scientific note in England—William Harvey; when Sydenham was but beginning to practise; when Barrow was studying the Greek fathers at Constantinople; when Ray was yet unknown; when Halley was yet unborn; when Flamsteed was still teething; when Newton was a farmer-boy, munching apples as he drove to market on Saturdays;[8] when Hooke was a poor student at Oxford, assisting Boyle in his manipulations; when Boyle lived in seclusion at the apothecary's, and was chiefly remarkable for associating with men whose names begin with W—Wallis, Willis, Wilkins, Ward, and Wren. None of the founders of the Royal Society had then emerged from obscurity, and the Royal Society was a small club that met in secret and called itself the Invisible College. Two centuries have brought a marvellous change. Science came into England with tea, with tea-drinking it spread, and it is now imbibed as universally. It has so commended itself by great achievements that at length every one of the sciences has a society for itself, all the great cities of the United Kingdom have scientific societies, and there is such a rage for science throughout the country and in every class, that, not unlike the tailors of Laputa, who, abjuring tape, took altitudes and longitudes with a quadrant, the London tailors profess to cut their shirts scientifically, and in the ardour of science baptize their masterpiece Eureka.

Meanwhile, amid this rush of the intellectual current all in one direction, it fares ill with mental science; it fares ill with all the sciences that may more strictly be called human, including that of criticism. As a scientific object, the shard-borne beetle is of more account than man: the cells of the bee and the cocoons of the silkworm, than all the efforts of human genius, all the wonders of human handiwork. Philosophy, I have said, has filled us with despair, and despair of philosophical methods has spread to despair of all that philosophy touched, and regarded as peculiarly its own. Nor is this the only form in which despair of a human science in general, and a critical science in particular, shows itself. These are days in which the forms of literature are opposed to the elaboration of system; and as the essence of science is system, here is another foundation for

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1 The German scientist Alexander von Humboldt (1769–1859) was a pioneer in the science of meteorology, constructing the first comparative climate analysis on a global scale.

2 In Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II i, the sprite Puck declares, 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth | In forty minutes', a feat which in Dallas's day the wired electric telegraph already held the promise of outstripping.

3 In *The Times* of 21 April 1862, p. 9, Dallas had reviewed Sir Henry Holland's *Essays on Scientific and other Subjects,* a work of popular science featuring a description of contemporary developments in optics in the chapter on 'The Progress and Spirit of Physical Science'.

4 Referring to the massive building made from plate glass and cast iron, designed by Joseph Paxton and constructed in Hyde Park to house the Great Exhibition of 1851.

5 Referring to Thomas Telford's 1826 suspension bridge linking Anglesey and the mainland of North Wales, and citing Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk I, ll. 292–94: 'His [Satan's] spear, to equal which the tallest pines, | Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast | Of some great ammiral, were but a wand.'

6 Dallas had reviewed Samuel Smiles's *Industrial Biography* in *The Times* (28 December 1863), p. 5, where he cited Thomas Carlyle: 'The true Epic of our time is not Arms and the man, but Tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of Epic.'

7 Citing a couplet from Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall', first published in the *Poems* of 1842: 'Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime | With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time.'

8 See Brewster, *Memoirs*, I, p. 14.

despair to build upon. Then, again, there are moralists who are eager to keep clear the great doctrine of the freedom of the will; who are afraid to regard human action as in such wise governed by law, that it is capable of scientific calculation; and here is another ground of despair. Lastly, there are persons who, unable to see the practical use to which a science of criticism (but I ought to speak more generally, and say a science of human nature) may be turned, are apt to pass upon it a sentence of condemnation, which on the other hand they do not pronounce on the merely physical sciences, when they are unable to perceive immediately the practical value of any material discoveries; and thus again is engendered another form of despair. Let me say a few words upon each of these passages of despair.

And first, of the philosophical despair that attaches to the scientific treatment of all those subjects which philosophy used to handle. Mr. G. H. Lewes has written a very clever and learned book on the history of philosophy, in which he always insists that the chief problems of metaphysics are insoluble.[1] This work is so brilliant that it has been much read and pilfered from; and for practical purposes it is the best history of philosophy that the English reader can consult; but it is burdened with the fallacy that because what is called metaphysics is impossible, therefore any attempt at a science of the mind must be vain. Does it follow that because metaphysical methods have failed, therefore scientific methods must fail also? Now the despair of a mental science which Mr. Lewes entertains he also entertains, as it would seem, for all the branches of that science, criticism included. He says that "philosophy has distorted poetry, and been the curse of criticism."[2] Most of us will agree with him, if by philosophy he means metaphysics. We all find the greatest difficulty in understanding what are called the philosophical critics, and when we get at their meaning it looks very small. They are afraid to be clear, lest they be deemed shallow; or they love to think themselves profound, because they are unable to plumb their own ideas.

A fair specimen of the philosophical critic is Richard Wagner, who has invented the music of the future. Whatever may be thought of his music, he has a considerable reputation as a musical critic. Discoursing on art, in the most approved philosophical method, he defines poetry in terms which it is beyond me to translate, and so I make use of Mr. Bridgeman's translation. "If we now consider," he says, "the activity of the poet more closely, we perceive that the realisation of his intention consists solely in rendering possible the representation of the strengthened actions of his poetised forms through an exposition of their motives to the feelings, as well as the motives themselves, also by an expression that in so far engrosses his activity as the invention and production of this expression in truth first render the introduction of such motives and actions possible."[3] This is the jargon of philosophy, and it is the curse of criticism. If this is what Mr. Lewes condemns, who in this country will contradict him? But sometimes it is not clear whether, when this author speaks of philosophy, he means simply philosophy as it used to be understood, or also includes under that name genuine science, because it is the science of mind as distinct from body. The name of philosophy has been especially allotted in this country to mental science—to psychology; and it seems a hard thing to say that in this sense philosophy has been the curse of criticism. In point of fact, the great fault of criticism is its ignorance—at least its disregard of psychology. It is true that mental science has not yet done much for us in any department of study; but it must not be forgotten that the application of scientific methods to the mind and action of man has been even more recent and more tardy than their application to the processes of nature, and that the time has not yet come to look for ripe fruit, and to curse the tree on which it is not found. Any science of a true sort, mathematics apart—any science that is more than guessing, or more than a confused pudding-stone of facts—is now but two centuries old. The most advanced of the sciences that relate specially to human conduct is the science of wealth, and political economy is but a century old. The other sciences that take account of human action are still in their infancy; and to despair of them is but to despair of childhood.

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1 *The Biographical History of Philosophy* (London: Parker & Son, 1846; 2nd ed. 1857), where Lewes refers to 'the absurdities inseparable from the attempted solution of insoluble problems', p. 269.

2 The statement is found not in Lewes's *Biographical History of Philosophy* but rather *The Life and Works of Goethe* (2 vols; London: David Nutt, 1855), II, p. 216.

3 Richard Wagner's treatise 'Opera and Drama' (a translation by J.V. Bridgeman of *Oper und Drama*, 1852), appeared in instalments in the weekly *Musical World* from 19 May 1855 to 26 April 1856; the passage cited here by Dallas appeared on 13 October 1855, p. 655. Bridgeman's translation does not seem to have been reprinted in book form.

Sir Edward Lytton expresses despair of a different kind. He sees the futility of system; he knows that from time to time the most perfect systems have to be remodelled, and give way to new schemes. Hence, in one of his most lively essays, he bepraises the essay, and seems to condemn system as pedantic.[1] Sir Edward Lytton has always shown such a faculty for construction, that in his heart of hearts he can scarcely despise system; but as some of his remarks may lead a hurried reader to take an opposite view, a word or two of explanation may be necessary. It is true, that systems are soon forgotten and pass out of sight. What survives of Plato, for example, in modern thought? A few fragments that have not always even a relation to his system. Take one of Plato's favourite ideas—that poets should be excluded from the model republic because they dispense falsehood, and because they are seekers of pleasure. Here is a view of poetry that survives, and that derives importance from the great name of Plato. The world remembers the conclusion at which he arrived; it has forgotten the process by which he arrived at it. He condemns art as false, because when a painter paints a flower he takes a copy not of the thing itself. The flower is not the thing itself, but the earthly copy of the thing which, according to his system, exists as an idea in the Divine mind. The picture of the flower, therefore, is the copy of a copy, and must be untrue. Nobody would now accept this reasoning, but people accept the conclusion. So, again, art is bad because pleasure is its chief end, and, as the gods feel neither pleasure nor pain, the end of art is not godlike. Here, again, nobody would accept the reasoning, but the conclusion would be accepted by a Puritan, who would rely on Plato's authority. And thus it is—the system falls to pieces, while fragments of it stand fast for ever quite independent of the system. Contemplating such a result, the essayist is inclined to ask what is the good of system, and suggests that it may be enough to put forth oracles in disjointed utterance. It is good not to overrate system; it is good to see that its use is but temporary. Still in our time, in which, through the extension of periodical literature, detached essays have assumed unwonted importance, there is a tendency to fly system altogether and so to underrate it. System is science. Science is impossible without the order and method of system. It is not merely knowledge: it is knowledge methodised. It may be true that over the vast ocean of time which separates us from Plato nothing has come to us from that mighty mind to be incorporated in modern thought but a few fragments of wreck. Yet these fragments would never have reached us if they had not at one time been built into a ship. When the voyager goes across the Atlantic he may be wrecked; he may get on shore only with a plank. But he will never cross the Atlantic at all if he starts on a plank, or on a few planks tied together as a raft. "Our little systems have their day,"[2] says the poet, and it is most true, but in their day they have their uses. There is a momentum in a system which does not belong to its individual timbers, and if we admire the essay, it is not necessary to under value more elaborate structures.*

Despair of yet another kind is expressed by those who, from a moral point of view, do not like to think of human conduct as obedient to scientific rule. Such men as Mr. Froude have so strong a sense of the freedom of the will, and of the incalculable waywardness with which it crosses and mars the best laid plans and the most symmetrical theories, that they will not hear of such a thing as a science of history. Mr. Froude's lecture on that

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[1] See Bulwer-Lytton's 'On Essay-Writing in General, and These Essays in Particular', Essay XIV in *Caxtoniana: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners* (2 vols; Edinburgh: Blackwood's, 1863), I, pp. 227–48. Dallas was soon to review Lytton's *Miscellaneous Prose Works* (1868), which included the Caxtoniana, in *The Times* (25 September 1868).

[2] Citing the Prologue to Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' of 1850.

* **Mr. Grote has lately been quoting a passage from Professor Ferrier on this point, as to the value of system, which is exceedingly well put. I quote the same passage, but with some slight differences of omission and admission: "A system of philosophy"—or what is, in Ferrier's meaning, the same thing, a system of science—"is bound by two main requisitions—it ought to be true and it ought to be reasoned. If a system is not true, it will scarcely be convincing; and if it is not reasoned, a man will be little satisfied with it. Philosophy, in its ideal perfection, is a body of reasoned truth. A system is of the highest value only when it embraces both these requisitions, that is, when it is both true and reasoned. But a system which is reasoned without being true, is always of higher value than a system which is true without being reasoned. The latter kind of system has no scientific worth. An unreasoned philosophy, even though true, carries no guarantee of its truth. It may be true, but it cannot be certain."** [J.F. Ferrier, *The Institutes of Metaphysic* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1854), pp. 1–3, cited in a footnote to the Preface of George Grote, *Plato, and the Other Companions of Sokrates* (3 vols; London: Murray, 1865), I, pp. vi–vii]

subject is not published, and appears only in the records of the Royal Institution;[1] but it is perhaps the most eloquent of all his compositions, and it is full of wise suggestions. Its general conclusion, however, must be firmly resisted by those who, admitting the freedom of the will, still hold to the possibility of reducing human conduct on the large scale to fixed law. Mr. Froude argues that because we are not able to predict the changes of history, therefore history cannot fairly be regarded as a science; and his argument, though levelled against a science of history, goes to deny the possibility of any science of human nature. In point of fact, however, we can predict a good deal in human history, as, for example, by the aid of political economy, a science which is barely a century old; and Mr. Froude's reasoning, if it were sound, would oust geology from the list of the sciences, because it does not enable us to predict what changes in the earth's surface are certain to take place in the next thousand years.

It is only in the exact sciences that knowledge reaches the prophetic strain, and all the sciences are not exact. Mr. John Stuart Mill points out that though the science of human nature falls far short of the exactness of astronomy as now understood, yet there is no reason why it should not be as much a science as astronomy was, when its methods had mastered only the main phenomena, but not the perturbations. This is precisely the view to be taken of that part of the science of human nature which, for the purposes of the present inquiry, may be called the Gay Science—the science of the Fine Arts, including poetry—only it might be expressed more strongly. The most certain thing in human life is its uncertainty. We are most struck with its endless changes, and cannot be over-confident that we shall ever reduce these to the unity of science. But art is crystalline in its forms, and the first, the deepest, the most constant impression which we derive from it is that of its oneness. I have already quoted the saying, that he who sees only one work of Greek art has seen none, and that he who sees all has seen but one. This is most true; and the Greek gave expression to the same thought in the legend of the brothers Telecles and Theodorus of Samos. Far apart from each other, the one at Delos, the other at Ephesus, carved half of a wooden statue of the Pythian Apollo, and when the two were brought together, they tallied as if they had been wrought in one piece by one hand.[2] Shelley has even gone further, and has spoken of single poems, an *Iliad* or a *Lear*, as parts of one vast poem—episodes "in that great poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world."[3] If this be the character and position of art, it cannot be unreasonable to suppose that a science of it is within our reach, and that of all the sciences which have to do with human nature, it ought to be the most exact.

Lastly, there is a despair engendered by the very modesty of science. A science of criticism, if it be worthy of the name, cannot pretend either to make art an easy acquisition, or to do away with all diversity of taste and opinion. The Miltons will evermore think that Dryden is but a rhymer; Dryden will still foretell that cousin Swift will never be a poet; Handel will always jeer at the counterpoint of young Glück, and Schumann make light of the music of Meyerbeer.* What then is the use of criticism? The fact, however, is, that no science in the world can insure its followers from error, or make its students perfect artists. Chemistry, with all its exactitude, does not save its professors from making a wrong analysis. The votaries of geology are still wrangling about some of its main principles; and were they agreed, it does not follow that they would be able to apply those principles rightly to the various regions of the earth. Political economy, the most advanced of the sciences that have man for their subject, is not all clear and steadfast, and daily the nations bid defiance to its

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1 J.A. Froude's paper 'The Science of *History*' was delivered at the *Royal Institution*, 5 February 1864, and was published in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (2 vols; London: Longmans, 1867), I, pp. 1–36. There he asserts that, 'Mankind are but an aggregate of individuals—History is but the record of individual action' (p. 11).

2 The legend is recorded in the *Bibliotheca Historica* of Diodorus Siculus, the Greek historian of the first-century BCE.

3 Slightly misquoting Shelley's incomplete essay 'A Defence of Poetry', written in 1821 but only published posthumously in *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments* (London: Moxon, 1840), pp. 1–57; p. 28.

* **Mr. Paley, in his late edition of Euripides, the best that has yet been produced, calls attention to a delicious remark of Professor Scholefield's: "Quod ad ipsum attinet Euripidem, non sum ego ex illorum numero, qui nihil in eo pulchrum, nihil grande, nihil cothurno dignum inveniant." I am not, he says, of those who see in Euripides nothing fine, nothing great, nothing that belongs to high art. If it be remembered that Euripides was Milton's favourite poet, the innocence of Scholefield's remark will appear all the more inimitable.** [F.A. Paley, *Euripides, with an English Commentary* (3 vols; London: Whittaker, 1857–60), II, vi, citing James Scholefield's revisions of the work of Richard Porson]

clearest and most abiding truths. Why then should a critical science, if there is ever to be one, do more than all other sciences in leading its disciples into a land free from doubt? It is the law of all human knowledge, that the more the rays of the light within us multiply and spread, the increasing circle of light implies an increasing circumference of darkness to hem it round. Increase the bounds of knowledge, and you inevitably increase the sense of ignorance at all the more points in a belt of surrounding darkness do you encounter doubt and difficulty. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose that any science can abolish all doubts and prevent all mistakes. Moreover, as a science of criticism cannot make perfect judges, so neither can it make faultless poets. The theory of music has never made men musical, and all the discoveries of the critic cannot make men poetical. Few sayings about art are more memorable than that of Mozart, who declared that he composed as he did because he could not help it, and who added, "You will never do anything if you have to think how you are to do it."[1] Art comes of inspiration—comes by second nature. Nevertheless, it comes according to laws which it is possible to note and which imperatively demand our study. It is not long since people regarded the weather as beyond the province of science, and treated the labours of Fitzroy either as useless, because they did not enable him to foretell but only to forecast, or as impious, because it was argued that if we can forecast the weather, it must be idle to pray for rain. It is curious to see how exacting we are in our demands for knowledge, and how we learn to underrate it altogether if in any respect it disappoints our expectations. Criticism is nought, people think, because it does not make poets perfect, and judges infallible. So it has happened that chemistry was despised when it failed to turn lead into gold, that astronomy was neglected when it failed to prognosticate, that the Bible is said to be in danger because we do not find in it the last new theory of science.

> Hang up philosophy:
> Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
> Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom
> It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.[2]

On this point as to the modesty of science, it is necessary to be very explicit, because he who is in our day the most hearty in denouncing the weakness of our criticism, Mr. Matthew Arnold, is also the most imperious in vaunting the office of the critic;[3] and there is a danger lest from his unguarded expressions it should be supposed that criticism promises more than it can perform. Mr. Arnold, for example, tells us that the main intellectual effort of Europe has for many years past been a critical one; and that what Europe now desires most is criticism. What he means by this it is not easy to make out. For on the one hand, he assures us that Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, are to be regarded as critics, and that everything done in literature is at root criticism; from which it would appear that there can be nothing specially critical in the intellectual movement which is now in progress. On the other hand, we stumble once and again upon the statement that the first of living critics is M. Sainte Beuve. Now, we know M. Sainte Beuve as an indefatigable, a clever, and well-informed writer—a man of good judgment, and in France of great literary influence. But when we are told in succession that the great intellectual movement of our age is critical, and that the first of living critics—therefore, the leader of this intellectual movement, is M. Sainte Beuve, who is not greatly puzzled to know what so dainty a writer as Mr. Arnold can possibly mean? Is it a proof of our English want of insight that with all the vivacity of his Monday chats, we on this side of the water fail to see in M. Sainte Beuve the prophet of the age—a great leader of thinking—the enlightener of Europe? He is a brilliant essayist, a man of great knowledge; his taste is unimpeachable; and he dashes off historic sketches with wonderful neatness. But for criticism in the highest sense of the word—for criticism in the sense in which Mr. Arnold seems to understand it—for criticism as the

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1 Dallas probably refers to the anecdote recounted in Edward Holmes, *The Life of Mozart* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1845), pp. 235–36.

2 The words of Romeo to Friar Lawrence in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, III iii.

3 The following paragraphs on Arnold reflect the ideas articulated in the first series of his *Essays in Criticism* which had appeared in early 1865, and where his French mentor Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804–69) is cited respectfully on many occasions and described as 'the first of living critics' (in 'Maurice de Guerin', p. 80).

mastery of dominant ideas and the key to modern thought—as that one thing which Europe most desires—we should scarcely go to the feuilletons of M. Sainte Beuve.

Once more we return to another form of the statement that the intellectual movement of our time is critical. Mr. Arnold identifies criticism with the modern spirit; and then he tells us that the modern spirit arises in a sense of contrast between the dictates of reason and of custom, the world of idea and the world of fact. We live amid prescriptions and customs that have been crusted upon us from ages. When we become alive to the fact that the forms and institutions of our daily life—the life individual and the life national, are prescribed to us not by reason but only by custom, that, says Mr. Arnold, is the awakening of the modern spirit. The truth is, however, that what he describes as the peculiar spirit of modern thought—that is, nineteenth-century thought—is the spirit of every reforming age. It was, for example, the spirit of Christianity as it showed itself at first in the midst of surrounding Judaism. It was the spirit that actuated the protest against the mummeries of Romanism in the sixteenth century.

From these and other illustrations of what he understands by criticism, it would seem that Mr. Arnold has allowed himself, in the graceful eagerness of a poetical nature, to be carried headlong into generalizations that are illusive. But the general effect of his expressions is to spread abroad an inflated idea of criticism, what it is, what it can do, what is its position in the world. People will not stay to examine patiently whether Mr. Arnold makes out his case or not. They will but carry away the general impression, that here is a man of genius and of strong conviction, who speaks of criticism as just now the greatest power upon earth. They will, therefore, expect from it the mightiest effects; and grievous will be their disappointment at the modesty of its actual exploits.

Though a science of criticism may not accomplish all that people expect of it, is it necessary to show that it is to be coveted for its own sake? If men will criticise, it is desirable that their judgments should be based on scientific grounds. This is so obvious, that instead of dwelling on the worth of critical science in and for itself, I would here rather insist on its value from another point of view—as a historical instrument. Some late philosophers, Cousin in particular,[1] have sought for a clue to the world's history in the progress of metaphysical ideas. They believe that the history of philosophy yields the philosophy of history. They may be right, though it is awkward for the facts, or at least for our power of dealing with them, that the philosopher is ever represented as before his age. While he lives his thought is peculiar to himself, and his kingdom is not of this world: it is not till long years after his decease that his thought moves mankind and his worldly reign begins. It would seem, however, that if it were possible to establish a critical science, the method which the French and Germans have adopted, of interpreting history through the history of philosophy, might with advantage be varied by the interpretation of history through the history of art. There is this wide difference between philosophy and art, that whereas the former is the result of conscious effort, the latter comes unconsciously, and is the spontaneous growth of the time. Now, supposing we had a critical science, and knew somewhat of the orbits and order of the arts, their times and seasons, we should have a guide to history so much safer than that furnished by the course of philosophy, as a spontaneous growth is less likely to deviate from nature than any conscious effort. It is said that philosophers have in their hands the making of the next age; but at least poets and other artists belong to the age they live in. In their shady retreats they reflect upon the world the light from on high, as I have seen an eclipse of the sun exquisitely pictured on the ground, while the crowds in Hyde Park were painfully looking for it in the heavens with darkened glasses. Through the leaves of the trees the sun shot down his image in myriads of balls of light that danced on the path below; and as his form was altered in the sky, the globes of light underfoot changed also their aspect, waning into crescents, and the crescents into sickles, and the sickles into nothingness, until once again as he recovered his beams the sickles reappeared, and grew on the gravel walk into crescents, and the crescents into perfect orbs. There were myriads of eclipses on the ground for the one that was passing in the sky.

Every man lauds his own pursuit. He who is deep in helminthology, or the science of worms, will tell us that it is the most interesting and useful of studies. But I can scarcely imagine that when putting in a word for a

[1] The ideas of the contemporary French philosopher Victor Cousin are discussed at length by Dallas in Ch. V on pp. 58–60.

science of human nature, and for criticism as part of it, and when claiming for that science the place of honour, I am fairly open to the charge of yielding to private partiality. At all events, in mitigation of such a charge, let it be remembered that man too has the credit of being a worm, and that he may be entitled to some of the regard of science, were it only as belonging to the subject of helminthology. We may give up any claims which the science of human nature has to precedence over all the other knowledges, if we can get it recognised in popular opinion as a science at all, were it but as a science of worms. And for criticism, as a part of the science of human nature, it may be remembered that Sir Walter Scott was pleased to describe the critics as caterpillars,[1] and that, therefore, they may have a special claim to be regarded in this marvellously popular science of worms. Or if this way of putting the case may seem to be wanting in seriousness, then in all seriousness, let me insist that the despair of the moral sciences which now prevails, is founded on mistake; that the neglect of them gives a hollowness to our literature; and that all criticism which does not either achieve science, or definitely reach towards it, is mere mirage. As the apostle declared of himself, that though he could speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity, he was become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal;[2] so we may say of the critic, that though he have all faith, so that he can remove mountains, and have not science, he is nothing. There are men like Iago, who think that they are nothing if not critical, but the critic is nothing if not scientific.

Of the following attempt I am not able to think so bravely as to challenge for it the honours of a science. Any one, indeed, who will read this volume through, will see that it is a fight for the first principles and grounds of the science. I put my work forward, not as a science, but as a plea for one, and as a rude map of what its leading lines should be. †Even if it should fail here, however, it may be at least as useful as the unlucky ship that grounded at the battle of Aboukir, and did for a waymark to them that followed. I have the greater confidence, however, in laying the present theory before the reader, inasmuch as glimpses and tokens of it are found in the pages of many of the best writers; and I believe that it will thus stand the test given by Leibnitz to ascertain the soundness of any body of thought that it should gather into one united household, not by heaping and jumbling together, but by reconciling, proving to be kindred, and causing to embrace opinions the most widely sundered and apparently the most hostile.[k]

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1 Previously cited by Dallas in Ch. II on p. 15.

2 Citing Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians 13:1 (AV).

CHAPTER IV. THE CORNER STONE.

THOUGH foundation stones are laid with silver trowels and gilded plummets, amid music and banner, feasting and holiday, in the present chapter, which has to do with the basis of the Gay Science, there will be found nothing of a gala. It embodies the dull hard labour of laying down truisms—heavy blocks which are not to be handled in sport, but which it is essential that we should in the outset fix in their places. If I seem to labour at trifles, I must ask for some indulgence; because, although, when fairly stated, the main doctrine of this chapter will forthwith pass for a truism, in the meantime it is not acknowledged even as a truth. What is here maintained to be the only safe foundation of the science of criticism, however obvious it may appear to be, has never yet been fully accepted as such, and has never yet been built upon. There are some truisms which it may be necessary to hammer out. Euclid felt the necessity of demonstrating point by point, that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, whereupon Zeno laughed and said that every donkey knows it without proof. The donkey will not go round two sides of a field to get to his fodder if, peradventure, he can go in a straight line. The object of this chapter is to uphold the wisdom of the ass. There is a straight line for criticism to take, and criticism never has taken it, but always goes round about.

A science of criticism, embracing poetry and the fine arts, is possible only on the supposition that these arts all stand on common ground; and that, however varied may be the methods employed in them, their inner meaning and purpose is the same. No critical canon has a wider and more undoubting acceptance than that which assumes the sisterhood of the arts. We may ignore it in practice, or we may be at a loss to explain the precise meaning of it; but the close relationship of the muses is one of the oldest traditions of literature, and one of the most familiar lessons of our school-days. The family likeness of the arts is so marked, that language cannot choose but describe one in terms of another. Terence, in one of his prologues (*Phormio*), refers to the poets as musicians. "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry."[1] Thomas Fuller has at least twice in his works, once (on the *Holy and Profane State*) when speaking of artists generally, and again (in his *Worthies*), when writing of Dr. Christopher Tye, defined poetry as music in words, and music as poetry in sounds. Other writers dwell on the similarity of the poet and the limner. †Simonides, among the Greeks, is the author of the famous saying which comes down to us through Plutarch, that poetry is a speaking picture, and painting a mute poetry.[2] Horace, among the Latins, puts the same idea into three words—*ut pictura poesis*.[l] Whether as expressed by the Greek or by the Latin poet, the sense of the connection between poetry and painting came to be so strong and over-mastering in modern criticism, that at length men like Darwin in England, and Marmontel in France, learned to see in the similarity of the two arts, the elements of a perfect definition of either; †and Gotthold Lessing, the first great critic of Germany, had to write a work in which, taking the representations of Laocoon in poetry and in sculpture for an example, he proved elaborately that after all there is a difference between the arts, and that each has its proper limits.[m] The underlying unity of the arts is one of the common-places of criticism, which D'Alembert concentrated in one drop of ink, when, in the preface to the French Encyclopædia, he comprised under the name of poesy all the fine arts, adding, at the same time, that they might also be included under the general name of painting.[3] Goethe has strikingly conveyed a like thought in one of his verses which has been translated by Carlyle—

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1 Probably citing the phrase from Johnson's *Life of Pope.*

2 The citation of Simonides is found in Plutarch's *De Gloria Atheniensium* (Of the Glory of the Athenians).

3 Referring to the 'Preliminary Discourse' to Denis Diderot's *Encyclopedia* (1751–), written by the scientist-philosopher Jean-Baptiste le Rond d'Alembert (1717–83), which provides a general introduction to the principles of the French Enlightenment. D'Alembert wrote:

> La Peinture, la Sculpture, l'Architecture, la Poësie, la Musique, & leurs différentes divisions, composent la troisieme distribution générale, qui naît de l'imagination, & dont les parties sont comprises sous le nom de Beaux-Arts. On pourroit aussi les renfermer sous le titre général de Peinture, puisque tous les Beaux-Arts se réduisent à peindre, & ne different que par les moyens qu'ils employent; enfin on pourroit les rapporter tous à la Poësie, en prenant ce mot dans sa signification naturelle, qui n'est autre chose qu'invention ou création. (I, pp. xvii–xviii).

As all nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim,
So in art's wide kingdom ranges
One sole meaning still the same.[1]

What is this one meaning, still the same, of which we hear so much and know so little? What is the bond of unity which knits poetry and the fine arts together? What is the common ground upon which they rest? What are we to understand by the sisterhood of the muses? Whenever the philosopher has encountered these questions, as the first step to a science of criticism, he has come forward with one of two answers. All attempts to rear such a science are based on the supposition either that poetry and the fine arts have a common method, or that they have a common theme. Either with Aristotle it is supposed that they follow the one method of imitation; or with men whose minds are more Platonic, though Plato is not one of them, it is supposed that they are the manifestations of one great idea, which is usually said to be the idea of the beautiful. All the accredited systems of criticism therefore take their rise either in theories of imitation or theories of the beautiful. It is not difficult, however, to show that both of the suppositions on which these systems rest are delusive, and that neither is calculated to sustain the weight of a science. Before we can arrive at the true foundation of the science, it is necessary to clear the ground from the silt and ruins of false systems which encumber it.

We begin with the Aristotelian system, which has obtained the widest acceptance, and which is the only one of great repute that now exists, though it exists only in name. Aristotle attempted to build a science of criticism on the doctrine that poetry and the fine arts have a common method. Poetry is an imitation, said the philosopher. Not only are the drama, painting, and sculpture imitative, but so is a poetical narration; so, too, is music, and so is the dance. Imitation is the grand achievement which gives to the arts their form and prescribes their law. It is the manifold ways and means of imitation that we are to study, if we are to elevate criticism into a science.

Although this theory is so narrow that the science established on it took the form very much of an inverted pyramid, it ruled the world of letters till within a late period. It is the corner stone of ancient criticism: it is the corner stone of all modern criticism that takes its inspiration from the Renaissance. It was accepted in the last century with undoubting faith as an axiom, and the most astonishing conclusions were built upon it, as some divines draw the most dreadful inferences from dogmas to which they have learned to attach a disproportionate value. Thus a troop of French critics worked their way to the principle of *la difficulté surmontée*. The chief excellence of imitation was said to consist in its difficulty, and the more difficult it became the greater was its merit. Hence the pleasure of verse, because it throws difficulties in the way of imitating speech. The English critics, not to be behindhand, started off on like vagaries. One of them showed conclusively that since the pleasure of poetry is derived from imitation, the pleasure is double when one poet imitates another; that if that other has borrowed from a third, then the pleasure becomes threefold; and that if it be the imitation of a simile, which in itself includes a double imitation, then again the pleasure is multiplied. Milton is, in this respect, greater than Virgil, says the sapient critic, for whereas the Roman poet imitated Homer directly, the English one has the glory not only of imitating him directly, but also of imitating him at second or even at third hand, through Virgil and others.

I do not give these illustrations of the theory of imitation as proofs of its fallacy. It would fare ill with most doctrines if they were to be judged by the manner in which the unwary have applied them. The illustrations I have given are proofs only of the simplicity of faith with which the theory of imitation came to be accepted in the last century as if it were one of the prime truths of religion, or one of the axioms of reason, worthy of universal empire at all times, in all places, under all circumstances. It was a good thing of which the critics could not have too much; it was wisdom on which it was impossible to lay too great a stress. Gradually the theory wore itself out, and has fallen out of account. But it died hard, and held its ground so lustily, that, even in our own time, critics whom we should not reckon as belonging to the school of the Renaissance, but to the more original

[1] See the translation of 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels' in *The Collected Works of Thomas Carlyle* (16 vols; London: Chapman & Hall, 1864), XVI, pp. 153–321; p. 256.

schools of Germany, have given their adhesion to it. Jean Paul Richter adopted it vaguely as the first principle of his introduction to Æsthetic,[1] while Coleridge says distinctly that imitation is the universal principle of the fine arts, and that it would be easy to apply it not merely to painting, but even to music.[2]

The theory is as false as any can be which puts the part for the whole, and a small part for a very large whole. Music, for example, is not imitative. When Haydn stole the melody to which he set the eighth commandment, the force of musical imitation could no further go. If the same composer, in his finest oratorio, attempts to reflect in sound the creation of light, and to indicate by cadence the movements of the flexible tiger; if Handel in descanting on the plagues of Egypt gives us the buzz of insect life, and indicates by the depths of his notes the depths of the sea in which the hosts of Pharaoh were drowned; or if Beethoven, in the most popular of his symphonies, tries to give us the song of the cuckoo, the lowing of herds, and the roar of the storm, these imitations are over and above the art, and are confessedly foreign to it. As music is not imitative, so neither is narration. Words represent or stand for, but cannot be said to imitate ideas. Plays, pictures, and statues—in one word, the dramatic arts, are imitative; but to say that imitation is the universal principle of the fine arts, is simply to reduce all art to the canon of the drama.

It is impossible to get over the objection to the theory of the Stagyrite, urged centuries ago by the elder Scaliger. If poetry, he said, be imitative in any sense which applies to every species of it, then in the same sense also is prose imitative;[3] if the fine arts are imitative in any sense which applies to all alike, in the very same sense also are the useful arts imitative.* In point of fact, Plato declared in so many words, by the mouth of the prophetess Diotima (in the *Banquet*), that the exercise of every inventive art is poetry, and that any inventor is a poet or maker; from which it might appear that Bechamel and Farina, as the creators of sauces and perfumes, or Bramah and Arnott, as the inventors of locks and smokeless grates, take rank beside the bard who sang the wrath of Achilles, and the sculptor who chiselled that grandest statue of a woman, the Venus of Milo. Thus the foundation of critical science is laid in a definition which is not the peculiar property of art. Coleridge himself, without foreseeing the consequences of his admission, and without drawing Scaliger's conclusion, went much further than Scaliger in the view which he took of the nature of imitation as applied to the fine arts. He declared that the principle of imitation lies at the root not merely of the fine arts, but also of thought itself. The power of comparison is essential to consciousness—the very condition of its existence; we know nothing except through the perception of contrariety and identity; we cannot think without comparing; and so the imitations of art, he said, are but the sublime developments of an act which is essential to the dimmest dawn of mind.[4] It would be a pity to ruffle the feathers of this wonderful suggestion, which took Coleridge's fancy because it looked big; but it may be enough to point out that it yields with a charming simplicity all we need contend for. It allows that in the sense in which imitation may be described as the universal law of art, it may also be described as the universal law of thought itself, and therefore of science, which is, in Coleridge's own language, the opposite of art. In a word, it is not peculiar to art, and is incapable of supplying the definition of it. Certainly it has

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1 Referring to *Vorschule der Aesthetik* (1804; 'Introduction to the Aesthetic') by Johann Paul Friedrich Richter (1763–1825), who wrote under the pen name 'Jean Paul'.

2 See *The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. H. N. Coleridge (4 vols; London: Pickering, 1836), II, p. 44: 'But let us now consider what the drama should be. And first, it is not a copy, but an imitation, of nature. This is the universal principle of the fine arts. … It would be easy to apply it to Painting, and even, though with greater abstraction of thought, and by more subtle though equally just analogies—to Music'.

3 Referring to Julius Caesar Scaliger, author of *De Subtilitate* (1557), as opposed to his son Joseph Justus Scalinger; the elder Scaliger was regarded by Dallas's mentor William Hamilton as perhaps the finest modern exponent of the philosophy of Aristotle.

* **I remember in my college days hunting through half a dozen libraries for a mediæval book, the title of which—*Ars Simia Naturae*—excited my curiosity. I expected to find in it a middle age anticipation of Schelling's Philosophy. My friend, Professor Baynes, had been already on this track, and with some laughter exploded on me the information that the book I was hunting for could have nothing to do with the fine arts, though it might have much to do with the black. I mention this as one more illustration of the fact that if the fine arts are imitative, they are not peculiarly so. The same thing has been said of the useful arts; the same also of the black.** [The Latin title means literally 'Art is the Ape (imitator) of Nature']

4 See the continuation of the argument in *The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, II, pp. 44–45, where Coleridge suggests 'that one great principle is common to all the fine arts,—a principle which probably is the condition of all consciousness … the perception of identity and contrariety'.

never yet, in the science of criticism, yielded a result of the slightest value. For in truth, although imitation bulks so large in Aristotle's definition of poetry, it sinks into insignificance, and even passes out of sight, in the body of his work. He makes nothing of it; his followers less than nothing. Notwithstanding Richter's, notwithstanding Coleridge's adhesion to it, the theory of imitation is now utterly exploded.

The Aristotelian theory ruled absolute in literature for two millenniums. No other theory was put forward to take its place, as the foundation of critical science, till within the last hundred years or so. It satisfied the critics of the Renaissance—that is, the old order of critics who based their thinking on the settled ideas and methods of classical literature, and revelled in systems that were little beyond grammar. There came a time, however, when the need of a deeper criticism began to be felt. The old criticism that through the Renaissance traced a descent from Aristotle, dealt chiefly with the forms of art. A new criticism was demanded that should search into its substance. It arose in Germany. Not satisfied with the old grammatical doctrine that the arts have a common form or method, the philosophical critics of Germany tried to make out that they have a common theme—a common substance, and chiefly that this theme, this essence, is the idea of the beautiful. It is always an idea. They are not agreed as to what the idea is; but they are nearly all agreed that it is the manifestation of some one idea. I repeat from Goethe:

> As all nature's thousand changes
> But one changeless God proclaim,
> So in art's wide kingdom ranges
> One sole meaning still the same.[1]

Much of what might be said on this subject must be reserved for the next chapter, in that part of it which has to do with the German school of critics and their chief contribution to criticism. In the meantime it may be enough to point out that whereas innumerable attempts have been made to analyze the grand idea of art which is generally supposed to be the idea of the beautiful, and out of this analysis to trace the laws and the development of art, it cannot be said that in following such a line of research any real progress has been made. We cannot point to a single work of authority on the subject. In countless works that represent the thought of the last hundred years, we shall find references to the one grand idea of art, the beautiful; but when we come to inquire what is the nature of the beautiful, we can get no satisfactory answer, and can hear only a clatter of tongues. It is for this very reason that the theory of the beautiful, as the common theme of art, subsists. If it were less vague, it would be more opposed. With all its vagueness, however, two facts may be discovered which are fatal to it as a foundation for the science of criticism. The first is the more fatal, namely, that it does not cover the whole ground of art. The worship and manifestation of the beautiful is not, for example, the province of comedy, and comedy is as much a part of art as tragedy. The beautiful, most distinctly, is one of the ideas on which art loves to dwell; but it is not an idea which inspires every work of art. Moreover, on the other hand (the second fact I have referred to), is it to be supposed that to display beauty is to produce a work of art? *La belle chose que la philosophie!* says M. Jourdain, not untruly;[2] but are fine systems of philosophy to be reckoned among the fine arts? Horace, long ago, in a verse which has become proverbial, expressed the truth about the position of beauty in art. *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata*, he said: *dulcia sunto*.[3] It is not enough that a work of art be beautiful; it must have more powerful charms.

Convinced that the idea of the beautiful is inadequate to cover the whole field of art, critics have suggested other ideas as more ample in their scope. It is said, for example, by some, that art is the reflex of life—of life, not in its fleeting forms, but in its hidden soul; of facts, therefore, which are eternal symbols, and of truths which are fixed as the stars. It will be found, however, that if we thus take the idea of the true as the theme of art, and attempt to build upon it a science of criticism, it is open to precisely the same objections as

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[1] Citing the verses found in Chapter XIV of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Travels in the translation of Thomas Carlyle.*

[2] Misquoting Monsieur Jourdain who, in Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (1670), II iv, in fact says to the Master of Philosophy: 'Ah! la belle chose que de savoir quelque chose!' ('Ah! what a beautiful thing it is to know something!').

[3] Horace 'Ars Poetica' line 99: 'It is not sufficient that poems should be beautiful; they must also be pleasing.'

there are to the idea of the beautiful when placed in a similar light. Music is an art, but in what sense are we to say that its theme is eternal truth, or that Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor is a reflex of the absolute idea? In what sense are the arabesques of the Alhambra eternal truths or reflections of the eternal essence? The idea of the true is not the theme of all art, and it is not peculiar to works of art to take the true for a theme. Still the same objections apply to yet another definition of the artistic theme. "Art," says Sir Edward Lytton finely, "is the effort of man to express the ideas which nature suggests to him of a power above nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the Great First Cause, of which nature, like himself, is but the effect."[1] This is a happy generalisation which goes a great way; but it is surely not enough to say that it is the object of art to exhibit ideas of power. Ideas of power, ideas of truth, ideas of beauty—it will not do to bind art as a whole, or poetry as a part of it, to the service of any one of these groups. There is no one word relating to things known that in its wide embrace can take in the theme of all art, and if it could comprise the theme of all art, it would not be the property of art alone. The subject of art is all that can interest man; but all that can interest man is not the monopoly of art.

If the unity of the arts does not lie in the possession either of a common method which they pursue, or of a common theme which they set forth, wherein does it consist? Manifestly the character of an art is determined by its object; and though the critics have made no use of the fact, yet it is a fact which they admit with very few exceptions, that poetry and the fine arts are endowed with a common purpose. Even if poetry and the arts could boast of a common method and a common theme, still every question of method and the choice of theme must be subordinate to the end in view. The end determines the means, and must therefore be the principal point of inquiry. If, then, we inquire what is the end of poetry and the poetical arts, we shall find among critics of all countries and all ages a singular unanimity of opinion—a unanimity which is all the more remarkable, when we discover that, admitting the fact with scarcely a dissentient voice, they have never turned it to account—they have practically ignored it. It is admitted that the immediate end of art is to give pleasure. Whatever we do has happiness for its last end; but with art it is the first as well as the last. We need not now halt to investigate the nature of this happiness which poetry aims at, whether it is refined or the reverse, whether it is of a particular kind or of all kinds; it is enough to insist on the broad fact that for more than two thousand years pleasure of some sort has been almost universally admitted to be the goal of art. †The dreamer and the thinker, the singer and the sayer, at war on many another point, are here at one. It is the pleasure of a lie, says Plato; it is that of a truth, says Aristotle; but neither doubt that whatever other aims art may have in view, pleasure is the main—the immediate object.[n]

Here, however, care must be taken that the reader is not misled by a word. Word and thing, pleasure is in very bad odour; moralists always take care to hold it cheap; critics are ashamed of it; and we are all apt to misunderstand it, resting too easily on the surface view of it as mere amusement. There is in pleasure so little of conscious thought, and in pain so much, that it is natural for all who pride themselves on the possession of thought to make light of pleasure. It is possible, however, in magnifying the worth of conscious thought, to underrate the worth of unconscious life. Now art is a force that operates unconsciously on life. It is not a doctrine; it is not science. There is knowledge in it, but it reaches to something beyond knowledge. That something beyond science, beyond knowledge, to which art reaches, it is difficult to express in one word. The nearest word is that which the world for thirty centuries past has been using, and which sky-high thinkers now-a-days are afraid to touch—namely, pleasure. There is no doubt about its inadequacy, but where is there another word that expresses half as much? If art be the opposite of science, the end of art must be antithetical to the end of science. But the end of science is knowledge. What then is its antithesis—the end of art? Shall we say ignorance? We cannot say that it is ignorance, because that is a pure negation. But there is no objection to our saying—life ignorant of itself, unconscious life, pleasure. I do not give this explanation as sufficient—it is very insufficient but as indicating a point of view from which it will be seen that the establishment of pleasure as the end of art may involve larger issues, and convey a larger meaning than is commonly supposed. What that larger meaning is may in due course be shown. In the ninth chapter of this work I attempt to state it, and stating it to

[1] See Bulwer-Lytton's 'On the Moral Effect of Writers', Essay XI in *Caxtoniana*, I, pp. 177–99; p. 181.

give a remodelled definition of art. In the meantime, one fails to see how, by any of the new-fangled expressions of German philosophy, we can improve upon the plain-spoken wisdom of the ancient maxims—that science is for knowledge, and that art is for pleasure.

But if this be granted, and it is all but universally granted, it entails the inevitable inference that criticism is the science of the laws and conditions under which pleasure is produced. If poetry, if art, exists in and for pleasure, then upon this rock, and upon this alone, is it possible to build a science of criticism. Criticism, however, is built anywhere but upon the rock. While the arts have almost invariably been regarded as arts of pleasure, criticism has never yet been treated as the science of pleasure. Like the Israelites in the desert, who after confessing the true faith went forthwith and fell down to a molten image, the critics no sooner admitted that the end of art is pleasure, than they began to treat it as nought. Instead of taking a straight line, like the venerable ass which was praised by the Eleatic philosopher, they went off zigzag, to right, to left, in every imaginable direction but that which lay before them. Art is for pleasure said the Greeks; but it is the pleasure of imitation, and therefore all that criticism has to do is to study the ways of imitation. So they bounced off to the left. Art is for pleasure said the Germans; but it is pleasure of the beautiful, and therefore all that criticism has to do is to comprehend the beautiful. So they bounced off to the right. In the name of common sense, let me ask, why are we not to take the straight line? Why is it that, having set up pleasure as the first principle of art, we are immediately to knock it down and go in search of other and lesser principles? Why does not the critic take the one plain path before him, proceeding instantly to inquire into the nature of pleasure, its laws, its conditions, its requirements, its causes, its effects, its whole history?

This turning aside of criticism from the straight road that lay before it into by-paths has been owing partly to the moral contempt of pleasure, but chiefly to the intellectual difficulty of any inquest into the nature of enjoyment, a difficulty so great, that since the time of Plato and Aristotle it has never been seriously faced until in our own day Sir William Hamilton undertook to grapple with it. Whenever I have insisted with my friends on this point, as to the necessity of recognising criticism as the science of pleasure, the invariable rejoinder has been that there is no use in attempting such a science, because the nature of pleasure eludes our scrutiny, and there is no accounting for tastes. But the rejoinder is irrelevant. All science is difficult at first, and well-nigh hopeless; and if tastes differ, that is no reason why we should refuse to regard them as beyond the pale of law, but a very strong reason why we should seek to ascertain the limits of difference, and how far pleasure which is general may be discounted by individual caprice. It is not for us to parley about the difficulties of search, or the usefulness of its results. Chemistry was at one time a difficult study, and seemed to be a useless one. Hard or easy, useful or useless—that is not the question. The question is simply this: If there is such a thing as criticism at all, what is its object? what is its definition? and how do you escape from the truism that if art be the minister, criticism must be the science of pleasure?

Whatever be the cause of the reluctance to accept this truism, the fact remains that the doctrine of pleasure has not hitherto been put in its right place as the corner stone of scientific criticism, entitling it to be named the science of pleasure, the Joy Science, the Gay Science; and I set apart the next chapter to explain and to enforce a principle which is of the last importance, and which, but for the backwardness of criticism, would now pass for an axiom, the most obvious of old saws. If art be the minister, criticism must be the science of pleasure, is so obvious a truth, that since in the history of literature and art the inference has never been drawn (except once in a faint way, to be mentioned by and by), a doubt may arise in some minds as to the extent to which the production of pleasure has been admitted in criticism as the first principle of art. It is worth while, therefore, to begin this discussion by setting the authorities in array, and showing what in every school of criticism is the proof regarded as the relation of art to pleasure. I proceed, accordingly, to take a rapid survey of the chief schools of criticism that have ruled in the republic of letters, with express reference to their opinion of pleasure and the end of art.

CHAPTER V. THE AGREEMENT OF THE CRITICS.

I PROPOSE in this chapter to show that the end of art has in all the great schools of criticism been regarded as the same. Speaking roundly, there are but two great systems of criticism. The one may be styled indifferently the classical system, or the system of the Renaissance. It belongs to ancient thought, and to the modern revival of classicism; and it chiefly concerns itself with the grammatical forms of art. The other is more distinctly modern; it first made way in Germany, and, philosophical in tone, chiefly concerns itself with the substantial ideas of art. But these divided systems may be subdivided, and perhaps the plainest method of arranging the critical opinions of past ages is to take them by countries. It will be convenient to glance in succession at the critical schools of Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England. And from this survey it will be seen that if criticism has never yet been recognised as the science of pleasure, poetry and art have always been accepted as arts of pleasure. In our old Anglo-Saxon poetry, the harp is described as "the wood of pleasure,"[1] and that is the universal conception of art. There may in the different schools be differences in the manner of describing the end of art; but there is none as to the essence of the thing described.

I. Homer, Plato, and Aristotle are the leaders of Greek thought, and their word may be taken for what constitutes the Greek idea of the end of poetry. The uppermost thought in Homer's mind, when he speaks of Phemius and Demodocus, is that their duty is to delight, to charm, to soothe. When the strain of the bard makes Ulysses weep, it is hushed, because its object is defeated, and it is desired that all should rejoice together. Wherever the minstrel is referred to, his chief business is described in the Greek verb to delight.[2] What the great poet of Greece thus indicated, the great philosophers expressed in logical form. That pleasure is the end of poetry, is the pervading idea of Aristotle's treatise on the subject.[3] To Plato's view I have already more than once referred.[4] He excluded the poets from his republic for this, as a chief reason, that poetry has pleasure for its leading aim. In another of his works he defines the pleasure, which poetry aims at, to be that which a man of virtue may feel; and he may therefore seem to be inconsistent in his excluding the artist, who would create such enjoyment, from his model fold. Plato is not always consistent, and from his manner of dialogue it is often difficult to find out whether any given opinion is really his own or is only put forward to make play; but in this case the inconsistency may be explained by reference to another dialogue (*Philebus*), in which he has an argument to show that the gods feel neither pleasure nor pain, and that both are unseemly. The argument is, that because pleasure is a becoming—that is, a state not of being, but of going to be—it is unbecoming. He starts with the Cyrenaic definition of pleasure as a state not of being, but of change, and he argues that the gods are unchangeable, therefore not capable of pleasure. Pleasure which is a becoming, is unbecoming to their nature; and man seeking pleasure seeks that which is unseemly and ungodlike. Think of this argument what we will, the very fact of its being urged against poetry in this way, brings into a very strong light the conviction of Plato as to the meaning of classical art. And what was Plato's, what was Aristotle's view of the object of art, we find consistently maintained in Greek literature while it preserved any vitality. We find it in Dionysius of Halicarnassus;[5] still later we find it in Plutarch.[6]

Although every school of criticism has maintained substantially the same doctrine, each has its own way of looking at it, and it is interesting to note how from time to time the expression of the doctrine varies. In the Greek mind the question that most frequently arose in connection with the pleasure of art was this, Is it a

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1 See John Kemble's translation of *The Anglo-Saxon Poem of Beowulf* (London: Pickering, 1837), pp. 85–86.

2 Phemius of Ithaca (introduced in Book I) and Demodocus of Phaeacia (who reduces Ulysses to tears in Book VIII) are two bards depicted in Homer's *Odyssey*.

3 That is, Aristotle's *Poetics*.

4 Dallas introduces Plato's views on poetry on p. 31.

5 Historian of the first-century BCE when Greece was under Roman rule; Dionysius's ideas on poetry are found mainly in his *De Compositione Verborum* ('The Arrangement of Words').

6 Historian of the first-century CE when Greece was still under Roman rule; Plutarch's ideas on poetry are found mainly in *Moralia*.

true or a false pleasure? It is the question which every child asks when first the productions of art—a tale or a picture—come under his notice. But is it true? And so of the childlike man; the first movement of criticism within him concerns the reality of the source whence his pleasure is derived. The Greeks especially raised this question as to the truth of art. Is the pleasure which it affords, the pleasure of a truth or that of a lie? The question naturally arose from their critical point of view, which led them to look for the definition of art in its form. They defined art as an imitation, which is but a narrower name for fiction. It will be found, indeed, throughout the history of criticism, that so long as it started from the Greek point of view, followed the Greek method, and accepted the Greek definition of art, that this question as to the truth of fiction was a constant trouble. And when the Greek raised his doubt as to the truth of art, let it be remembered that he had in his mind something very different from what we should now be thinking of were we to question the truthfulness of this or that particular work of art. A work of art may be perfectly true in our sense of the word, that is to say, drawn to the life, but it cannot escape from the Greek charge that it is fiction.

The first suggestion of the Greek doubt, as to the reality of the foundation of pleasure in art, emerges in the shape of a story told about Solon, which does not consort well with dates, but which as a story that sprung up among the Greeks, has its meaning. It is said that when Thespis came to Athens with his strolling stage, and drew great crowds to his plays, Solon, then an old man, asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before the people, and striking his staff on the ground, growled out that if lies are allowed to enter into a nation's pleasures, they will, ere long, enter into its business. Plutarch, who relates this anecdote,[1] gives us in another of his works the saying of the sophist Gorgias in defence of what seemed to be the deceitfulness of the pleasure which art aims at. Gorgias said that tragedy is a cheat, in which he who does the cheat is more honest than he who does it not, and he who accepts the cheat is wiser than he who refuses it.[2] Many of the Greeks accepted the cheat so simply that, for example, they accused Euripides of impiety for putting impiety into the mouth of one of his dramatic personages. And not a few of their painters undertook to cheat with the utmost frankness. Apelles had the glory of painting a horse so that another horse neighed to the picture. Zeuxis suffered a grievous disappointment when, having painted a boy carrying grapes, the birds came to peck at the fruit but were not alarmed at the apparition of the boy. There are other stories of the same kind, as that of the painted curtain, and yet again that of the sculptor Pygmalion, who became enamoured of the feminine statue chiselled by himself.

Let it be observed that in the working of the Greek mind so far there is no marked peculiarity. In all young art there is the tendency to realism; in nearly all young criticism there is a difficulty of deciding between the truth of imitation and the truth of reality. When Bruce, the African traveller, gave the picture of a fish to one of the Moors, the latter saw in it not a painting but a reality, and, after a moment of surprise, asked: "If this fish at the last day should rise against you and say: Thou hast given me a body, but not a living soul,—what should you reply?"[3] In keeping with this tone of mind, the Saracens who built the Alhambra, and in it the fountain of the lions, deemed it advisable to inscribe on the basin of the fountain: "Oh thou who beholdest these lions, fear not. Life is wanting to enable them to show their fury."[4] In Italian art, not only in its earlier stages, but even in its period of perfect development, we find the same phenomenon. I might quote whole pages from Vasari to show how an artist and a critic of the Cinque Cento thought of art. He says that one of Raphael's Madonnas seems in the head, the hands, and the feet to be of living flesh rather than a thing of colour. He says that the instruments, in a picture of St. Cecilia, lie scattered around her, and do not seem to be painted, but to be the real objects. He says of Raphael's pictures generally that they are scarcely to be called pictures, but rather the reality, for the flesh trembles, the breathing is visible, the pulses beat, and life is in its utmost force through all his works.[5]

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1 *Plutarch's Lives* includes his biography of Solon, the Athenian statesman of the sixth century BCE; Dallas had reviewed A.H. Clough's revised edition of Dryden's translation in *The Times* (12 December 1859).

2 Plutarch's citation of the saying of Gorgias, the fourth-century Sophist, is found in his *De Gloria Atheniensium*.

3 This anecdote concerning James Bruce is reported in *Bruce's Travels and Adventures in Abyssinia*, ed. J. Morison Clingan (Edinburgh: Black, 1860), pp. 340–41.

4 The words are reported in this form in, for example, Samuel Phillips, *Guide to the Crystal Palace and Park* (London: Crystal Palace Library, 1854), p. 58–59.

5 The Italian Renaissance painter Giorgio Vasari (1511–74), author of *Lives of the Most Excellent Painters* (1568).

In Italian art also it may be well to note a tendency to confound fact and fiction, which may explain something of the same tendency as it showed itself among the Greeks. Let me ask—What is the meaning of the two Dominicans who are introduced kneeling in the picture of the Transfiguration? Many another picture might be mentioned in which a similar treatment is adopted, and especially by the painters before Raphael, as Dominic Ghirlandajo, and men of that stamp. But everybody knows the crowning work of Raphael, and that, therefore, may serve best for an illustration. What are we to make of the two Dominicans? If, instead of the two bald-pated, black-robed monks, the artist had placed on the Mount of Transfiguration a couple of wild bulls feeding or fighting, they would puzzle one less than his two monks. Why is their monastic garb intruded among the majestic foldings of celestial draperies? The Saviour went up to the mount with Peter, James, and John, alone; he was transfigured before them; he appeared in company with Moses and Elias; he charged the disciples that they should tell it unto none till the Son of Man were risen from the dead. And yet Raphael introduces on the scene two modern monks to share the vision! Not only is the Gospel narrative thus violated; there is a still stranger anomaly. The three disciples are lying down, blinded with the light and bewildered in their minds. The Dominicans are kneeling upright and looking on. Raphael has deliberately introduced into his picture—the spectator. He has torn aside the veil which separates art from nature—the ideal from the real; and we, even we, the living men and the real world, are absorbed into the picture and become part of it, so that if that be indeed a picture and a dream, then are we also pictures and dreams; and if we are indeed certainties and realities, then also is that wondrous scene a certainty and a reality.[1] The old Geronimite in the Escurial said to Wilkie, as he stood in the Refectory gazing on Titian's picture of the Last Supper: "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another. More than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged. I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but the shadows."[2] And that is the mood of mind which the introduction into a picture of the modern spectator in modern costume is calculated to awaken. The Italians, when, on the canvas of Ghirlandajo, they looked on the well-known figures of Ginevra di Benci and her maidens, as attendants in an interview between Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary, found themselves projected into the picture and made a part of it.[3]

Now, this method of confounding fact and fiction, in order that fiction may appear to rise to the assurance of fact, was not peculiarly Italian, but existed in full force among the Greeks. It other forms was an essential feature of their drama. The most marked characteristic of the Greek drama is the presence of the chorus. The chorus are always present,—watching events, talking to the actors, talking to the audience, talking to themselves,—all through the play, indeed, pouring forth a continual stream of musical chatter. And what are the chorus? The only intelligible explanation which has been given is that they represent the spectator. The spectator is introduced into the play and made to take part in it. What the Greeks thus did artistically on their stage, we moderns have also sometimes done inartistically and unintentionally, but still to the same effect. We have had the audience seated on the stage, and sometimes, in the most ludicrous manner, taking part in the performance. †When Garrick was playing Lear in Dublin to the Cordelia of Mrs. Woffington, an Irish gentleman who was present actually advanced, put his arm round the lady's waist, and thus held her while she replied to the reproaches of the old king.[4] The stage in the last century was sometimes so beset with the audience, that Juliet has been seen, says Tate Wilkinson, lying all solitary in the tomb of the Capulets with a couple of hundred

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1 Describing the figures in the foreground of 'The Transfiguration', the final painting by Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483–1520), now held in the Pinacoteca Vaticana.

2 The incident is reported thus by Robert Southey in *The Doctor, etc.* (5 vols; London: Longmans & Green, 1834–38), III, pp. 235–36.

3 Describing the figures in the background of the 1491 panel painting entitled 'The Visitation', now held in the Louvre, by the Florentian painter Domenico Ghirlandaio (1448–94).

4 David Garrick (1717–79: *ODNB*) first performed King Lear to the Ophelia of Margaret Woffington (d. 1760: *ODNB*) at the Smock Alley theatre in Dublin in the summer of 1842. See John Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants: Annals of the English Stage* (2 vols; London: W. Allen,1864), II, p. 234: 'In Dublin, there was often more annoyance than what resulted from mere crowding. Garrick was once playing Lear there, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Woffington, when one Irish gentleman, who was present, actually advanced, put his arm round Cordelia's waist, and thus held her, while she answered with loving words to her father's reproaches.' Dallas had reviewed the book in *The Times* in 1864.

of the audience about her.[1] We should now contemplate such a practice with horror, as utterly destructive of stage illusion; and yet we must remember that it had its illusive aspect also, by confounding the dream that appeared on the stage with the familiar realities of life.[o]

From all this, however, it follows that if the Greeks made a confusion between fact and fiction, art and nature, they were not peculiar in so doing. What is peculiar to them is this, that they gave a critical character to their doubt as to the limits of truth in art. It was fairly reasoned. If it showed itself sometimes as a childish superstition, sometimes as the mere blindness of a prosaic temper, and sometimes as an enjoyment of silly illusions, it also at times bore a higher character and rose to the level of criticism. The Greeks were the first to raise this subject of the truth of art into an important critical question which they transmitted to after times.

This is not the place to enter into a discussion whether they were right or wrong, and whether fiction be or be not falsehood. That discussion will be more fitly handled when we come to examine the ethics of art. Here we need only record and confront the fact that the objection to the pleasure of art which most frequently puzzled the Greek thinkers, was that it appeared to be mixed up with lies. Plato, as I have already said, exhausted his dialectical skill in showing the untruthfulness of art. He condemned it as an imitation at third hand. He meant, for example, that a flower in the field is but the shadow of an idea in the mind of God; that the idea in God's mind is the real thing; that the blossom in the meadow is but a poor image of it; and that when a painter gives us a copy of that copy, the picture stands third from the divine original, and is, therefore, a wretched falsehood. Plato's statement as to the truth of art is thus grounded on his theory of ideas, and when that theory goes, one would imagine that the statement should go also. It is a curious proof of the vitality of strong assertion, that his opinion (but it would be more correct to say the opinion to which he gave currency) abides with all the force which his name can give to it, while the theory of ideas from which it sprung and derived plausibility, has long since gone to the limbo. It is incredible that mankind should find enduring pleasure in a lie. There cannot be a more monstrous libel against the human race than to say that in the artistic search for pleasure, we have reality and all that is most gracious in it to choose from; that we look from earth to heaven and try all ways which the infinite beneficence of nature has provided; that nevertheless we set our joy on a system of lies; and that so far the masterpieces of art are but tokens of a fallen nature, the signs of sickness and the harbinger of doom.

As Plato took one side of the question, Aristotle took the other, and in the writings of the latter we have the final conclusion and the abiding belief of the Greek mind upon this subject of the truth of art. The view which he took was concentrated in the saying that poetry is more philosophical than history, because it looks more to general and less to particular facts. We should now express the same thing in the statement that whereas history is fact, poetry is truth. Aristotle does not set himself formally to answer Plato, but throughout his writings we find him solving Plato's riddles, undoing Plato's arguments, and rebutting Plato's objections. Many of his most famous sayings are got by recoil from Plato. Thus his masterly definition of tragedy, which has never been improved upon, and which generation after generation of critics have been content to repeat like a text of Scripture, is a rebound from Plato. And the same is to be said very nearly of Aristotle's doctrine concerning the truth of art. It is so clear and so complete that it has become a common-place of criticism. It asserted for the Greeks, in the distinctest terms, the truthfulness of art; it showed wherein that truthfulness consists; and, as far as criticism was concerned, it at once and for ever disposed of the notion that art is a lie. Greeks like Gorgias could see vaguely that if art be a cheat, it may, nevertheless, be justifiable, as we should justify a feint or other stratagem in war. It was reserved for Aristotle to put the defence of art on the right ground—to deny that it is a cheat at all—and to claim for it a truthfulness deeper than that of history.

This, then, is one of the earliest lessons which the student of art has to learn. The first lesson of all is that art is for pleasure; the second is that the pleasure of art stands in no sort of opposition to truth. We in England have especial reason to bear this in mind, for we are most familiar with the doctrine that art is for pleasure, as it has been put by Coleridge; and it is not unlikely that some of the repugnance which the doctrine

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[1] The anecdote is also found in Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants*, II, p. 236, citing the English actor-manager Tate Wilkinson (1739–1803: *ODNB*): 'As for Mrs. Cibber, Wilkinson had seen her as Juliet, lying on an old couch, in the tomb of the Capulets, all solitary, with a couple of hundred of the audience surrounding her. This occurred only on benefit nights, but even Garrick was unable to abolish it altogether.'

meets in minds of a certain order may be due to his ragged analysis and awkward statement. He rather prided himself on his anatomy of thought and expression, but he hardly ever made a clean dissection. Mark what he says in this case. He says that the true opposite of poetry is not prose, but science, and that whereas it is the proper and immediate object of science to discover truth, it is the proper and immediate object of poetry to communicate pleasure.[1] This is not right. Coleridge has defined science by reference to the external object with which it is engaged; but he has defined poetry by reference to the mental state which it produces. There is no comparison between the two. If he is to run the contrast fairly, he ought to deal with both alike, and to state either what is the outward object pursued by each, or what is the inward state produced by each. He would then find that, so far as the subject matter is concerned, there is no essential difference between poetry and science, it being false to say that the one possesses more of truth than the other; and he would define the difference between the two by the mental states which they severally produce—the immediate object of science being science or knowledge, while that of poetry is pleasure. To say that the object of art is pleasure in contrast to knowledge, is quite different from saying that it is pleasure in contrast to truth. Science gives us truth without reference to pleasure, but immediately and chiefly for the sake of knowledge; poetry gives us truth without reference to knowledge, but immediately and mainly for the sake of pleasure. By thus getting rid of the contrast between truth and pleasure, which Coleridge has unguardedly allowed, a difficulty is smoothed away from the doctrine that the end of art is pleasure, and that of criticism the analysis of pleasure. His statement has an air of extraordinary precision about it that might wile the unwary into a ditch. All his precision goes to misrepresent the pure Greek doctrine.

II. From Greece we pass over into Italy, as the stepping-stone to modern Europe; and it matters not whether we speak of old pagan Italy, whose critical faith was most brightly expressed in the crisp verses of Horace; or of christianised Italy, which at the revival of letters stood forward as the earliest school both of art and of criticism in modern Europe. Everybody will remember how Horace describes a poem as fashioned for pleasure, and failing thereof, as a thing of nought, that belies itself, like music that jars on the ear, like a scent that is noisome, like Sardinian honey bitter with the taste of poppy.[2] Among the great critics of the moderns, Cæsar Scaliger stands first in point of time, and he takes the same view as the old Greek philosophers. After denying the Aristotelian doctrine of imitation as the one method of art, he says that poetry is a delightful discipline by which the heart is educated through right reason to happiness—happiness being with him another name for perfect action.[3] Next to Scaliger stands another Italian critic, Castelvetro, who wrote a commentary on Aristotle's *Poetics*, in which he fearlessly opposed the master, when he thought it right to do so.[4] He, too, saw in enjoyment the end of poetry, and maintained the doctrine so uncompromisingly, that some of the French critics long afterwards took him to task for it. But Scaliger and Castelvetro were a sort of antiquarians, and might be said to lean too much towards ancient literature. Tasso was more distinctly a modern, and has left us, with his poems, a number of critical discourses. In these he states unflinchingly that delight is the immediate end of poetry,[5] and the whole of the Italian school of criticism goes with him. The doctrine is firmly stated in Vida's famous poem.[6]

It is less interesting, however, to know that the Italians, as well as the old Romans, maintained the universal doctrine concerning art than to ascertain with what limitations they maintained it. Here we come to another great lesson. If the first of all lessons in art is that art is for pleasure, and the second is that this pleasure has nothing to do with falsehood, the third is that art is not to be considered as in any sense opposed

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1 See *The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, II, p. 7: 'Poetry is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement, or communication, of truth; the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure.'

2 In the Latin poet Horace's *Ars Poetica*, lines 372–78.

3 In Scaliger's *De Subtilitate.*

4 *Poetica d'Aristotele Vulgarizzata e Sposta* ('The Poetics of Aristotle, Translated with a Commentary'), by Lodovico Castelvetro (1505–56).

5 Referring particularly to Tasso's *Discorsi del Poema Eroica* ('Discourses on the Heroic Poem', 1594).

6 That is, Vida's *De Arte Poetica*.

to utility. The ancient Romans and the modern Italians were never much troubled with what vexed the too speculative Greeks—the seeming untruthfulness of art pleasure; their more practical genius brooded over its seeming carelessness of profit. Scaliger describes the Italians of his day as bent on gain; and in most of their statements of the end of art they take heed to link together the two ideas of pleasure and profit; pleasure taking the precedence, no doubt; but pleasure always with profit. In the Latin language, indeed, the verb to please or delight signifies at the same time to help or be of use, and the two ideas became inseparable in all criticism traced back to Rome. See how sturdily Horace insists upon the twin thoughts:

> Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ,
> Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.[1]

And again, how in one of his neatest and best-known phrases, he steadily keeps in view the need of mingling wisdom with pleasure:

> Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.[2]

Scaliger among the moderns faithfully reflects this Roman view, and never refers to the pleasure for which and in which art lives, without limiting the idea of pleasure by associating it with moral discipline and gain. Castelvetro leant more to the Greek view, and put all thought of profit as connected with art in a secondary position. Tasso, however, perfectly caught the spirit of the Latin doctrine; and as he puzzled over the Horatian line in which poets are said to set their hearts either on doing good, or on giving pleasure, he asked himself whether it is possible that art should have two ends, the one of pleasure, and the other of profit? He came to the conclusion that art can have only one end in view—pleasure; but that this pleasure must be profitable. The strain of criticism thus originated flows through all modern literature that owns to Italian influence. In one form or another, we come upon it in Spanish, in French, in German writers; and we find it very rife in England during those Elizabethan days when our literature was most open to Italian teaching. Philip Sidney, for example, says that the end of poesy is to teach and delight; while in another passage he adds that to delight "is all the goodfellow poet seems to promise."[3]

In these Horatian, in these Italian maxims, the true wheat has to be threshed from a great deal of straw, and winnowed from a good deal of chaff. Deep at the root of them lies the conviction which takes possession of every thoughtful mind, that nothing in this world exists for itself, can in the long run be an end to itself, can have an ultimate end in its own good pleasure. In pursuing this line of thought, however, a man soon finds that he is apt to argue in a circle—such a circle as one of our subtlest poets suggests in saying—

> Not well he deems who deems the rose
> Is for the roseberry, nor knows
> The roseberry is for the rose.[4]

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1 Lines 333–34 from *De Arte Poetica*, meaning: 'Poets wish either to teach or to please, or to speak of what in life is at the same time pleasing and beneficial'.

2 Lines 343–44 from the same poem, meaning: 'He who combines the useful and the sweet wins the approval of all, at the same time delighting and instructing his readers.'

3 See 'The Defense of Poetry', *The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. William Gray (Oxford: Talboys, 1829), pp. 1–66; p. 29.

4 From 'A Shower in War-Time' by Sydney Dobell (1824–74: *ODNB*), a poet of the so-called 'Spasmodic School', and Dallas's fellow contributor to the *Edinburgh Guardian* in the mid-1850s. The poem was first published in 1856 in Dobell's collection, *England in Time of War*.

So, therefore, when we hear men like Victor Hugo crying aloud in our day that the end of art is not art, but the cause of humanity,[1] we can only answer that there may be a sense in which this is correct enough, as there is also a sense in which science may be said to exist not for itself, but for human advancement; still that we are now talking of immediate ends, and that as the end of science is science, even if we are wholly ignorant of the practical use to which it may hereafter be turned, so the end of art is its own good pleasure, even if we fail to see the direct profit which this pleasure may bring. And thus the laureate sings—

> So, lady Flora, take my lay,
> And if you find no moral there,
> Go, look in any glass and say,
> What moral is in being fair?
> Oh, to what uses shall we put
> The wildweed flower that simply blows?
> And is there any moral shut
> Within the bosom of the rose?[2]

Again, there is a core of truth in the Horatian maxim that art should be profitable as well as pleasing,[3] since it always holds that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, that enduring pleasure comes only out of healthful action, and that amusement as mere amusement is in its own place good, if it be but innocent. There is profit in art as there is gain in godliness, and policy in an honest life. But we are not to pursue art for profit, nor godliness for gain, nor honesty because it is politic. There are minds, however, so constituted that nothing seems to be profitable to them, except it comes in the form either of knowledge or of direct utility. Those of a didactic turn are fond of dwelling on the idea of poet and artist, to which Bacon refers when he points out that the Greek minstrels were the chief doctors of religion;[4] to which Thomas Occleve bore witness when he saluted Chaucer—"O universal fadre of science;"[5] which Sir Thomas Elyot entertained when he said that poetry was the first philosophy;[6] which Puttenham had in view when he devoted one of his chapters to showing that the poets were not only the first philosophers of the world, but also the first historiographers, orators, and musicians;[7] which Sir John Harington contemplated when he described poetry as "the very first nurse and ancient grandmother of all learning;"[8] which La Mesnardière stuck to when he discovered that Virgil was useful as a teacher of farming, Theocritus for his lessons of economy, and Homer for the knowledge which he displays of wellnigh every handicraft.[9] "Sonate, que me veux tu?" cried Fontenelle, as he heard a symphony, and thought of those who see a deep meaning and a useful purpose in all works of art;[10] but he might have found enthusiasts to answer him, and to show him philosophy in a jig, theology in a fugue, like that sage who discovered the seven days of creation in the seven notes of music. Divines opposed to dancing, from Saint Ambrose to the Rev. John Northbrooke, have yet had much to say in favour of what they call spiritual dancing,

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1 Perhaps Dallas had in mind Hugo's *Les Misérables* (1862), where the Preface proclaimed, 'so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless'.

2 Citing a stanza from the 'Moral' of Tennyson's 'The Day-Dream' in *English Idyls, and Other Poems* (1842).

3 Referring to the classical Latin poet Horace's *Ars Poetica*, line 333: 'Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetae' (The aim of the poets is to instruct as well as delight').

4 In Francis Bacon's essay 'Of the Unity of Religion'.

5 In Occleve's 1411 poem 'De Regimine Principum'.

6 From *The Book Named The Governor* (1531), Ch. XII, by Thomas Elyot (1490–1546: *ODNB*).

7 In *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589), Ch. III, by George Puttenham (1529–90/91: *ODNB*).

8 In Harington's 'A Briefe Apologie of Poetrie', prefacing his translation of *Orlando Furioso* (1591).

9 Presumably in *La Poétique* (5 vols; Paris: Antoine de Sommaville, 1639–40), by Hippolyte Jules Pilet de La Mesnardière (1610–63), of which Dallas had a personal copy (see the authorial note on p. 57).

10 Apocryphal quotation from Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle (1657–1757), cited by Rousseau in his *Encyclopedia* article on the Sonata.

such as that of King David;[1] Sir Thomas Elyot discovered all the cardinal virtues in the various figures of a dance;[2] and the dancing-master Noverre treated of his steps as a part of philosophy.[3] These are, of course, vanities on which it is needless to comment. Nor need we waste time on those who apply to art the utilitarian test. The inhabitants of Yarmouth in 1650 begged that Parliament would grant them the lead and other materials "of that vast and altogether useless cathedral in Norwich"[4] towards the building of a workhouse and the repairing of their piers. Thomas Heywood, who has been described as a sort of prose Shakespeare, gave a rather prosaic proof of the utility of the drama from the effect produced by a play acted on the coast of Cornwall. The Spaniards were landing "at a place called Perin," with intent to take the town, when hearing the drums and trumpets of a battle on the stage, they took fright and fled to their boats.[5] When men condescend to talk of the utility and profit of art in this sense, one is reminded of those religions which gave their followers first the pleasure of worshipping the god, and then the advantage of eating him:

> The Egyptian rites the Jebusites embraced,
> When gods were recommended by the taste;
> Such savoury deities must needs be good
> As served at once for worship and for food.[6]

Once more, pleasure is an indefinite term which is so often connected in our minds with forbidden gratifications, that it be necessary, not in logic, but in practice, to fence it from misapprehension. When we sound the praises of love, it is taken for granted that we mean pure, not unhallowed, passion; when we vaunt the excellence of knowledge, it is understood that we are referring to knowledge which is neither vile nor vain; but pleasure—people are so frightened at pleasure that when we speak of it as the proper end of art, it has to be explained that we are thinking of pleasure which is not improper, and it has to be shown that if art, in the pleasure which it yields, fail to satisfy the moral sense of a people, it is doomed. It may amuse for a little, but it has within itself a worm that gnaws its life out. Be the pleasure however good or bad, lofty or mean, there are some who object to it as such. We have seen how Plato could not away with pleasure, because the gods, whose nature is unchangeable, have no experience of it. Mr. Ruskin is the modern critic who has the strongest objection to pleasure as the end of art. In a lecture delivered at Cambridge he said that all the arts of life end only in death, and all the gifts of man issue only in dishonour, "when they are pursued or possessed in the sense of pleasure only."[7] Since no one thinks of pleasure as the only profitable end of art, it may be supposed that his objection to the doctrine maintained in this chapter is not so strong as it appears to be. In another passage, however, he states his view more distinctly. "This, then, is the great enigma of art history: you must not follow art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure."[8] It must be admitted that there is some reason for this objection. Mr. Ruskin has here, in fact, touched on one of the most curious laws of pleasure. It will be found that when we begin to talk of pleasure, at once we fall into seeming inconsistencies and contradictions. It is only by a concession to the exigencies of language that we can speak of pleasure as obtained from any conscious seeking. Not to forestall what has to be said of pleasure in the proper place, it may be enough here to illustrate the present difficulty about it by quoting what Lord Chesterfield says of wit. "If you have real wit," he says, "it will flow spontaneously, and you need not aim at it; for in that case the rule of the

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1 Referring to 'On Repentance' by Aurelius Ambrosius, the fourth-century Bishop of Milan, and *Spiritus est Vicarius Christi in Terra* (1579), a treatise condemning gaming, dancing and theatrical performances, by the clergyman John Northbrooke (d. 1589).

2 See Elyot, *The Governor*, Chs XIX–XXII.

3 See *Letters on Dancing and Ballets* (1760) by Jean-Georges Noverre (1727–1809).

4 Dallas may have encountered the anecdote in William Sidney Gibson's 'Church Bells' in *Lectures and Essays on Various Subjects* (London: Longmans, 1858), pp. 133–71; pp. 144–45; originally published in the *Quarterly Review* of September 1854.

5 The story is reported in Heywood's *An Apology for Actors* of 1612.

6 Citing two couplets from John Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681).

7 'Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art (29 October 1858)', Library edition, Vol. XVI, pp. 175–201; pp. 196–97.

8 *Ibid.*, p. 197. The two quoted passages appear consecutively.

Gospel is reversed, and it shall prove, seek and ye shall not find."[1] So pleasure is spontaneous, and comes not of any conscious seeking. But there is such a thing as unconscious seeking; and all great art has in it so little of wary purpose that it does not even pursue pleasure with a perfect and sustained consciousness. If you strive after wit, as Lord Chesterfield says, you will never be witty; and if you hunt after pleasure, as Mr. Ruskin says, you will fail of joy. And yet, after his kind, with what may be called an under-consciousness, the man of wit intends wit, the man of art intends pleasure, and both attain their ends. Mr. Ruskin himself has defined art as the expression of man's delight in the works of God.[2] Why is delight expressed except for delight? There is not only no objection to saying that art is the expression of delight, but also the statement of that fact is essential to the true conception of art. It is, however, an advance upon the Italian doctrine of pleasure, which will more properly be handled in the sequel, when in the course of travel we come to Germany.

III. Next in order after the Greek and Italian schools of criticism comes the Spanish, which took its cue mainly from the Italian, and originated little that can be accepted for new. That it should adopt the universal doctrine of criticism, and represent art as made for pleasure, is but natural. Montesquieu put forth a wicked epigram, that the only good book of the Spaniards is that which exposes the absurdity of all the rest.[3] It is unfair, however, because a book like *Don Quixote* is never quite solitary in its excellence; and though the Spaniards have the name of being echoes in art and timid in criticism; though they were fettered by the Inquisition, and got such men among them as Cervantes and Lope de Vega to hug their chains as if they were the jewelled collars and the embroidered garters of some splendid order of chivalry—bound down and ground down, they showed the native force of genius in masterpieces of art which, for their kind, have never been surpassed, and in touches of criticism that still hold good.

Now, the Arragonese and Castilian poets, at a very early period, adopted the Provençal conception of poetry as the Gay Science. And not only was that conception of poetry entertained by the Spanish races at a time when they were light of heart, and spoke of their own lightheartedness as an acknowledged fact; they kept it when, to all the world, and to themselves, they grew sombre, grave and grandiose. A Spanish Jew of the fifteenth century, even if he were a converted one, is not the sort of person whom one would select as the type of joyousness, and the expounder of the gay art. Juan de Baena, a baptized Jew, secretary and accountant to King John II. and a poet of some mark, published a famous Cancionero, or collection of the poets, in the preface to which he has never enough to say of the delightfulness and charm of poetry. He mingles this view, it is true, with some stiff notions, as that the poet who can produce so much pleasure must be high-born, and must be inspired of God, but his idea throughout is, that the art is for pleasure.[4] Other Spanish critics follow in the same track, as Luzan, who, however, takes most of his ideas on criticism from the Italians. He refers at considerable length to the Italian discussion as to the end of poetry—is it pleasure? is it profit? is it both? and if both, how can any art have two ends of co-ordinate value? Like the Italians, he came to the conclusion that the two ends must be identified—that the pleasure must profit, and that the profit must please.[5]

But the Spaniards had their own point of view just as the Greeks and the Italians had theirs. The Greeks raised a question as to the truth of the pleasure created by art; the Italians raised a question as to its profitableness; and these two inquiries practically exhausted all discussion as to the morality of poetry and art. The Spaniards raised another question, which is more purely a critical one. Art is for pleasure, but whose pleasure? Not that this question had been wholly overlooked by the Italians. On the contrary, some of the French critics, that in the days of the Fronde and of the Grand Monarch buzzed about the Hôtel Rambouillet, were wild and withering in the sarcasms which they poured on the poor old Italian, Castelvetro, for venturing to

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1 Citing the Earl of Chesterfield's letter to his godson dated 18 December 1765.

2 See p. 28.

3 In *Lettres Persanes* (1721; 'Persian Letters'), #78, by Charles Louis de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu (1689–1755): 'Le seul de leurs livres qui soit bon, est celui qui a fait voir le ridicule de tous les autres.'

4 Referring to the Castilian poet Juan Alfonso de Baena (d. 1435), best known for compiling the anthology known as *El Cancionero de Baena*.

5 Referring to Ignacio de Luzán Claramunt de Suelves y Gurrea (1702–54), critic and poet, author of *La Poética* (1737).

assert that poetry is to delight and solace the multitude. But the Spaniards, having a noble ballad literature that lived amongst the people, and was thoroughly appreciated by them, were prepared to maintain a similar doctrine more strenuously—a doctrine the very opposite of that which would describe art as caviare to the general, and confine the enjoyment of it to the fit and few.[1]

Gonzalo de Berceo is the first known of Spanish poets. There were poets before him, but their works are anonymous. He lived in the thirteenth century, and he begins one of his tales in this characteristic manner:—"In the name of the Father, who made all things, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, son of the glorious Virgin, and of the Holy Spirit, who is equal with them, I intend to tell a story of a holy confessor. I intend to tell a story in the plain Romance in which the common man is wont to talk with his neighbour; for I am not so learned as to use the other Latin. It will be well worth, as I think, a cup of good wine."[2] What the unlearned Gonzalo thus simply expressed, Cervantes and Lope de Vega, some three centuries later, uttered with more critical precision. The view of Cervantes will be found in *Don Quixote* in those two chapters in which the canon and the priest discourse together on the tales of chivalry, and on fiction generally. They complain that the tales of chivalry, intended to give pleasure, have an evil effect in ministering to bad taste. But the canon, who has no mean opinion of the approbation of the few as opposed to the many, tells us distinctly that the corruption of Spanish art, which, he laments, is not to be attributed to the bad taste of the common people, who delight in the meaner pleasures. "Do you not remember," he says, "that a few years since, three tragedies were produced which were universally admired, which delighted both the ignorant and the wise, both the vulgar and the refined; and that by those three pieces the players gained more than by thirty of the best which have since been represented." His hearer admits the fact. "Pray, then, recollect," returns the canon, "that they were thus successful, though they conformed to the rules of high art; and, therefore, it cannot be said that the blame of pursuing low art is to be ascribed to the lowness of the vulgar taste."[3]

Lope de Vega, however, was still bolder than Cervantes. It will be observed that, according to Cervantes, you must follow the recognised rules of high art, and you may be quite sure that they will please the people; but in the chapter from which I am quoting (the 48th), while he bestows the highest praise on Lope de Vega, he expresses a regret, that, in order to please the public he had yielded to the demands of a depraved taste, and had swerved from the rules of art. Lope's conception of his duty is the converse of this, and is quite logical. "Tales have the same rules with dramas, the purpose of whose authors is to content and please the public, though the rules of art may be strangled thereby."[4] Terence propounded a like doctrine in the prologues of two of his plays. In the prologue to the *Andria* he reminds his audience that when the poet first took to writing he believed that his only business was to please the people; and in that to the *Eunuch*, he says, that if there be any one who strives to please as many, and to offend as few good men as possible, it is the poet.[5] But Terence was merely a comedian, and Lope de Vega is, to the best of my knowledge, the first serious writer who stated ruthlessly the doctrine of pleasure with all its logical consequences. He has been well backed, however, both by comic and serious writers. Molière, when his *School for Wives* was attacked, and proved to be against the rules, wrote a little piece in defence of it in which he entrusts his cause to the logic of a certain Durante. One great point in Durante's pleading is expressed as follows:—"I should like much to know whether the grand rule of all rules be not to please, and whether a stage piece that has gained this end has not taken the right way. Will you

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1 The phrase 'caviare to the general' (the words of the protagonist in *Hamlet*, II, ii, with a meaning similar to the phrase 'pearls before swine') is used by Dallas to represent the elitist conception of art, as discussed in the following section (pp. 56–57).

2 Gonzalo de Berceo's 'Life of San Domingo de Silos' is cited in these words in George Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (3 vols; London: Murray, 1849), I, pp. 27–28.

3 Referring to Chapters 47–48 of the novel by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616); the translation cannot be identified and may perhaps be Dallas's own.

4 Dallas again appears to quote the words of Lope de Vega y Carpio (1562–1635) from Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, II, p. 226.

5 Referring to two of the six extant plays by the Latin poet of the second century BCE, Publius Terentius Afer (usually referred to simply as 'Terence').

have it that the public are astray, and are not fit to judge of their own pleasure?"[1] In English we have expressed the same view in the well-known couplet of Johnson's—

> The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
> And those who live to please, must please to live.[2]

There is a difficult question here involved. It is indeed the first difficult question that meets the critic. Tasso played with it a little.[3] He saw that the end of poetry is to please; he saw also that to the Italians the romances of Ariosto and other poets gave greater pleasure than the epics of Homer; and putting these two facts together, he saw an inference before him, from which he shrank back in dismay. It was left for the French critics to sound the abysses of such an inference, and to turn it to account as a critical warning. In the meantime the Spanish writers scarcely see the difficulty that lies ahead, and are content to insist on the wisdom of pleasing the multitude. Cervantes says, Please the multitude, but you must please them by rule. Lope de Vega says, Please the multitude even if you defy the rules.

The view thus set forth invites misapprehension, but it has not a little to say for itself. †Never have words of such innocent meaning had such baneful effects upon literature as those in which (if I may be allowed to anticipate) Milton expressed his hope that he would fit audience find though few.[4] It might be all well for Milton who had fallen, as he himself expresses it, on evil days and evil tongues, who lived almost as an outcast from society, who saw around him universal irreligion and unblushing licence, to hint a fear that he might not command an audience attuned to his sacred theme, and ready to soar with him to heavenly heights; but his example will not justify those who would wrest his words into a defence of narrow art—of art that fit audience finds though few, or, as we might otherwise phrase it, in an opposite sense, that fit welcome finds though small. If the effect of Milton's phrase were simply to soothe the feelings of the disappointed poets who write what nobody will read, it would be a pity to deprive them of such comfort; but the fact is, that poets of rare ability often in our bookish times brood over the same idea, content themselves with a small audience, adapt themselves to the requirements of a coterie, and in imagination make up for the scantiness of present recognition by the abundance of the future fame which they expect. It may be remembered that Wordsworth, in a celebrated preface, enters into elaborate antiquarian researches, to show that the neglect which he suffered from his contemporaries was only what a great poet might expect, and that the most palpable stamp of a great poem is its falling flat upon the world to be picked up and recognised only by the fit and few.[5]

Now, in art, the two seldom go together; the fit are not few, and the few are not fit.¶ The true judges of art are the much despised many—the crowd—and no critic is worth his salt who does not feel with the many. There are, no doubt, questions of criticism which only few can answer; but the enjoyment of art is for all; and just as in eloquence, the great orator is he who commands the people, so in poetry, so in art, the great poet, the great artist will command high and low alike. Great poetry was ever meant, and to the end of time must be adapted, not to the curious student, but for the multitude who read while they run—for the crowd in the street, for the boards of huge theatres, and for the choirs of vast cathedrals, for an army marching tumultuous to the battle, and for an assembled nation silent over the tomb of its mightiest. It is intended for a great audience, not for individual readers. So Homer sang to well greaved listeners from court to court; so Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote for the Athenian populace; so Pindar chanted for the mob that fluttered around the Olympian racecourse.

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[1] Durante's speech is found in Molière's 1662 comedy *L'École des Femmes* (*School for Wives*), V vi; the translation may well be Dallas's own.

[2] Citing Samuel Johnson's 'Prologue Spoken by Mr. Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, 1747', ll. 53–54.

[3] See p. 46.

[4] The phrase comes from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 7:30–31, and is also cited by Dallas in *Poetics*, p. 271, though in a different context.

[5] Referring to the 'Essay, Supplementary to the Preface' located at the end of the first volume of Wordsworth's *Poems* of 1815 (pp. 341–75).

The discovery of the alphabet and the invention of printing have wrought some changes. A read is different from a heard literature, but the change is not essential. In modern, as compared with ancient literature, we find Dante compelling the attention of every house in Italy, by describing its founders in hell fire; we find Tasso writing verses that are still sung by the gondoliers of Venice; we find Chaucer pitching his tale for the travellers who bustle through the yard of an inn; we find Shakespeare doing all in his power to fill the Globe Theatre; we find our own laureate sending forth a volume that sells by the myriad, by the myriad to be judged.[1] Few English critics have been more fastidious than Johnson, and yet what was his opinion as to the pleasure which Shakespeare created? "Let him who is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare," he says, "and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let him not stop at correction or explanation. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue, and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."[2] In a word, the highest pleasure which the drama can give is a pleasure within reach of the many, and belongs to them without the help or the wisdom of the learned few.

There is an aristocracy of taste to which such conclusions as these will be repugnant. And at first sight, indeed, it appears odd that an aristocratic people like the Spaniards should thus frankly accept a low-levelling democratic doctrine of taste—should regard the domain of letters as essentially a republic; while on the other hand, as we shall presently see, the French who are now known to us as the most democratic people in Europe, established the theory of art as caviare to the general. The truth is, that the French theory of art was established by the French noblesse and courtiers when the people were among the most downtrodden in Christendom, and had no rights that were respected; while again the Spanish idea of art arose among a race whose very peasantry had some ancestral pride, were, so to speak, but a lower rank of peers, and were divided by no impassable gulf from the haughtiest Don. Those who dislike the republican tinge of the Spanish view may see, at least, this much truth in it—that all great art is gregarious. The great artist is never as one crying solitary in the wilderness; he comes in a troop; he comes in constellations. He is surrounded by Paladins, that with him make the age illustrious. He belongs to his time, and his time produces many, who if not great as he, are yet like him. Nothing is more marked in history than the phenomenon of seasons of excellence and ages of renown. Witness the eras of Pericles, Augustus, the Medici, Elizabeth, and others. What means this clustering, this companionship of art, unless that essentially the inspiration which produces it is not individual but general, is common to the country and to the time, is a national possession? And how again can this be if the pleasure of art is not in the people, and the standard by which it is to be judged is not in their hearts? In one word, the pleasure of art is a popular pleasure.

IV. It would be too much, however, to say that the Spanish view of art is in itself complete. There is another side of the question to which justice must be done before we can have this theory of poetic pleasure well balanced. What the Spanish critics want in this respect, the French critics supply. The French, like other schools of criticism, had their own special views, but for the most part they held firmly to pleasure as in one form or another the end of art. Those who made any doubt about it, as Father Rapin, did so chiefly on the score of religion, which in their eyes made light of all earthly pleasure. Rapin allows delight to be the end of poetry, but he will not hear of it as the chief end, because by that phrase he understands—the public weal which all human arts ought to look to as their highest work. It is scarcely needful to say that here is but a mistake of terms. Father Rapin is thinking of ultimate ends, whereas those who dwell on pleasure as the chief end of art, have no thought but of its immediate object.[3] The strongest statement of what that object is, I have already given from

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[1] Probably referring to Tennyson's *Enoch Arden, Etc.* (1864), which, in his *Times* review of 17 August 1864, Dallas described as 'a little book which … goes off like a prairie on fire. Thousands on thousands of copies of it are now in circulation …' (p. 9a).

[2] From near the end of Samuel Johnson's 'Preface to His Edition of Shakespear's Plays' (1765), pp. lxix–lxx (one sentence omitted).

[3] Referring to the French Jesuit, René Rapin (1621–87), author of *Réflexions sur la Poétique d'Aristote* (1674).

one of Molière's plays.[1] If French critics did not commonly advance the doctrine of pleasure with like fearlessness of logic, still they accepted it freely. In the tempest of discussion which rose on the publication of Corneille's drama of the *Cid*, one of his defenders who professed to be but a simple burgess of Paris and churchwarden of his parish took his stand on this simple principle: "I have never read Aristotle, and I know not the rules of the theatre, but I weigh the merit of the pieces according to the pleasure which they give me."[2] La Motte said, without mincing, that poetry has no other end than to please, and La Harpe taking note of this, declares, "If he had said that to please is its chief end, I should have been entirely of his mind."[3] There is no limit to the quotations from French criticism which might be made in the same sense. It may be enough to summon Marmontel, who puts the case as follows: "L'intention immédiate du poète est de plaire et d'interesser en imitant."[4] All the critics have their little varieties of statement that go to limit the sort of pleasure which art seeks. One says that it is a pleasure excited by imitation, another that it is a pleasure which leads to profit; but one and all seize on the idea of pleasure as the purpose of art.

What is most peculiar to French criticism received its impulse from the revolution wrought in French literature at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is a revolution, the converse of that which overthrew French society towards the close of the eighteenth: and for that very reason, indeed, the two revolutions are intimately related. That which gave a new turn to French literature in the days of the earlier Bourbons, was led by the most brilliant bevy of bluestockings that ever lived, whose ways and works, whose very names are almost unknown in this country. How many Englishmen know who was Salmis, or Sarraïde or Sophie; who was the brilliant Arthenice; who the gracious Sophronie; who the charming Féliciane; who was Nidalie, or Stratonice, or Célie, or the rare Virginie; who can tell where was the palace of Rozelinde, and the bower of Zyrphée? Arthenice was the poetical name of Madame de Rambouillet,* whose residence, known as the palace of Rozelinde, with a certain famous hall in it, known as the blue room, and another as the bower of Zyrphée, was the chief haunt of those bright ladies, whom we should call bluestockings, and who under an Italian princess, Marie de Medici, and a Spanish one, Anne of Austria, introduced refinement into France.[5]

When, in 1610, Henry IV. died, and the child Louis XIII. began to reign, there was no want of greatness in the country. There was a superabundance of force in the French nation that showed itself in great soldiers, great statesmen, great thinkers. But taste was wholly wanting. Manners needed refinement and literature the regulation of taste. Of the grossness of French manners in those days it is difficult to give in few words an adequate idea. The most simple method of conveying an impression of it to English readers is to refer them to the earlier portion of the preceding century, of which they have some inkling through the not unknown writings of

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1 See p. 51.

2 Referring generally to 'la Querelle du Cid', that is, the public controversy concerning the classical conventions of drama aroused by the popularity of the staging in Paris of Pierre Corneille's tragicomedy *Le Cid* from the end of 1637, when, after a storm of pamphlets attacking and defending the play, the Académie Française, recently founded by Cardinal Richelieu, eventually censured the dramatist for flouting Aristotelian rules, including the generic distinction between tragedy and comedy, and the unities of times, place, and action. In particular, Dallas cites the 1637 pamphlet 'Le Jugement du Cid composé par un bourgeois de Paris, marguillier de sa paroisse', which supports Corneille and is now understood to be the work of Charles Sorel; the translation of the sentence *'Je n'ay jamais leu Aristote,* et ne sçay point les regles du theatre, mais je regle le merite des pieces selon le plaisir que j'y recoy' appears to be Dallas's own.

3 We have been unable to track down the source for Dallas's comments on the difference of opinion concerning the purpose of poetry between Jean-François de la Harpe (1739–1803) and Antoine Houdar de la Motte (1672–1731).

4 Citing the entry on 'Invention' in the 1777 *Encyclopédie: ou dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts, et des metiers* by the dramatist and critic Jean-François Marmontel (1723–99).

* **The names of the others run as follows: Salmis was Mademoiselle de Sully; Sarraïde and Sophie were Madame and Mademoiselle Scudery; Sophronie was Madame de Sevigné; Féliciane was Madame de la Fayette; Nidalie was Ninon de Lenclos; Stratonice was Madame Scarron; Célie was Madame de Choisy; and Virginie was Madame de Vilaine. Generally the names were so chosen that the initial of the fictitious should correspond with that of the real name.**

5 Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet (1588–1665) was a society hostess who exerted a significant influence on seventeenth-century French literature and culture; from around 1620 she resided at the restored Hôtel Pisani in central Paris, not far from the Louvre, which was afterwards renamed the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Key sources for Dallas in the following discussion of the influence of Rambouillet seems to have been: Antoine Baudeau de Somaize's *Le Dictionnaire des Precieuses* (2 vols; Paris: Jannet, 1856), with a Preface by Charles-Louis Livet; and Jules de la Mesnardiere, *La Poétique* (5 vols; Paris: Antoine de Sommaville, 1639).

Rabelais and of Margaret of Angoulême;[1] the one rector of Meudon, the other Queen of Navarre, and sister of Francis I. Priest and Queen wallowed in filth, and strange to say, they did not seem to know it. The more indecent writers of the English school are thoroughly conscious of their trespasses, and take good care to show that they regard superfluity of naughtiness as a sign of spirit. But the Queen of Navarre and the priest of Meudon indulged in their coarseness with such an air of simpleness, that the most outrageous disclosures, and the most hideous obscenity, seemed to come as a matter of course, and to be all perfectly right. Priest as he was, Rabelais had no self-reproach, and gets the credit of being a great moral thinker, at heart earnest and eager for reforms. As for the Queen of Navarre, she passed for a Lutheran, she delighted in the Bible, she loved to compose spiritual songs. Brantôme says that her heart was very much turned to God; and in token thereof she chose for her device a marigold, that ever turns to the sun.[2] If those who, like Rabelais, were great moral thinkers, and those who, like the Queen of Navarre, mayhap, turned their hearts to heavenly things, and certainly represented the highest society, were unutterably gross, and indeed bestial, in their plainspeaking, what are we to imagine of the lightheaded and the bad? It is enough to say, that when Henry IV. died, the French were, while abounding in all brilliance and force, the most vicious and worst behaved nation in Europe. Their language showed none of that rare taste for which it has since become renowned; it was loose in every sense—loose for the lack of grammar, loose for the lack of modesty.

But the nation, sound at heart, and rejoicing in its strength, was ripe for a reform, and reform came from Italy. To the Italians belong the credit of inspiring the French with taste in cookery, in manners, and in criticism. When Henry died, his widow, of the Florentine house of Medici, was left regent of the kingdom. It was under, though not through her, that the reform began. Strictly speaking, it can never be right to describe a social revolution as the work of one mind, but it may be safe to say that the reform of which we speak made its first appearance and had its head-quarters in the Hôtel, or as it was then written, the Hostel of Catherine de Vivonne, Marchioness of Rambouillet.

This lady, whose baptismal name was transformed by her admirers into Arthenice, by which she is best known in French literature, was the daughter of Jean de Vivonne, Marquis of Pisani, who held great place at the court of the Tuileries, and who, at the age of three-score and three, had married a Roman lady of illustrious birth, Giulia Savelli. Three years after their marriage, a daughter, Arthenice, that is, Catherine, was born at Rome, and there, for some time, brought up. When in her eighth year she came with her Italian mother to France, the Marquis of Pisani was tutor to a little boy of her own age, the son of the Prince of Condé. Catherine de Vivonne, carefully trained by her mother, took part in the games of this little prince, who was carefully trained by her father. So much strictness was observed in the education of these young people, that when the Prince, at the age of eight, ventured to kiss Mademoiselle de Vivonne, of the same age, the Marquis thrashed him for it soundly. When in her twelfth year the little lady espoused the Marquis of Rambouillet, she soon found that the manners and customs of the French court were too gross to be endured, and she chose to withdraw from it as much as possible. But she knew how to entertain brilliantly, and by degrees she drew her friends about her to the Hôtel Rambouillet. In a celebrated blue chamber there she held assemblies, into which princes and princesses of the blood were glad to be admitted, and which outshone in brilliancy of wit and refinement of manner, if not in wealth and in numbers, the great gatherings of the court.* To the blue chamber of the

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[1] Referring to: the French satirist François Rabelais (d. 1553), author of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (5 vols; 1532–64); and Marguerite d'Angoulême, also known as Marguerite d'Alençon (1492–1549), second wife of King Henry II of Navarre, author of *Miroir de L'âme Pécheresse* (1531; 'Mirror of the Sinful Soul').

[2] See 'Marguerite, Reyne de Navarre', in *Vie des Dames Illustres*, by Pierre de Bourdeille Brantôme (*c.* 1537–1614).

* **Les premiers visiteurs lettrés de l'hôtel de Rambouillet furent: Malherbe, Gombaud, Racan, dès l'origine; peu après Balzac, Chapelain, et Voiture, qui avoit assez de fortune pour figurer parmi la noblesse, et trop d'esprit, disoit M. de Chaudebonne, pour rester dans la bourgeoisie. Présenté à la Marquise, "réengendré par elle et M. de Chaudebonne," Voiture devint *l'âme du rond*. Il y trouva Vaugelas, puis le jeune éveque de Luçon, qui se plaisoit, dans les loisirs de son épiscopat, à y soutenir des thèses d'amour. Là encore brilloient la princesse de Conde, Mlle. de Scudéry, la marquise de Sablé; plus tard, la duchesse de Longueville, Mme. D'Adington, depuis comtesse de la Suze; la femme de Scudéry; Costar, si dévoué à Voiture, qui se moquoit de lui; Sarasin, Conrart, Mairet, Patru, Godeau, Pierre Corneille, Rotrou, Benserade, Saint-Evremont, Charleval, Ménage, La Rochefoucauld, Bossuet, Fléchier, et enfin, le galant marquis de la Salle, chansonnier accompli, improvisateur fécond, dont on a tant assombri l'image pour en faire l'austère duc de Montausier, et dont nous ne voyons**

Marchioness flocked a dainty troop of bluestockings, aiming at refinement—refinement of manner, refinement of taste, refinement of speech. The gold of society had to be cleared of its dross, and their society was to present in its pureness all that was precious in the metal. These purists accordingly came to be called Precious, and the refinements which they favoured Preciosity.

Very few Englishmen, and not many Frenchmen, ever think of the sayings and doings of those who haunted the blue chamber and the lodge of Zyrphée, in the Hôtel Rambouillet, as worthy of admiration. To talk of a Précieuse is to kindle their mirth. It is because they have in their minds the witty play in which Molière made his first great hit, and in which he exposed the follies, not of the Précieuses, but of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, who at the third, fourth, fifth hand, attempted an imitation, and achieved a burlesque of the true blues.[1] The true Précieuses were of the best blood, the highest breeding in France; the ridiculous ones whom Molière shot at were the city dames and the country hoydens, who aped the manners of the great, and who made themselves ridiculous, both by pretending to habits which were above their reach, and by a caricature of the habits which really existed in the upper ranks. It must be remembered that Molière came forth with his banter when Madame de Rambouillet was over seventy years of age, and when amid the sorrows and infirmities of her approaching end she was no longer able to hold her court in the blue chamber. She had done her work; noble ladies of the lesser houses followed in her wake, tried to imitate her, and passed on the desire of imitation to lower and lower ranks in the social scale, till burgesses and upstarts caught the infection, and limped in the footsteps of the great original. When Molière laughed at this limping gait, none more heartily applauded him than the fine old lady whose heart was with the dead; and all that bright society which used to gather to her call joined in singing his praises. His satire, however, was so pungent, so amusing, so directly levelled against a weakness of French taste, that whereas it professed only to strike at the absurdities of the upstarts, in the end it glanced off, and hit the true blues, so that whatever they failed in lives a jest, and all the silliness of low-bred imitation and mock-purity cleaves to their memory. What they actually achieved is little known, because it has passed into French literature, and become part and parcel of it. They made the French taste—that taste which still inherits the weakness derided by Molière. It is because that weakness is an essential part of the French taste that the satire which the comedian brought to bear on it is to this day relished as much as ever, and as special criticism never is relished two hundred years after the occasion which called it forth has passed away. The bluestockings of the Hôtel Rambouillet made the French taste, I repeat, so that thenceforward, until the Deluge of ’89 introduced a new order of things, the leading characteristic of French art and literature, and all things French, was Preciosity. The two greatest thinkers whom France has produced, Descartes and Pascal, were formed before the Precious had reached the height of their power; but one can trace in the refinement of their style some of the Precious influences that were, so to speak, in the air; and as for later writers, even when like Boileau, they made a show of resistance to the over-delicacies of the new school; or when, like Molière, they get the credit of entirely exploding it; or when, like Bossuet, they soar above mere tastefulness into grandeur; in one and all we can detect a certain purism, a touch as of the precisian which marks them as essentially Precious.

The moment we feel at home in the blue room of the Hôtel Rambouillet we get the clue to French art and criticism. It was here that the theory of the fit and few—the caviare theory of art[2]—first grew into importance, and became a power in criticism. Anyone who has but a smattering of French history will know of how small account up to the time of the great revolution were the people and all popular belongings. The people were nought; the aristocracy all in and it was but a matter of course that the new movement should go to establish an aristocracy of taste as distinct from, and infinitely superior to, popularity of taste. The more extreme of the French purists were aghast to find Boileau, notwithstanding his purism, speak of the belly of a pitcher;[3] and they were amazed that, without loss of dignity, Racine, himself a visitant of the blue room, could, in referring

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plus les traits, à tout âge, que sous le masque du Misanthrope.—From M. Livet’s Preface to the *Dictionnaire des Précieuses* of Somaize. [2 vols; Paris: Jannet, 1856; I, pp. ix–x]

1 Referring to Molière’s early one-act comedy *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (1659).

2 See the discussion on p. 53.

3 We have been unable to trace this reference in the writings of the French poet and critic Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux (1636–1711).

to Jezebel, make mention of the dogs that licked her blood.[1] What would they say to Homer with his lowly similes about peas and beans, and his homely picture of Achilles roasting a steak upon the fire? La Harpe and other critics of his school made it their chief accusation against Shakespeare that he sacrificed to the rabble. Certainly the French poets could not be charged with this fault. They showed so little regard for popular taste, that Madame de Stael passed this just judgment on them: "La poésie Française étant la plus classique de toutes les poésies modernes, elle est la seule qui ne soit pas répandue parmi le peuple."[2] It stands alone in this respect. It has nothing that can stand a comparison with the ballads of Spain, with those of England and Scotland, with the polished strains that are familiar to every Italian beggar, with the folksongs of Germany. It would be amusing to hear what a French critic, with all the blue and gold of Versailles in the chambers of his heart, would say to the master singers of Nuremberg and other chief towns of Almayne in the middle ages; to the honest cobblers that, like Hans Sachs, were powerful in honied words as well as in waxed threads; to the masons that built the lofty rhyme; to tailors that sang like swans while they plied the goose; to smiths that filed verses not less than iron tools; to barbers that carolled cheerily while as yet the music of Figaro slept far from its rise in the unborn brain of Mozart, and while as yet, indeed, music, in the modern sense of the word, had not even glimmered in the firmament of human thought. It is in a state of savage revolt against the ancient priggishness of French criticism that Victor Hugo now proclaims himself the admirer of genius, even when it stoops to folly and meanness. For me, he says, I admire all, be it beauty or blur, like a very brute, and it seems to me that our age—he ought to have added our nation—needed such an example of barbaric enthusiasm and utter childishness.[3]

Jules de la Mesnardière, physician, poet, and critic, was one of the most remarkable of the men of letters who danced attendance in the saloons of the Marchioness of Rambouillet. He published the earliest work of systematic criticism of the new school, a book called *La Poétique*, which is very scarce, and which, from a phrase of Bayle's, it would seem that even in his time it was difficult to get.* But La Mesnardière was a great man with the Précieuses, and what he has to say of the dominion of pleasure in art has the perfect tint of azure. I might quote others of that brilliant coterie who are better known; as Georges de Scudéry, whose sister's name has become proverbial for romances of the bluest blue, and who himself had among the assemblies of the elect no mean name as a poet and a critical authority. Scudery's statement of the precious doctrine of pleasure will be found in the preface to that grand epic bug—his poem of Alaric.[4] But La Mesnardière was before him, and stated the case in the more formal manner of a systematic treatise. It has been already intimated that La Mesnardière is one of those who insist very much on the uses of art, and never like to speak of its pleasure apart from profit. But beyond this, he maintains, what now more nearly touches our argument, that the pleasure which art aims at is never that of the many. He runs foul of Castelvetro for suggesting the contrary, and heaps terms of contempt on the rude, the low, the ignorant, the stupid mob—a many-headed monster, whom it is a farce to think of pleasing with the delicacies of art. No, he says, it is kings, and lords, and fine ladies, and philosophers, and men of learning that the artist is to please. Who but princes can get a lesson from the story of kings? who but ministers of state from the fall of rulers? What is Clytemnestra to the vulgar herd? Tragedy is of no good but to great souls—great by birth, by office, or by education. Art in a word is only for the Precious few, for fine ladies and gentlemen, for those who, whether literally or metaphorically, may be said to wear the blue riband.

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1 Referring to *Athalie* (1690), the final tragedy written by Jean-Baptiste *Racine* (1639–99) whose heroine is the daughter of Jezebel; the gory speech in question is that of Joad in the opening scene.

2 Citing from Chapter XI of *De L'Allemagne* (1813) by Anne Louise Germaine de Staël-Holstein (1766–1817), known generally as Madame de Staël.

3 Citing Victor Hugo in his *William Shakespeare* (trans. A. Baillot, 1864), particularly Chs II–III; there, in responding to criticism of the barbarity and folly of the English bard, Hugo writes: 'I admire everything like a fool. That is why I have written this book. To admire, to be an enthusiast,—it has struck me that it was right to give in our century this example of folly.'

* **It is not to be found in the British Museum, it is not mentioned in the first edition of Brunet, and I believe that only one copy exists in England besides my own.**

4 Citing the lengthy Preface to the epic poem, *Alaric; or, Rome Conquered* (1654) by Georges de Scudéry (1601–67).

If the views of the Precious school as represented by La Mesnardière seem to be expressed with rare absurdity, they nevertheless open some questions which are worth attending to, and which are not easily answered. After we have reached the point of critical analysis which the Spanish dramatists came to when they propounded a doctrine in art, the equivalent of that in politics which Bentham made so much of—the necessity of studying the greatest pleasure of the greatest number,[1] we are quickly thrown back upon an inevitable tendency of human nature to define and square the standard of pleasure. If pleasure is an enviable thing, it is also very envious—envious even of itself, and lives by comparison. Pleasure varies—it differs in different men, and in the same men at different times. Notwithstanding this diversity, which is well known, men are ever bent on finding something that will act as a sort of thermometer or joy-measure; and so the Spartan ruler decreed that no harp should have more than seven strings, the French critics cried aloud for a proper observance of the three unities, and purists in architecture stood out for the five orders. What is to be said in presence of such a fact as Tasso encountered in his critical analysis[2]—that the romances of Ariosto gave more pleasure to his countrymen than the epics of Homer and Virgil? Is Ariosto, therefore, the greater artist? Tasso very quickly settled that question for himself: it did not trouble him. But this was precisely the sort of question that troubled the French critics most, and which lay at the root of La Mesnardière's objection to consulting the pleasure of the commonalty. Your highly educated persons—your true blues—might be able to appreciate the classics, to get the full quantity of pleasure from them—a pleasure which need not shun comparison or competition with the pleasure afforded by the lower art of the moderns. But put the same comparison before the uneducated, and inevitably antique art will be sent to the right-about. They do not understand the ancients; they do understand the moderns. The former kindle no pleasure at all, or but a few faint sparks; the latter give a great blaze of pleasure. And it therefore appears that if art is to be measured by the amount of enjoyment thus evolved in rude minds, all our most approved critical judgments would be upset. So La Mesnardière held lustily to his point, that if pleasure be the aim of poetry and art, it must be the pleasure of those who wear the blue riband and are free of the blue chamber. He was easily able to satisfy himself, but had he pushed his inquiries further he would have found the same difficulty confronting him in another shape. In that shape the difficulty has so staggered another Frenchman, M. Victor Cousin, that he refuses to acknowledge in pleasure the immediate end of art.[3] He argues that if pleasure be the end of art, then the more or less of pleasure which an art affords should be the standard of its value, and that in such a case music with its ravishing strains should, in spite of its vagueness, stand at the head of the arts. But this, according to Cousin, lands us in an absurdity that reflects upon the soundness of the principle from which we set out.

Although we may not be able to adopt the conclusions either of La Mesnardière or of Cousin, still their objections are taken from a legitimate point of view, and ought to throw some additional light upon the quality of art pleasure. Now the chief thing to be noted here is that the standard of pleasure is within us, and that therefore it varies, to some extent, with the circumstances of each individual. We can never measure it exactly as we can heat with a thermometer. Sometimes a man feels cold when the thermometer tells him it is a warm day, and sometimes a man derives little pleasure from a work of art which throws all his friends into rapture. There is no escaping from these variations of critical judgment, whatever standard of comparison we apply to art. It is impossible to measure art by the foot-rule, to weigh it in a balance with the pound troy, or to deal it forth in gallons. But though the results of art are not reducible to number, and there is no known method of judgment by

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1 Adapting to Dallas's theme of artistic pleasure Jeremy Bentham's utilitarian measure of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number', first articulated in *A Fragment on Government (*1776).

2 Again referring to Tasso's 'Discourses on the Heroic Poem'.

3 Referring to the French philosopher and educational reformer, Victor Cousin (1792–1867), whose scholarship Dallas's mentor Sir William Hamilton admired though he profoundly disagreed with his conclusions. Cousin's arguments on aesthetics to which Dallas refers in detail in the following paragraphs are found in his *Cours de philosophie professé à la faculté des lettres pendant l'année 1818* (Paris: Hachette, 1836). Hamilton had written a detailed critique of Cousin's thought in 'M. Cousin's Course of Philosophy', *Edinburgh Review* 50 (October 1829), pp. 194–221, where he (Hamilton) first articulated his fundamental distinction between the *conditioned* and the *unconditioned*; indeed when the essay was reprinted in revised form in Hamilton's *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform* (London: Longman, 1852), pp. 1–37, it bore the title 'On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned; in Reference to Cousin's Infinito-Absolute'.

which we can arrive at perfect accuracy and unanimity, still there is a sort of rough judgment formed, which is as trustworthy as our common judgments on the temperature of the air. Nor is there any need of greater accuracy. We should gain nothing by being able to say that this artist is so many inches taller than that, or that one art gives so many more gallons of pleasure than another.

But granting that perfect accuracy is out of the question, La Mesnardière comes in here with his suggestion: Is your standard accurate enough to show that Homer, who gives less pleasure than Ariosto, is a greater artist? and M. Cousin chimes in with the question: Is your standard capable of showing that music, which gives the most exquisite thrills of enjoyment, is yet on account of its vagueness a lower form of art than the drama, which is more articulate? These two questions are identical in substance, though there may be some difficulty in granting M. Cousin the facts upon which his form of query proceeds. Those who are best able to judge of such compositions as the ninth symphony of Beethoven, or the C minor, will not grant that as works of art they are to be placed below any human performance. Mr. J. W. Davison, than whom no one is better able to make the comparison, assures me that, judge he never so calmly, he cannot accord to Beethoven a rank in art below that of Shakespeare;[1] and one of our ablest thinkers, Mr. Herbert Spencer, declares, at the end of an elaborate essay devoted to prove it, that music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare.[2] After these testimonies, there may be some difficulty, I say, in granting to M. Cousin his facts. For the sake of argument, however, let it be granted that music, as the least expressive, is the lowest form of art. How are we to reconcile this supposition with the fact that it gives a keener pleasure than any art? or, to return to La Mesnardière, how are we to reconcile the greatness of the ancients with the superiority of the pleasure which our more familiar modern poets yield?

One might reply to the argument of M. Cousin by a parallel argument, which would be good as against him, at least. Thus, if the end of art is pleasure, the end of science is knowledge. That, then, is the king of the sciences, it may be argued, which gives us the most knowledge and the clearest. But metaphysics has always hitherto held the place of honour among the sciences; it certainly holds that place in M. Cousin's regard, and considering the grandeur of its ambition, many thoughtful men will be inclined to concede its claim to the honour. Undoubtedly, therefore, it must be the clearest, the best, and the most certain of the sciences. Is it so? Is it not wellnigh the direct opposite of this? In that sense, is there no absurdity in speaking of knowledge as the end of science, when the grandest of all the sciences gives us the least certain knowledge? Pursuing the line of argument of which M. Cousin has set the example, I might urge that science must have some other more dominant end than knowledge, such, perhaps, as that which Lessing indicated when, in reply to Goeze, he said that it is not truth, but the striving after truth, which is the glory of man; that if God in his right hand held every truth, and in his left but this one thing, the thirst for truth, albeit mixed up with the chances of continual error; and that if he bade the child of earth take his choice, he, Lessing, would humbly reach to the left hand, saying, "O Father, give me that, pure truth is for thee alone."[3] If metaphysics be entitled to the crown of the sciences, it is not because of the amplitude of the knowledge which it conveys, but because of its dignity. And so if we are to make comparisons between art and art (a thing in itself as useless as it would be to run comparisons between science and science), we have it in our power to say that the intensity of the pleasure produced by an art is not always the standard of its value. The prolongation of intense enjoyment is sometimes a positive pain, and to procure a lasting pleasure, we must descend to a lower level. To use the language of geometry, pleasure has two dimensions, length as well as height. Increase the height, you cut short the length; increase the length, you lessen the height. The sum of enjoyment is not to be measured by the height alone of its transports. It is impossible to adjust exactly the comparison which M. Cousin suggests between pleasure and pleasure; but

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1 Referring to James William Davison (1813–85: *ODNB*), editor from 1843 until his death of the influential weekly *Musical World*, and music critic of *The Times* from 1846 to 1879; his comparison of Beethoven and Shakespeare appears to have been made in a personal communication to Dallas.

2 Herbert Spencer, 'The Origin and Function of Music', in *Fraser's Magazine* 56 (October 1857), pp. 396–408, where he concludes that 'music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare.' (p. 408).

3 Dallas may have encountered the Lessing exchange in G.H. Lewes, *The Life and Works of Goethe* (2 vols; London: David Nutt, 1855), I, p. 255, where the quoted words are found in the same form.

there is no reason to suppose that, fairly balanced, the pleasure produced by the most expressive art, which is the drama, is one whit inferior, is not rather superior to the pleasure awakened by the least expressive, which is music. Sir Joshua Reynolds, for one, was quite willing to accept the standard of merit which M. Cousin objects to. He commences his fourth discourse with these very words:—"The value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed on it, or the mental pleasure produced by it."[1]

That is a sufficient answer to M. Cousin personally, but further consideration of his argument must be included in what I have now to say of La Mesnardière and other critics. Hitherto I have made the case turn on the comparison suggested by Tasso, between the pleasure which Homer or Virgil awakens, and that which Ariosto stirs in the breast of an Italian. But as that comparison is complicated by the fact of Homer writing in a language foreign to the Italian, let us change the illustration. Let us take Milton, who has been said to equal both Homer and Virgil combined. There is a celebrated sentence of Johnson's, that much as we admire the *Paradise Lost*, when we lay it down we forget to take it up again.[2] We prefer the pleasure of a novel. Is the novel, therefore, a more successful work of art? Or take the question as put by La Mesnardière. The great mass of the people like nothing so well as buffooneries. What can they know of the true pleasure of art who stoop to the lower pleasures of farce and frivolity?

Here it must be observed that our feeling and choice of delight is perfectly distinct from our opinion of it. In the pleasure of the palate there is a good example. A friend tells me that he never enjoyed any food so much as a barley bannock and some milk, which once, when he lost himself in childhood among the Ross-shire hills, and became faint with hunger, he got from some quarrymen who were eating their simple dinner, and kindly offered him a share. Does he therefore say that a barley bannock and milk is the most enjoyable food? It gave him, famished as he was, the utmost enjoyment, and he remembers that meal with the poor quarrymen, and their great sandy fingers, as it were a banquet of the gods; but to enjoy it equally again, he must be again in the same plight, with the simple tastes of childhood.[3] We learn thus instinctively to separate our estimate of what is pleasurable from the choice which the accidents of time, place, or health impose upon us. The man who, stretched upon a knoll with his gun by his side, calls for a draught of bitter beer from the pannier that carries the luncheon, knows right well that though this be the beverage which for the moment he prefers, there are liquids beyond it in taste. There is nothing to puzzle one in this, and neither is there any real puzzle in the case of a man who takes up a novel in preference to a great epic. The deliberate selection of the lower form of pleasure does not interfere with our estimate of the higher.

Or take another example from the state of mind which is clearly described in the following quatrain:

> Go, you may call it madness, folly,
> You shall not chase my gloom away;
> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not if I could be gay.[4]

The man is happy in his way, and clings to his melancholy mood—

> That sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind,[5]

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1 Dallas perhaps cites the Reynolds lecture from the recently published *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds* by Charles Robert Leslie with Tom Taylor (2 vols; London: Murray, 1865), I, p. 422.

2 In his essay on Milton in *Lives of the English Poets* (1779–81), Samuel Johnson writes: 'The want of human interest is always felt. *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure.'

3 Given the intimate detail concerning this childhood adventure among the Ross-shire hills, it seems possible that the recollection might be Dallas's own.

4 Citing the first of the two stanzas of 'To —' by Samuel Rogers's (1763–1865: *ODNB*), first appearing in his *Poems* of 1812.

5 From the opening quatrain of Wordsworth's 'Lines Written in Early Spring', appearing in the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798.

while he recognises the existence of a livelier joy which is not for him.

The bearing of these facts must be obvious. The critic is apt to denounce a partiality for the lower forms of art, either as on the one hand betokening depravity of taste, or on the other hand rendering null the standard of pleasure. The case is precisely parallel to that of the man who, in the midst of his shooting, asks for bitter beer when he might be drinking, if he chose, the finest Château Margaux. It cannot be said that his taste is depraved, neither can it be said that the superiority of rare claret over beer is not meted, even in his mind who quaffs the beer, by a standard of pleasure. The fact is that we all cherish an ideal of pleasure which is not always the real joy of the moment. It is a commonplace of moralists that man never is, but always to be blest. He has an ideal bliss before him, of which sometimes even his highest actual joys seem to fall short. The mind thus forms an estimate of pleasures of which it does not partake. And we now, therefore, arrive at this further conclusion, that the standard of pleasure in art is not always actual, it is ideal. The Greeks teach us that the pleasure is based on truth; the Italians that it must tend to good; the Spaniards that it belongs to the masses, and is not peculiar to a few; and the French that it is an ideal joy which may not always be present as a reality.

V. And what say the Germans? If any school of criticism is likely to disown the doctrine of pleasure as the end of art, it is the German; but they have all along allowed it.

The earliest luminaries of German criticism, Lessing and Winckelmann, most distinctly accept the doctrine. The confession of Lessing's faith will be found in his treatise on the Laocoon. There he describes pleasure as the aim of art, though he adds that beauty is its highest aim.[1] Winckelmann, in like manner, in the forefront of his work, places on record the statement that art, like poetry, may be regarded as daughter of pleasure.[2] Kant, at a later period, promulgated the self-same doctrine,[3] and Schiller developed it into his theory of the Spieltrieb or play-impulse.[4] Art compared with labour, said Kant, may be considered as a play. In every condition of man, said Schiller, it is play, and only play, that makes him complete. Man is only serious with the agreeable, the good, the perfect; but with beauty he only plays, and he plays only with beauty. In case this may appear somewhat shadowy, I refer for a more distinct view to Schiller's essay on tragic art, where he says, that an object which, in the system of life, may be subordinate, art may separate from its connection and pursue as a main design. "Enjoyment may be only a subordinate object for life; for art it is the highest."[5]

It is not easy to compress into a single phrase what is peculiar to the German definition of art. The schools of thought in Germany are widely sundered; each views art from its own stand point, and has its own term for the work of art. Putting aside minor differences, however, one can detect something like a common thought running through all German speculation on this subject. Hitherto, we have seen that in the various schools of criticism, art came to be defined as something done (perhaps imitated, perhaps created) for pleasure. The German schools advanced upon this notion so far as to make out that art not only goes to pleasure, but also comes of it. According to them, it is the free play or pleasure of the mind embodied for the sake of pleasure. How embodied, whether in imitation, or in a creation, or in a mimic creation, is a different question, that no doubt, as in the system of Schelling,[6] from which our own Coleridge borrowed largely,[7] occupies a most important place. But whatever is of essential value in that speculation really works into the definition of art which I have attempted, a sentence or two back, to draw for the Germans as a whole. Thus it is a great point with Schelling that art is a human imitation of the creative energy of nature—of the world soul—of

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1 See *Laocoon: Or the Limits of Painting and Poetry* (1767; trans. 1836) by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–81).

2 See *History of Ancient Art* (1764; trans. 1850) by Johann Joachim Winckelmann (1717–68).

3 The ideas concerning aesthetics of Immanuel Kant (1724–1804) are most clearly outlined in his *Critique of Judgment* (1790).

4 *Spieltrieb* (play impulse, which mediates the form and sense impulses) is a philosophical model developed by Friedrich Schiller (1709–1805), notably in 'Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man' in *Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays* (1792).

5 Citing Friedrich von Schiller's essay 'Über tragische Kunst' ('On Tragic Art') in *Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays* (1792); the translation may be Dallas's own.

6 Reverting to the points made concerning Schelling on p. 21.

7 Coleridge acknowledges his debt to Schelling in Ch. IX of *Biographia Literaria*: 'In Schelling's "Natur-Philosophie", and the "System des transcendentalen Idealismus", I first found a genial coincidence with much that I had toiled out for myself, and a powerful assistance in what I had yet to do.'

God. But this is only another mode of saying that it is the exercise of a godlike power, therefore of a free power, which cannot be conceived as under compulsion, and subsists only as play or pleasure. Art, I repeat, is, in the German view, the free play or pleasure of the mind, embodied for pleasure.

Most of the German thinkers, however, when speaking of the pleasure of art, are disposed to confine it to the pleasure of the beautiful. They derived this tendency from one of the fathers of their philosophy, Wolf,[1] and from his disciple Baumgarten, who first attempted to establish a science of Æsthetic.[2] Wolf went to work in a right summary fashion. Philosophy, high and dry, had not then thought much of the human heart, and rather despised the fine arts. Baumgarten wrote an apology for deeming them worthy of his notice. So when Wolf came to look into the mystery of pleasure and pain, he made short work of it. He said that pleasure is simply the perception of the beautiful, and pain, the sense of ugliness. On the other hand, beauty is the power which anything possesses of yielding us pleasure, ugliness its power of giving pain. He indeed went much further, and, if I understand him rightly, spoke of the beautiful, the good, and the perfect as synonyms, and of each as correlative to pleasure. Thus it came to pass that when his disciple Baumgarten, overcoming the coyness of philosophy, ventured to think that the pleasure of art might be worthy of examination, and saw in his mind's eye the outlines of a science to which he gave the hitherto unknown, and still incomprehensible name of Æsthetic, instead of drawing the obvious inference that since art aims at pleasure, a science of criticism must be the science of pleasure—he argued that since art aims at pleasure, and since pleasure comes only from the beautiful, the science of criticism must be the science of the beautiful. The mistake which was thus committed at the outset by the man who first came forward to rear a science of the fine arts, was never afterwards corrected in Germany, and gave to all subsequent speculation a fixed bias in favour of beauty as the one theme of art. Even when further analysis long after showed that beauty was but one of the sources of pleasure, the critics continued to speak of it as the one idea of art. There was a reason and a defence of the mistake so long as with Wolf and Baumgarten the pleasurable and the beautiful were co-ordinate terms—that is to say, when everything pleasing was to be defined as beautiful, and everything beautiful as pleasing. It was unreasonable and indefensible when the origin of the theory was forgotten, and it was recognised that beauty is but a part of pleasure.

When, however, the doctrine of beauty as the essence of art came to be placed distinctly before the minds of Germans, it exerted over them such a fascination that whenever their critics approached the idea of the beautiful they seemed incapable of containing themselves, burst into raptures, and, instead of their usually patient analysis, went off in swoons of ecstacy, shrieks, interjections, vocatives, and notes of admiration. Nothing is more curious than to see how, in Schiller especially, the rapturous, interjectional sort of criticism is mixed up with good sense, hard facts, and stiff logic. After every sober bit of argument, he breaks into inarticulate rhapsody, which we can only interpret as the fol-de-diddle-dido, fol-de-diddle-dol at the end of a song. But other Germans also are more or less so bewitched, and some of them so besotted with beauty, that with scarcely an exception they fall down and worship it as the be-all and end-all of art. Baumgarten, Lessing, Winckelmann, Kant, Schiller, Schelling, Hegel, and the Schlegels,[3] all treat of art as the empire of the beautiful, and of the beautiful as the one article of Æsthetic. It was reserved for Richter to rebuke them, and call them back to reason. That man of true genius was a loose, vague thinker, and an extravagant writer, but he could poise [*sic*.] pretty well as a critic, and he saw clearly the weakness of those who insisted upon beauty as the one thought of art. Long ago Horace laid down the principle that it is not enough for a work of art to be beautiful; it must have other sources of interest.[4] And now in his fashion Richter pointed out that art has to manifest ideas of the sublime, of the pathetic, of the comical, as well as of the beautiful.[5] His criticism was quite successful, as

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1 Referring to the German philosopher Christian Wolff (1679–1754), whose *Psychologica Empirica* (1732) and *Psychologica Rationalis* (1734) had a significant influence on European debates in psychology and aesthetics. Dallas refers to both works later on p. 70.

2 Alexander Gottlieb Baumgarten (1714–62), was a student of Wolff. His *Metaphysica* (1739) developed a concept of aesthetic judgment focussing, as Dallas points out, on the idea of beauty.

3 The brothers August Wilhelm Schlegel (1767–1845) and Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel (1772–1829).

4 Reverting to the point made on p. 39.

5 The aesthetic theories of Richter ('Jean Paul'—see p. 38), are found in his *Introduction to the Aesthetic* (1804).

against his countrymen who magnified the province of beauty and made it a king where it is only a peer; but if those whom he criticised had turned upon him and asked him to state precisely what is the definition of art which he proposed to substitute for theirs, he could have given them only the impotent answer that the thing to be defined is indefinable.

Though Wolf, at the fountain-head, led the German school of criticism into error by identifying all pleasure, and therefore the pleasure which art seeks with the sense of beauty, the consideration which was thus given to the nature of the beautiful led directly to what I have described as the German contribution to the doctrine that pleasure is the end of art. What is beauty? Now, here again, the German answer to that question trails back to Wolf. Beauty, said the philosopher, arguing out the case after the manner of mathematicians in a regular sequence of propositions and demonstrations, with attendant corollaries and scholia,—beauty is perfection, and perfection is beauty. Everything is beautiful which is perfect of its kind. A perfect toad is beautiful; a perfect monster.[1] You cannot define beauty further, because you cannot define perfection; but you can vary the terms of your definition. Accordingly upon the terms of the definition all manner of changes were rung. The essence of beauty, said Schelling and a whole set of thinkers,[2] is in character—in being—in life—in individuality. Where you have a man or thing of perfect being or character—there is beauty. No, said Goethe, it is not in the character itself, but in the expression or form of it that the beauty lies—the perfect expression even of imperfect character.[3] Ah, said Hegel, we must unite the two views of perfect expression and perfect character, and then we shall arrive at the conclusion that the beautiful is the perfect expression of the perfect idea—my grand idea of the absolute, in which contraries are at one, and the all is nothing. So, in turn, other philosophers saw in art the manifestation of the beautiful, and in the beautiful the perfect expression of their pet ideas.

Gradually it crept into sight that art may or may not be the expression of an idea about which the philosophers could wrangle as much as they pleased, but that it certainly is the expression of the artist's character. In this connection one might take up the view of Novalis, that the poet is a miniature of the world,[4] a view which would satisfy the philosophers who look to find in art the expression of their highest generalisations. If poetry expresses the poet, and the poet is a miniature of the world, why then art is the expression of their world-ideas. Happily, however, we need not trouble ourselves to throw sops to the philosophers. It is enough to state what is Goethe's final view of the beautiful in art. Art, in his view, is an embodiment of beauty, and the beautiful is a perfect expression of nature, but chiefly the poet's or artist's nature—either of his whole mind, or of a passing mood. But between the lines of this definition we are to see the handwriting of Schiller interposing his remark on the grandeur of the play-impulse in man—that man is only perfect when his mind is in free play, moving of itself, and its movement is a play or pleasure. All that has been put forth by me, said Goethe, consists of fragments of a great confession. But art, said Winckelmann, is the daughter of pleasure. Art, said Kant, is play. Art, re-echoed Schiller, is the expression or product of the impulse to play.[5] I put both views together, and arrive at the conclusion that, according to the Germans, art is the play or pleasure of the mind, embodied for the sake of pleasure. With which doctrine compare and see how little they vary the words of Shelley, that poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds;[6] and those of Mr. Ruskin, that art is the expression of man's delight in the works of God.[7]

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1 Reverting to the points made concerning Wolff on the previous page.

2 Reverting to the points made concerning Schelling on p. 21.

3 Goethe's ideas on aesthetics are found scattered throughout his fictional and non-fictional writings; for a general discussion, see Frederic Will, 'Goethes Aesthetics: The Work of Art and the Work of Nature', *Philosophical Quarterly* 6:22 (January 1956), pp. 53–65. Dallas probably relied a good deal for his overview of Goethe's views on Lewes's *Life and Works of Goethe* (1855).

4 Novalis, whose ideas on aesthetics are most succinctly expressed in 'Pollen' (1798), was the pen name of Georg Philipp Friedrich Freiherr, the Baron von Hardenberg (1772–1801).

5 Repeating the points from Winckelmann, Kant and Schiller made on p. 61.

6 Echoing 'A Defence of Poetry', where Shelley in fact refers to 'the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds' (*Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* p. 49).

7 See p. 28.

The statement so far, however, is incomplete, and needs for its proper balance a counterstatement of the sorrows of art. In the heaven which is promised to the saints there is no sorrow, and the tears are wiped from every eye; but the paradise of art is peculiar in this respect, that sorrow and pain enter into it. Through the sense of pain art has reached some of its highest triumphs, and Christian art has in it so deep a moaning as to make Augustus Schlegel say, that whereas †the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, that of the moderns is the expression of desire.[1][q] It is quite clear that there is more of pain in modern than in ancient poetry, just as there is more of a penitential spirit in the Christian than in the Olympian faith. But will the Christian, with all his sadness, admit that he has no enjoyment? Does he not luxuriate in his melancholy? Will he not smile through his tears, and say that he has attained a higher happiness than the Greek, with all his lightheartedness, could even conceive? In these things we are apt to play with words. We say that our religion is the religion of sorrow; but what do we mean? Do we mean that the Greeks had pleasure in their religion, and that we have none in ours? Not so; the Christian maintains that his is the higher joy, and that it is not the less joy because it has been consecrated by suffering. So in art; the modern sense of enjoyment as there displayed is no doubt different from that of the Greeks, with stranger contrasts of light and shade; but it would be quite false to say that theirs was the poetry of enjoyment, and that ours is the poetry not of enjoyment but of desire. Some have gone so far as to say that the pleasure coming from sorrow is the greatest of all; as Shelley, that it is "sweeter far than the pleasure of pleasure itself;"[2] or as Schiller, that "the pleasure caused by the communication of mournful emotion must surpass the pleasure in joyful emotion, according as our moral is elevated above our sensuous nature."[3] †In the same sense, Bishop Butler, in his sermon on compassion, says that we sympathize oftener and more readily with sorrow than with joy;[4] and Adam Smith maintains that our sympathy with grief is generally a more lively sensation than our sympathy with joy.[5] It is possible that these statements are not altogether accurate; for it is characteristic of pleasure that we do not think of it, while on the other side we do think of our pains; we count every minute of woe, while years of happiness are unaware gliding over our heads; and we are thus prone to make a false reckoning of the intensity and relative values of our pleasurable and painful feelings and fellow-feelings.[r]

But the existence of delicious pain is a great fact, and in modern art a prominent one, which hasty thinkers of the Schlegel type are sure to misinterpret. There is a crowd of facts which go to justify the statement of Shelley, that poets

> Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And learn in suffering what they teach in song.[6]

And people do not all at once see how to reconcile such a statement with that other of Shelley's, already quoted, that poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds.[7] So when the Chancellor von Müller, the close friend of Goethe, says that most of Goethe's writings sprang from a necessity which he felt to get rid of some inward discordance, some impression with which he was laden to distress;[8] and when, on the other hand, Mr. Lewes, in one of the finest biographies in our language—in his life

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1 See Lecture 1 in August Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, trans. John Black (2 vols; 1815), I, p. 16.

2 Misquoting 'A Defence of Poetry', where Shelley in fact writes that the 'pleasure that is in sorrow is sweeter than the pleasure of pleasure itself' (*Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* p. 43).

3 See 'On the Cause of the Pleasure we derive from Tragic Objects' in Schiller's *Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays* (1792); the translation may be Dallas's own.

4 See *Fifteen Sermons Preached at the Rolls Chapel* (1827) by Joseph Butler (1692–1752: *ODNB*).

5 See the first chapter of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759) by Adam Smith (bap. 1723–90: *ODNB*).

6 Citing the words of Maddalo in 'Julian and Maddalo: A Conversation', published posthumously in 1824.

7 On the previous page.

8 See 'Goethe, Considered as a Man of Action' by Friedrich von Müller, Chancellor of Weimar, in Johann Falk et al., *Characteristics of Goethe* trans. Sarah Austin (3 vols; London: Effingham Wilson, 1833), II, pp. 245–320, where it is suggested, 'we may even affirm that most of his writings were the offspring of a positive necessity of freeing himself from some inward discord or overpowering impression' (pp. 276–77).

of Goethe—says that "he sang whatever at the moment filled him with delight,"[1] we are struck with the what seems to be a contradiction. In reality, there is none. The artist, like other men, must get his experience of life through suffering, and sometimes he suffers much and long; but the power of expressing himself in art implies, if not perfect relief, a certain recovery—implies that he has so far got the better of trouble as to be curious about it, and able to dandle it. Those who cherish the luxury of woe, of course will not admit this. It is a pleasure to them to think that they are utterly miserable; the idea of solace is distasteful to them; and when, to convict them of their error, we ask, "Why, then, are ye so tuneful?" the question seems as heartless as that of the rustic in the fable, who said to the roasting shell-fish: "Oh, ye Cockles! near to death, wherefore do ye sing?"[2] Notwithstanding our self-deception, the fact remains, as Euripides has expressed it in verses which appear in every modern edition of the *Suppliants*, but are probably an interpolation from some other play—that if the poet is to give pleasure, he must compose in pleasure;[3] and this is as true of Christian as of classical art. If the art of the Greeks be more distinctly joyous than that of any other people, it is to the Germans we owe the more distinct elucidation of the fact that the sense of joy underlies all art.

VI. At last we come to English writers, and among them is no name greater than that of Bacon. Everyone has by heart the definition of poetry which is contained in the most eloquent work of criticism ever penned. "To the king"—it is addressed, and as we read it we are kings. In this definition, and in the context, as well as in many other passages scattered throughout his works, Bacon plainly presents poetry as an art which studies above all things the desires and pleasures of the mind.[4] The criticism of the Elizabethan period is not of much importance, and perhaps it is enough if I further quote from Webbe's treatise on English poetry. There the author tells us that "the very sum or chiefest essence of poetry did always for the most part consist in delighting the readers or hearers with pleasure;" and when, in another passage, he asserts, after the Italians, that the right use of poetry "is to mingle profit with pleasure, and so to delight the reader with pleasantness of art as in the meantime his mind may be well instructed with knowledge and wisdom," it will be observed that he still regards pleasure as the immediate end.[5] All our best criticism, however, dates from the time of Dryden, and in his school nothing was more clearly recognised than the subservience of art to pleasure. Dryden himself says that delight is the chief, if not the only end of poetry, and that instruction can be admitted only in the second place.[6] In the same strain wrote Johnson: "What is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good until it has been found to please."[7] Dugald Stewart follows in the beaten path: "In all the other departments of literature," he says, "to please is only a secondary object. It is the primary one in poetry."[8]

Towards the end of last century English criticism began to breathe a new spirit. But did the critics then newly inspired discover that the end of poetry is different from what it was supposed to be? On the contrary, they saw more clearly, and declared more stoutly than ever, that the end of art is pleasure. "The end of poetry," says Wordsworth, "is to produce excitement in coexistence with an overbalance of pleasure."[9] In the same

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1 *The Life and Works of Goethe*, I, p. 378.

2 We have been unable to identify the source of this folktale about the sounds escaping from roasting shell-fish.

3 Referring to the speech of Adrastus to Theseus in *The Suppliants* of Euripides: 'Who maketh songs should take a pleasure in their making; for if it be not so with him, he will in no wise avail to gladden others.' (Edward P. Coleridge translation of 1891).

4 Referring to *The Advancement of Learning*, the philosophical treatise of 1605 by Francis Bacon (1561–1626: *ODNB*), which was dedicated to King James I, and where poesy is described as having 'some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.' (II.iv.2).

5 Citing two passages from *A Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586) by William Webbe (d. 1591: *ODNB*).

6 Referring to the essay 'Of Dramatick Poesie' (1688) by John Dryden (1631–1700: *ODNB*), where he writes: 'Delight is the chief, if not the only end of poetry: instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights.'

7 Citing Samuel Johnson's essay on Dryden in *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* (1779–81).

8 Slightly misquoting 'Of the Varieties of Intellectual Character: §4 The Poet', from *Philosophy of the Human Mind* by the Scottish Enlightenment philosopher Dugald Stewart (1753–1828: *ODNB*); Dallas had reviewed the new Constable ten-volume edition of Stewart's *Collected Works* in *The Times* on 1 April 1858.

9 Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800.

mood, Coleridge maintains that "the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure;"[1] and again, though, as I have tried to show, less accurately, that "a poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by professing for its first immediate object pleasure, not truth."[2] I have already quoted Shelley in the same sense, and I reserve to the last a writer who belongs not to the present, but to the past century. I thus refer to him out of his proper place, because he is the only critic known to me who draws the inference upon which I have insisted, that if poetry be the art, criticism must be the science of pleasure, though he cannot be said to have fully understood, or to have carried out his own doctrine. "The fine arts," said Lord Kames, "are intended to entertain us by making pleasant impressions, and by that circumstance are distinguished from the useful arts; but in order to make pleasant impressions, we ought to know what objects are naturally agreeable, and what naturally disagreeable."[3] He draws the inference rather faintly, but still he draws it, and therefore he is worthy to be singled out from his fellows. It is not with his inference, however, that we are now concerned, but with the grand fact which stands out to view, that in all the critical systems poetry is regarded as meant for pleasure, as founded on it, and as in a manner the embodiment of all our happiness—past, present, and to come.

But now it will be asked, is there anything peculiar in the English mode of rendering the definition of art? The point about art which the English school of thinkers has most consistently and strenuously put forward is, that it is the offspring of imagination. Not that other schools have ignored this doctrine. All along, while speaking of the peculiarities of the different schools of thought, I have been anxious to show that the lesson taught most prominently in each has not been wholly overlooked by the others; and of a surety the French and German schools of criticism have not been backward to acknowledge the influence of imagination in the work of art. In English criticism, however, the power of imagination is the Open Sesame—the name to conjure with. It is the chief weapon, the everlasting watchword, the universal solvent, the all in all. When we come to ask what it really means, we are amazed at the woful deficiency of the information which we can obtain about this all-sufficient power; but be the information much or little, the importance of the power—its necessity, is so thoroughly established in England, that (though after all it comes to the same thing) it is more fully recognised among us that art is the creature of imagination than that it is created for pleasure.

Bacon it was who forced English criticism into this furrow, assisted by a word of Shakespeare's. Our great philosopher arranged all literature in three main divisions, corresponding to three chief faculties of the human mind. History, science, and poetry were severally the products of memory, reason, and imagination.[4] There was something very neat in this arrangement, which D'Alembert afterwards adopted, when, in the preface to the celebrated French Encyclopædia, he attempted to make a complete map of liberal study.[5] Plato, who thought of the Muses as daughters, not of imagination, but of memory, would have been not a little startled by the division; and D'Alembert, in following Bacon, had yet to show that imagination was as essential to, and as dominant in Archimedes, the man of science, as in Homer, the man of art. Bacon himself, too, had some little doubt as to the perfect wisdom of his arrangement.* Still for general purposes he deemed it sufficient, and he

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1 See *The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, II, p. 7.

2 Slightly misquoting *The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, II, p. 8.

3 Citing the Introduction to *Elements of Criticism* (1762) by Henry Home, Lord Kames (1696–1782: *ODNB*).

4 See Bacon, *The Advancement of Learning*, I.ii.1.

5 D'Alembert's 'complete map of liberal study' was referred to earlier in Ch. IV: 'The Corner Stone', p. 36.

* **This doubtfulness appears in a passage in the *Advancement of Learning*, where he speaks of imagination, and seems to find a difficulty in fixing upon its specialty. "The knowledge," he says, "which respecteth the faculties of the mind of man is of two kinds; the one respecting his understanding and reason, and the other his will, appetite, and affection; whereof the former produceth position or decree, the latter action or execution. It is true that the imagination is an agent or nuncius, in both provinces, both the judicial and the ministerial. For sense sendeth over to imagination before reason have judged: and reason sendeth over to imagination before the decree can be acted: for imagination ever precedeth voluntary motion. Saving that this Janus of imagination hath differing faces: for the face towards reason hath the print of truth, but the face towards action hath the print of good; which nevertheless are faces,**

'Quales decet esse sororum.'

Neither is the imagination simply and only a messenger; but is invested with or at leastwise usurpeth no small authority in itself, besides the duty of the message. For it was well said by Aristotle, 'That the mind hath over the body that

defined poesy, "the pleasure or play of imagination."[1] We had Shakespeare's word for it, too, that the poet is of imagination all compact;[2] and both authorities combined to form in the English mind the conception of art as the product mainly of imagination. After that we know how imagination came to be the grand engine of our criticism. Addison wrote essays on the pleasures of it;[3] Akenside wrote a long poem on it;[4] Johnson described poetry as the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason.[5] Then, at a later date, Shelley, not altering his meaning, which I have already given, but altering his phrases, said that "poetry may, in a general sense, be defined to be the expression of the imagination;"[6] and Mr. Ruskin came to the conclusion that "poetry is the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions."[7] It thus became the first commandment of English criticism that in poetry there are no gods but one—imagination. To imagination belongs the creative fiat of art. It furnishes the key to all critical difficulties—it possesses the wondrous stone that works all the marvels of poetical transmutation. It was one of Coleridge's dreams to write a great work on poetry and poetical alchymy, the basis of which should be a complete exposition of what he called the Productive Logos—in plain English, the imagination.[8]

This power of imagination is so vast and thaumaturgic that it is impossible to lift a hand or move a step in criticism without coming to terms with it, and understanding distinctly what it is and what it does. On the threshold of every inquiry, it starts up, a strange and unaccountable presence, that frights thought from its propriety, and upsets all reason. I propose therefore, to devote the next few chapters to a fresh and thorough-going analysis of it, which ought to yield some good results. In the meantime, it will be enough for the purposes of this chapter to point out, as far as it can be done at the present stage of our inquiry, what imagination has to do with pleasure.

All English criticism admits, and indeed insists, that art is the work, or, as Bacon more strictly puts it, "the pleasure of imagination." Even if, however, we reject the word pleasure, and speak of art simply as the product of imagination, this, it will be found, is but an implicit statement of what is stated more explicitly in German criticism, that art is the mind's play. In accepting imagination as the fountain of art, we accept art also as essentially a joy, for imagination is the great faculty of human joyance. It is the food of our desires even more than the things themselves which we desire. Of course we cannot live upon dreams. Bolingbroke was quite right when he cried:

> Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
> By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?
> Or clog the hungry edge of appetite

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commandment, which the lord hath over a bondman; but that reason hath over the imagination that commandment which a magistrate hath over a free citizen;' who may come also to rule in his turn. For we see that, in matters of faith and religion, we raise our imagination above our reason; which is the cause why religion sought ever access to the mind by similitudes, types, parables, visions, dreams. And again, in all persuasions that are wrought by eloquence, and other impressions of like nature, which do paint and disguise the true appearance of things, the chief recommendation unto reason is from the imagination. Nevertheless, because I find not any science that doth properly or fitly pertain to the imagination, I see no cause to alter the former division. For as for poesy, it is rather a pleasure or play of imagination, than a work or duty thereof." [Bacon, *Advancement of Learning,* II.xii.1]

1 The phrase is found at the end of the passage from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* quoted by Dallas in the note above.

2 Echoing Theseus in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V i, 6–7: 'The lunatic, the lover, and the poet | Are of imagination all compact.'

3 Referring to Joseph Addison's essays on the pleasures of the imagination in *The Spectator*, such as that quoted by Dallas later (in Ch. VIII: 'The Play of Thought' on p. 97).

4 Mark Akenside, *The Pleasures of Imagination: A Poem* (Glasgow, 1744).

5 Citing Samuel Johnson's biography of Milton from *Lives of the English Poets*.

6 Citing 'A Defence of Poetry', *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* p. 2.

7 See Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, Pt IV: Of Many Things, Ch IV: On the Received Opinions Touching the "Grand Style" §13, Library Edition, Vol. V, p. 28.

8 In *Biographia Literaria* (2 vols; London: Rest Fenner, 1817), Coleridge refers to 'a work, which I have many years been preparing, on the Productive Logos human and divine' (I, p. 133).

By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?[1]

But when he adds that, "the apprehension of the good gives but the greater feeling to the worse,"[2] his experience is not that of a man gifted with strong imagination. The power of dreaming is proverbial as a magic that brings far things near—that transports us whither we will, and that turns all things to pleasure. Call it glamour—call it lunes—call it leasing; we need not now dispute about the name, if we can only agree as to the fact that imagination is often as good to us as the reality, and sometimes better. Is any feast so good as that which we imagine? Is any landscape so glorious as that which we see in the mind's eye? Is any music so lovely as that which floats in dreams? Is the pleasure which Alnaschar could derive from the possession of unbounded wealth to be compared with that which he feels when in the fancied possession of wealth he kicks over his basket of wares?[3] Not only is the bare imagination of pleasure thus often beyond the pleasure itself—that of real pain is in many cases a source of enjoyment. It is not seldom a pleasure to remember past suffering.

There is, no doubt, another side to the picture, in the known facts that the terror of ill is worse to bear than the ill itself, and that the sympathetic pain which the good Samaritan feels in seeing a wound is frequently more acute than the pain felt by the wounded man himself. That there are nightmares, however, and aches of imagination, does not obliterate the general fact that imagination is the house of pleasure, and that dreamland is essentially a land of bliss. Wordsworth speaks of imagination as that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude;[4] Shakespeare gives to it a name which bespeaks at once its elevation and its delightfulness—the heaven of invention;[5] and my argument is, that if in this heaven is the birthplace of art, and if from this heaven it comes, its home is heavenly, its ways are heavenly, to a heaven it returns, for a heaven it lives.

This, then, may be described as the English gift to the definition of art—that it comes of imagination, and that it creates a pleasure coloured by the same faculty. All pleasure, obviously, is and is not poetical: it becomes poetical when the imagination touches it with fire. It must be repeated, however, that when we ask for distinct information as to what this means, it is not easy, it is indeed impossible, to get it; and I make bold to claim for the next few chapters this praise at least, that they are the first and only attempt which has been made to give an exhaustive analysis of imagination—to give an account of it that shall at once comprise and explain all the known facts. Those writers who give us a rounded theory of imagination ignore half the facts; those who recognise nearly all the facts are driven, either like Mr. Ruskin, to confess that they are a mystery inscrutable,[6] or like Coleridge, to throw down their pens with a sigh, not because the mystery is inscrutable, but because their explanations would be unintelligible to a stiff-necked and thick-headed generation of beef-eating, shop-keeping Britons.[7]

The result of this backward state of criticism is, that when we come to ask the first of all questions, what is art? we discover to our chagrin that we are answered by statements that keep on running in a vicious circle. Thus, if poetry is defined by reference to imagination; on the other hand, imagination is defined by reference to poetry. If we are told that poetry must be imaginative, we are also told that imagination must be poetical—for there is an imagination which is not poetical. Thus, when we inquire into the nature of poetry, we are first pushed forward to search for it in imagination, and then when we examine into the imagination, we are thrown back on the original question—what is poetical? Few things, however, are more remarkable in the world than the faculty which the human mind has of seizing, enforcing, and brooding over ideas which it but dimly

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1 In Shakespeare's *Richard II*, II iii.

2 Citing the two lines immediately following in the same play.

3 Referring to 'The Barber's Fifth Brother' in the Arabian Nights, where the beggar gives himself over to dreams of untold wealth and ends up destroying his only source of real income.

4 In the final stanza of the 1807 poem 'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud'.

5 Echoing the Prologue to Shakespeare's *Henry V*: 'Oh, for a muse of fire that would ascend | The brightest heaven of invention!'

6 Ruskin's position is discussed in more detail in the following chapter, pp. 74.

7 Again Coleridge's position is discussed in more detail in the following chapter, p. 74.

comprehends; and although in English criticism, indeed in all criticism that makes much of it, imagination is, as it were *x*, an unknown incalculable quantity, still the constant recognition of that something unknown is a preserving salt which gives a flavour to writings that would often taste flat from the want of precision and clear outcome. Rightly understood, also, there is no critical doctrine to be compared for importance with that of the sovereignty of imagination in art, and in art pleasure, which the English school of critics has ever maintained. Let me add, though at the present stage of the discussion I cannot make it clear that the leading doctrine of English criticism is in effect but an anticipation of the prime doctrine of the Germans. The English and the Germans, nearly allied in race, are so far also allied in their thinking, that the views of art upon which they mainly insist are virtually the same. The German expression of these views is the more precise. On the other hand, the English expression of them is, in point of time, the earlier, and in point of meaning will be to most minds the more suggestive.

If the foregoing statement be rather lengthy, and have inevitably been loaded with the repetitions of a multitude of authorities, the upshot of all may be stated very shortly. All the schools of criticism, without exception, describe art as the minister of pleasure, while the more advanced schools go further, and describe it also as the offspring of pleasure. Each may have a different way of regarding this pleasure. The Greek dwells on the truth of it; the Italian on its profit. The Spaniard says it is pleasure of the many; the Frenchman it is of the few. The German says that it comes of play; the Englishman that it comes of imagination. But all with one voice declare for pleasure as the end of art. The inference is obvious—the inference is the truism which is not yet even recognised as a truth; that criticism, if it is ever to be a science, must be the science of pleasure. What wonder that it shows no sign of science, when the object of the science is not yet acknowledged?

CHAPTER VI. ON IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION is the Proteus of the mind,[1] and the despair of metaphysics. When the philosopher seizes it, he finds something quite unexpected in his grasp, a faculty that takes many shapes and eludes him in all. First it appears as mere memory, and perhaps the inquirer lets it escape in that disguise as an old friend that need not be interrogated. If, however, he retain his hold of it, ere long it becomes other than memory; suddenly it is the mind's eye; sudden again, a second sight; anon it is known as intuition; then it is apprehension; quickly it passes into a dream; as quickly it resolves itself into sympathy and imitation; in one moment it turns to invention and begins to create; in the next moment it adopts reason and begins to generalize; at length it flies in a passion, and is lost in love. It takes the likeness, or apes the style by turns of every faculty, every mood, every motion of thought. What is this Proteus of the mind that so defies our search? and has it like him of the sea, a form and character of its own, which after all the changes of running water and volant flame, rock, flower, and strange beast have been outdone, we may be able to fix and to define? Is there such a thing as imagination different from the other faculties of the mind? and if so, what is it?

Any one attempting to grapple with this question, will at once be struck with a remarkable fact. Everybody knows that imagination sways and overshadows us, enters into all our studies and elaborates all our schemes. If we swerve from the right path, it is fancy, we are told, that has led us astray; if we pant after splendid achievement, forsooth, it is the spirit of romance that leads us on. Imagination, say the philosophers and divines, the Humes and Bishop Butlers,[2] is the author of all error, and the most dangerous foe to reason; it is the delight of life, say the poets, the spur of noble ambition, the vision and the faculty divine. For good or ill, it gives breath and colour to all our actions even the hardest and driest of men are housed in dreams; it may be dreams of tallow or treacle or turnips, or tare and tret;[3] but in dreams they move. By all accounts, the imagination is thus prevalent in human life, and the language of all men, learned and simple, bears witness to its puissance.

Nevertheless, imagination, thus rife, thus potent, whose dominion, even if it be that of a tyrant against whom it is wisdom to rebel, we all acknowledge, whose yoke, will or nill, we all wear—is as the unknown god. First-born of the intellectual gifts, it is the last studied and the least understood. Of all the strange things that belong to it, the strangest is that much as the philosophers make of it, much as they bow to it, they tell us nothing about it or next to nothing. This is no hyperbole, but a plain fact. Any one, who, fired by the magnitude and variety of the effects attributed to imagination, inquires into the nature of their causes, will be amazed at the poverty of all that has been written on the subject, and the utter inadequacy of the causes assigned. Most philosophers, though they defer to popular usage in speaking of imagination, yet when they examine it closely, allow it no place whatever among the powers of the human mind. In the account of our faculties given by Locke,[4] and almost every other English psychologist, down to Herbert Spencer, the imagination is put out of doors and treated as nought. The chief source of illusion, it is itself an illusion; it is an impostor; it is nothing; it is some other faculty. I repeat that here I am using no figure of speech, but speaking literally. Whereas in common parlance and in popular opinion imagination is always referred to as a great power, the authorities in philosophy resolve it away. It is some other faculty, or a compound of other faculties. It is reason out for a holiday; it is perception in a hurry; it is memory gone wild; it is the dalliance of desire; it is any or all of these together.

The sum of the information about it which I have been able to glean I have endeavoured to convey in the parable of Proteus. One man says this, and another man says that. Each one gives a little of the truth, but none the whole truth. Nor indeed is the whole truth conveyed in the parable of Proteus. All that is attempted in that similitude is to bring together the scattered fragments of opinion and to mould them into something like a

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1 In Greek myth, Proteus is the god of the sea and by extension of constant and fluid change.

2 On Hume and Butler, see the discussion on p. 96.

3 In commerce, 'tare and tret' are allowances conventionally deducted from the gross weight of merchandise to produce the net weight.

4 On Locke, see the discussions on p. 99.

consistent whole. The current opinions of imagination are all fragmentary: there is no wholeness about them. They may be summed up under four heads—those which identify imagination with memory; those which melt it into passion; those which make it out to be reason; and lastly those which represent it as a faculty by itself, different from the other powers of the mind. Let us take a hasty glance at each of these sets of opinions.

Most commonly imagination is described as a department of memory. †So it appeared to the Greeks, in whose idea the muses were daughters, not as we should say of God and imagination, but of Zeus and Mnemosyne.[1s] Even those who, like Aristotle, distinguished between fantasy and reminiscence, failed to establish any clear difference between them, save such as may exist between whole and part. Aristotle, indeed, says distinctly that memory pertains to the same region of the mind as fantasy; that it is busied with the self same objects; and that such objects of memory as are without fantasy are objects accidentally. So in modern times, we find Wolf, who is the father, even more directly than Leibnitz, of German philosophy,[2] giving in his *Rational Psychology* a long chapter to the imagination. It is the same chapter in which he treats of memory. In his *Empirical Psychology*, he gives a separate chapter to each of the two faculties; in his *Rational Psychology*, he is fain to treat of both together as but phases of the same power.

From Aristotle to Hume we may say roundly, that those who—whether in form or in substance—identified imagination with memory, defined imagination as a loose memory of the objects of sense. I say loose memory rather than bad, because among the philosophers I refer to there is some difference of opinion as to the relative force of the two names—imagination and memory. Thus Hobbes, while he tells us that these are two names for one and the same thing, seems to indicate that the imagination is a lively memory.[3] It is in the same sense that Locke defines fancy as a quick memory.[4] Hume, on the other hand, who often refers to the workings of imagination, who tells us that it is the greatest enemy of reason, and who has a famous passage in which he compares it to the wings of cherubim hiding their faces and preventing them from seeing, sets out with the assertion that it is nothing but a dim memory.[5] Whichever of these views be correct, it is a pity that the philosophers do not stick to one or other, and instead of pouring their anathemas on such a nonentity as imagination, attack the real sinner—a loose memory. It is because they never know whether to describe imagination as a department of memory or memory as a department of imagination. Some, like Locke, make imagination a part of memory; some, like Malebranche, make memory a part of imagination;[6] some, like Hobbes, regard the one as identical with the other. The philosophers have a vague idea that imagination and memory are in a manner involved one with the other; but when they cast blame on one of the confederates and acquit the other, when they vilify imagination and glorify memory, they betray a suspicion that in the former there are elements which are not to be found in the latter. What are these elements?

Descartes is among those who virtually defined imagination in terms of memory. This he did in his *Méditations* on the more abstract questions of philosophy; but when he came to write on the passions of the soul, he saw that he had to account for certain arbitrary compounds, such as gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire, which are created by imagination and are not furnished by memory. He then defined imagination as a passion partly of the soul and partly of the body—a passion directed in its combinations partly by the will, partly by the chance movements of the bodily spirits.[7] But before Descartes, we were, in this country, accustomed to insist in even a stronger sense than he would allow, on the passionate element of imagination. There was a strong tendency in our language to identify imagination with desire. Shakespeare constantly uses fancy as a

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1 In Greek myth, the nine Muses representing the arts were the daughters of Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, and Zeus, the chief of the gods.

2 See the discussion of Wolff on p. 62.

3 In Chapter II: 'Of Imagination' in Hobbes's *Leviathan* (1651).

4 Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690), II §8.

5 See Book I §3: 'Of the Ideas of the Memory and Imagination' in Hume's *A Treatise on Human Nature* (1739–40).

6 In Book II Chapter I: 'A General Idea of the Imagination' in *Concerning the Search after Truth* (1674–75) by the French Catholic priest and rationalist philosopher Nicolas Malebranche (1638–1715).

7 The ideas of the French philosopher René Descartes (1596–1650) on the imagination are first expounded in *Meditationes de Prima Philosophia* (1641) and later refined in *Principia Philosophiæ* (1656).

synonym for love,[1] and this sense of the word still survives. To love a thing is to have a fancy for it. In the same spirit Bacon writes. After ascribing poetry to the imagination (as history to memory, and philosophy to reason), he indicates what imagination is, by saying that poetry is a submission or adaptation of the shows of things to the *desires* of the mind.[2] I believe that Dr. Thomas Brown is the latest of our philosophers who has seen in desire the presiding element of imagination. In his view imagination is only desire operating upon the suggestions of memory.[3] In the same vein, Shelley among the later poets sees in imagination the attitudes of love and of sympathy. It is the faculty by which we forget ourselves and love our neighbours, putting ourselves in their place.*

A not less important band of thinkers make out reason to be the characteristic feature of imagination. It is Wordsworth's view that imagination is but reason in her most exalted mood.[4] One can trace the germ of this opinion back to the early days of logic, when the Stoics divided that science into invention and judgment. In course of time the heap of irrelevancies which were elaborated under the name of invention and which were supposed to help out the discovery of middle terms was rejected from the science. But although formally rejected from logic as a thing which could be taught, it was always understood that invention is a part of reasoning. It was very much, though not entirely in this sense, that dragons and hippogriffs, which we should now deem the offspring of sheer imagination, were, in the language of the Schoolmen, described as beings of reason—*entia rationis*. It was natural that those who took invention for the prime element in imagination should in one form or another identify that faculty with reason. Gassendi, the great opponent of Descartes, would have it that there is no real difference between imagination and what he calls intellection.[5] In Sir John Davies' pithy account of fantasy it is described as forming comparisons, holding the balance and exercising all the faculties of judgment.[6] Henry More, the Platonist, regarded reason and imagination as so involved together that when, after having said his say about imagination, he came to speak of reason, he merely observed—"we need say nothing of it apart by itself."[7] Dugald Stewart is perhaps the firmest recent upholder of this view; for he treats the imagination as a composite faculty, made out of the elements of reason—such as apprehension, abstraction, judgment and taste.[8] Dr. Carpenter, another good authority, has probably Stewart's analysis in his mind, when he says that the imagination "involves an exercise of the same powers as those concerned in acts of reasoning."[9] He is at fault in his further assertion that the chief difference between imagination and reason is

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[1] An early example is found in *Loves Labours Lost*, V iii, where Bertram explains to the King that '… all impediments in fancy's course | Are motives of more fancy'.

[2] Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, II.iv.2; the phrase is also cited by Dallas in *Poetics*, p. 52, though in a different context.

[3] The Scottish poet and philosopher Thomas Brown (1778–1820: *ODNB*) trained in medicine before working closely with Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh University and became, with Stewart, joint Professor of Moral Philosophy at the university in 1810. His work on the importance of sense perception (in contrast with William Hamilton's more idealist approach) in shaping memory and cognition had a strong influence on mid-century mental scientists such as Alexander Bain and J.S. Mill.

* **Shelley's words are worth quoting. "Poetry," he says, "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it coexists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others: the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." *Essays and Letters*, vol. i p. 16.** [in 'A Defence of Poetry']

[5] Referring to the French Catholic philosopher Pierre Gassendi (1592–1655), author of *Disquisitio Metaphysica (1644).*

[6] Probably referring to *Nosce Teipsum* (1599; 'Know Thyself') by the poet John Davies (*c.* 1569–1626).

[7] '*Reason* is so involved together with *Imagination*, that we need say nothing of it apart by itself': see 'The Immortality of the Soul', Bk II Ch. XI §4, in *A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings* (1662) by Henry More.

[8] See Stewart's 'Ch. VII: Of Imagination', especially §I, in the first volume of *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* (1792).

[9] Both the quotation and distinction referred to in the following sentence are found in *Principles of Human Physiology* (5th edition; London: John Churchill, 1855), §648, p. 605, by the academic biologist William B. Carpenter (1813–85: *ODNB*).

that the one has to do with fictitious, the other with real objects; and I summon him here only to bear witness that apart from the objects with which they are engaged, the two faculties are almost identical.

Even some of those who do not go so far, but allot to imagination a walk of its own, are puzzled with a certain rationality which it displays, and which the separation of it from reason seems to render unaccountable. Thus D'Alembert maintained, contrary to the general opinion, that imagination is as essential to the mathematician as to the poet, and boldly declared that he who in all antiquity deserved to be placed next to Homer for strength of imagination is Archimedes.[1] Herein however he is but following up a hint of Descartes' to which Dugald Stewart gives a flat contradiction, that the study of mathematics tends to develop the imagination, and that this is the reason why mathematicians seldom succeed in metaphysics. No, said Stewart—"of all the departments of human knowledge, mathematics is that in which imagination is least concerned;"[2] and he left it to be inferred (I fancy he said it explicitly, but I cannot recall the passage) that in the metaphysician imagination exists in full force. Sir William Hamilton at least adopted this view, and said that it may reasonably be doubted whether Aristotle or Homer were possessed of the more powerful imagination;[3] only Sir William is more consistent in maintaining this of Aristotle than D'Alembert was in maintaining it of Archimedes, for his analysis of the fantasy or creative imagination had given him the result, that it is a compound of reason and memory or at least of what is commonly so called. But as if even this were an account of imagination not quite satisfactory to him, Sir William Hamilton adopts in modified terms the statement of Ancillon, that there are as many different kinds of imagination as there are different kinds of intellectual activity.* There is the imagination of abstraction, that of wit, that of judgment, that of reason, that of feeling, that of volition, that of the passions—and an addition to all, imagination proper. In point of fact, however, it is not possible to separate between a mental act or state and the imagination of it. To imagine feeling is to feel; to imagine judgment is to judge; and to say that there is an imagination of every faculty in the mind is simply to say that imagination takes the form of every faculty.

Any one who will gather together these different views of imagination may see that though on the surface they conflict one with another (as when one set of philosophers make imagination an exalted mood of reason, while another set denounce it for the worst enemy of reason) yet essentially they are compatible and their variances are but the variances of partial statement. The North says, "I am the North and there is no South." The East wind whistles, "I am of the East and I have never found the West."

So then at length we return to our starting-point, and out of many theories which are all more or less true, form the idea of a Protean power. Imagination remembers, feels, desires, wills, dreams, invents, judges, reasons. It is a name which we give for a change to every faculty in the mind, and to almost any combination of these faculties. But is imagination which bulks so large in popular theories, and in common language, nothing of

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1 In the 'Preliminary Discourse' to Diderot's *Encyclopedia*: 'De tous les grands hommes de l'antiquité, Archimede est peut-être celui qui mérite le plus d'être placé à côté d'Homere.' (I, p. xvi).

2 See Stewart's 'Of the Varieties of Intellectual Character: §3 The Mathematician', in *Philosophy of the Human Mind* (1792).

3 See Lecture XXXIII: 'The Representative Faculty—Imagination' in *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic* (1859).

* **The statement of Ancillon is very remarkable, and as we may have to refer to it in the sequel, it may be well to quote it here. The curious thing is that it occurs in his chapter on Memory. Both memory and imagination are treated in the same chapter (*Essais Philosophiques*, tome ii. page 139), and yet into this chapter on memory he introduces the following:**

"On peut même dire qu'il y a autant de genres différens d'imagination, qu'il y a de facultés de l'âme, à qui l'imagination fournit les élémens nécessaires à leur travail. Il y a l'imagination de l'abstraction, qui nous présente certains faces de l'objet sans nous présenter les autres, et en même temps le signe qui réunit les premières; l'imagination de l'ésprit, qui reproduit les disparates, les antithèses, les contrastes, entre lesquels on saisit ensuite des rapports ou des ressemblances; l'imagination du jugement, que à l'occasion d'un objet reproduit toutes les qualités de cet objet, et les lie principalement sous le rapport de substance, d'attributs, et de modes; l'imagination de la raison, qui à l'occasion d'un principe reproduit les conséquences, à l'occasion des conséquences le principe; l'imagination du sentiment, qui reproduit toutes les idées et toutes les images accessoires, qui ont de l'affinité avec un certain sentiment, et qui lui donnent par-là même plus d'étendue, de profondeur et de force; l'imagination de la volonté, qui dans un moment donné reproduit toutes les idées, qui peuvent imprimer à la volonté une direction fixe, ou bien l'ébranler et la rendre vacillante; l'imagination des passions, qui selon la nature et l'objet de la passion, reproduit toutes les représentations qui lui sont homogènes ou analogues; enfin l'imagination proprement dite, l'imagination pure, si je puis m'exprimer ainsi, qui ne travaille que pour elle-même, et qui produit les images de la nature sensible, celles des sentiments, et celles des idées, uniquement pour enfanter des combinaisons nouvelles; c'est l'imagination du poète."

itself? Is the power of which we hear so much, and which now looks like reason, now like memory, and now like passion, blessed with no character, no standing of its own? Is it nothing but a name to conjure with—an empty sound, a philosophical expletive, a popular delusion? Here we come upon the fourth set of partial opinions to which I proposed to call attention. According to every intelligible analysis of imagination that I have seen, it is a name, and nothing more. On the other hand, there are a few writers who regard it as a king in its own right, with a territory of its own; but they give us no intelligible account of it. Thus Jean Paul Richter, after saying that fantasy can do duty for the other faculties, and is their elemental spirit, but that the other faculties cannot take the form and do the work of fantasy, proceeds to tell us what this fantasy or creative imagination is. What is it? Die Phantasie ist die Weltseele der Seele, und der Elementargeist der übrigen Kräfte. Wenn der Witz das spielende anagramm der Natur ist; so ist die Phantasie das Hieroglyphen-Alphabet derselben, wovon sie mit wenigen Bildern ausgesprochen wird.[1] I fear that I cannot make this clearer in English. Fantasy is the world-soul of the soul—and the elemental spirit of the other faculties. As wit is the playful anagram of nature, fantasy is its hieroglyphic alphabet. What all this comes to, it is not easy to say; only it looks big. Nothing, however, looks half so big as Coleridge's definition. "The imagination I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary I consider as an echo of the former."[2] Oh gentle shepherds! what does this mean? Is it something very great or very little? It reminds me of a splendid definition of art which I once heard. When the infinite I AM beheld his work of creation, he said Thou ART, and ART was. The philosopher of Highgate never explained himself. He was a great believer in the independence of imagination, but when he had written a few sentences of his chapter on what he called with a fine flourish the esemplastic power—the Productive Logos,[3] he suddenly stopped short and got a friend to write him a letter, or perhaps he himself wrote the letter which he published, begging him not to put forth his theory, for it would be unintelligible to the addle-pated public, and he should reserve it for another and a better world. Mr. Ruskin follows in the same track, but more honestly, with all the frankness of a transparent and clear-seeing mind. He has written several magnificent chapters on the work of imagination. The words come from his mouth like emperors from the purple, and describe with commanding power the effects of imagination. But for the faculty itself all that Mr. Ruskin has to say of it is that it is utterly inexplicable.[4] It is not to be dissected or analysed by any acuteness of discernment.*

Thus nobody tells us what imagination really is, and how it happens that being, as some say, nothing at all, it plays an all-powerful part in human life. Driven to our own resources, we must see if we cannot give a clearer account of this wonder-working energy, and above all, cannot reconcile the philosophical analysis which reduces imagination to a shadow with the popular belief which gives it the empire of the mind. I propose this theory, that the imagination or fantasy is not a special faculty but that it is a special function. It is a name given to the automatic action of the mind or any of its faculties—to what may not unfitly be called the Hidden Soul. This is a short sentence. Perhaps to some it may appear a trifling one, with which to docket and explain the grand mystery of imagination. At least those who have not well considered the subject will scarcely see its pregnancy of meaning. It involves an immense deal, however; and to the next three chapters is assigned the

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1 See Richter's *Jean Paul's Geist; oder Chrestomathie der Vorzüglichsten* (1821), §285 'Was Ist Phantasie?'.

2 *Biographia Literaria* (1817), I, pp. 295–96.

3 See *Biographia Literaria,* Ch. III: 'On the imagination, or esemplastic power', I, pp. 285–96.

4 Referring to the five chapters treating 'Of the Imaginative Faculty' in Section II of the second volume of *Modern Painters* (Library edition, IV, pp. 223–332), where Ruskin claims that 'imagination is neither to be taught, nor by any efforts to be attained, nor by any acuteness of discernment dissected or analyzed.' (p. 233).

* **In this history of opinions, James Mill's theory of imagination ought not to be forgotten. "Imagination," he says, "is not a name of any one idea. I am not said to imagine unless I combine ideas successively in a less or greater number. An imagination, therefore, is the name of a *train*. I am said to have an imagination when I have a train of ideas; and when I am said to imagine I have the same thing; nor is there any train of ideas to which the term imagination may not be applied. In this comprehensive meaning of the word Imagination there is no man who has not imagination, and no man who has it not in an equal degree with any other. Every man imagines; nay, is constantly and unavoidably imagining. He cannot help imagining. He can no more stop the current of his ideas than he can stop the current of his blood."—James Mill's *Analysis of the Human Mind*, chap. vii.**

task of showing what it involves. It seems possible to get out of it a more suggestive definition of the nature of art than any which has yet been propounded. That definition will be furnished in the ninth chapter of the present volume to which the whole argument leads up. But I must ask the reader, if he should be curious about the definition, and should glance forward to see what it looks like, not to decide upon it off-hand, but to come back and read the argument which is now to be opened out. The result to which the argument tends may have the air of paradox to those who have not formed previously an acquaintance with the vast array of facts upon which it proceeds, and their peculiar significance. The facts which have to be unfolded are among the most curious in human nature; but they are also among the most neglected, and I must beg for them a careful attention. They are, in very truth, by far the most important with which any science of human nature can have to deal; and they provide us with a key to more than one problem that hitherto has been deemed insoluble. Whether the conclusion as to art which may here be drawn from them be correct or not, they are otherwise valuable, and deserve some systematic arrangement. And as the facts are important, so also I think I may count upon the reader's interest in the strange history which I now undertake to relate.

Only before buckling to that task let me point out distinctly what it is that I am going to show the working of. I have said that imagination is but another name for the automatic action of the mind or any of its faculties. Now for the most part this automatic action takes place unawares; and when we come to analyse the movements of thought we find that to be quite sure of our steps we are obliged very much to identify what is involuntary with what is unconscious. We are seldom quite sure that our wills have had nought to do in producing certain actions, unless these actions have come about without our knowledge. Therefore although involuntary does not in strictness coincide with unconscious action, yet for practical purposes, and, above all, for the sake of clearness, it may be well to put out of sight altogether such involuntary action as may consist with full consciousness, and to treat of the automatic exercise of the mind as either quite unconscious or but half conscious. And if on this understanding we may substitute the one phrase for the other as very nearly coinciding, then the task before me is to show that imagination is but a name for the unknown, unconscious action of the mind—the whole mind or any of its faculties—for the Hidden Soul. If this can be made good—evidently it will meet the first condition of the problem to be solved. It will reconcile philosophical analysis with popular belief. It will grant to the satisfaction of philosophers that imagination is nothing of itself; and it will prove to the satisfaction of the multitude that it is the entire mind in its secret working.

CHAPTER VII. THE HIDDEN SOUL.

THE object of this chapter is not so much to identify imagination with what may be called the hidden soul, as to show that there is a mental existence within us which may be so called—a secret flow of thought which is not less energetic than the conscious flow, an absent mind which haunts us like a ghost or a dream and is an essential part of our lives. Incidentally, there will be no escaping the observation that this unconscious life of the mind—this hidden soul bears a wonderful resemblance to the supposed features of imagination. That, however, is but the ultimate conclusion to which we are driving. My more immediate aim is to show that we have within us a hidden life, how vast is its extent, how potent and how constant is its influence, how strange are its effects. This unconscious part of the mind is so dark, and yet so full of activity; so like the conscious intelligence and yet so divided from it by the veil of mystery, that it is not much of a hyperbole to speak of the human soul as double; or at least as leading a double life. One of these lives—the veiled life, now awaits the rudeness of our scrutiny.

Many of the facts which in this exposition it will be requisite to mention must be known to some readers, and nearly all of them indeed should be recognized as more or less belonging to common experience. But notwithstanding their familiarity we must needs go the whole round of the facts that bear witness to the reality of a hidden life within us, for it is only from a pretty full muster of the evidence—the familiar with the unfamiliar—that we can see the magnitude of our hidden life, the intimacy of its relations with our conscious every-day thinking, the constancy and variety of its working in all the nooks and crannies of the mind. Though some of these facts are familiar, they are also interesting enough to be worth repeating. To lay bare the automatic or unconscious action of the mind is indeed to unfold a tale which outvies the romances of giants and ginns, wizards in their palaces and captives in the Domdaniel roots of the sea. As I am about to show how the mind and all its powers work for us in secret and lead us unawares to results so much above our wont and so strange that we attribute them to the inspiration of heaven or to the whispers of an inborn genius, I seem to tread enchanted ground. The hidden efficacy of our thoughts, their prodigious power of working in the dark and helping us underhand, can be compared only to the stories of our folk-lore, and chiefly to that of the lubber-fiend who toils for us when we are asleep or when we are not looking. There is a stack of corn to be thrashed, or a house to be built, or a canal to be dug, or a mountain to be levelled, and we are affrighted at the task before us. Our backs are turned and it is done in a trice, or we awake in the morning and find that it has been wrought in the night. The lubber-fiend or some other shy creature comes to our aid. He will not lift a finger that we can see; but let us shut our eyes, or turn our heads, or put out the light, and there is nothing which the good fairy will not do for us. We have such a fairy in our thoughts, a willing but unknown and tricksy worker which commonly bears the name of Imagination, and which may be named—as I think more clearly—The Hidden Soul.

It is but recently that the existence of hidden or unconscious thought has been accepted as a fact in any system of philosophy which is not mystical. It used to be a commonplace of philosophy, that we *are* only in so far as we know that we are. In the Cartesian system, the essence of mind is thought; the mind is nothing unless it thinks, and to think is to be conscious. To Descartes and his vast school of followers, a thought which transcends consciousness is a nullity. The Cartesian system is perfectly ruthless in its assertion of the rights of consciousness, and the tendency of the Cartesians has been to maintain not only that without consciousness there can be no mind, but also that without consciousness there can be no matter. Nothing exists, they inclined to say, except it exists as thought (in technical phrase, *esse* is *percipi*), and nothing is thought except we are conscious of it. In our own times, the most thorough-going statement of the Cartesian doctrine has come from Professor Ferrier, in one of the most gracefully written works on metaphysics that has ever appeared. “We are,” says Ferrier, “only in so far as we know; and we know only in so far as we know that we know.”[1] Being and knowledge are thus not only relative, but also identical.

[1] Dallas paraphrases from *Institutes of Metaphysics: The Theory of Knowing and Being* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1854) by the Scottish philosopher James Frederick Ferrier (1808–64: *ODNB*).

To Leibnitz is due the first suggestion of thought possibly existing out of consciousness.[1] He stated the doctrine clumsily and vaguely, but yet with decision enough to make it take root in the German system of thought. There it has grown and fructified and run to seed; there, also, it has expanded into all the absurdities and extravagancies of the transcendental philosophy. But though much of that philosophy is mere folly, and though to most of us it is nearly all unintelligible, we must take heed not to scout it as a baseless fabric. It has a foundation of fact, and that foundation of fact is recognised now by our most sober thinkers, who—be they right or wrong—at least never quit the ground of common sense. It is recognised by Sir William Hamilton; it is recognised by his opponent, Mr. Mill; it is recognised by another great authority, Mr. Herbert Spencer.[2] How they recognise it, whether or not they are consistent in what they say of it, and what use they make of the fact they have learned to acknowledge, are questions which we need only glance at. For me, the great point is that they admit the principle.

Sir William Hamilton is not consistent in his assertions with regard to consciousness. Everybody who is acquainted with his writings must know how forcibly he has described the existence within us of what he calls a latent activity. He shows as clearly as possible how the mind works in secret without knowing it. His proof of the existence of hidden thought is one of the most striking points in his philosophy. Yet it shows the effect of his training that again and again he lapses into the old Cartesian way of speaking, and in many little passages which I might quote says that mind is co-extensive with consciousness—that thought exists only in so far as we know it exists.[3]

Then again for Mr. Mill, I do not know that he is inconsistent in his views with regard to the reality of hidden thought; but some of us may object to the conclusions which he draws from that reality. He has attacked in the person of Sir William Hamilton the established philosophy of Europe. He challenges the whole of that system of philosophy which now reigns, and has reigned for the last century, having begun in a recoil from Hume. He has a rival system to propound—a reassertion of Hume; and the grand weapons by which he proposes to beat down the current philosophy and to establish his own are what he calls the law of inseparable association and its attendant law of obliviscence. I must not vex my readers with the object of the discussion, which is rather dry, and indeed of little interest save to professed metaphysicians; and it is enough to state the bare fact that the argument—whatever it be and whithersoever it tend—turns entirely on the fact of hidden thought—the mind acting in a certain way and without knowing it.[4]

As for Mr. Herbert Spencer, he has stated the case very pithily in his defence of the current philosophy against Mr. Mill's attack. He comes upon a strange contradiction, which no one who will fully and fairly relate the facts of his consciousness can escape. Mr. Spencer puts the contradiction in its most suicidal attitude, and assures us that we cannot avoid it. "Mysterious as seems the consciousness of something which is yet out of consciousness," we are "obliged to think it."[5] Here then is admitted the fundamental fact out of which all the fogs of the transcendental philosophy have arisen—the fact that the mind may be engaged in a sphere that transcends consciousness. I do not at present ask the reader to accept any of these views or any of these statements. The views may be faulty, and the statements may be obscure. But I ask him to understand that I am not about to preach to him an utterly new doctrine, or a doctrine which none but transcendental philosophers have allowed.

In point of fact it is an old doctrine. Although Leibnitz was the first to indicate plainly and soundly the existence of thought working for us in our minds occult and unknown, it is not to be supposed that this phenomenon had wholly escaped previous observers. On the contrary, the fact of vast tracts of unconscious, but still active, mind existing within us, lies at the base of all the theories of the mystics. †And I know not that in Shakespeare there is a more profound saying than one which is uttered by a nameless lord. Parolles, soliloquizing, as he thinks in secret, expresses a fear that the hollowness of his character has been discovered,

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1 See, in particular, Leibniz's *Principles of Nature and of Grace* (1714), §4.

2 The views of Hamilton, Mill and Spencer on unconscious thought are discussed in turn in the following three paragraphs.

3 See William Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, especially Lectures XI–XIX.

4 See John Stuart Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (Longman, 1865), especially ch. XIV.

5 See Herbert Spencer, 'Mill *versus* Hamilton: The Test of Truth', *Fortnightly Review* (15 July 1865), pp. 531–550; pp. 546–47.

and that all his bombast and drumming and trumpeting are understood at length to be but sound and fury, signifying nothing: "They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule." The anonymous lord who overhears this extraordinary soliloquy, then asks, "Is it possible he should *know* that he is, and *be* that he is?"[1] It is a question which goes down to the very centre of life—how far knowledge is compatible with being, existence with the consciousness of existence. Here it is the crucial test of an irrecoverable ass. Look at Dogberry anxious to be written down an ass, and proving his donkeyhood by utter unconsciousness of it.[2] Look at Falstaff, on the other hand, laughing at himself and stopping the laughter of others when he says, "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass."[3] And it is not only the final test of donkeyhood, but goes down to the deeps of life. Shakespeare is very fond of such phrases as these: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool."[4] "The worst is not as long as we can say, This is the worst."[5] "I am not very sick, since I can reason of it."[6] Shakespeare—could Shakespeare himself have *known* what he was, and yet have *been* that he was?

Not so; we are far more than we know; and, paradoxical though it may appear, yet our life is full of paradoxes, and it is true that the mere circumstance of our knowing that we are, is often a valid proof to the contrary.[t] I hope to avoid the nonsense and the jargon of those who have discoursed most on the sphere of the transcendental—that is, the sphere of our mental existence which transcends or spreads beyond our consciousness; but that consciousness is not our entire world, that the mind stretches in full play far beyond the bourne of consciousness, there will be little difficulty in proving. Outside consciousness there rolls a vast tide of life, which is, perhaps, even more important to us than the little isle of our thoughts which lies within our ken. Comparisons, however, between the two are vain, because each is necessary to the other. The thing to be firmly seized is, that we live in two concentric worlds of thought,—an inner ring, of which we are conscious, and which may be described as illuminated; an outer one, of which we are unconscious, and which may be described as in the dark. Between the outer and the inner ring, between our unconscious and our conscious existence, there is a free and a constant but unobserved traffic for ever carried on. Trains of thought are continually passing to and fro, from the light into the dark, and back from the dark into the light. When the current of thought flows from within our ken to beyond our ken, it is gone, we forget it, we know not what has become of it. After a time it comes back to us changed and grown, as if it were a new thought, and we know not whence it comes. So the fish, that leaves our rivers a smolt, goes forth into the sea to recruit its energy, and in due season returns a salmon, so unlike its former self that anglers and naturalists long refused to believe in its identity. What passes in the outside world of thought, without will and for the most part beyond ken, is just that which we commonly understand as the inscrutable work of imagination; is just that which we should understand as the action of the hidden soul, and which, after these generalities, it is necessary now to follow in some detail.

The facts with which we have to deal fall naturally into three groups, corresponding to the first three groups of opinion, as to the nature of imagination enumerated in the last chapter. There it was stated that imagination has been identified by philosophers with memory, with reason, or else with passion; and that there is a fourth group of thinkers who, not satisfied with any of these views, declare that in imagination there is something special, though they cannot tell what it is. The argument here is that each of the first three sets of thinkers are quite right. Imagination is memory; imagination is reason; imagination is passion. But the argument goes further, and will have it that the fourth set of thinkers are also right, and that imagination has a specialty. It is memory—but it is memory automatic and unconscious. It is reason—but it is reason of the hidden soul. It is passion and all that we connect with passion, of instinct, feeling, and sympathy—but it is passion that works out

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1 In Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV i.

2 In Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, IV ii.

3 In Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V v.

4 In Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, V i.

5 In Shakespeare's *King Lear*, IV i.

6 In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, IV ii.

of sight. It is, in a word, the whole power or any power of the mind—but it is that power energising in secret and of its own free will. Now, for the present, let us put by the question whether it be right or wrong to say that this is a sufficient account of what we understand by the imagination. Hold that question in abeyance until we have completed a survey of the hidden soul. At present, what we are to keep in view is this, that as the conscious soul may be roughly divided into faculties of memory, of reason, and of feeling, so the unconscious or hidden soul may be divided in the same manner, and may be considered as memory, as reason, and as feeling. Let us examine it in these three aspects.

I. In memory we encounter the oftest-noted marvel of hidden thought. It is a power that belongs even more to the unconscious than to the conscious mind. How and where we hide our knowledge so that it seems dead and buried; and how in a moment we can bring it to life again, finding it in the dark where it lies unheeded amid our innumerable hoards, is a mystery over which every one capable of thinking has puzzled. The miracle here is most evident and most interesting when memory halts a little. Then we become aware that we are seeking for something which we know not; and there arises the strange contradiction of a faculty knowing what it searches for, and yet making the search because it does not know. Moreover, nothing is commoner than, when a man tries to recollect somewhat and fails, to hear him say, "Never mind, let us talk of something else, I shall remember it presently," and then in the midst of his foreign talk, he remembers. So that the condition of his remembrance depends on this odd contradiction that he shall not only forget what he wants, but even forget that he wanted to remember it. When Daniel surpassed all the magicians, the astrologers, and the soothsayers of Babylon, by discovering to Nebuchadnezzar the dream which he had forgotten,[1] he did not perform a more wonderful feat than the king himself would have accomplished had he been able by an effort of his own memory to recover the lost vision. In the plenitude of his powers, Newton could not remember how he arrived at the binomial theorem, and had to fall back upon his old papers to enable him to discover the process.[2]

The clue, but only a clue, to this perpetual magic of reminiscence lies in the theory of our hidden life. I do not attempt to follow out the explanation, since at best it only throws the riddle but a step or two backwards, and for the present inquiry it is enough that I should barely state the facts which indicate the reality and the intensity of our covert life. Strictly speaking the mind never forgets: what it once seizes, it holds to the death, and cannot let go. We may not know it, but we are greater than we know, and the mind, faithful to its trust, keeps a secret watch on whatever we give to it. Thus beams upon us the strange phenomenon of knowledge, possessed, enjoyed, and used by us, of which nevertheless we are ignorant—ignorant not only at times, but also in some cases during our whole lives.

First of all, for an illustration, take the well-known story of the Countess of Laval, who always in her sleep spoke a language which those about her could not understand and took for gibberish. On the occasion of her lying-in, however, she had a nurse from Brittany who at once understood her. The lady spoke Breton when asleep, although when awake she did not know a word of it, and could attach no meaning to her own phrases which were reported to her. The fact is that she had been born in Brittany, and had been nursed in a family where only the old Celtic dialect of that province was spoken. This she must have learned to prattle in her infancy. Returning to her father's home, where French only was spoken, and Breton not at all, she soon forgot her early speech—lost all traces of it in her conscious memory. Beyond the pale of consciousness memory held the language firm as ever, and the Countess prattled in her dreams the syllables of her babyhood.[3] Captain Marryat gives an account of what happened to himself, not so striking perhaps, but equally pertinent. A man belonging to his ship fell overboard, and he jumped into the sea to save him. As he rose to the surface he discovered that he was in the midst of blood. In an instant the horror of his situation flashed on him. He knew that the sharks were around him, and that his life was to be measured by seconds. Swifter than pen can write it,

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[1] See the Biblical account in Daniel 2:1–48.

[2] We have been unable to trace the source of this anecdote which is not found in either Brewster's *Memoirs* or Dallas's *Times* review of it.

[3] This perhaps mythical story of Anne, Duchess of Laval, of Brittany, and later Queen of France (1477–1514) is found in Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, Lecture XVIII, citing James Burnett Monboddo's *Antient Metaphysics* (1779).

his whole life went into the twinkling of an eye. Burst upon his view all that he had ever done, or said, or thought. Scenes and events in the far past which had been long blotted from his remembrance came back upon him as lightning. The end of the story is that he escaped, the sharks having followed the ship, while he, left behind, was picked up by a boat; but the point of it for us lies in the fealty of memory to its trust, and in the perfectness of the art by which it held all the past of the man's life to the veriest trifle of gossip in safe keeping.[1] De Quincey, in the dreams of his opium-eating days, felt the same power in himself. Things which, if he had been told of them when waking he could not have acknowledged as parts of his former experience, were in his dreams so placed before him with all the chance colour and feelings of the original moment, that at once he knew them and owned their memorial identity. As he thus noted the indelibility of his memory, he leaped to the conjecture which divines before him had reached, that in the dread day of reckoning the book which shall be opened before the Judge is but the everlasting roll of remembrance.[2]

In this unfailing record two things particularly call for attention; the first, that understanding is not essential to memory; the second, that the memory of things not understood may be vital within us. A word or two on each of these great facts.

That understanding is not essential to memory we see in children who learn by heart what has no meaning to them. The meaning comes long years afterwards. But it would seem as if the process which we have all observed on such a small scale goes on continually on a much larger scale. Absolute as a photograph, the mind refuses nought. An impression once made upon the sense, even unwittingly, abides for evermore. There has long been current in Germany a story about a maid in Saxony who spoke Greek. Henry More refers to the fact as a sort of miracle and an antidote against atheism.[3] Coleridge tells a similar story of later date and with explanatory details. In a Roman Catholic town in Germany, a young woman, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a fever, and was said by the priests to be possessed of a devil, because she was heard talking Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Whole sheets of her ravings were written out, and were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves but having slight connection with each other. Of her Hebrew sayings, only a few could be traced to the Bible, and most seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick was out of the question; the woman was a simple creature; there was no doubt as to the fever. It was long before any explanation save that of demoniacal possession could be obtained. At last the mystery was unveiled by a physician who determined to trace back the girl's history, and who, after much trouble, discovered that at the age of nine she had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor, a great Hebrew scholar, in whose house she lived until his death. On further inquiry it appeared to have been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his books. The books were ransacked, and among them were found several of the Greek and Latin Fathers, together with a collection of Rabbinical writings. In these works so many of the passages taken down at the young woman's bedside were identified, that there could be no reasonable doubt as to their source. A succession of unintelligible sounds had been so caught by the ear that years afterwards the girl could in her delirium repeat them. And so we may say generally, that, whether we know it or not, the senses register with a photographic accuracy whatever passes before them, and that the register, though it may be lost, is always imperishable.[4]

As it is only by a variety of illustrations that this great fact can be thoroughly impressed upon the mind, I may be allowed to detain the reader with yet another anecdote pointing to the same conclusion. It is told by

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1 This anecdote concerning the naval officer turned novelist Captain Frederick Marryat (1792–1848: *ODNB*) is recounted in his own words in Charles Whitehead, 'Memoirs of Captain Marryat, R.N., C.B.', *Bentley's Miscellany* 24 (July 1848), pp. 524–30; p. 526.

2 See *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (1821) by Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859: *ODNB*), where, in the section entitled 'The Pains of Opium', it is described how, 'The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived: I could not be said to recollect them, for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience.'

3 See Henry More, 'Antidote against Atheism', Book III, Ch. V, §6, in *A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings* (1662).

4 See *Biographia Literaria*, I, pp. 112–15. There Coleridge's own conclusion reads: 'This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and … this fact … contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable'.

Abercrombie; indeed, he has several like it.[1] Thus, he makes mention of one of his patients who had in health no kind of turn for music, but sang Gaelic songs in his delirium.[2] The most remarkable case, however, which he describes is that of a dull awkward country girl—who was considered uncommonly weak of intellect, who in particular showed not the faintest sense of music, and who was fit only to tend the cattle. It happened that while thus engaged with cattle, she had to sleep next a room in which a tramping fiddler of great skill sometimes lodged. Often he would play there at night, and the girl took notice of his finest strains only as a disagreeable noise. By and by, however, she fell ill, and had fits of sleep-waking in which she would imitate the sweetest tones of a small violin. She would suddenly stop in her performance to make the sound of tuning her instrument, and then after a light prelude would dash off into elaborate pieces of music, most delicately modulated. I have forgotten to mention that in the meantime a benevolent lady had taken a liking to her, and received her into her family as an under-servant. This accounts for the fact of her afterwards imitating the notes of an old piano which she was accustomed to hear in the house. Also, she spoke French, conjugated Latin verbs, and astonished everybody who approached her in her sleep-waking state, with much curious mimicry, and much fluent and sometimes clever talk on every kind of subject—including politics and religion.[3] Here the Highland lass is but exhibiting in another form the same sort of phenomenon as Coleridge described in the German girl. In both of these anecdotes the fact stands out clear, that the memory grips and appropriates what it does not understand—appropriates it mechanically, like a magpie stealing a silver spoon, without knowing what it is, or what to do with it. The memory cannot help itself. It is a kleptomaniac and lets nothing go by.

Nor must we have mean ideas as to the nature of the existence in the mind of things preserved beyond our knowledge and without our understanding. This is the second point aforesaid which calls for attention. When we think of something preserved in the mind, but lost and wellnigh irrecoverable, we are apt to imagine it as dormant; when we know that it was unintelligible we are apt to imagine it as dead. On the contrary, the mind is an organic whole and lives in every part, even though we know it not. Aldebaran was once the grandest star in the firmament, and Sirius had a companion star once the brightest in heaven, and now one of the feeblest. Because they are now dim to us, are we to conclude that they are going out and becoming nought? The stars are overhead, though in the blaze of day they are unseen; they are not only overhead, but also all their influences are unchanged. So there is knowledge active within us of which we see nothing, know nothing, think nothing. Thus, in the sequence of thought, the mind, busied with the first link in a chain of ideas, may dart to the third or fourth, the intermediate link or links being utterly unknown to it. They may be irrecoverable, they may even be unintelligible, but they are there, and they are there in force.

As it is sometimes difficult to follow a general statement like this without the help of example, I will suppose a case in point, suggested by the story of the girl who in her waking state had no ear for music, but yet in her sleep-waking could imitate the music of the violin with wondrous accuracy and sweetness. Take the case of a man who has no ear for music, who cannot keep time in a simple dance, who can neither remember nor recognise a tune, and to whom melody is but an unmeaning succession of sweet noises. That man may, nevertheless, through associations the most fine and indefinable of any, but also the most sure and irresistible—through an association of unknown musical ideas—connect two objects of thought which are otherwise far apart. The hearing a Methodist hymn sung, for example, may put him in mind of a snow storm. Say that the hymn is sung to the air of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*. He may not know this; neither may he know that *The Land o' the Leal* which he once heard has the same air transposed to the minor key; but forthwith on hearing the hymn, his mind reverts to the idea of the snow-drift which is mentioned in the first verse of the Scotch song. The knowledge of the strain, once heard, is in the mind, quick and quickening, although he knows it not nor understands it. So, in the days of our feebleness we have witnessed scenes and events for which we seemed to have no eyes and no ears, and a long time thereafter we describe as from imagination what is really

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[1] Referring to *Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth* (Edinburgh: Waugh & Innes, 1830) by the Scottish medic John Abercrombie (1780–1844: *ODNB*); Dallas probably cites the 8th edition of 1838 from Murray in London, which includes quite a number of additional examples.

[2] See Abercrombie, *Inquiries* (1838), p. 143.

[3] See Abercrombie, *Inquiries* (1838), pp. 304–8.

a surrender of the memory. Looks and tones come back upon us with strange vividness from the far past; and we can picture to the life transactions of which it is supposed that we have never had any experience. Shelley was filled with terror when he thought of these things. In a walk near Oxford, he once came upon a part of the landscape for the first time (as he deemed) which nevertheless his memory told him that he had seen before. When long afterwards, in Italy, he attempted to describe upon paper the state of his mind in half feeling that he had seen this landscape before in a dream, he became so terror-stricken in contemplation of his thought that he had to throw down his pen and fly to his wife to quell in her society the agitation of his nerves.[1]

No wonder that Plato when he saw the vast resources of the mind—when there came to him a dim feeling that much of what he seemed to create he was only drawing from remembrance, if when he could trace back to no period in the present life the origin of impressions which had been self-registered, and ideas which had been self-grown in the dark of his mind, straightway started the hypothesis of a previous life passed in a previous world, before we found our way hither to be clogged by clay. Many a time since then men have caught at the same idea.* One of our least known poets, but a true one, Matthew Green, has it in the following terms:

> As prisoners into life we've come;
> Dying may be but going home;
> Transported here by bitter fate,
> The convicts of a prior state.[2]

But he who has in modem times most emphatically expressed it is Wordsworth. In the finest of his poems he says:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God, who is our home.[3]

So much then for memory, in so far as it represents the immense involuntary life which we lead out of consciousness. If the facts I have brought together do not account for all, certainly they account for much of what we understand by the word imagination. They account for much even of what is most mysterious in the processes called imaginative. In the mechanical accuracy with which memory all unknown to us registers the flitting impressions of our daily life, and in the faithfulness with which at times and in ways of its own choosing, it surrenders to consciousness these impressions, we have a glimpse of what is meant by the creativeness of imagination. It is true, that the theory of unconscious memory does not explain all the creative work of fantasy. There is in the mind, as I shall afterwards have to show, a genuine creative process, over and above the seeming creativeness of unconscious memory. Still, it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of mere memory—involuntary and secret—as a worker of miracles, as a discoverer of things unknown, and as contributing to invest all objects of thought with a halo of mystery, which is but the faint reflection of forgotten

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1 These incidents are recorded in 'Speculations on Metaphysics', *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* pp. 240–51; pp. 250–51, where there is a note added by Mary Shelley at the point where the narrative breaks off.

* **A query has been raised as to the meaning of the question which we find in the Gospel of St. John: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" How could the man have sinned before he was born, except on the supposition of pre-existence?** [citing John 9:2, AV]

2 Slightly misquoting lines from *The Spleen: An Epistle* (1738) by Matthew Green.

3 Citing the fifth stanza of the 'Ode to Immortality'.

knowledge. The Platonic theory of pre-existence is but the exaggeration of a truth. Our powers of memory are prodigious; our powers of invention are very limited. The same fables, the same comparisons, the same jests are produced and reproduced like the tunes of a barrel-organ in successive ages and in different countries.

When Sir Walter Scott was engaged on the composition of *Rokeby*, he was observed to take notes of the little wild flowers that grew not far from the cave which he was going to allot to Guy Denzil. He describes how Bertram laid him down:

> Where purple heath, profusely strewn,
> And throat-wort, with its azure bell,
> And moss and thyme his cushion swell.[1]

To one who expressed surprise that for such details he did not trust to imagination, meaning the faculty of invention, he replied that this faculty is circumscribed in its range, is soon exhausted and goes on repeating itself, whereas nature is boundless in its variety, and not to be surpassed by any efforts of art. Thus it is not so much to a trained invention as to a trained memory that the poet who seeks for variety must chiefly trust; and it will be found that all great poets, all great artists, all great inventors are men of great memory—their unconscious memory being even greater than that of which they are conscious. These unconscious memories stirring we know not what within us, fill some men with a sense of the mystery of life, and shed on all things visible the hues of poetry,—that light, which, according to Wordsworth, never was on sea or land.[2] Other men they enrich with visions of what they fancy they have never seen. In a moment at a single jet the picture is in the mind's eye complete to a pin's head with all the perfectness of imaginative work. One blow, one flash, is all we are conscious of; no fumbling, no patching, no touching up. We are unconscious of the automatic energy within us until its work is achieved and the effect of it is not to be resisted. We see the finished result; of the process we know nothing. We enjoy the one and we stand in awe of the other. We endow these extraordinary memories with divine honours. Ye are as gods, we say to the poets. And thus far at least one can see a deeper wisdom in the doctrine of the Greeks that the muses were all daughters of Mnemosyne.

II. Let us now look for the exercise of reason in the hidden soul, by reason understanding not merely what the logicians mean, but all that is included in the popular sense of the term—as judgment, invention, comparison, calculation, selection, and the like movements of thought, forethought and afterthought.

When we come to look into the complex movement of our thoughts, we discover that in almost every mental operation there are several distinct wheels going, though we may be conscious of only one. No better illustrations need we seek for, than the favourite ones of playing on the piano-forte and of reading a book. The beginner on the piano-forte strikes the notes far between like minute guns. For every key that he touches a distinct enterprise of thought is required. After a time he fingers the scale more deftly, and can grasp whole handfuls of notes in quick succession with greater ease than at first he could hit upon a single key. See how many things he can do at once. With both hands he strikes fourfold chords—eight separate notes; he does this in perfect time; he lifts his foot from the pedal so as to give the sound with greater fulness; meanwhile his eye, fixed on the music-book, is reading one or two bars in advance of his hand; and to crown all, he is talking to a companion at his side. This enumeration of the various courses which the mind pursues at one and the same moment, is far from complete; but it is enough to show that many lines of action which when first attempted require to be carried on by distinct efforts of volition become through practice mechanical, involuntary movements of which we are wholly unaware. In the act of reading we find the mind similarly at work for us, with a mechanical ease that is independent of our care. There are indeed well attested cases of readers overtaken with sleep and continuing to read aloud, although thus overpowered. Children at the factories have fallen asleep over the machines which their fingers kept plying. Postmen have gone upon their daily rounds dead asleep,

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[1] In Scott's 1813 poem 'Rokeby', Canto III, Stanza viii.

[2] Citing the fourth stanza of 'Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm'; the phrase is also cited by Dallas in *Poetics*, p. 52, though in a different context.

without oversight of consciousness or intervention of will. In these cases the mind spontaneously went forward in certain accustomed grooves.

More particular examples are at hand: Houdin could not only keep four balls tossing in the air, but also while these were flying about could read a book placed before him.[1] Canning dictated despatches to three secretaries at once, and we may rest assured that in the complicated operations of thought required for such a performance, he very much depended on certain self-acting processes which he had taught his mind to follow.[2] Sir Walter Scott sometimes dictated his narratives, and the penman whom he employed on one occasion very soon discovered that he was carrying on two distinct trains of thought, one of which was already arranged and in the act of being spoken, while the other was further advanced, putting together what was afterwards to be said. It was a proof of this double movement, that sometimes Scott would let slip a word which was wholly out of place, and was even superfluous (as *entertained* for *denied* or in addition to it), but which clearly belonged to the following sentence, and there fell into its proper place. It became thus evident that he was composing the one sentence while he was dictating the other, and that a word occasionally dropped from the sentence which was in his mind into that which was on his tongue.[3] The act of composition had in his mind become so automatic that when he was released from the irksomeness of penmanship, and could rely upon another hand to drive the quill, he would forget what he had done—every incident, character, and conversation of his book. It was thus that during an illness, the *Bride of Lammermoor* was composed amid groans of suffering which seemed far more than the story to engross his mind.[4] The sentences of this, one of his finest tales, flowed on freely in spite of the cries with which they were mingled; but when the work was finished, Scott had no memory of it; to no one did the tale appear a greater novelty than to himself; and he read the proofs in a fever of fright lest he should come upon some huge blunder.

The self-working of his mind was however still more evident in another habit. When in the conduct of his plot he became entangled in a knot which he could not quickly unravel, or when he was stopped by any considerable difficulty, it was his custom to put aside his papers for the day, and to forget his embarrassment in other occupations. When he awoke on the morrow the problem was solved, and he got rid of the difficulty with ease.[5] Some may account for the clearance of the stumbling-block, by the increased vigour of the mind after it had been freshened with sleep. The true explanation is that the mind, though it seemed to be otherwise engaged, was really brooding in secret over its work, and mechanically revolving the problem, so that it was all ready for solution at peep of dawn. There are few thinking minds that have not had experiences which bear out this view. They too have had to face perplexity, have been baffled in the first encounter, and have withdrawn for a time from the fray. Perhaps they resolve, as the saying is, to sleep upon it. What then? Not always does light come in the morning; it comes at other times when the mind has had no chance of rest. It may flash upon us unexpectedly when we are lost in other cares, in the deeps of sorrow, or in the roar of business, or in the whirl of pleasure. Many of us can remember that in our college days when some hard mathematical problem had fairly mastered us, and we were driven in despair to throw it aside, suddenly the solution shot into the mind when we were bent on different thoughts in the hunting-field, or at a wine party, or in the house of prayer. Archimedes was in the bath when he jumped to the shout of Eureka;[6] and the angel of the Lord appeared unto

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1 Referring to the French conjuror Jean-Eugène Robert-Houdin (1805–71), the father of modern illusionism, who performed before Queen Victoria in 1848, and retired in the mid-1850s. In 1858 he had published his autobiography *Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur*, which appeared in English as *Memoirs of Robert-Houdin* (2 vols; London: Chapman & Hall, 1859).

2 The British Tory politician George Canning (1770–1827: *ODNB*), twice Foreign Secretary and once Prime Minister; the anecdote is reported in Charles C. F. Greville, *The Greville Memoirs: A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV and King William IV* (2 vols; London, Longmans, 1874), I, pp. 106–7, though we have not been able to locate a source available to Dallas in the mid-1860s.

3 See the letter from the amanuensis Robert Hogg transcribed in J.G. Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1-vol. edition; Edinburgh: Caddell, 1845), ch. LXXIII, pp. 659–60.

4 See Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, ch. XLIV, pp. 367–68.

5 We have not been able to trace the source of this reference either in Lockhart or elsewhere.

6 The earliest extant account of the discovery of the Archimedes Principle (that when an object is immersed in a liquid, it is subject to an upward force, equal to the weight of the liquid displaced) is found in the first-century BCE in the Roman author Vitruvius.

Gideon as he threshed wheat by the wine-press in Ophrah, to hide it from the Midianites.[1] I believe it was Goethe who pointed out that Saul the son of Kish found a kingdom while his only thought was to find his father's asses.[2]

The gist of these anecdotes is, I hope, clear. By a flood of examples I am trying to make manifest the reality of certain mental ongoings of which, from their very nature, scarcely anything is known. Out of them all emerges the fact that the mind keeps watch and ward for us when we slumber; that it spins long threads, weaves whole webs of thought for us when we reck not. In its inner chamber, whither no eye can pierce, it will remember, brood, search, poise, calculate, invent, digest, do any kind of stiff work for us unbidden, and always do the very thing we want. Although we cannot lift the veil and see the mind working, yet the facts crowd upon us which show that it does work underhand. They are of all sorts, from the most simple to the most complex. For a very simple illustration of the law, we may note what is called absence of mind. We are all more or less absent, and having thoughts here and far away, in sight and out of sight, may be described as double minded. But some men attend more habitually than others to the under-currents of thought, and are thus remarkable for their absence. From such simple illustrations of undersong and involuntary concealed action in the mind, we rise to higher examples. There is the case of Avicenna. Avicenna was a very hard student who went regularly to the mosque to pray that Allah would help him in his studies, and get him middle terms for the syllogisms he required. The story goes that Allah heard his prayers and found him the middle terms while he slept; at least they came to him in dreams. Without supposing that Allah was so deeply interested in his syllogisms as to work a miracle in his behalf, we can still believe in the efficacy of the philosopher's prayer. Kneeling was the highest expression of his anxiety, and this anxiety so urged his mind that what it could not reach under the disturbing gaze of consciousness, it seized in sleep easily when its movements were allowed to become spontaneous.[3] So it happens often. There are things which we fail to do if we are watched, and which we do easily if no one is by; which we cannot do at all if we think about it, and which we do readily if we do not think. "His memory was great," says Sir Philip Warwick of Lord Strafford, "and he made it greater by confiding in it."[4] I have already referred to the saying of Mozart: "If you think how you are to write, you will never write anything worth hearing. I write because I cannot help it."[5] What we try to do, we cannot do; when we cease trying, we do it. Is this because trying is useless, and when we are sore pressed for middle terms, we must ring down the Almighty with a church bell? On the contrary, it is trying that succeeds, and Heaven helps with inspiration only those who help themselves. †In one of the English versions of the Psalms there is a fine expression: "Oh tarry thou the Lord's leisure;"[6] but the most luminous gloss upon this text is to be found in the saying of Father Malebranche, that attention is the prayer of the intellect;[7u] only here we must limit ourselves to attention that is passive. Think you, says Wordsworth,

> Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things for ever speaking,
> That nothing of itself will come,
> But we must still be seeking?

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[1] See Judges 6:11: 'And there came an angel of the LORD, and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah, that pertained unto Joash the Abiezrite: and his son Gideon threshed wheat by the winepress, to hide it from the Midianites.' (AV).

[2] See 1 Samuel 9~11 for the story of how Saul became King of Israel.

[3] The source of this anecdote concerning the studies of Avicenna, the Western name for the Islamist physician and philosopher Ibn Sina (980–1037), author of *The Book of Healing* (1027), may have been Edward Binns, *The Anatomy of Sleep* (London: Churchill, 1842), p. 181.

[4] Dallas probably cites the sentence from Robert Southey's *Common-place Book* (1850), 2nd Series.

[5] See Ch. III, p. 33.

[6] This version of the beginning of the last verse of Psalm 27 is found in the 1535 Coverdale Bible, which supplied the Psalter in the Church of England *Book of Common Prayer* in use from 1662.

[7] The aphorism is derived from *Malebranche's Christian and Metaphysical Meditations* (1683); there, in 'Christian Mediations' 15:9, Malebranche states: 'L'attention est une prière naturelle, que l'esprit me fait comme à la raison universelle, afin qu'il reçoive de moi la lumière et l'intelligence'.

Nor less, I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
And we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.[1]

That story of Avicenna reminds us that in sleep we have the boldest evidence of the mind's latent activity. Like those heavenly bodies which are seen only in the darkness of night, the realities of our hidden life are best seen in the darkness of slumber. We have observed that in the gloaming of the mind, memory displays a richness which it is fain to conceal in the full glare of consciousness. It has languages, it has music at command of which when wide awake it has no knowledge. Time would fail us to recount the instances in which through dreams it helps us to facts—as where a stray will is to be found, or how the payment of a certain sum of money can be proved—which in broad day we have given up for lost. Nor is there any end to the cases which might be cited of actions begun in consciousness and continued in sleep—soldiers thus marching, coachmen driving, pianists playing, weavers throwing the shuttle, saddlers making harness, seamstresses plying the needle, swimmers floating, sailors mounting the shrouds or heaving the log. Probably our first impulse when we hear of these things is to make merry with the sleeping palace where for a hundred years a somnolent king sits on the throne, surrounded by drooping counsellors, while not far off the butler dozes with a flask between his knees, the steward reposes amid his wrinkles, the page in a dream is intent on a slumbering maid of honour, the sentinel hybernates in his box, the winds are all snoring, the trees are all nodding, the fowls are all roosting, the fires are all dormant, the dogs are all heavy with the selfsame spell that sent the beautiful Princess to drowse for an age upon a golden bed.[2] Especially may we be inclined to smile at such a picture of life, since in the philosopher's rendering of it the sleepers would not as in the poet's fable be arrested in their actions, but would go on acting without let or hindrance.

One is not more inclined to treat the matter gravely, when one remembers how closely and how ludicrously these experiences of actions continued in sleep are connected with the phenomena of narcotics. We laugh to hear of the drunken Irish porter who forgot when sober what he had done when drunk, and who had to get drunk again in order to remember any circumstances which it was necessary for him to recall, so that having once in a state of intoxication lost a valuable parcel, he could give no account of it, but readily found it again in his next drinking bout.[3] We laugh as we remember the story of the ancient Persians who would undertake no important business unless they had first considered it drunk as well as sober.[4] We laugh to think that in this England of ours, and in a time of terrible storm, the helm of the state was held by a prime minister, the Duke of Portland, who almost lived on opiates, was always in a state of stupor, and would fall dead asleep over his work.[5] We have our jokes about the sleep-bound cabinet that from the brow of Richmond Hill sent an order to Lord Raglan to go and take Sebastopol.[6] We have our memories of Laputa, in which the philosophers were so

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1 Citing, in reverse order, the fifth and sixth stanzas of 'Expostulation and Reply' from *Lyrical Ballads*.

2 Referring to the fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty, best known in the version by Charles Perrault ('La belle au bois dormant') in *Histoires ou contes du temps passé* (1697).

3 This anecdote, which also features in Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone* (1868), first appeared in George Combe's *System of Phrenology* (1830), p. 521.

4 The story is recounted in *Histories* by the fifth-century BCE Greek historian Herodotus.

5 Referring to William Henry Cavendish, Third Duke of Portland (1738–1809: *ODNB*), who was twice briefly Prime Minister; as reported in, for example, Harriet Martineau's *History of the Peace*, Bk II Ch. I, where, in describing 'the imbecility of the Portland Administration', it is stated that he was addicted to laudanum during his second period in office from March 1807.

6 During the Crimean War, the cabinet order to attack Sebastopol was sent to the British army commander Lord Raglan on the 29 June 1854; see the damning House of Commons Reports from the Select Committee on the Army Before Sebastopol (1855) chaired by J.A. Roebuck.

wise, so absent-minded and so given to sleep that they had to hire flappers who with bladders at the end of strings would flap them on the head and rouse them to their senses.[1]

Laugh as we may, we return to the mystery of sleep with ever-increasing wonderment. What is most wonderful in it is the ease with which the mind works and overtakes results that waking it would either fail to approach, or would approach with faltering painful steps. Heaps of examples are at hand. None is better known than that of Coleridge, who in a sleep composed the beautiful fragment of Kublah Khan. Not withstanding their sibilation, nothing can be more musical than such lines as these.

> A damsel with a dulcimer,
> In a vision once I saw:
> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on a dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abora.[2]

Coleridge's sleep was produced by opium; but the Queen of Navarre, Augustus la Fontaine, Voltaire and others, in their natural sleep made verses which they remembered on waking.[3] Thomas Campbell woke up in the night with the line, "Coming events cast their shadows before," which he had been beating his brains for during a whole week.[4] In like manner, Tartini composed the Devil's Sonata, in a dream in which the enemy of mankind seemed to challenge him to a match on the fiddle.[5] In sleep Benjamin Franklin forecast events with a precision which in the daytime he could never attain, and which by contrast seemed the result rather of a second-sight than of his ordinary work-a-day faculties.[6] In sleep, Father Maignan used to pursue his mathemetical [*sic*.] studies, and when he worked out a theorem in his dreams, he would awake in the flush and pleasure of his discovery.[7] In sleep, Condillac would mentally finish chapters of his work which, going to bed, he had left unfinished.[8] Abercrombie tells of an advocate who had to pronounce a legal opinion in a very complicated case which gave him much concern. His wife saw him rise in the night, write at his desk, and return to bed. In the morning he informed her that he had a most interesting dream, in which he had unravelled the difficulties of the case and had been able to pronounce a most luminous judgment, but unfortunately it had escaped his memory and he would give anything to recover it. She had but to refer him to his desk and there the judgment was found clear as light.[9*]

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1 In *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) by Jonathan Swift, Laputa is the flying island where the learned are 'so taken up with intense Speculations' that they need constantly to have their attention drawn to more mundane matters by physical means.

2 The beginning of the final stanzas of Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan', first published in *Christabel; Kubla Khan, a Vision; The Pains of Sleep* (1816).

3 See Binns, *The Anatomy of Sleep*, p. 181.

4 In the dialogic poem 'Lochiel's Warning' found in *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell*; the Colburn two-volume edition was published in 1828.

5 See Binns, *The Anatomy of Sleep*, p. 181.

6 See Binns, *The Anatomy of Sleep*, pp. 180–81.

7 Regarding this anecdote concerning the French Catholic priest and scientist Emmanuel Maignan (1601–76), see the Maignan entry in Charles Hutton, *A Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary* (1795).

8 Again see Binns, *The Anatomy of Sleep*, pp. 142, 181.

9 See Abercrombie, *Inquiries*, p. 291.

* **I place in a foot-note a remarkable story which appeared in *Notes and Queries*, 14th January, 1860. The story is told on the authority of the Rev. J. de Liefde. A brother clergyman, whom he perfectly trusted, told him as follows:—"I was a student at the Mennonite Seminary at Amsterdam, and frequented the mathematical lectures of Professor Van Swindon. Now, it happened that once a banking-house had given the professor a question to resolve which required a difficult and prolix calculation; and often already had the mathematician tried to find out the problem, but as to effect this some sheets of paper had to be covered with ciphers, the learned man at each trial had made a mistake. Thus, not to overfatigue himself, he communicated the puzzle to ten of his students—me amongst the number—and begged us to attempt its unravelling at home. My ambition did not allow me any delay. I set to work the same evening, but without success. Another evening was sacrificed to my undertaking, but fruitlessly. At last I bent myself over my ciphers, a third evening. It was winter, and I calculated to half-past one in the morning—all to no purpose! The product was erroneous. Low at heart, I threw down my**

This last example, however, is not ordinary dreaming, but comes under the head of sleep-walking or waking, a peculiar class of phenomena, so well and so long recognised that when, in the year 1686, a brother of Lord Culpepper indicted at the Old Bailey for shooting one of the guards and his horse, he was acquitted on the plea of somnambulism.[1] In this state as in that of ordinary dreaming the precision and the facility of the work we can do are very remarkable. The sleep-walker seldom makes a false step, or sings a wrong note. She rivals the tones of the Swedish nightingale, warbling in her presence; and high on some giddy edge she foots it with the skill of a rope-dancer. Especially is it curious to see how the waking and the sleep-waking states are severed from each other as by a wall. Just as the Irish porter, already mentioned, had no remembrance in his sober state of what he had done in his fits of intoxication, and had to get drunk in order to discover it, the sleep-waker leads in vision a life which has no discernible point of contact with his daily life. His day life is a connected whole in keeping with itself; his night life is the same; but the two are as distinct as parallel lines that have no chance of meeting. By day the man has not the faintest recollection of what goes on at night; and by night he has in his memory no trace of what passes in the day. The physiologists attempt to account for this by regarding the brain as a double organ, one-half of which may be active while the other is in repose. But these physical explanations are not satisfactory. Even in full consciousness, when it may be supposed that both sides of the brain are active, we sometimes know of a double life being prosecuted something like that which sleep-waking shows. Sir James Mackintosh was a man who mixed much in the world and took a forward part in public affairs; but from his youth upwards, he led another life of curious reverie.[2] He was the Emperor of Constantinople, his friends were his ministers and generals. In endless day-dreams he saw transacted the history of his empire; he watched the intrigues of his palace; he gave rewards to his faithful servants; and formed alliances with neighbouring powers. To the last the habit clung to him. Among his friends he was the gentle clansman of the north country, born to belie the rhyme,

> Of all the Highland clans,
> The Macnab is the most ferocious,
> Except the Macintyres,
> The Macraws and the Mackintoshes.[3]

In long-drawn dreams he soared far above the Clan Chattan, he stood imperial upon the Golden Horn, he made war upon his enemies, and without remorse he chopped off the heads of rebellious subjects. He thus led two lives which were quite distinct from each other, and which resembled the double life of sleep-wakers in all but this, that in the one state he did not lose his consciousness of the other.

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pencil, which already that time had beciphered three slates. I hesitated whether I would toil the night through, and begin my calculation anew, as I knew that the professor wanted an answer the very same morning. But lo! my candle was already burning in the socket, and, alas! the persons with whom I lived had long ago gone to rest. Then I also went to bed, my head filled with ciphers, and tired of mind I fell asleep. In the morning I awoke just early enough to dress and prepare myself to go to the lecture. I was vexed at heart not to have been able to solve the question, and at having to disappoint my teacher. But, O wonder! As I approach my writing table, I find on it a paper, with ciphers of my own hand, and think of my astonishment, the whole problem on it solved quite aright, and without a single blunder. I wanted to ask my *hospita* whether any one had been in my room, but was stopped by my own writing. Afterwards I told her what had occurred, and she herself wondered at the event, for she assured me no one had entered my apartment. Thus I must have calculated the problem in my sleep and in the dark to boot, and what is most remarkable, the computation was so succinct, that what I saw now before me on a single folio sheet, had required three slatefuls closely beciphered at both sides, during my waking state. Professor Von Swinden was quite amazed at the event, and declared to me that whilst calculating the problem himself, he never once had thought of a solution so simple and concise." [J.H. van Lennep, 'A Difficult Problem Solved During Sleep', *Notes and Queries*, 2s9 (14 January 1860), pp. 22–23.]

[1] The case of Colonel Cheyney Culpepper was detailed in, for example, Binns, *The Anatomy of Sleep*, p. 137.

[2] Referring to the polymath from Inverness, Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832: *ODNB*), Whig MP from 1813 until his death; his 'life of curious reverie' evoked by Dallas is described in John G. Edgar, *The Boyhood of Great Men* (1853).

[3] We have been unable to locate the source of this rhyme, though we should note that Dallas's mother was a Mackintosh.

III. If memory has its hiding places in the mind, and if there too is to be found a hidden reason; so also, nearly all that we understand by passion, feeling, sympathy, instinct, intuition is an energy of the hidden soul. It is so entirely a hidden work that in popular regard it is readily accepted as of kin to imagination. Instinct, intuition, passion, sympathy—these are forces which we at once recognise as of themselves poetical, as for the most part indistinguishable from imagination, and as involved in the recesses of the mind. They are processes which never fairly enter into consciousness, which we know at best only in a semi-consciousness, and less in themselves than in their results. The instinctive action of the mind so clearly belongs to the hidden soul—to that part of the human intelligence which is automatic and out of sight, that we need not dwell upon it so minutely as on those actions of the mind of which secrecy is not the rule. The operations of reason, for example, are chiefly known to us in their conscious exercise; and it was necessary at some length, to show that there is a prodigious empery of reason which is not conscious. Secrecy, on the other hand, is the normal condition of passionate and instinctive movements. The mere existence of such forces as instinct and passion is a vulgar fact which to those who read it aright will at once tell a tale of the hidden soul.

Passion, whether we view it as feeling or as fellow-feeling, is notoriously a blind unconscious force. Love is a blind god, and Shakespeare says that it has no conscience—a word which in his time had the sense of consciousness besides that which it now bears:

> Love is too young to know what conscience is;
> Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love.[1]

It is thus the type of all passion. It matters not which of the passions we select for cross-examination: they are all, in this respect, alike. But love is the emotion which, in literature, has received the most thorough scrutiny. It is the central fire of modern poetry and romance. And if all poetry and all romance, bear witness to the greatness of its power, they are also full to overflowing of the proofs of its mystery, its waywardness, its unreason. It is a mighty potentate that springs from a chance look, that feeds on itself, and that is not to be outdone. The preference of the lover is accorded to one knows not what, for often it flies in the face of all reason—even the reason of the lover himself. It catches him like a fever, and rides him like destiny. It is a spell that works within him, he knows not how, and drives him he cares not whither. Under its sway he is no longer himself; perhaps he is greater than himself; at least, he is another being. He is caught in a dream, and his known self becomes the sport and creature of a hidden self which neither he nor his friends can always recognise as verily his. He rejoices in the accession of a new life, because then, for the first time, he becomes aware of his hidden soul—of dim Elysian fields of thought, far stretching beyond the bounds of his daylight consciousness; and he blesses the angel, or the fairy, or the goddess—call her anything but a woman—through whom this witching sense of endowment comes to him. Nor is a passion, because it is blind, to be branded as untrustworthy. It is quite capable of error; it therefore makes huge mistakes; but I know not that it makes more mistakes than the more conscious forces of the mind, and I do know that very often, far more often than we think, the greatest of all mistakes is not to be in a passion—not to feel. There is a well-known remark of a French actor (Baron, I think), who, however, had only his own business in his eye, that passion knows more than art—blind feeling more than all science.[2] It is a saying which applies to passion generally, and to that hidden soul of which it is a part.

Passion reminds us of sympathy, and we may take sympathy as next door neighbour to instinct. It is a strange power which the mind possesses of taking a colour from whatever besets it, like the chameleon that takes the colour of the place it passes. We imitate without knowing that we imitate; and this is sympathy. One man smiles, and another without knowing it repeats the action. So we have a fellow-feeling with the joy and sorrow and every motion of each other's minds. Remember Grétry's trick. He had a clever method of slackening or quickening the pace of any companion in his walks. When he did not like to tell his friend that the pace was too fast or too slow, he sung softly an air to the time of their march, and then by degrees either quickened or

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[1] The opening lines of Shakespeare's Sonnet CLI.

[2] We been unable to track down this rather vague reference, probably to the French actor and playwright Michel Baron (1653–1729).

slackened it according to his wishes.[1] It is strange too to note how little will suffice to set a strong sympathy in action. St. Bernard preached the crusade in Latin to the German peasants, and we know how they were roused by sermons of which they did not understand a word.[2] As he pondered over this marvel of unconscious imitation, Bacon could not see a way to the understanding of it, but by supposing a transmission of spirits from one to another. "It would make a man think (though this which we shall say may seem exceeding strange) that there is some transmission of spirits," and he promises to treat of this transmission more at large when he comes to speak of imagination.[3] His suggestion is but one more form of a conjecture that continually recurs to all who have much noted the hidden action of the mind. It is inspiration, we say; it is genius; it is magic; it is the transmission of spirits; it is anything but the natural mind—the mind of which we are conscious. Here again, therefore, in sympathy, and in Bacon's account of it, we have additional evidence of the hidden soul.

Then for instinct, Cuvier pitching about for a definition of instinct as it appears in the lower animals, felt that he could compare it to nothing so fitly as to the action of the human mind in somnambulism.[4] It is the clearest and most pregnant definition of this mysterious power which has yet been suggested. The mind of beasts, void of self-knowledge and the reason which looks before and after, may well be compared to the belated mind of the sleepwalker; and on the other hand, the processes which we can trace in sleep-walking remind us for their easy precision of nothing so much as instinct. The bee never fails in his honeycomb; the swallow is unerring in her calendar; and the sleep-walker is equally precise. And as when you wake the somnambulist to reason you render him incapable; so when you teach the savage that lives by instinct to think, you make him stupid. For men as well as beasts have their instincts, and in each of them, the power is to be defined in the same terms. It is said of the wolf that when he was in his hornbook, he spelt every word, l, a, m, b.[5] This is a perfect description of the instinctive process, however various its forms.

The more we examine into these instinctive mental actions, the more are we surprised at their variety and their number. You do not know, for example, how many steps there are in the staircase of your house, but your foot knows. You can ascend and descend in the dark, and when you reach the landing, your foot makes of its own accord the appropriate action. This is but one of a great class of mental actions going on ever unknown to us. It resembles reason, as all instinct does; and without any breach of propriety, it might be called an effort of the hidden reason, because this hidden knowledge and calculation comes of experience. But it is scarcely possible to resolve into any exercise of reason or into the lesson of experience, certain other actions of the unconscious muscles. The artist can trust to his hand, to his throat, to his eye, to render with unfailing accuracy subtle distinctions of tone and shades of meaning with which reason seems to have nothing to do—with which no effort of reason can keep pace. It is told of Madame Mara that she was able to sound 100 different intervals between each note of music. The compass of her voice was at least three octaves, so that the total number of intervals at her command was 1500. This immense variety of sound is produced by the less or greater tension of certain muscles of the throat. The difference between the least and the greatest tension of these muscles in a woman's throat is the eighth of an inch. Therefore, all the 1500 varieties of musical sounds which Madame Mara could produce came from degrees in the tension of her muscles which are to be represented by dividing the eighth part of an inch into 1500 subdivisions.[6] Which of us by taking thought can follow such arithmetic? No singer can consciously divide the tension of her vocal chords into 12,000 parts of an inch, and select one of these; nevertheless she may hit with infallible accuracy the precise note which depends upon this minute

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1 Referring to the French composer André Ernest Modeste Grétry (1741–1813), who describes this practice in the chapter devoted to 'La Fausse Magie' in his *Mémoires, ou, Essai sur la Musique* (1789).

2 The preaching of St. Bernard of Clairvaux is reputed to have persuaded many to join the Second Crusade (1147–49), which the Pope had proclaimed in 1145.

3 In *Sylva Sylvarum; or, A Natural History in Ten Centuries*, III §236.

4 Referring to the French naturalist Jean Léopold Nicolas Frédéric, Baron Cuvier (1769–1832); according to H. McMurtie in *Cuvier's Animal Kingdom* (London: Orr & Smith, 1834), p. 23, Cuvier defined animal action as 'a kind of perpetual vision or dream that always pursues it, and it may be considered, in all that has relation to its instinct, as a kind of somnambulism'.

5 Hornbooks were mediaeval tablets for teaching the alphabet to children; the source of the story of the literate wolf escapes us.

6 Referring to the German soprano, Gertrud Elisabeth Mara née Schmeling (1749–1833), who lived and performed in London from 1784.

subdivision of muscular energy. It would be easy to multiply examples of the same sort. Mr. Ruskin has shown with great felicity how infinitely the hand of a painter goes beyond the power of seeing in the delicacy and subtlety of its work—the gradations of light and form which it can detail being expressible only in fabulous arithmetical formulas with no end of ciphers in them.* The eye itself too is an arithmetician that beats us hollow in its calculations. Mr. Nunneley tells us that when we behold red colour the retina pulsates at the rate of 480 billions of times between every two ticks of a clock.[1] This is what the most advanced science of our time teaches us, and as in practice we are quite unconscious of it, we can only stand in awe of that instinctive power wherewith we are endowed—a power that with the greatest ease reaches spontaneously to results beyond reckoning, beyond understanding.

It seems to be the same sort of power as that which the brain exerts in secret over the whole body. The brain keeps guard over the various processes of the body—as the beating of the heart and the breathing of the lungs; sets them a rhythm and keeps them to it. Grief in one night will silver the hair, fear fills the bladder, rage dries the mouth, shame reddens the cheek, the mere thought of her child fills the mother's breast with milk. In numerous facts like these there is evidence of a hidden life of thought working with a constant energy in our behalf in the economy of the bodily frame. Curiously enough too for my argument one great division of this mental energy goes expressly by the name of imagination. It is an old notion, though whether it be true or false has yet to be determined, that the mind of the mother has a marked influence on the outward appearance of her child. It is not merely that she imparts her own character to her child—but that some chance event, some passing thought, some momentary vision, may so impress itself in her mind during the period of her pregnancy, as to leave upon her babe an indelible and recognisable sign. This is said to be the effect of imagination, and many books have been written on it. I shall not soon forget the surprise with which—when some years ago I wanted to master this subject of imagination, and read everything about it I could lay my hands on—I chanced on a number of books in Latin, in Italian, and in French, as, for example, Fienus *De Viribus Imaginationis*, or Muratori *Della Forza della Fantasia*, and found that they were all about the freaks of the mind in pregnancy.[2] But why should this particular class of hidden mental influences be called Imagination? If such mental action exists, there can be no objection to our calling it imagination; for the theory of this chapter is that imagination is but a popular name given to the unconscious automatic action of the hidden soul. But I fail to see why in popular phraseology this class of the hidden actions of the mind upon the body should be selected and set apart and honoured with the name of imagination. There is a hidden energy of the brain working day and night in every province of the body—controlling every motion of every limb, and directing like any musical conductor the movement of the vital forces. It is but a part of a vast and manifold energy which the mind exerts in secret, and which because of its separation from our conscious life, I have ventured to name the Hidden Soul.

Parallel to these movements of hidden thought in the bodily functions—movements which may be roughly classed under the general name of instincts—there is another class of the same order, though belonging to the more spiritual part of our nature, which are known by the name of intuitions, and which give the mystics a foundation to build upon. Mysticism is the oldest and widest spread system of philosophy, and gives a tinge to many schemes of thought which, like that of Plato, cannot strictly be called mystical. Whether we find it in the bud, as in Plato, in Malebranche, in Berkeley and in some of the Germans, or in full bloom as among the Brahmins,[3] among the schools of Alexandria,[4] in the religious system of Bernard and many another saint,[5] in

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* **Mr. Ruskin's statement is too long for a foot-note, but it will be found at the end of this chapter.**

1 Referring to the British eye specialist, Thomas Nunneley (1809–70: *ODNB*), author of *On the Organs of Vision, their Anatomy and Physiology* (1858).

2 Perhaps referring to the chapter on 'The Law of Imagination' in Dallas's *Poetics* (1852), pp. 45–50, though the two works mentioned are not cited there.

3 Here Dallas probably refers generally to Buddhist thought as discussed later on p. 163, in Ch. XIII: 'Hidden Pleasure'.

4 Referring to the school of Christian theology developed in second-century Egypt and associated with St Clement of Alexandria.

5 Referring to the twelfth-century saint, Bernard of Clairvaux, one of the founders of the Knights Templar.

fantastic dreams of Rosicrucians,[1] in the illuminations of Behmen,[2] and in the inspirations of George Fox,[3] the mystical theory has a deep root in human nature, and could not be so rife but that it springs from fact. The great fact out of which it springs is the felt existence within us of an abounding inner life that transcends consciousness. We feel certain powers moving within us, we know not what, we know not why—instincts of our lower nature, intuitions of the higher, dreams and suggestions, dim guesses, and faint, far cries of the whole mind. There is a vast and manifold energy, spontaneously working in a manner which at once reminds us of Cuvier's definition of instinct as akin to somnambulism.[4] The mystic is keenly alive to the reality and the magnitude of this hidden life which is known to us mainly in its effects, and not being able to analyse it or to trace its footsteps, he starts the theory now of a special faculty of spiritual insight bestowed on man, and now of special enlightenment and inspiration from on high. Socrates had his demon;[5] Numa his Egeria;[6] Paracelsus had a little devil in the pummel of his sword;[7] and Henry More was befriended by a spirit with the look of a Roman-nosed matron.[8]

The theory of mysticism is a great subject—none more suggestive. It is impossible to do justice to it here, and my business with it now is merely this, to show that the theory of an instinctive, automatic action of the mind, the theory of a hidden mental life which is only beginning to be understood, has, although misunderstood, been always fully recognised in philosophy as one of the great facts of our moral nature, and as such has been the fertile seed of many a strange, many a potent system of thought. Nor only in philosophy is this great fact recognised. It is understood in practical life that there are many things which we must believe before we can know them to be true. So sings the poet in reference to love:

> You must love her ere to you
> She will seem worthy of your love.[9]

It is on precisely the same principle that we are sometimes told to accept the Christian doctrine before we see it to be true, and as the first step to a recognition of its truth; and it is in this vein of thought that Prior gave utterance to the fine couplet:

> Your music's power your music must disclose,
> For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.[10]

I will only add in this connection that the reality of a hidden life is a cardinal doctrine of our faith. The believer is said to have a life hid with Christ in God. When the Apostle describes the existence within him of a

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1 Rosicrucianism was a Europe-wide esoteric spiritual movement beginning in the early seventeenth century.

2 Referring to the early seventeenth-century Lutheran philosopher Jakob Böhme whose treatise *Of Illumination* was published in 1624.

3 Referring to the founding of the Quaker (Friends) movement around 1652 by George Fox, who a few years earlier had undergone a spiritual revelation which persuaded him that the message of God came to individual believers through the 'Inner Light' of personal inspiration rather than the Church.

4 See p. 90.

5 Referring to Plato's 'Apology of Socrates' where the Greek philosopher speaks of a daemoniacal voice that has been with him from childhood.

6 Egeria was the female spirit reputed to be the divine consort and adviser of the second King of Rome, Numa Pompilius.

7 Paracelsus was the sixteenth-century Swiss alchemist who was reputed to be aided by a spirit dwelling in the hilt of his magic sword; the anecdote is also recounted in *Poetics*, p. 69, though in a different context.

8 Henry More is recorded by his biographer Richard Ward (in *The Life of the Learned and Pious Dr Henry More*, 1710) as recalling that 'lying one Moon-shining Night in the Cradle awake, he was taken up thence by a Matron-like Person, with a large Roman Nose, saluted and deposited there again'.

9 Citing Wordsworth's 'A Poet's Epitaph' in *Lyrical Ballads* (1800)

10 The couplet is from 'To the Countess of Exeter, Playing on the Lute' by Matthew Prior (1664–1721: *ODNB*).

spiritual life, he says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."[1] This is one of the favourite texts of Platonic and Puritanic divines, who are keenly alive to the existence of a life within them other than that which comes within the scope of ordinary consciousness. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."[2] That is another of their favourite texts. It is a great charm in the writings of these divines—Platonists and Puritans—that they are haunted with the sense of another life within them which is not the known and surface life of thought. They mistake however in supposing that it is only the saint who has a hidden life, as no doubt many persons also err who, discovering that they possess a hidden life, leap to the conclusion that it can be nothing else than the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. It is to this inner life that Wordsworth refers when in one of his prettiest little poems he addresses a child as follows:

> Dear child! dear girl, that walkest with me here,
> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine.
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
> And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine
> God being with thee when we know it not.[3]

"Inner shrine." I find that I have reversed this image and have been speaking of the unconscious tracts of the mind as an outer ring,[4] a great chase as it were spreading far beyond the cultivated park of our thoughts. It matters not which metaphor we take so long as we recognise when we that it is but a metaphor, and that from metaphor we cannot escape. Whether we speak of our unconscious activities and our stores of memory, as belonging to an inner place, as it were an ark within the veil, or to an outlying territory beyond the stretch of observation, the meaning is still the same. The meaning is that a part of the mind and sometimes the best part of it, is covered with darkness and hidden from sight. When one is most struck with the grandeur of the tides and currents of thought that belong to each of us, and yet roll beyond our consciousness, only on occasions breaking into view, one is apt to conceive of it as a vast outer sea or space that belts our conscious existence something like the Oceanos of Homer.[5] When like Wordsworth one is most struck with the preciousness of what passes in our mind unconsciously, when one feels that we are most conscious of the mere surface of the mind, and that we are little conscious of what passes in its depths, then one turns to other metaphors and speaks of the inner shrine and secrets of the deep.

> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
> And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

I have now at some length, though after all we have but skimmed along the ground, gone over nearly all the heads of evidence that betoken the existence of a large mental activity—a vast world of thought, out of consciousness. I have tried to show with all clearness the fact of its existence, the magnitude of its area and the potency of its effects. In the dark recesses of memory, in unbidden suggestions, in trains of thought unwittingly pursued, in multiplied waves and currents all at once flashing and rushing, in dreams that cannot be laid, in the nightly rising of the somnambulist, in the clairvoyance of passion, in the force of instinct, in the obscure, but certain, intuitions of the spiritual life, we have glimpses of a great tide of life ebbing and flowing, rippling and

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1 See Galatians 2:20 in the King James Bible.

2 See John 3:8 in the King James Bible.

3 Citing the final lines of Wordsworth's 'It is a beauteous evening, calm and free', first published in 1807.

4 See the passage on p. 78.

5 In Greek myth, the great river god Okeanos was generally seen as the son of Uranus and Gaia; however, there are a couple of references in Homer's *Ilyiad* that seem rather to figure Okeanos as the father of all the gods.

rolling and beating about where we cannot see it; and we come to a view of humanity not very different from that which Prospero, though in melancholy mood, propounded when he said:

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.[1]

We are all more or less familiar with this doctrine as it is put forward by divines. "The truth is," says Henry More, "man's soul in this drunken, drowsy condition she is in, has fallen asleep in the body, and, like one in a dream, talks to the bed-posts, embraces her pillow instead of her friend, falls down before statues instead of adoring the eternal and invisible God, prays to stocks and stones instead of speaking to Him that by his word created all things."[2] Such expressions as these however have about them the looseness of parable; and one can accept Prospero's lines almost literally. For what is it? Our little life is rounded with a sleep; our conscious existence is a little spot of light, rounded or begirt with a haze of slumber—not a dead but a living slumber, dimly-lighted and like a visible darkness, but full of dreams and irrepressible activity, an unknown and indefinable, but real and enjoyable mode of life—a Hidden Soul.

See, then, the point at which we have now arrived, and let us look about us before we go further. It has been shown that our minds lead a double life—one life in consciousness, another and a vaster life beyond it. Never mind for the present how much I have failed in the attempt to map with accuracy the geography of that region of the mind which stretches out of consciousness, if the existence of such a tract be recognised. We have a conscious and voluntary life; we have at the same time, of not less potency, an unconscious and involuntary life; and my argument is that the unknown, automatic power which in common parlance we call imagination is but another name for one of these lives—the unknown and automatic life of the mind with all its powers. Our conscious life we know so well that we have been able to divide it into parts, calling this part memory, that reason, and that other, feeling; but of the unconscious life we know so little that we lump it under the one name of imagination, and suppose imagination to be a division of the mind co-ordinate with memory, reason, or feeling. I should hope that by the mere description of the hidden life I may have, to some extent, succeeded in making this thesis good—or may at least have established a presumption in its favour. The completion of the proof however will rest upon the next chapter, in which it ought to be shown that the free play of thought, the spontaneous action of the mind, generates whatever we understand as the creation of fantasy. This chapter has been all analysis; the next should be synthetic. Hitherto we have regarded the existence of the hidden soul only as a fact: now it has to be shown that imagination is nothing else. I could not help giving, in the course of this chapter, a few indications of the proof. Now the proof may be demanded in all due form.

NOTE.

Mr. Ruskin makes the following statement, to which reference has been made [p. 91]**, with regard to the subtlety of Turner's handiwork. "I have asserted," he says, "that, in a given drawing (named as one of the chief in the series), Turner's pencil did not move over the thousandth of an inch without meaning; and you charge this expression with extravagant hyperbole. On the contrary, it is much within the truth, being merely a mathematically accurate description of fairly good execution in either drawing or engraving. It is only necessary to measure a piece of any ordinarily good work to ascertain this. Take, for instance, Finden's engraving at the 180th page of Rogers' poems; in which the face of the figure, from the chin to the top of the brow, occupies just a quarter of inch, and the space between the upper lip and chin as nearly as possible one-seventeenth of an inch. The whole mouth occupies one-third of this space, say one-fiftieth of an inch, and within that space both the lips and the much more difficult inner corner of the mouth are perfectly drawn and rounded, with quite successful and sufficiently subtle expression. Any artist will assure you that in order to draw a mouth as well as this, there**

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1 Slightly misquoting Prospero from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* IV i.

2 In More's *An Antidote Against Atheism* (1712), Ch. X §9.

must be more than twenty gradations of shade in the touches; that is to say, in this case, gradations changing, with meaning, within less than the thousandth of an inch.

"But this is mere child's play compared to the refinement of any first-rate mechanical work—much more of brush or pencil drawing by a master's hand. In order at once to furnish you with authoritative evidence on this point, I wrote to Mr. Kingsley, tutor of Sidney-Sussex College, a friend to whom I always have recourse when I want to be precisely right in any matter; for his great knowledge both of mathematics and of natural science is joined, not only with singular powers of delicate experimental manipulation, but with a keen sensitiveness to beauty in art. His answer, in its final statement respecting Turner's work, is amazing even to me, and will, I should think, be more so to your readers. Observe the successions of measured and tested refinement: here is No. 1:

> **"'The finest mechanical work that I know, which is not optical, is that done by Nobert in the way of ruling lines. I have a series ruled by him on glass, giving actual scales from .000024 and .000016 of an inch, perfectly correct to these places of decimals, and he has executed others as fine as .000012, though I do not know how far he could repeat these last with accuracy.'**

"This is No. 1, of precision. Mr. Kingsley proceeds to No. 2:

> **"'But this is rude work compared to the accuracy necessary for the construction of the object-glass of a microscope such as Rosse turns out.'**

"I am sorry to omit the explanation which follows of the ten lenses composing such a glass, 'each of which must be exact in radius and in surface, and all have their axes coincident; but it would not be intelligible without the figure by which it is illustrated; so I pass to Mr. Kingsley's No. 3:

> **"'I am tolerably familiar,' he proceeds, 'with the actual grinding and polishing of lenses and specula, and have produced by my own hand some by no means bad optical work, and I have copied no small amount of Turner's work, and *I still look with awe at the combined, delicacy and precision of his hand*; IT BEATS OPTICAL WORK OUT OF SIGHT. In optical work, as in refined drawing, the hand goes beyond the eye, and one has to depend upon the feel; and when one has once learned what a delicate affair touch is, one gets a horror of all coarse work, and is ready to forgive any amount of feebleness, sooner than that boldness which is akin to impudence. In optics the distinction is easily seen when the work is put to trial; but here too, as in drawing, it requires an educated eye to tell the difference when the work is only moderately bad; but with "bold" work, nothing can be seen but distortion and fog; and I heartily wish the same result would follow the same kind of handling in drawing; but here, the boldness cheats the unlearned by looking like the precision of the true man. It is very strange how much better our ears are than our eyes in this country: if an ignorant man were to be "bold" with a violin he would not get many admirers, though his boldness was far below that of ninety-nine out of a hundred drawings one sees.'**

"The words which I have put in italics in the above extract are those which were surprising to me. I knew that Turner's was as refined as any optical work, but had no idea of its going beyond it. Mr. Kingsley's word 'awe' occurring just before, is, however, as I have often felt, precisely the right one. When once we begin at all to understand the handling of any truly great executor, such as that of any of the three great Venetians, of Correggio, or Turner, the awe of it is something greater than can be felt from the most stupendous natural scenery. For the creation of such a system as a high human intelligence, endowed with its ineffably perfect instruments of eye and hand, is a far more appalling manifestation of Infinite Power, than the making either of seas or mountains.["]—*The Two Paths*.—pp. 263-265. ['The Turner Sketches and Drawings: To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, 13 November 1858', *Complete Works of John Ruskin*, ed. Cook & Wedderburn, Vol. XIII, pp. 329–38; 334–37.]

CHAPTER VIII. THE PLAY OF THOUGHT.

IF IMAGINATION is to be identified with the automatic action of the mind, with the free play of thought, all its characters ought to be there involved. As in imagination we find *a* play of thought, so in *the* play of thought we should find the whole business of imagination. What magic resides in the one, ought also to reside in the other—and more. Like Aaron's wand that became a serpent, and swallowed the serpent-wands of the magicians of Egypt,[1] the automatic action of the mind, the free play of thought, should not only simulate, but grasp and contain within itself all the sorceries of imagination.

But is not this an acknowledged fact? Has there ever been any doubt that imagination, whatever be its nature, is at least spontaneous? It is nothing if it does not belong to the automatic actions of the mind. If any doubt upon this point is ever expressed, it comes from those who, like Malebranche, discover in imagination some other faculty[2]—say memory—and then call to mind that memory is voluntary as well as involuntary. But a compulsory imagination, a forced fancy, is a contradiction. The attempt to beget such a state of mind is unnatural, and ends ever in falsehood. The type of imaginative activity is dreaming, with which fantasy has always been identified. Indeed, Charles Lamb lays it down that the strength of imagination may be measured by the dream power in any man. He says, that the mind's activity in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same mind waking.[3] But dream by night and reverie by day are not to be raised, nor yet are they to be laid, by efforts of the will. We may coax and cozen imagination; we cannot command it. We must bide its time. The poet is born—not made; he lies in wait for the dawn, and cannot poetise at will. Bacon says truly of poetry, "that it is rather a pleasure or play of imagination, than a work or duty thereof;" but he might have said the like of all imaginative activity: it is spontaneous—it is play. In the same passage (in the *Advancement of Learning*), from which I have drawn the foregoing remark, he says that "imagination ever precedeth voluntary motion;"[4] and Hobbes repeats the statement, observing that imagination is "the first internal beginner of voluntary motion."[5] It produces volition, and by volition is not to be produced. What control of imagination lies in our power is rightly compared by Henry More with the sort of control which we can bring to bear upon the essentially involuntary act of breathing. In his *Discourse on Enthusiasm* he speaks of the delusions of mankind, and says that they are due "to the enormous strength and vigour of the imagination; which faculty (though it be in some sort in our power as respiration is), yet it will also work without our leave."[6]

This sentence of More's is particularly happy in tracing to their proper source the errors of imagination. The imaginations of man's heart are only evil continually, says the Scripture;[7] imagination is the source of all error, says Bishop Butler;[8] it is the most dangerous foe to reason, says Hume.[9] But Hume resolves imagination into mere memory, and other philosophers into mere reason; and is it fair to say that memory is the most dangerous foe to reason, or that reason is the source of all error? It is difficult to find out from the more common theories wherein the vice of imagination consists; and we are all the more at a loss to find it out when

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1 See the biblical account in Exodus 7: 8–12.

2 As discussed on p. 71.

3 See the conclusion of 'Witches, and Other Night Fears' in *Essays of Elia* (1823) by Charles Lamb (1775–1834: *ODNB*).

4 Dallas had earlier cited the passage from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* in which these two phrases are found, in a lengthy footnote in Ch. V, pp. 66–67.

5 In Chapter VI: 'Of the Interior Beginnings of Voluntary Motions' of Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan; or The Matter, Forme and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil* (1651); the phrase is also cited in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 48, though in a different context.

6 Found in the early pages of Henry More, *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus: A Brief Discourse of the Nature, Causes, Kinds, and Cure of Enthusiasm* (1656).

7 Citing Genesis 6:5 in the King James Bible: 'And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.'

8 In the opening chapter of Joseph Butler's *The Analogy of Religion* (1736), imagination is referred to as 'the author of all error'.

9 In the concluding section of *A Treatise on Human Nature* (1739–40), David Hume had argued: *'*Nothing is *more dangerous to reason* than the flights of the *imagination*, and nothing has been the occasion of more mistakes among philosophers.*'*

we know that sundry thinkers go quite in the opposite direction, and describe imagination as the faculty of clearest insight—reason in her highest mood. If imagination be identified with faculties, exact as memory, and sober as reason—where is the source of illusion? It is to be found, as More points out, in the absence of control, in the vagrancy of spontaneous movement, in the freedom from supervision. Its weakness lies in its stronghold. Because it is automatic and unconscious, it reaches to the grandest results; but also because this is its character, when it falls into error, the error is not easy of correction. It has been adopted in a blind, mechanical act of thought, and it is not to be dispelled by determined efforts of conscious reason. By its very nature, imagination is a wanderer; to it belong the thoughts "that wander through eternity."[1] But the habit of wandering implies that it may sometimes lose itself.

We are not to push the argument however further than it will go. Imagination clearly is automatic, and so far I was justified in comparing the automatic action of the mind with Aaron's rod that, becoming a serpent with a serpent's gift of fascination, swallowed and contained within itself the serpent-rods of the magicians. Still, this leaves unsettled the grand point at issue. Granting that imagination is automatic, and only automatic, may it not in kind be different from other faculties which are only at times spontaneous and unconscious? May it not be different from the hidden memory, or the hidden reason, or the hidden instincts and passions—the three orders of hidden power described in the last chapter? If imagination be not different from the other faculties of the mind—if imagination be but a name for these other faculties in their automatic, and for the most part unconscious, exercise—in a word, for the free play of thought, why is it called imagination?

The clue to the name is contained in the definition of the faculty. It is to be expected, that in the free play of thought certain habits should be of more frequent recurrence than others. There is a saying, as old at least as Horace, that the mind is most vividly impressed through the eye, and it is but natural that when left to itself it should dwell most on the shows of vision—images—whence arises the name of imagination. According to any and every theory of imagination which has been propounded, the name is of less extent than the faculty, and takes a part for the whole. "Our sight," says Addison, "is the most perfect, and most delightful of all our senses. …. It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas, so that by the pleasures of imagination—I mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in view, or when we call up their ideas to our mind, by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasions. We cannot, indeed, have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight."[2] Addison, and the writers who follow in his wake, are so far true to etymology; but no one now-a-days can suppose that they are true to the nature of imagination. We imagine sounds as well as sights; we imagine any sensation. And if it be granted that imagination contains, more than its etymology conveys—is the name of a part extended to the whole, then I may turn round and say, that here is granted the principle on which my definition proceeds. Imagination is but a name for the free play of thought, one of the most important features of which, but still only one, is its attachment and sensibility to the memories of sight.

It is only by supposing that imagination, although so called, must embrace the action (that is, of course, the spontaneous action) of the whole mind, that we can account for many of the opinions which have been held in regard to it. I have already pointed out the inconsistency of those who tell us of the enormous influence of imagination, and yet, when they come to analyse it, reduce it to a shadow—the mere double of some other faculty; and, I trust, that the view which I have been able to present, while it will satisfy the philosophers in granting that imagination is not a faculty by itself, different in structure from the other faculties of the mind, will also satisfy those who see in it the most imperious power in the mind of man. Then there is the curious opinion of two such men as D'Alembert and Sir William Hamilton to be accounted for. Who in all antiquity, after Homer, had the greatest force of imagination? Most of us would be inclined to name, perhaps, Æschylus, or Phidias,[3] or at anyrate, some artist. D'Alembert names Archimedes—a mathematician; Sir William Hamilton selects Aristotle—a philosopher.[4] Those who treat of imagination as but a special form of reason, will have no difficulty

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1 Citing Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk II, line 148.

2 Citing one of Joseph Addison's essays on the pleasures of the imagination from *The Spectator* (#411, 21 June 1712).

3 Æschylus and Phidias: respectively playwright and sculptor of ancient Greece.

4 See p. 73.

in understanding that the greatest reasoners should have the greatest force of imagination. But on the other hand, the poetical mind of Homer, seems to be quite unlike the philosophical mind of Aristotle, or the mathematical mind of Archimedes; and it is not easy to see that they are in any respect comparable, according to any known theory of imaginative activity. Once admit, however, that the specialty of imagination lies not in any specialty of structure, but only in specialty of function—a specialty which belongs to any and every faculty of the mind—the specialty of hidden automatic working, and there need be no difficulty in saying, that Aristotle possessed as much imagination as Homer. There must have been a prodigious automatic action in his mind to enable him to accomplish what he did. The difference between the mind of Homer and the mind of Aristotle—the mind of art, and the mind of science—is not the difference between less and more in the amount of hidden action (though that, no doubt, may make some part of the distinction), but it is the difference between possessing, and being possessed by it—the difference in proportion of energy between the known and the unknown halves of the mind.

The name of imagination, however, suggests not only the power of imaging or figuring to ourselves the shows of sense, but also that of imagery, the power of bringing these shows into comparison, and using them as types. Indeed, when we speak of a poetical image, we mean a comparison, a symbol. It falls, therefore, to be considered whether this apparatus of imagery, in all its varying forms of comparison, similitude, metaphor, personification, symbol, and what not, need for its production some special faculty, which we call imagination, or may not rather be due to the free play of thought in general. Here, as before, it can be shown that imagination is but another name for the automatic action of the mind. Here, moreover, it will be found that we get to the heart of what people commonly understand by imagination; for, although we are speaking only of imagery, and although imagery is rarely treated but as a point of language, it involves much larger issues, and cannot properly be handled unless we understand it in the broadest sense, as including the whole work of imagination. It is in this broad sense of the word that we have now to face the question, “Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark (of unconsciousness); every man in the chamber of his imagery?”[1]

A book might be written on the absurdities of criticism which this one subject of imagery has engendered, only it would be a waste of labour on barren sand. One of the most piteous things in human life is to see an idiot vacantly teasing a handful of straw, and babbling over the blossoms which he picks to pieces. It is not more piteous than the elaborate trifling of criticism over figures of speech and the varieties of imagery, showing how metaphor differs from simile, how this kind of image is due only to an exercise of fancy, how that comes of true imagination, and how fancy is one thing, imagination another. The worst of it is that, as I have said, these questions are nearly always handled as questions of language, questions of detail, without any clear perception of the relation between different forms of imagery and different forms of art. The full discussion of the subject does not fall within the range of the present inquiry. All I have now to do with it is to show in the rough that the production of imagery, whether we use the word in a narrow sense, as referring merely to figures of speech, or, in a wider sense, as referring also to conceptions of life, and thus including the whole work of imagination, needs no special faculty, but belongs to the general action of the mind, in the dusk of unconsciousness. Perhaps, however, the easiest path of entrance into the subject is the beaten one which lies over the assumption, that an image is but a figure of speech.

Now, in imagery, in this narrower sense of the word, the most obvious thing to be noted is, that from the simplest form of similitude to the most complex form of metaphor and symbol, it always involves a comparison of some kind. And this raises the question—is the act of comparison a peculiar property of imagination? The truth is, that every effort of thought, from the least to the greatest, any the faintest twitch of consciousness, is an act of comparison. There is no thought in the mind but has two factors, one to be compared with the other. In the common act of recognising a face as a face we have seen, we are but comparing one impression with another. And so on to the most intricate forms of the syllogism, it can be shown that we never get away from comparison. To compare is the first glimmer of intelligence in the mind of an infant: to compare is the utmost splendour of reason in the mind of a sage. No comparison, no thought. Yet by no means does it therefore follow

[1] Citing Ezekiel 8:12 in the King James Bible, with the parenthesis added by Dallas.

that the comparisons of poetry may not be the outcome of a special faculty. For if memory be but one form of comparison, if reason be another, and if, nevertheless, the comparisons involved in memory and in reason be so diverse that we attribute them to separate faculties, why may not the comparisons of poetry be the work of a faculty which is different from every other?

What then is the peculiarity of those comparisons which are fathered on imagination? How, for example, are they distinguished from those of ordinary judgment? The best account of the difference between the two is given by Locke; although, after all, he gives but half the truth. Both Bacon and Father Malebranche had, in a vague way, anticipated Locke,[1] and to appreciate the full force of his statement, it must be remembered that in his time the word wit was used as identical with poetry, and as ruling the whole territory of imagination. And what does Locke say? He describes wit as "lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another ideas wherein can be formed the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude and by affinity to take one thing for another."[2]

This, I say, is not a full account of the distinction, but so far as it goes it is good. It is quite true that in imagination we think more of resemblances, and that in the exercise of conscious judgment we make more of differences. But do we find here a distinction great enough to prove the existence of two separate faculties? Is it beyond imagination to see a difference? Is it beyond judgment to see resemblance? In all comparison there is implied difference as well as resemblance, and the perception of the one brings with it that of the other. From this point of view, therefore, it is not to be supposed that the production of imagery needs a faculty of imagination different from that of judgment. The difference between the comparisons of imagination and those of reason is explained by the one proposition for which I am contending, that those of the former are automatic, and that those of the latter are the result of conscious effort. It is hardly possible to make this quite clear, while as yet we have reached but a half-truth as to the nature of imagery; yet at least there should be a presumption in favour of the idea that, in its automatic or dreamy state, the mind looks more to resemblances, and that in its waking efforts it inclines more to detect variety. I must be content in the meantime with a bare statement of the fact, which I hope to make good in the sequel.

Half the truth, however, is less easy of comprehension than the whole, and to understand aright the full meaning of what Locke has advanced, we ought to be able to eke it out with that other view of the subject which he has not advanced. The most royal prerogative of imagination is its entireness, its love of wholes, its wonderful power of seeing the whole, of claiming the whole, of making whole, and—shall I add?—of swallowing whole. Now, to any one who is strongly impressed with the wholeness of imaginative working, the utter absence of nibbling in it, the most striking thing about poetical comparisons is not that they assert resemblance, but that they assert the resemblance of wholes to wholes. And here we get to the root of the matter. For the grand distinction between logical and poetical comparisons is this, that in the former we compare nearly always wholes with parts, or parts with parts; but in the latter, almost always wholes with wholes. Take the two assertions that man is an animal, and that man is a flower. In the form of language these phrases are alike; but we all recognize that they are unlike in the form of thought; that the one belongs to the order of logical, the other to that of poetical judgments. In point of fact language is but a clumsy expedient, and our thoughts are ever more precise than our words. Now, if after the manner of logicians, we attempt to express in words the precision of our thoughts, then the two phrases which I have put side by side will, in all their awkward exactitude, stand thus—that the class man is a part of the class animal, and that the whole class man is like or interchangeable with the whole class flower. In other words, the logical comparison here asserts the identity of a certain whole with a certain part; the imaginative comparison asserts the identity or interchangeableness of a certain whole with a certain whole. But between these modes of comparison is there any radical difference? Is it beyond reason to compare as imagination does? Is there anything to prevent the every-day faculty of conscious

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[1] See the passage in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* cited by Dallas in his footnote on pp. 66–67, and the reference to Malebranche on p. 71.

[2] In Bk II, Ch. 11, §2 of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*.

judgment from comparing wholes with wholes? The truth lies in a nutshell. There is no reason why in conscious judgment we should not compare wholes with wholes; but this sort of comparison belongs rather to the automatic and unconscious action of the mind. Left to itself, in the freedom of unconsciousness, the mind acts more as a whole, and takes more to wholes. It is not much given to the splitting of hairs and the partition of qualities. To make the partitive assertions and comparisons of every-day judgment, there is needed a certain amount of abstraction; to abstract needs attention; and attention is but another name for the rays of consciousness gathered into a sheaf or focus.

Here then are the two halves of one doctrine. Imagination looks out for resemblances rather than differences: there is the one half. It looks out for the resemblance of wholes rather than of parts: there is the other. And these two views are almost inseparable. It is because imagination looks out for resemblance rather than difference that it leaps to wholes. It is because imagination keeps to wholes and avoids analysis that it overlooks difference and seizes on resemblance. In nearly all the attempts which have been made to establish a distinction between fancy and imagination, it will be found that the division of labour between the two supposed faculties corresponds very much to the division of doctrine as above explained. To fancy is assigned chiefly the habit of catching at likenesses; to imagination is allotted chiefly the habit of discerning unity and grasping wholes. The distinction is of little importance to any one who has noted with what constancy the perception of resemblance or identical forms goes hand-in-glove with the perception of total form and unity; and I, who maintain that there is no special faculty of fantasy, must, of course, much more contend that there are not two faculties, one going by the name of fancy, the other known by that of imagination.

Nevertheless, it is convenient in practice to consider the two great characteristics of imagery apart, and there is no harm in doing so if we remember that in reality they are seldom found apart. I now therefore ask the reader to bear with me for a few pages more while I dwell in succession on the likenesses and on the wholenesses of imagery. And I promise him that we shall no longer be tied to the consideration of figures of speech. By a rude analysis of these figures we have arrived at a general conclusion as to the characteristics of imagery and the elements of imagination; and what imagery and imagination are in the forms of language that they also are in all their ways. They take and make like: they take and make whole.

Only as the ensuing remarks must be very brief, the aim of the present discussion must be clearly kept in view. It is no business of ours just now to trace in detail all the footsteps of imagination. We are solely concerned with the inquiry—what is imagination? That it is an automatic action no one doubts. It remains to be shown that it is the automatic action or play not of any special faculty, but of any and every faculty: the play of reason, the play of memory, the play of the whole mind with all its powers at once; in one word, the play of thought. To prove this, it is unnecessary that we should go very much into detail. It will be enough if we rake up only so much of detail as may indicate the general characteristics of imagination.

I. First of all, let us think for a little of the love of likeness and the tendency of the mind both to discover and to invent it. Does this imply a special faculty, or is it not rather a function of all the faculties? The point is not difficult of proof, if I may be allowed to start with an assumption, namely, that all these likenesses which the mind either finds or makes are to be measured by the same line and rule. They are all in the same case, and spring from the same law of the mind. It may be more difficult to analyze some forms of similitude than others, and to trace their lineage; but if it can be shown that the leading modes of resemblance have nothing to do with imagination in the ordinary acceptance of the word, that the attempt to ascribe them to a special faculty of imagination is a hoax like that which gave the paternity of Romulus and Remus and many another wondrous child to some god,[1] then in those cases wherein the parentage is not very clear we shall be at liberty utterly to reject the supposition that this or that image must be the offspring of a god—imagination. Call it the offspring of imagination if you will, but it must be understood that imagination means no more than the automatic action of any and every faculty.

Now, the tendency of the mind to similitude runs into three forms, and no more. Every possible variety of likeness which the mind either finds or generates takes one or other of these forms. They are:

[1] In some versions of the ancient Roman myth, the twin founders of the city of Rome were reputed to be the sons of Mars.

1. I am that or like that.
2. That is I or like me.
3. That is that or like that.

The first of these forms contains the ruling principle of dramatic art, and is best known as sympathy. The second contains the ruling principle of the lyrical art, and is best known as egotism. The third contains the ruling principle of epic or historical art, and is best known as imagination. A word or two upon each of these in succession.

There is no form of imaginative activity more wonderful than sympathy, that strange involuntary force which impels me to identify myself with you, and you to identify yourself with me. If I yawn, you yawn; if you yawn, I yawn. We cannot help it. I have described the attitude of the mind in the formula—I am that or like that. I am no longer myself, but you, or the person, or the thing I am interested in. We are transformed by a subtle sympathy into the image of what we look on. We personate each other; nay, more, we personate things. At bowls a man sways his body to this side or to that, following the bias of the ball. He fancies for the moment that he is the rolling sphere. And so Goethe came to say of an artist painting a tree or a sheep, that for the time he enters into and becomes that which he delineates, he becomes in some sort a tree, in some sort a sheep.[1] Remember that fine passage in which Wordsworth speaks of the girl that grew three years in sun and shower:

> She shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Shall pass into her face.[2]

The essence of the thought is always the same; its manifestations are infinite. It shows itself in thousands of ways both in life and in art. The most potent of the social forces, it is sympathy which gives meaning to fashion, and makes education possible. We are constantly copying each other, echoing each other, aping each other, personating each other, weeping with them that weep, laughing with them that laugh, catching the trick of a manner, the tone of a voice, the bent of an opinion, and growing into the likeness of the company to which we belong. And when this tendency shows itself in art, it is no other and no more than that with which we are familiar in life. In art, too, there is no proper difference in the nature of the tendency or manner of thinking, whether it shows itself in words and be called an image, a figure of speech, or show itself in action and be called an imitation, a personation. When Romeo goes to the supper of the Capulets, he disguises himself as a holy palmer, and means to play the pilgrim. He assumes that attitude of the mind which we know as the act of personation. When he takes Juliet's hand for the first time he speaks of his lips as two blushing pilgrims:

> If I profane with my unworthiest hand
> This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
> My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
> To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.[3]

But the strain of mind which produces that image is not different from the strain of mind which produces the personation. In the act of personation, Romeo says: I am not myself, but a holy palmer. In the figure of speech, he says: my lips are not themselves, but blushing pilgrims. And so throughout all art and life the formula of

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1 Dialogue of 26 February 1824 reported by Eckermann in *Conversations with Goethe*.

2 Citing the fifth stanza from 'Three years she grew in sun and shower', one of the Lucy poems from the 1800 *Lyrical Ballads*.

3 *Romeo and Juliet*, I v.

sympathy is this: I am you, or like you; I am, or am like, or at least I wish to be, or to be like, something which is not myself:

> See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
> O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek.[1]

It is a pity that this grand subject of sympathy is not more systematically studied among us. It used to be of no small account in philosophy, but it led so many wildgoosechases [*sic.*], that at length our thinkers seem to have become afraid of it, and to underrate its importance. †In the old systems of physiognomy the likeness of men to animals was the chief guiding principle. This man must be of a swinish disposition, because he has a long narrow face; that other must be like a bull for some equally cogent reason.[v] And so as we trudge through the writings of Baptista Porta,[2] Cardan,[3] Bacon,[4] Kenelm Digby,[5] and Henry More;[6] we hear of sympathetic cures and influences. If you eat bear's brains it will make you bearlike;[7] if you put a wolfskin ("for the wolf is a beast of great audacity and digestion") on the stomach it will cure the colic.[8] "The heart of an ape worn near the heart comforteth the heart and increaseth audacity," says Bacon, quoting from the writers on magic. "It is true that the ape is a merry and a bold beast. The same heart likewise of an ape applied to the neck or head, helpeth the wit. The ape also is a witty beast, and hath a dry brain."[9] This track of thought led to the wildest absurdities and the most comical situations that reflected no small amount of discredit on any attempts to analyze and turn to account the force of sympathy in human nature; and I cheat the reader of some amusement in refusing to arrest the course of this argument in order to laugh over many queer stories.

The most important writer after Bacon, who made much of sympathy as a power in human nature, was Malebranche. Malebranche regarded it as a form of imagination, and saw in it the source of many errors, leading men to follow authority when they ought to be independent and think for themselves.[10] Long after him came Adam Smith, who based his system of moral philosophy on this one principle of sympathy. The standard of morality, he said, is determined entirely by the measure of sympathy which any action can command.[11] But he never identified sympathy with imagination; nor after him did the Scotch metaphysicians ever speak of imagination unless by itself, or of sympathetic imitations except as a separate power of the mind. Since then the subject of sympathy has chiefly been handled by the writers on physiology, who treat of it for the most part as a purely physical characteristic.

But see now where this rapid survey of sympathy has led us, and what is the point of the argument. The argument is, that you may call this assimilating tendency of the mind imagination; but that imagination can signify no more than automatic action—the free play of any faculty of thought. We gain nothing by the supposition of a special faculty having a special dominion over such resemblances as come within the meaning of sympathy; we only create confusion. There are animals that change colour with the places over which they pass. Spiders have been known to turn white on a white wall; salmon in certain situations change their colour to that of the bed they swim over; the story of the chameleon is familiar to all. But to what purpose should we say that these changes are the result of imagination, if by imagination we meant anything more than that they are

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1 *Romeo and Juliet*, II ii.

2 Referring to Giovanni Battista Della Porta of Naples (1535–1615), author of *Magia Naturalis* (1558, 'Natural Magic').

3 Referring to Girolamo Cardano of Milan (1501–76), author of *De Subtilitate Rerum* (1550, 'On the Subtlety of Things').

4 Particularly Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum; Or, A Natural History* (1627).

5 Referring to Kenelm Digby of Buckingham (1603–65: *ODNB*), author of *The Immortality of Reasonable Souls* (1644).

6 Particularly More's *A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings* (1662).

7 See Johann Weiher, *De Praestigiis Demonum* (1563), Book III.

8 Citing Francis Bacon on the 'Secret Virtue of Sympathy and Antipathy' in *Sylva Sylvarum*.

9 *Ibid.*

10 In Malebranche's *Concerning the Search after Truth.*

11 See the opening chapter of Smith's *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759).

spontaneous? Every faculty we possess reflects and simulates as a mirror does. If you laugh, I will laugh too; if you pull a long face, I turn grave; if I see you sucking a peach on a hot summer day, I have the sense in my mouth that I am sucking one also: as I am arguing this very point, it may be that your reason is following mechanically, and reflecting the movements of mine. Here is a constant automatic action leading to numerous resemblances. What do you gain by refusing to accept this automatic process of imitation as an ultimate insoluble fact, and by starting the hypothesis of a special faculty called imagination, the express business of which is to produce it? The mind reflecting like a mirror, how are the reflections of the one rendered more intelligible by the supposition of a faculty of imagination than are the reflections of the other without any such explanatory supposition? The sympathy of our minds is a wonder of the world; but no one who can see that the fine English word, fellow-feeling, contains the most perfect expression of all that is meant by sympathy will ever dream of a special faculty of fellow-feeling differing from the feelings which are in fellowship. Bacon, it was shown in the last chapter,[1] started the hypothesis of a transmission of spirits, to account for the sympathy we have with each other. When one man mechanically repeats the action of another—a yawn, a laugh, a start—it would seem, says Bacon, that there must be a transmission of spirits from one to the other to produce the assimilation. Nobody now dreams of such a hypothesis. We are all so enlightened and scientific that, with a fine consciousness of our superiority, we smile at Bacon's suggestion. But the prevalent supposition of an imaginative faculty, if by that is to be understood anything beyond the power of spontaneous movement, is not a whit more tenable than the hypothesis of Bacon.

It is curious to see how people are deceived by words, and fancy they get a new idea when they get a new phrase. †Mr. Buckle announced that the leading object of his two great volumes was to show that the spirit of scepticism promotes free inquiry.[2] He seemed to think that scepticism, because, coming from the Greek, it is a different expression, must also be a different thing from free inquiry.[w] So it is supposed that by this additional word imagination we obtain some new light; and yet, on the other hand, there is no difficulty in showing that in ordinary speech we may get rid of the name of imagination altogether, and still be none the worse. There is a story told of Samuel Rogers, showing the "force of imagination." About the time when plate-glass windows first came into fashion, he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of glass, and he laboured under the impression that the window was wide open. It is related on his own authority that he caught a cold in consequence.[3] The story is no doubt a Yankee jest,[4] and I give it here not as a fact, but as an illustration. Some people say it shows the force of imagination; but are they one whit nearer, nay, are they not further from the truth, than those who drop the word imagination altogether, and say the story shows the force of faith? Here it was distinctly his belief that is supposed to have operated on Rogers, and yet there are writers—I do not mean to say correct, but at least entitled to consideration, Dr. Thomas Reid being one,[5] and Mr. Ruskin another[6]—who maintain that in imagination there never is belief. When faith leads a man to do that which without faith he could never achieve, what do we gain by calling his faith imagination? Call it imagination if you will, but let us distinctly understand that by this term you mean nothing more and nothing else than the automatic action of the faith, whatever it be. And so of fellow-feeling, call it imagination if you please, but let us understand that it is no more than one of the many modes of automatic action.

This view will be not weakened but strengthened if now we pass from the assimilating tendency of sympathy to consider the assimilating tendency of egotism, which is the germ of lyrical art. Here we come to the second formula of resemblance—That is I, or like me. The sort of imagery which this begets is known as anthropomorphism and personification. "Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell

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1 See p. 90.

2 Referring to H.T. Buckle's *History of Civilisation in England* (London: Parker, 1858).

3 The anecdote is found in Chapter XII of Charles Babbage, *Passages from the Life of a Philosopher* (1864).

4 Though not found in the *OED*, the phrase 'Yankee jest', meaning a sly or cunning joke, seems to be found quite commonly during the Victorian era; for example, in *American Literature* (1889) Albert H. Smyth describes Emerson as 'slyly fond of a Yankee jest'.

5 Referring to the Scottish philosopher Thomas Reid, D.D. (1710–96: *ODNB*), author of *An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense* (1764).

6 See the section 'Of the Imaginative Faculty' in Section II of the second volume of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*.

therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together."[1] There is one example. "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."[2] There is another. Mr. Ruskin calls this form of imagery the pathetic fallacy, and says that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it—seldom the first order.[3] But this is surely a mistake. It by no means denotes the height of art—first-rate, second-rate, or tenth-rate; it denotes the kind of art—it belongs to the lyrical mood. When Prometheus, as he enters on the scene, makes his magnificent appeal to the various powers of nature, and amongst others to the multitudinous laughter of the waves, the whole speech is lyrical at heart, it breaks again and again into lyrical metres, and the play in which it occurs belongs to the most lyrical of the Greek dramatists.[4] And so when the lover of Maud says in the garden:

> The slender acacia could not shake
> One long milk-bloom on the tree;
> The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
> As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
> But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
> Knowing your promise to me;
> The lilies and roses were all awake,
> They sighed for the dawn and thee:—

and again—

> There has fallen a splendid tear
> From the passion-flower at the gate.
> She is coming, my dove, my dear;
> She is coming, my life, my fate!
> The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
> And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
> The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
> And the lily whispers, "I wait:"—[5]

the egotism which leads the lover to suppose the flowers like himself with his own feelings is in that kind of art perfectly natural; and to attribute egotistic imagery to second-rate poets is but another way of saying that it is chiefly the second-rate poets who have the lyrical inspiration. With that question we have nothing to do. We have but to examine into the nature of that assimilating tendency in our minds, which has been described as follows:

> Man doth usurp all space,
> Stares thee in rock, bush, river in the face.

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1 Citing Psalms 98:8 in the King James Bible.

2 Citing Isaiah 55:12 in the King James Bible.

3 See the discussion in the third volume of *Modern Painters* (Library Edition, Vol. V, Ch. XII: 'Of the Pathetic Fallacy' pp. 201–20), where Ruskin writes: 'All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "pathetic fallacy"' (p. 205).

4 Referring to the opening scene of the ancient Greek tragedy *Prometheus Unbound* attributed to Aeschylus; in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's verse translation of 1853, the protagonist begins: 'O holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds, | And River-wells, and laughter infinite | Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all, | And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you,— | Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!'

5 Citing two stanzas from the 21st 'fit' of Alfred Tennyson's 'Maud' from *Maud, and Other Poems* (1855), which Dallas had reviewed for *The Times* on 25 August 1855.

Never yet thine eye beheld a tree,
It is no sea thou seest in the sea:
'Tis but a disguised humanity.[1]

Now if this egotism is to be called in any peculiar sense imagination, it must be on the attributing principle of *lucus a non lucendo*.[2] Imagination is here conspicuous for its absence. The egotism which would make me see in a tree the double of myself is but the inability to imagine an existence different from my own. Call this assimilating tendency of egotism by the name of imagination if you will, but let us not be misled by words, let us fully understand that imagination means no more than egotism, the natural play of thought and the automatic action of the mind.

There is a third class of comparisons which it may be more difficult to resolve to the satisfaction of certain minds without the intervention of a special faculty; and I will here, therefore, remind the reader of the assumption which I asked him to allow me at starting,[3] namely: that similitudes are to be judged as a whole, and that if we find large classes of them owing their origin to no special faculty, then it may be presumed that those others of which it is not so easy to trace the parentage, are of analogous origin, and do not need the figment of a god for progenitor. It is not necessary, however, to lean much upon this presumption. In dealing with the third class of resemblances, we can adduce quite enough to show that they are produced in the play of ordinary thought.

The formula of the class of similitudes which we are now to look into, is purely objective: That is that, or like that. We do not bring *ourselves* into the comparison at all. In both the dramatic and the lyrical systems of comparison—in the systems of comparison which take their rise from sympathy on the one hand, or from egotism on the other, one of the factors in the comparison is always I or mine. But in this third kind of imagery, that is—in the class of comparisons which belong to epic or historical art, there is no appearance of me and mine; the things compared are quite independent of me and mine. They are, if I may repeat the formula, that and that. Now, sometimes comparisons of that and that come to be very complicated, and are so curious that if we look at them alone, and think of them merely as figures of speech, we shall find it difficult to explain them fully. Everybody will, for example, remember how Wordsworth speaks of an eye both deaf and silent;[4] how Milton speaks of both sun and moon as silent:

The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.[5]

There is no end of fine poetical passages in which a man is said to see a noise: Sir Toby Belch speaks of hearing by the nose;[6] Ariel speaks of smelling music.[7] Samuel Butler makes a jest of these images in mentioning the

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1 Citing 'Man', the short lyric (with the omission the final couplet, 'To avoid thy fellow, vain thy plan | All that interests a man, is man.') by the Swedenborgian poet Henry Septimus Sutton (1825–1901: *ODNB*), which first appeared untitled in his slim collection of *Poems* (Nottingham: Sutton, 1848), p. 77. Dallas perhaps encountered the verse as the epigraph to Chapter III of *Phantastes* by George Macdonald, who was a good friend of Sutton; Macdonald's romance is cited by Dallas shortly afterwards on pp. 94–95.

2 Latin tag literally meaning 'a (darkened) sacred grove [*lucus*] so-called because of its absence of light [*lux*]', which the OED explains as referring to a 'paradoxical or otherwise absurd derivation; something of which the essence or qualities are the opposite of what its name suggests'.

3 See the opening of this chapter.

4 Citing the words addressed rhetorically to the six-year-old child in 'Ode to Immortality': 'thou Eye among the blind, | That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep'.

5 In lines 86–89 of Milton's 'Samson Agonistes' (1671).

6 In Shakespeare's *Twelfth Nigh*t, II iii.

7 In Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, IV i.

> Communities of senses
> To chop and change intelligences,
> As Rosicrucian virtuosis
> Can see with ears and hear with noses.[1]

Sometimes the imagery is even more complicated, and confounds the facts of three or four different senses. There is a famous passage in the beginning of *Twelfth Night*, the description of music:

> That strain again: it had a dying fall;
> O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets
> Stealing and giving odour.[2]

Here we have such an involution and reduplication of idea, that in order to improve the passage Pope altered the word *sound* to *south*, which is the common reading.[3] Mr. Charles Knight, however, has wisely insisted on the propriety of recurring to the original reading of the first folio, which is quite Shakespearian.[4] May I add, that not only is the original reading Shakespearian in the reduplication of the idea conveyed (a sound, coming o'er the ear, breathing, stealing, and giving odour, and so in the delight and delicacy of its magic, ministering not to one sense only but to three), there is also to my mind clear evidence that whether the word *sound* were actually penned by Shakespeare, or were only a printer's error, still upon that word Milton once alighted, that it caught his fancy, that it became vital within him, and that as a consequence he produced in *Comus* a similar involution and reduplication of ideas, though in a somewhat different arrangement?

> At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound,
> Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
> And stole upon the air, that even silence
> Was took, ere she was ware.[5]

Notwithstanding the freshness and originality of this passage, who does not feel that nearly all the ideas which are thus connected with dulcet sound—sound breathing on the ear, stealing on the air, and giving odour—owe their suggestion to Shakespeare?

But this amalgam of metaphors, though fused by the passion of the poet into an apparent unity of thought, unlike any other mode of thinking, and therefore seemingly the product of some peculiar faculty, does not defy analysis. We can reduce it to its elements, and when so reduced we find that the sort of likeness it involves has its analogy in other modes of thought which are not commonly supposed to be the product of imagination. Remember the form of thought we are considering:—That is that, is like that, or may stand for that. There are poets who boast, or whose critics boast for them, that they seldom or never, in certain works, condescend to the weakness of metaphor; that they are sparing of what is especially called imagery—namely, images in figures of speech. But it will be found that these very writers fly to similitude of another kind—to

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1 In Canto III of Samuel Butler's 'Hudibras' published from 1663.

2 Citing the speech by Duke Orsino that opens *Twelfth Night*, where those quoted by Dallas are preceded by the equally well-known lines: 'If music be the food of love, play on, | Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, | The appetite may sicken and so die.'

3 Pope's emendation, which makes the phrase refer to the south wind, is found in Alexander Pope's *The Works of Mr. William Shakespear; in Six Volumes* (1723), with *Twelfth Night* edited in Volume II. Pope's reading had been followed recently by both Alexander Dyce in his edition of 1857 and Howard Staunton in his of 1858–60. Dallas had commented briefly on these and other Victorian editions in his review of the first two volumes of 'The Cambridge Shakespeare' in *The Times* of 29 September 1863.

4 Towards the beginning of the Victorian era, Charles Knight, in his *Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspere* (1839–41), had reverted to the reading 'sweet sound', which is indeed found in the First Folio edition of 1623.

5 Citing the speech of the Attendant Spirit in the garb of a shepherd in Milton's masque *Comus* (1634), lines 555–58.

similitude on a large scale—in one word, to symmetry. The classicism which eschews the symmetry of details produced by figures of speech, eschews them only to ensure a wholesale symmetry, as in that sort of architecture where the two sides of the edifice are alike, and as in horticulture where

> Every alley has a brother,
> And half the garden but reflects the other.[1]

This is only the craving for similitude in another form, and the argument I build upon it is—that since we do not think it necessary to refer the love of symmetry to a special faculty of imagination, neither need we refer to such a faculty the tendency of similitude in other forms.

Take, again, our natural delight in reflections. "Why are all reflections lovelier than what we call the reality?" asks Mr. George Macdonald, in a fairy romance of rare subtlety, entitled *Phantastes*. "Fair as is the gliding ship on the shining sea, the wavering, trembling, unresting sail below is fairer still. Yea, the reflecting ocean itself reflected in the mirror has a wondrousness about its waters that somewhat vanishes when I turn towards itself. All mirrors are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I turn to the glass."[2] This is a form of imagery or simile which the poets delight in, and constantly use.

> We paused beside the pools that lie
> Under the forest bough;
> Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
> Gulfed in a world below;
> A firmament of purple light,
> Which in the dark earth lay,
> More boundless than the depth of night,
> And purer than the day.
>
> In which the lovely forests grew,
> As in the upper air,
> More perfect both in shape and hue
> Than any spreading there.
> There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
> And through the dark green wood
> The white sun twinkling like the dawn
> Out of a speckled cloud.
>
> Sweet views, which in our world above
> Can never well be seen,
> Were imaged by the water's love
> Of that fair forest green;
> And all was interfused beneath
> With an Elysian glow,
> An atmosphere without a breath,
> A softer day below.[3]

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[1] Dallas here misquotes Alexander Pope's 'Epistle to Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington' (1731), where the lines in fact read 'each alley has a brother, | And half the platform just reflects the other.'

[2] George Macdonald, *Phantastes: A Faerie Romance for Men and Women* (Smith, Elder, 1858), p. 114; Dallas had praised the Scottish author's work highly in the opening paragraph of his review of Macdonald's later novel 'David Elginbrod', *The Times* (11 April 1863), p. 14.

[3] Citing the fifth and final section of 'To Jane: The Recollection', published posthumously in Shelley's *Poetical Works* (1839).

This is one of Shelley's finest passages, and it would be easy to quote many parallel ones from other poets, showing how they love to dwell on mirror-like reflections. Take a single instance:

> The swan on still St. Mary's lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow.[1]

But such reflections more strictly belong to painters, and are their favourite mode of simile and metaphor. Truly to represent reflections and shadows, and to give all that is contained in the system of reflected colour, is one of the most refined exercises of the artist's power, and wonderfully enhances the beauty of a picture. The system of reflected colour occupies a very prominent place in modern art, and, I repeat, is to picture what metaphor is to poetry. Metaphor is the transfer to one object of the qualities belonging to another. This is precisely what we understand by reflected colour. A lady in white leans on the arm of a soldier in scarlet. The scarlet of his uniform is transferred by reflection to the white of her dress, and makes it appear no longer what it really is. It becomes transfigured. And so throughout the whole of a picture there is scarcely an object which does not suffer some sort of metamorphosis by the shadows and reflections that are cast upon it from other objects. My argument is that all this metamorphosis, which is but the painter's mode of metaphor, is not to be explained by a transfiguring faculty of imagination, and that, by parity of reasoning, we need no faculty of imagination to account for the transfigurations of poetry produced by simile and metaphor. Here is a story which is told in many different ways: it is told of Queen Elizabeth when her portrait was painted by Zucchero;[2] it is told by Catlin of some Red Indians, whose likenesses he was taking.[3] In each case the limner represented the nose as throwing a shadow on the face. In each case the sitter for the portrait objected to the shadow as a blur that altered and misrepresented the facts of the face. Let me ask two questions: Is it the force of imagination that enables the painter to perceive a shadow on the face, and leads him to imitate it? Is it through lack of imagination that Queen Elizabeth failed to see a shadow on her face, and objected to its being placed there in a picture? I follow up these questions with a third: Why should it be supposed that, whether in picture or in poetry, the transfer of the qualities of one object to another must require a special faculty of imagination? "All things are double one against another," says the son of Sirach; "and God hath made nothing imperfect."[4] Why should the perception of this fact and the constant assertion of it in art be set down to imagination? The only explanation is, that this faculty of seeing double is supposed to be a sort of drunkenness, and imagination is sometimes used as a synonym for illusion.

II. The imagination not only takes and makes like; it also takes and makes whole. The one process is clearly a step towards the other. The discovery of resemblance is an advance to the perception of unity. And as we have spent some time over that state of the mind in which it contemplates resemblance, we must now give our attention to that more complete grasp of thought in which we attain to the sense of unity and wholeness. The mind is never content with a part; it rushes to wholes. Where it cannot find them it makes them. Given any fragment of fact, we shape it instantly into a whole of some sort. In scholastic language which I shall presently explain, the mind discovers or invents for itself three sorts of wholes—the whole of intension, the whole of protension and the of whole of extension. The intensive whole is the favourite of the lyrical mood; the protensive whole dominates in the epic; and the extensive whole is the very life and essence of dramatic art. But these phrases are enigmas, and the reader if he pleases may forget them at once and for ever. Throughout this treatise I have taken care not to trouble him with the jargon of technical language, and he shall not be troubled with it now. Technical language is too often the refuge of obscurity, and a make-believe of depth. The

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1 In the sixth stanza of Wordsworth's 'Yarrow Unvisited' of 1803.

2 Referring to the Emblematic Portrait of Elizabeth I by Federico Zuccaro of around 1602,

3 Referring to the American painter George Catlin (1796–1872) known for his portraits of Native Americans on the American frontier.

4 Ecclesiasticus 42:24, the biblical book regarded as apochryphal in the Protestant churches, also known as 'The Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach'.

technicalities of philosophy are like the tattooing and war-paint of savages to affright the enemy. Stripped of its war-paint, the greater part of philosophy is tame enough, and fit for the understanding of M. Jourdain himself.[1] What I have now to state about the way in which imagination seizes upon wholes is in reality very simple. Never mind about the names of the wholes. Only understand that in number they are three; and the point of the argument which I have to establish is, that when the mind leaps to wholes—leaps from the particular to the universal, from the accidental to the necessary, from the temporary to the eternal, from the individual to the general—we gain nothing by the supposition of a faculty called imagination which has the credit of making the leap. It can be shown that the very same sort of leap is made every hour in reason.

We are told of Peter Bell, that "a primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more."[2] This is characteristic of a man without the power of imagination, as people say generally—without the power of thought, as they might say more correctly. Now let us ask what is it that the man of imagination, the man of thought, sees more than Peter Bell in a primrose? He sees in it a type. It is not merely a fact; it is a representative fact. The primrose by the river's brim stands for all primroses—and more, for all flowers and yet more, for all life. It comes to signify more than itself. By itself it is but a single atom of existence. Our thought sees in it the entirety of existence and raises it into a mighty whole. This is what I mean by the whole of intension, which predominates in lyrical art, and in arts not lyrical when they rise in the early or lyrical period of a nation's life. The units of existence are intensified and exalted into things of universal existence,

> All things seem only one
> In the universal sun.[3]

The tendency of the mind to see or to make these wholes shows itself in many ways; but in art it chiefly shows itself in the love of symbols and types, emblems and heraldic devices. Judah is a lion's whelp; Issachar a strong ass; Dan shall be a serpent by the way; Naphtali a hind let loose.[4] According to this view, which most frankly expresses itself in the earlier stages of thought, everything in nature becomes a type of human nature. So we find in all young art that †man and the world amid which he lived were placed on an equality. The beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, became the friends and confederates of man. He was as they were; and they were all alike. Not only so; trees and flowers could think and feel, and vegetable life was to human life but as the grub to the butterfly. The very stones had life; they were not dead but sleeping. All nature was sentient, and had its voices for man, who was, indeed, a superior being, but still a being on the same platform of existence with all else. The man might one day become a beast, and the beast might one day become a man. The beast epic of the middle ages, the natural expression of this belief, was received less as an allegoric representation of human life than as a genuine description of a possible history. We can trace the faith, in all its stages of childish simplicity, boorish doubt, and final relinquishment, in the various legends of almost every literature belonging to the Indo-European tribes, where, in the first stage of the tendency, the beast-world is represented as equal—in many respects superior—to the man-world; in a lower stage the beasts are treated with less veneration and as inferior beings; in a still lower stage the sense of human superiority creates a feeling of dislike; we are taught to think, not simply of the stupidity, but also of the hatefulness of the animal kingdom; and, finally, we reach the position of Æsop, who, when he makes his lions, bears, and foxes talk and act, uses them palpably as the representatives of men.[x] The forms, however, in which this love of type, this tendency to symbol manifests itself are innumerable, and their history is not what we have now to study. What concerns us now is to see clearly that the symbolism of art, however and whenever it appears—whether in the frank seizure

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1 Referring to the character from Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* referred to on p. 39.

2 Citing three lines from Wordsworth's long narrative poem, *Peter Bell: A Tale in Verse*, composed in 1798, but unpublished until 1819.

3 The final couplet of Shelley's 'To Jane: The Invitation', first published independently in the 2nd edition of the posthumous *Poetical Works* of 1839.

4 Referring to the names of four of the twelve sons of Jacob who were to found the tribes of Israel, as listed in Genesis 35 and assigned symbolic meanings in Genesis 49.

of types, as in the earlier periods of art, or in the subtle suggestion of them, as in the more advanced periods, does not need the figment of a special faculty to produce it.

It is evident that in the determination of thought which raises a primrose into a type, the mind has added something which is not found in the fact. A yellow primrose after all is but a yellow primrose; and if the mind sees more in it, that more is an addition, a creation. Now, it is too often and too hastily assumed that this creation of the mind is a special property of fantasy; and people are the more ready so to think because the process by which we arrive at that creation is perfectly inexplicable. How do we come to know that this primrose is a type? What right have we to say that it may stand for all flowers? What reason is there in the endowment of it with the power of representing all life—and not least, human life? Critics are much too prone to go off in fits of wonder when they consider the working of imagination. This is the easiest mode of escaping from the difficulties of analysis, and the perils of explanation. In the present case there is a real and wellnigh [*sic.*] insoluble difficulty before us; but a very little consideration will serve to show that it is nothing peculiar to a so-called faculty of imagination. It is the grand problem of logic; it is the crux of reason. A type is but a name for the result of generalization; and generalization is a process of reasoning. Now, we never generalize without adding something which is not in the facts, and which is a creation of the mind. Here is a well-known specimen of generalization: All men are mortal. Nobody doubts this: but when logicians proceed to analyze it they find themselves unable to explain satisfactorily how we reach from particular examples to the general conclusion. All we know of a surety is, that a certain limited number of men have died—what has become of the rest we know not. But suppose we know for certain that all men hitherto *have* died; how do we arrive at the conclusion that in future all men *must* die? Old Asgill, in the last century, seriously disputed the necessity of death passing upon all men.[1] The leap to a generalization is a creature of the mind. From the earliest dawn of reason the mind is in the habit of taking these leaps. It may generalize well, or it may generalize ill, but generalize it must. The child burns its finger with the flame of a candle: straightway it flies to the conclusion that all fire burns. There is a correct generalization. Once is enough: it flies from the one to the all. But it also makes mistakes of generalization. It calls every man it sees, papa; it calls every bird, Polly; it calls the dog, puss; it runs to eat the snow for sugar. Right or wrong, it generalizes so continually that philosophers have raised a question whether knowledge in man begins in generals or in particulars.

The argument then stands as follows: You wonder at the work of imagination when you see how it magnifies isolated facts into continental truths; you are amazed at its creativeness, and think that there must be something singular in the faculty, which, in a manner quite inexplicable, can effect such transformations. But, strange to say, this is the very work, and this the very marvel of reason. No man has yet been able to explain how, because this, that, or some other thing, has happened so many times, we are driven to the conclusion that it shall happen always. In both cases, the process of generalization is precisely the same. When imagination makes a seven-leagued stride from the one to the all, and from the part to the whole, it is no other than the usual stride of reason from the particular to the general. What is peculiar to imagination is not that it differs in this respect from the usual process of reasoning, but that it exhibits that process working automatically. Just as in the free play of thought, the mind tends to dwell on images of sight, whence one of the leading characteristics of imagination from which its very name is derived; so, in the same free play, the mind tends to generalize and totalize every individual fact that engages its attention: and hence another leading characteristic of that automatic energy which is commonly known as imagination.

Here as before, then, we never get beyond the conception of imagination as the free play and unconscious movement of thought. There is nothing peculiar in it except that it reveals the instinctive tendency of the mind. That instinctive tendency to generalize on every possible occasion, which shows itself in the first dawn of childish reason, we learn to check as we grow older, and thought becomes more conscious. Then we become hard and prosaic, sticking to facts, in and for themselves, as mere facts. A child accepts every event as a matter of necessity, and it is often exceedingly difficult to convince the little soul—following the natural tendency of mind—that what has happened once may not or will not happen again. Experience comes with

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[1] Referring to the non-conformist writer John Asgill (bap. 1659–1738: *ODNB*), author of the controversial pamphlet *An Argument Proving, that Man may be Translated* (1700).

years and corrects the imperious tendency of the mind to believe in the uniformity of nature and the necessity of all things. The idea of accident enters, and, while a general belief in the certainty of nature remains, it no longer usurps the throne of absolute law. Perhaps the process goes even further, until at length in the mind's dotage certainty is banished from our expectations, the muse of history becomes the most incredible of Cassandras, and the whole world lies dead before us and around us, with men and women rattling over it like dice from a dice-box. And here we can see precisely the difference between the realism of childhood and poetry and the realism of dotage and prose. The child in everything perceives the element of necessity; the old man perceives but the element of contingency. In particulars of necessity the child sees the universal, the old man sees in particulars only the particular. Herein lies the difference between poetry and prose. It is the difference not between imagination on the one hand and reason on the other—but between reason on the one hand playing free and fast, and reason on the other going warily in fetters.

Much of what has been said about symbols in art, their meaning and their origin, will apply to that other form of generalization, described above as the whole of protension or duration. We have a natural tendency when we see a thing, to think of it not only as now existing but as having always existed, and as destined to exist for ever. The mind is unable to conceive either the beginning or the end of existence. When left to itself in free play it conceives an idea of life in which there is no death. †One living thing may be transformed into another living thing, but there is no annihilation. It is just as in our dreams, where life appears to us as a series of dissolving views, a transmigration of souls, an incessant Protean change, without an end. We pass through innumerable avatars; we run the cycle of existence; but cycle is followed by cycle, and existence is indestructible. To die, in the old legends, is to be changed for a certain length of time into tree or stone, beast or bird,[v] but never to be quite extinct. The primrose of our dreams is transmuted as we look on it, into a damsel or some other fair creature: it never dies. Wordsworth has a little poem—*We are Seven*—in which he takes note of this, our natural inability to compass the idea of death. The little child has lost one of her brothers, but still she says, "We are seven." Still to her mind the lost Pleiad remains one of the seven.[1] And under the eye of heaven there is not a more touching sight than that presented by Oriental artists when they enter the tombs to protest against dissolution. Some of the elder races of the world arranged the homes of the dead as if they were homes of the living, with panelled walls and fretted ceilings, elbow chairs, footstools, benches, wine flagons, drinking-cups, ointment phials, basins, mirrors, and other furniture. By painting, by sculpture, by writing, they had the habit, as it were, of chalking in large letters upon their sepulchres, NO DEATH.

The assertion of the continuity of existence which the mind thus makes is the generating principle of epic or historical art, of all art, indeed, which has to do with the evolution of events; and is there any reason why, when the narrative poet pleases us with his pictures of the transmutations of life, we must call up a special faculty—fantasy—to account for those transmutations? It is no more than the ordinary process of reasoning by which, involuntarily, we connect every fact or thing that comes before us with causes and with effects. We may, with the greater poets, trace our facts to the gods; with Homer, show how the will of Zeus is accomplished in the slaughter of the Achaians;[2] with Milton, how man's first disobedience leads to his fall.[3] Or again, with the lesser poets and storytellers, we may show how the Beast, when Beauty gives him her hand, becomes a prince;[4] how Daphne, pursued by the god, is transformed into a laurel.[5] But what is there in all this metamorphosis of persons, of things, or of actions, which needs for its production a special faculty? When we come to analyze it, is there any real difference in thought between the transmutation of one personality into another, and the transmutation of one action into another? In either case mind is actuated by one law, the law with which we are most familiar in thinking about causes and effects. We know we are compelled to think of a cause for every event, and that likewise every event suggests to us an effect. Why we are thus compelled to

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1 According to Wordsworth's 'We are Seven', first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, in fact two of the little girl's siblings 'are in the church-yard laid.'

2 In Homer's *Iliad*.

3 In Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

4 In the European fairy tale, 'Beauty and the Beast'.

5 In Ovid's *Metamophoses*.

rush back to causes and to rush after effects we cannot tell. We only know the fact, and we are able to resolve it into this more general fact, that to think of a breach in the continuity of existence is beyond our power. We cannot think of existence beginning; we cannot think of existence ending; we only think of it as passing from one form to another. This is the law of all thought, and nothing peculiar to a faculty of imagination.

And now a few words in conclusion about the third kind of whole which the mind creates, and which is best known as it appears in dramatic art. Not that the two other tendencies I have been describing are to be held as excluded from dramatic art. On the contrary, it appropriates them and turns them to account. But it has also a way of its own which may be described as constructive. The drama is, in a far higher sense of the word than can be applied to any mere narrative—it is in the highest sense of the word, constructive. There is the construction of character and all its traits; there is the construction of the personages in relation to each other; there is the construction of events into a consistent plot. The constructive skill required in a drama will appear all the more remarkable if we remember that the dramatist cannot plaister and conceal defects of construction by comment or description.

Now when, a single trait of character given, an artist builds upon it with endless details, many of them conflicting, an entire character, this, which in popular criticism is most frequently cited as evidence of the creative power and wholeness of work belonging to imagination, is the result of a mental process not different in kind from that by which the comparative anatomist sees the perfect form of an unknown animal in one of its bones. When Professor Owen pictures for us some great saurian of the ancient world, we do not accuse him of drawing upon his imagination, because he reasons consciously at every step, and we can follow his processes.[1] But when a dramatist or novelist raises before us a great complex character, finely moulded and welded into a consistent whole, we attribute his work to imagination, because it has been devised in unconsciousness, and neither he nor we can follow the process. It is not imagination in the sense of a special faculty that does the work, but imagination in the sense of the hidden soul, the ordinary faculties engaged in free, unconscious play.

In the free play of thought the mind may commit many errors; but there is one error of which we always absolve it, that of inconsistency, or a disregard of wholeness. We who know what ill names have been heaped on imagination, how it is represented often as the great source of illusion, may be perplexed sometimes to find that many an error, many a lapse from truth, is explained by the absence of imagination. How constantly do we hear it said, when a poet or an artist fails of truth, that he has no imagination, or a feeble one. In these cases it will be found that the want of truth, and therefore the want of imagination, shows itself in a want of consistency or of construction. When in one of the beautiful windows of the Sainte Chapelle, in Paris, Isaiah is pictured reproving Mohammed; there may be want of truth, but not of imagination.[2] If the history be wrong, the thought is right. When Goethe in the play presents Egmont as a bachelor, though at the time of the story he had a wife and children, there is a want of truth, but we do not call it a want of imagination.[3] When the Greek sculptor gives us Laocoon naked, though as the priest of Apollo he must have been in his sacerdotal robes at the time of the serpent seizing him, there again is want of truth, but we do not complain of want of imagination.[4] But when, in one of the mysteries enacted in Germany towards the end of last century, the Creator of the world was represented as an old gentleman in a wig, who groped about in the dark, and after running his head against posts, exclaimed in utter peevishness, "Let there be light," and there was light—the light of a candle; there was not only the absence of truth, but also that of imagination.[5] When Domenichino, in a picture of Creation, put into the garden of Eden trees decaying with age and pollarded trees, there again was a defect of imagination as

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1 Referring to the comparative anatomist and paleontologist Richard Owen, author of *Palæontology; or a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals and Their Geological Relations* (1860); Dallas mentions Owen briefly on p. 28.

2 Referring to one of the stained-glass windows showing scenes of idolatry in the Sainte-Capelle on Île de la Cité in Paris, which was constructed in the mid-thirteenth century.

3 Referring to Goethe's 1788 tragedy *Egmont*, which was later set to music by Beethoven.

4 The marble statue often referred to as 'Laocoon and His Sons' is displayed at the Museo Pio Clementino, among the Vatican Museums in Rome.

5 We have been unable to locate the source of this anecdote.

well as of truth.[1] And, lastly, when Dryden made Eve in the garden a modern coquette, who, on Adam first offering her love, expressed a doubt as to his fidelity, whether he would always be true to her, and whether he would not be running after others; there once more was a lack of truth, and with it a lack of imagination.[2] These falsehoods are offences against imagination, because they are offences against consistency, derelictions from the sense of wholeness. But in thus attributing to imagination the sense of wholeness, of fitness, of consistency—in attributing the lack of consistency to the lack of imagination, what do we really mean? Do we mean that imagination is a special faculty, which looks after consistency as no other faculty looks after it? and that only imaginative persons can be consistent? Surely not.

The wholeness that marks all the work of imagination is a very simple matter, to be explained on a very obvious principle. Imagination, I repeat, is only a name for the free, unconscious play of thought. But the mind in free play works more as a whole than in conscious and voluntary effort. It is the very nature of voluntary effort to be partial and concentrated in points. Left to itself the mind is like the cloud that moveth altogether if it move at all; and this wholeness of movement has its issue in that wholeness of thinking which we find in true works of imagination.

But this lengthy argument must now draw to a close. I have, one by one, touched upon every feature of imagination which is supposed to be peculiarly its own, and I have shown that each, without exception, belongs to the general action of the mind. In the first place, the name of imagination is derived from one of the most evident facts connected with the free play of the mind—sensibility to images or memories of sight. Sight is the most lively of the senses, and we recur most readily in idea to the impressions derived through that sense. Next in free play, and according to the very notion of it, the mind wanders; it is, therefore natural to speak of imagination in this sense as a source of illusion. And so we go over the other tendencies of free play. The mind has a tendency to see likeness and to become like what it sees. The mind has a tendency to see and to create wholes. Moreover, all these tendencies herd together. They are separable and quite distinct; but in the free play of the mind, they generally appear in combination. The result is, that by the law of inseparable or pretty constant association, we come to regard all these uniting tendencies as a composite whole, one special faculty.* It is true that, in the processes which we attribute to imagination, there is a specialty. It is a specialty, however, not of power, but of function; not of tendency, but of the circumstances under which the tendency is exerted. The nature of the work performed by imagination is not peculiar to itself. What is peculiar to itself is, that the work is

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[1] Referring to '*The Rebuke of Adam and Eve*', the 1626 oil painting by Domenichino (Domenico Zampieri, 1581–1641), now held in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC.

[2] Referring to Dryden's drama in five acts, *The State of Innocence* (1677), based on Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

*** For the fullest and clearest account of the law of inseparable association, see Mill's *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, chapter xiv. It is really an important law, and it is the corner-stone of Mr. Mill's system of philosophy, which aims at overthrowing and displacing the established philosophy of Europe. Mr. Mill, however, complains that this, his leading principle, is not so much rejected as ignored by the great European schools of thought. "The best informed German and French philosophers," he says, "are barely aware, if even aware, of its existence. And in this country and age, in which it has been employed by thinkers of the highest order as the most potent of all instruments of psychological analysis, the opposite school usually dismiss it with a few sentences, so smoothly gliding over the surface of the subject as to prove that they have never, even for an instant, brought the powers of their minds into real and effective contact with it." Of the thinkers "of the highest order," who have made much of the law, I know only one—Mr. John Mill himself; and if it be a fact that it has hitherto been ignored, that would be the clearest of all proofs that until Mr. John Mill took it up, it cannot have been applied by any thinker "of the highest order." The truth, however, is that the law is nowhere ignored. It is a very simple and a very obvious law which cannot have escaped the notice of the blindest bat in philosophy. All that Mr. Mill has a right to complain of is that the chief European thinkers do not attach so much importance to it as he believes it deserves, and as it really does deserve. We all know the force of association in our ideas of things. We see things together; we learn to think of them as inseparably associated, and of their union as incapable of dissolution. Mr. James Mill uses the following illustration: "When a wheel, on the seven parts of which the seven prismatic colours are respectively painted, is made to revolve rapidly, it appears not of seven colours, but of one uniform colour—white. By the rapidity of the succession, the several sensations cease to be distinguishable; they run, as it were, together; and a new sensation, compounded of all the seven, but apparently a single one, is the result." That is precisely the case of imagination. In the free play of the mind, there are a number of tendencies which harmonize and unite; we come to regard them as a unity; and we dub that unity Imagination.**

done automatically and secretly. That the work is automatic, or that the work is secret, does not alter its character, and make it different from reason, memory or feeling. Imagination therefore, can only be defined by reference to its spontaneity, or by reference to its unconsciousness. Regarding it as automatic, we define it the Play of Thought. Regarding it as unconscious, we define it the Hidden Soul.

CHAPTER IX. THE SECRECY OF ART.

WE OUGHT now to proceed at once to the consideration of pleasure. I began by showing that pleasure is the end of art. I brought forward a cloud of witnesses to prove that this has always been acknowledged. And after showing that all these witnesses, in their several ways, define and limit the pleasure which art seeks, we discovered that the English school of critics has, more than any other, the habit of insisting on a limitation to it, which is more full of meaning as a principle in art than all else that has been advanced by the various schools of criticism. That the pleasure of art is the pleasure of imagination is the one grand doctrine of English criticism, and the most pregnant doctrine of all criticism. But it was difficult to find out what imagination really is; and therefore the last three chapters were allotted to an inquiry into the nature of it. The result at which we have arrived is that imagination is but another name for that unconscious action of the mind which may be called the Hidden Soul. And with this understanding, we ought now to proceed to the scrutiny of pleasure. I will, however, ask the reader to halt for a few minutes, that I may point out how this understanding as to the nature of imagination bears on the definition with which we started—that pleasure is the end of art. Few are willing to acknowledge pleasure as the end of art. I took some pains to defend pleasure in this connection as a fit object of pursuit, and if I have not satisfied every mind, I hope now to do so by the increased light which the analysis of imagination will have thrown upon the subject.

We started with the common doctrine, that art is the opposite of science, and that, as the object of science is knowledge, so that of art is pleasure. But if the reader has apprehended what I have tried to convey to him as to the existence within us of two great worlds of thought—a double life, the one known or knowable, the other unknown and for the most part unknowable, he will be prepared, if not to accept, yet to understand this further conception of the difference between science and art that the field of science is the known and the knowable, while the field of art is the unknown and the unknowable. It is a strange paradox that the mind should be described as possessing and compassing the unknown. But my whole argument has been working up to this point, and, I trust, rendering it credible—that the mind may possess and be possessed by thoughts of which nevertheless it is ignorant.

Now, because such a statement as this will appear to be a paradox to those who have not considered it; also, because to say that the field of art is the unknown, is like saying that the object of art is a negation, it is fit that in ordinary speech we should avoid such phrases, and be content with the less paradoxical expression—that the object of art is pleasure. The object of science, we say, is knowledge—a perfect grasp of all the facts which lie within the sphere of consciousness. The object of art is pleasure—a sensible possession or enjoyment of the world beyond consciousness. We do not know that world, yet we feel it—feel it chiefly in pleasure, but sometimes in pain, which is the shadow of pleasure. It is a vast world we have seen; of not less importance to us than the world of knowledge. It is in the hidden sphere of thought, even more than in the open one, that we live, and move, and have our being; and it is in this sense that the idea of art is always a secret. We hear much of the existence of such a secret, and people are apt to say—If a secret exist, and if the artist convey it in his art, why does he not plainly tell us what it is? But here at once we fall into contradictions, for as all language refers to the known, the moment we begin to apply it to the unknown, it fails. Until the existence of an unknown hidden life within us be thoroughly well accepted, not only felt, but also to some extent understood, there will always be an esoteric mode of stating the doctrine, which is not for the multitude.

Although at first sight it may appear absurd to speak of the unknown as the domain of art, and to describe the artist as communicating to the world, through his works, a secret that he and it will never unravel, yet there is a common phrase which, if we consider it well, may help to render this paradox less difficult of belief. Montesquieu has a profound sentence at which I have often wondered: “Si notre âme n’avait point été unié au corps, elle aurait connu; mais il y a apparence qu’elle aurait aimé ce qu’elle aurait connu: à présent nous n’aimons presque que ce que nous ne connaissons pas.”[1] I have wondered by what process of thought a

[1] Citing an early paragraph in Montesquieu’s *Essai sur le Goût* of 1757; in rough English translation: ‘If our soul had not been united to the body, it would still have been capable of knowledge; but it appears that it would have loved what it knew; as things are, we

man of the last century arrived at such a conclusion. It scarcely fits into the thinking of his time; and I imagine he must have worked it out of the phrase—Je ne sais quoi.* It was in the last century a commonplace of French criticism and conversation, that what is most lovely, most attractive, in man, in nature, in art, is a certain je ne sais quoi. And adopting this phrase, it will not be much of a paradox to assert that, while the object of science is to know and to make known, the object of art is to appropriate and to communicate the nameless grace, the ineffable secret of the know-not-what. If the object of art were to make known and to explain its ideas, it would no longer be art, but science. Its object is very different. The true artist recognises, however dimly, the existence within us of a double world of thought, and his object is, by subtle forms, tones, words, allusions, associations, to establish a connection with the unconscious hemisphere of the mind, and to make us feel a mysterious energy there in the hidden soul. For this purpose he doubtless makes use of the known. He paints what we have seen, he describes what we have heard; but his use of knowledge is ever to suggest something beyond knowledge. If he be merely dealing with the known and making it better known, then it becomes necessary to ask wherein does his work differ from science? Through knowledge, through consciousness, the artist appeals to the unconscious part of us. The poet's words, the artist's touches, are electric and we feel those words, and the shock of those touches, going through us in a way we cannot define, but always giving us a thrill of pleasure, awakening distant associations, and filling us with the sense of a mental possession beyond that of which we are daily and hourly conscious. Art is poetical in proportion as it has this power of appealing to what I may call the absent mind, as distinct from the present mind, on which falls the great glare of consciousness, and to which alone science appeals. On the temple of art, as on the temple of Isis might be inscribed—"I am whatsoever is, whatsoever has been, whatsoever shall be; and the veil which is over my face no mortal hand has ever raised."[1]

There are persons so little aware of a hidden life within them, of an absent mind which is theirs just as truly as the present mind of which they are conscious, that the view of art I have just been setting forth will to them be well nigh unintelligible. Others, again, who have a faint consciousness of it, may see the truth more clearly if I present it not in my own words, but in words with which others have made them familiar.

Here, for example, is what Lord Macaulay says of Milton and his art: "We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but applied to the writings of Milton it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem at first to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once

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hardly love anything except for what we have no knowledge of.' The longer passage quoted in Dallas's own note below appears much later in the essay.

* **Montesquieu's remark will be found in his *Essai sur le Goût*, where, indeed, he dwells so much upon the je ne sais quoi, as to make one nearly certain that by some subtle process of hidden thought, unknown to himself, it suggested the remark. The curious thing is, that he attempts to explain in measured language the je ne sais quoi; and his explanation robs it of its richness of meaning. Nothing can be more flat; and one is puzzled to understand how the thinker who could make the remark which I have quoted above, should give us the following definition of the je ne sais quoi: "Il y a quelquefois dans les personnes ou dans les choses un charme invisible, une grâce naturelle, qu'on n'a pu définir, et qu'on a été forcé d'appeler le *je ne sais quoi*. Il me semble que c'est un effet principalement fondé sur la surprise. Nous sommes touchés de ce qu'une personne nous plaît plus qu'elle ne nous a paru d'abord devoir nous plaire, et nous sommes agréablement surpris de ce qu'elle a su vaincre des défauts que nos yeux nous montrent, et que le coeur ne croit plus. Voilà pourquoi les femmes laides ont très-souvent des grâces, et qu'il est rare que les belles en aient. Car une belle personne fait ordinairement le contraire de ce que nous avions attendu; elle parvient à nous paroître moins aimable; après nous avoir surpris en bien, elle nous surprend en mal; mais l'impression du bien est ancienne, celle du mal nouvelle: aussi les belles personnes font-elles rarement les grandes passions, presque toujours réservées à celles qui ont des grâces, c'est-à-dire des agrémens que nous n'attendions point, et que nous n'avions pas sujet d'attendre. Les grandes parures ont rarement de la grâce, et souvent l'habillement des bergères en a. Nous admirons la majesté des draperies de Paul Véronèse; mais nous sommes touchés de la simplicité de Raphaël et de la pureté du Corrége. Paul Véronèse promet beaucoup, et paye ce qu'il promet. Raphaël et le Correge promettent peu, et payent beaucoup; et cela nous plaît davantage."**

1 Probably citing Thomas De Quincey's rendition (from the essay on 'John Paul Frederick Richter' in the posthumous *Letters to a Young Man Whose Education Has Been Neglected*, *and Other Papers*, 1860) of a passage concerning the Indian Temple of Isis in Kant's *Kritik der Urteilskraft* ('Critique of Judgment', 1790).

into existence, and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonyme for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it, would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale when he stood crying, 'Open wheat, Open barley,' to the door which obeyed no sound but 'Open sesame.'"[1] This is admirably expressed, with the fault, however, of attributing magic to Milton's poetry alone, while denying that magic belongs to poetry in general. The fact is, that all poetry, all art, has more or less of the same magic in it. We are touched less by the obvious meaning of the poet than by an occult power which lurks in his words. This is what I have been all along enforcing, that art affects us not as a mode of knowledge or science, but as suggesting something which is beyond and behind knowledge, a hidden treasure, a mental possession whereof we are ignorant. Given the magic words, given the magic touch, and not only Milton's poetry, but all good poetry and art will force the burial places of memory to render up their dead, will set innumerable trains of thought astir in the mind, fill us with their suggestiveness, and charm us with an indefinable sense of pleasure.

Precisely in this vein of thought sings Thomas Moore:

> Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
> An instant sunshine through the heart:
> As if the soul that minute caught
> Some treasure it through life had sought;
> As if the very lips and eyes
> Predestined to have all our sighs,
> And never be forgot again,
> Sparkled and spoke before us then.[2]

He is here referring to the action of love in that sense of it which suggested the well known sentence that the poet, the lunatic, and the lover, are of imagination all compact.[3] Love, says Shakespeare, is too young to know itself. It belongs to the secret forces of the mind, and is connected with them by a freemasonry which mere consciousness may recognise but cannot penetrate. There is a passing glance, a sign, a tone, a word. In the lover as in the poet, it appeals not to the conscious intelligence, but to the secret places of the soul; it illumines them with an instant gleam, which allows us no time to see what passes there; it gives light without information; and the light as it vanishes leaves us with a vague sense of possessing, we know not where, some hidden treasure of the mind for which all our lives we have been searching.

Now let us turn to Byron for a change. He also takes a gloomy view of the strange power of the mind which we are considering, but he dwells on its existence as a great fact. He refers to it again and again, but the best known passage in which he makes mention of it will be found in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, where he describes with much force the insidious return of grief:

> But ever and anon of griefs subdued
> There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
> Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
> And slight withal may be the things which bring
> Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
> Aside for ever: it may be a sound
> A tone of music-summer's eve—or spring—

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[1] First published in the *Edinburgh Review* for August 1825, Macaulay's 'Milton' was reprinted at the head of his *Critical and Historical Essays* (3 vols; London: Longman, 1843), where the passage quoted appeared in I, p. 12. The final reference is to the tale of 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' collected in *One Thousand and One Nights*.

[2] Conflating two stanzas from the lyric beginning 'Fly to the desert, fly with me' in 'The Light of the Haram' from Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh: An Oriental Romance* (1817).

[3] Referring again to the words of Theseus in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V i, 6–7, already cited on p. 67.

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—anew
The mourned, the loved, the lost,—too many!—yet too few![1]

Let me ring another change upon the same idea by next quoting Wordsworth. One of the most admired passages in his works, and frequently cited as a perfect embodiment of the poetical spirit, is the following from the poem on Tintern Abbey:

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world,
Of eye and ear-both what they half create,
And what perceive.[2]

What is the meaning of it? Does he simply mean that sunsets and other sights of nature are so beautiful as to afford him great pleasure? He says much more, which it is not easy to put into clean-cut scientific language. Any man of poetical temperament knows what it means, though he might be puzzled to express it logically. What is the presence which surprises the poet with the joy of high thought? What is that something in the light of setting suns which is far more deeply interfused than the five wits can reach, and is to be apprehended only by a sense sublime? Is it fact or fiction? It is but Wordsworth's favourite manner of indicating the great fact upon which all art, all poetry, proceeds. Nature acts upon him as Milton's words upon Macaulay, like magic. It appeals to his hidden soul, and awakens the sense of a presence which is not to be caught and

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[1] Conflating the 23rd and 24th stanzas of the fourth and final canto of Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812–18).

[2] Citing from the 159-line poem bearing the full title, 'Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798', which was the final work included in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1898.

made a show of. The light of setting suns, the round ocean, and the living air, arouse in him a demi-semi-consciousness of a treasure trove which is not in the consciousness proper. What that treasure, what that presence is, it would pose Wordsworth or any one else to say. All he knows is that nature finely touches a secret chord within him, and gives him a vague hint of a world of life beyond consciousness, the world which art and poetry are ever pointing and working towards.

The poetry of Wordsworth abounds with passages that vividly refer to the concealed life of the mind and the secret of poetry. Some of these were quoted in the last chapter, and I will now, even at the risk of becoming tedious, quote another, which is one of the finest descriptions of that which we are to understand by the know-not-what of art. I should like to cite every line of the Ode on Immortality, but restrict myself to the following verses, in which the poet raises the song of praise. It is not simply because of the delights of childhood and its simple creed that he gives thanks for the remembrance of his youth:

> Not for these I raise
> The song of thanks and praise;
> But for those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,
> High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
> And for those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day;
> Are yet a masterlight of all our seeing;
> Uphold us, cherish us, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
> To perish never,
> Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
> Nor man, nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.[1]

Now, it may be interesting to read the comment which a very intelligent critic makes upon this in one of the weekly journals. He is obliged to confess that the passage reads like nonsense; it has no special meaning; but his heart responds to it, and he pronounces it perfectly beautiful. “There is no reason,” he says, “why a confused state of mind should not be poetical. Indeed we may go further and say, that some of what is universally acknowledged to be the finest poetry, has scarcely any definite meaning whatever. In Wordsworth’s great ode there are many lines comprising a kind of essence of poetry, but to which it is scarcely possible to attribute any distinct signification. The often quoted passage about the ‘fallings from us, vanishings, blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized,’ &c., are exquisitely beautiful, but are altogether without any special meaning. If we try to interpret them, to fix the idea embodied in them, it evaporates at once. The words are the right ones to awaken, for some reason, a set of pleasant associations, and to stimulate our imaginations; but as soon as we try to dissect and analyze them, to distinguish between the form of expression and the sense which it is intended to convey, we fail altogether. The words themselves are the poetry. It is like a

[1] Citing part of the ninth section of the 203-line ‘Ode to Immortality’.

mosaic work, which puts together a number of beautiful colours, without attempting to form any definite picture."[1]

The view which the critic here indicates, although not altogether correct, is well expressed; and, making allowance for some incautious phrases, the reader will find no difficulty in squaring it with the view of art contained in these pages. It is hard to say that Wordsworth's phrases have no special meaning which it is possible to fix in the terms of cold reason. The poet is describing, with all the clearness he can command, the know-not-what—the vanishing effects produced in his consciousness by the veiled energy of his hidden life; and by the bare mention of these vanishing effects (not as the critic says, by unmeaning words that are as the colours of a kaleidoscope) he appeals to an experience which all who can enjoy poetry must recognize, he brings back upon us strange memories, and through memory surprises us with a momentary sense of the hidden life, a sudden gleam as of a falling star that comes we know not whence, and is gone ere we are conscious of having seen it:

> Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
> Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
> And ere a man hath power to say—behold!
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up.[2]

Since Wordsworth, the man who has shown the most abiding sense of a mystery surrounding human life and thought, of an energy which is ours, and yet is separate from conscious possession, is Sir Edward Lytton. It may be doubted whether he fully understands the nature of this mysterious energy—whether, at any rate, he understands it as fully as Wordsworth. Still, he is so impressed with its reality, that it has suggested to him more than one marvellous tale of a secret magic belonging to humanity; and even when he is not thinking at all of Rosicrucian mysteries, but merely describing ordinary flesh and blood, he refers to the mental gifts of his more poetic personages in terms which, without the key supplied by the theory of the Hidden Soul, are to most readers a perfect riddle. Take the description of Helen, in *Lucretia*. "There is a certain virtue within us," says Sir Edward Lytton, "comprehending our subtlest and noblest emotions, which is poetry while untold, and grows pale and poor in proportion as we strain it into poems." In other words—if I may interpolate my own explanation—which is poetry so long as it remains the know-not-what, and ceases to be poetry when it is defined into knowledge and becomes an item of science. "This more spiritual sensibility," Sir Edward proceeds, "dwelt in Helen, as the latent mesmerism in water, as the invisible fairy in an enchanted ring. It was an essence, or divinity, shrined or shrouded in herself, which gave her more intimate and vital union with all the influences of the universe—a companion to her loneliness, an angel hymning low to her own listening soul. This made her enjoyment of nature, in its merest trifles, exquisite and profound; this gave to her tendencies of heart all the delicious and sportive variety love borrows from imagination; this lifted her piety above the mere forms of conventional religion, and breathed into her prayers the ecstasy of the saints."[3]

I have not seen this passage as it stands in the original, and quote it from a critical essay of Mr. Nassau Senior. The comment which that hard thinker makes upon it, struck me as a capital example of one-eyed criticism. He introduces the passage by saying that Sir E. Lytton is apt to ascribe to his characters "qualities of which we doubt the real existence;" and he dismisses it with the declaration, "we must say that these appear to us to be mere words."[4] The anonymous critic whom I quoted just now saw in the extract from Wordsworth

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1 Citing the unsigned article 'Style', *Saturday Review* (24 December 1864), pp. 769–70.

2 Citing Lysander's speech to Hermia from the opening scene of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

3 *Lucretia*, II, p. 268.

4 In N. W. Senior, 'Sir E. Bulwer Lytton', in *Essays on Fiction* (London: Longman, 1864), pp. 235–320; pp. 252–53; Dallas had written a largely positive review of this volume (see 'Essays on Fiction', *The Times*, 18 May 186, p. 11a–b), where he nevertheless convicted Senior of failing 'to comprehend the dim poetic meanings' aimed at by Sir Edward, than whom no novelist had 'ever been so deeply impressed … with the mystery of human life' (p. 11a).

meaningless phrases; but he allowed that the phrases had an influence on him, and suggested something very delightful to his mind. In Bulwer Lytton's description, Mr. Nassau Senior sees words without influence and without any hold on reality. What would such a man say to Shelley's account of poetry with which he closes his *Defence of Poetry*? "It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations; for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which ring to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves."[1]

In these various quotations I have been endeavouring, from as many points of view as I can command, to justify and make clear the paradox that whereas the theme of science is the known and knowable, that of art is the unknown and unknowable. But the quotations which I have been able to bring forward relate chiefly to poetry, and they ought to have the supplement of a few words on the other forms of art, showing that they too, music, painting, sculpture, not less than poetry, are what they are, and gain their peculiar ends, not as exhibitions of knowledge in one form or another, but as suggesting something beyond knowledge. This, however, is even more clear in the case of music than in that of poetry. There is no pretension in music to increase the store of knowledge, and so far it is to be regarded as the purest type of art. The glory of music is to be more intimately connected than any other art with the hidden soul; with the incognisable part of our minds, which it stirs into an activity that at once fills us with delight and passes understanding. We feel a certain mental energy quickened within us; faint far-away suggestions, glimpses of another world, crowd upon the uttermost rim of consciousness; and we entertain through the long movements of a symphony the indefinable joy of those who wake from dreams in the fancied possession of a treasure—they wot not what. Music being thus the most spiritual of the arts—having less connection than any other with knowledge and matter of fact; more connection than any other with the unknown of thought; we are for a moment reminded of the opinion of those who would make it the queen of the arts, as there are those on the other hand who would make metaphysics queen of the sciences. Into a discussion of that point which, after all, is of little importance, I shall not now be tempted to stray; but I wish to say, in passing, that when critics seek to measure a great musician like Beethoven with a great dramatist like Shakespeare, they are apt to run the comparison upon qualities which are incommensurable.

The art of Shakespeare, be it observed, is complex. It is built on a vast expenditure of facts, on a wonderful exposition of knowledge. Through the splendid collision of facts, we learn to catch at something which is not in the facts; from the conquered world of knowledge we sidle into the unconquered world of hidden thought—"the worlds unrealized" of Wordsworth.[2] But in any attempt to show the greatness of Shakespeare, the proofs are nearly all based on the greatness of his knowledge. It is only this kind of proof that we can logically construe. Who can take the measure of his influence in the hidden world of thought? We can measure his knowledge, we cannot measure all that is comprised in the know-not-what of his influence. Now if we try to put into comparison the mental grasp of Beethoven with that of Shakespeare—what do we find? We find in Beethoven the great master of an art, which is not complex but simple—which acts powerfully and vitally on the unknown realm of thought, but not through the means, or at least very little through the means, of definite knowledge. The definite knowledge which Beethoven or any great musician puts before our minds as a means of gaining access to the hidden soul is very small; compared with that which Shakespeare sets in the glare of consciousness it is as nothing. The standard, therefore, of conscious comparison between the great musician and the great dramatist entirely fails.

When we turn from music and poetry to painting and sculpture, there may be more difficulty in accepting art as in the strictest sense the opposite of science—the keeper of a secret which may be imparted

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1 Citing the conclusion to 'A Defence of Poetry', *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* pp. 56–57, but omitting the well-known final sentence, 'Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'

2 Echoing the line 'Moving about in worlds not realised' from Wordsworth's 'Ode to Immortality'.

but never known. Music is nothing if not suggestive, and all good poetry has a latency of meaning beyond the simple statement of acts. But in the arts of painting and sculpture there is the precision, the clearsightedness [*sic.*], the accuracy of science; and we admire so much the knowledge of the precision of the thing represented, which the artist exhibits, that we are less struck by the something beyond knowledge—the know-not-what which he suggests to the imagination. When the poet makes Perdita babble of the daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty, he displays a suggestiveness which outruns the whole art of painting. *Qui pingit florem, non pingit floris odorem*.[1] How can a painter in the tinting of a daffodil convey fine suggestions of the confidence and power of beauty in a tender flower? The painter may give us "pale primroses," but how can he convey what Perdita means when she tells us that they die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phoebus in his strength?[2] The painter's art is evidently tied to fact more strictly than that of the poet. We are all familiar with the manner in which truth of drawing, truth of colour, truth of perspective, truth of light and shadow, truth to the minutest hair and filament of fact—in one word, complete science is demanded of the artist who appeals to us through the visual sense; and his scientific mastery of the human forms, or dog-forms, or forms of whatever else is to be pictured, bulks so large in our esteem that we forget often the somewhat more than science which ought to be on his canvas or in his marble, and without which his art is naught. If mere accuracy, if mere matter of fact, were all in all, then the artist would stand a poor chance in competition with the photograph and other mechanical modes of copying nature. It is the artist's business, by the capture of evanescent and almost impalpable expression, by the unfathomable blending of light in shadow, by delicacies of purest colour, by subtleties of lineament, by touches of a grace that is beyond calculation, by all the mysteries that are involved in the one word—tone—to convey to the imagination a something beyond nature, and beyond science—

> The light which never was on sea or shore,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.[3]

If there be artists who content themselves with adhesion to bare fact, who are never able to transcend fact and to move the imagination, then we must think of them as of Defoe. We take an interest in what Defoe tells us, but it is not the interest excited by art. He sees things clearly and describes them sharply; but the complaint against him is that he has no imagination—that he never touches the hidden sense, which we have been trying to analyze. And as a man may tell a story well (it is done every day in the newspapers), and yet his clear story-telling is not poetry; so a man may paint a picture well, and yet his picture for all the clearness and fulness of knowledge it exhibits may not be art, because it wants that something which a great artist once described by snapping his fingers. "It wants,["] said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "it wants *that*."[4]

There is a famous saying of Shakespeare's Ulysses, "that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;"[5] and in a sense very different from that which our dramatist had in his mind, it is frequently cited as the clearest expression of what art most gloriously achieves, and what the artist ought most steadily to pursue. Whoever will refer to the passage in the original, will see that Shakespeare meant nothing like what his readers divorcing the line from the context now see in it. The supposition is, that when we discover any one touch of nature our hearts are stirred into sympathy with all nature, and we rejoice in the felt grandeur of the bond which links us to the universe. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that any touch of nature will produce this effect,

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1 Latin tag of uncertain origin, meaning 'Painting a flower does not paint the scent of the flower'.

2 In Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, IV iv.

3 Citing the fourth verse of Wordsworth's 'Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, Painted by Sir George Beaumont', first published in *Poems, in Two Volumes* (1807).

4 The anecdote had recently been recounted in John Brown, *Horae Suseciviae* (First Series; Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1861), p. 172: 'Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants, hang it, it wants—*That!*" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.' This volume was reviewed by Dallas in 'Dr John Brown', *The Times* (21 October 1861), p. 4, though without reference to the Reynolds anecdote.

5 In *Troilus and Cressida*, III iii.

and that the artist has nothing to do but to render nature. It is only by touches of nature that he can move us, but he has to select his touches. Truth of touch is not enough, because every true touch is not in magnetic relation with the hidden life of the mind. The artist may fill his canvas with true touches; and Sir Joshua, snapping his fingers, may have to say—"It wants that."

If the essential quality of art may be expressed by the pantomime of snapping one's fingers, and by saying, "'tis *that*," then there is good reason why in a previous chapter I should have refused to limit the scope of art to the true, to the beautiful, or to any one idea within the sphere of knowledge; but there may also seem to be fair grounds for challenging the possibility of a critical science. If the field of art be the unknown and unknowable, where is the room for science? Is it not likely that all our inquiries into the nature of art may end in no better result than the page-boy in one of Lilly's plays got out of Sir Tophaz? "Tush, boy!" cries the bragging soldier, Sir Tophaz, "I think it but some device of the poet to get money." "A poet!" says Epiton; "what's that?" "Dost thou not know what a poet is?" "No," says the page. "Why, fool," rejoins Sir Tophaz, "a poet is as much as one should say, a poet."[1] If, however, there be aught of which a science is impossible there may still be room for scientific ignorance. Nay, more, Sir William Hamilton, who, notwithstanding Mr. Mill, will hold his place as the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century,[2] maintained, though he did not originate the paradox, "that what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are not conscious of,—that our whole knowledge, in fact, is made up of the unknown and incognisable."[3] I do not insist upon this, although it is capable of distinct proof, because to render such a mystery in knowledge plain to the popular mind would be too much of a digression. But it may be enough to say that if we cannot tear the secret from art, we can, at any rate, lay bare the conditions under which it passes current. There is a science of biology, and yet no one can define what is life. The science of life is but a science of the laws and conditions under which it is manifested. So, again, is it essential to the science of electricity that we should know for certain what is electricity? We know not what it is: we only see its effects; and yet relating to these effects of an unknown power there has been built up a great science. Again, we can trace the orbits of comets and reckon upon their visits, though of themselves, their what, their why, their wherefore, we know almost nothing. And so there may be a science of poetry and the fine arts, although the theme of art is the Unknown, and its motive power is the Hidden Soul.

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1 John Lilly, *Endimion*, I iii.

2 John Stuart Mill's critique of Hamilton's thinking is discussed in detail in the following chapter.

3 See William Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, ed. H.L. Mansel and John Veitch, I, Lecture XVIII, p. 348, which Dallas had reviewed in *The Times* on 13 May 1859.

VOLUME TWO

CHAPTER X. ON PLEASURE.

THE conclusion to which we have been driven in the foregoing chapters is that criticism, if it is to be a science, must be the science of pleasure; and in the last chapter of all we came to some understanding of the sense in which pleasure is to be regarded as the aim of art and as the theme of criticism. That view will be confirmed as we pursue our inquiries into the nature of pleasure. In entering upon this inquest, however, I must remind the reader of what he has already been forewarned, that I profess no more than to spy out the land flowing with milk and honey, and to show of the grapes and the pomegranates and the figs of Eschol.[1] It is one thing to view the land, another to possess it; one thing to point out where alone science is to be found, another to exhibit the science in all its fair proportions. The latter of these tasks I do not attempt, and the aim of the present volumes is accomplished if, in the pages that go before, I have succeeded in demonstrating clearly what ought to be the object and the method of critical science, and if, in those which follow, I can indicate broadly the bearings of pleasure.

Now, there are many shades and pitches of feeling—as pleasure itself, joy, gladness, glee, gaiety, mirth, bliss, delight, luxury, amusement, hilarity, jollity, ecstacy—to which we give the common designation of pleasure. The word pleasure, although sometimes used in a special sense, is for the most part generic; just as pain is the generic name for the opposite class of sensations. What can we conceive more diverse than the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore and the pleasures of the reveller glorious in his cups? Yet both are called pleasures. The joy of the Lord and what Isaiah calls the joy of wild asses[2] fall under one and the same appellation. The Cyrenaic philosophers of old, with Aristippus at their head, went so far as to say that pleasure is always one and indivisible;[3] that there is no difference between one pleasure and another in kind or in degree. It is not likely that the common sense of mankind will ever give in to such a theory. But we have no difficulty as to giving one name to a feeling which comes to us in many forms. Pleasure is the most general name for the sense of enjoyment, and happiness is the sum of life's pleasures in combination with its pains.

It is right to begin any analysis of pleasure with this bit of dictionary, because the term is sometimes employed not as generic but as of special application to the lower enjoyments of our nature. Thus, a life of pleasure is commonly understood as a life of sensual gratification; and since some good people have such an alarm of pleasure that they are ever prone to put upon it the worst meaning, and the mere mention of it calls up to their view the spectre of human lust, and all the reproaches that—whether deservedly or not—have been heaped on the followers of Aristippus and Epicurus, it behoves one to explain in the outset the much broader sense of which the term is susceptible, and in which alone it is used throughout these pages. Pleasure cannot be described as either good or bad until we know what it is that gives pleasure; just as love is neither fair nor foul apart from the object of love. If we love what is vile, our love is vile: if we love what is noble, our love is noble. And in the same way we cannot speak of pleasure in the abstract as worthy or unworthy. Whether we are to praise or to blame it, will depend upon the source from which it is derived. I have already had to point out, and may here repeat, that it is no more immoral for art to aim at pleasure than for science to aim at knowledge. The question of right or wrong depends on the purity of the pleasure, as it does on the modesty of the knowledge. Science may puff up and art may debauch the mind; but this is not because the one gives knowledge and the other pleasure—it is when the knowledge is vain and the pleasure is mean. Be it therefore understood that in the following discussion I speak of pleasure in the widest sense, as including every form of enjoyment, not one in particular.

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[1] Thus for Eshcol, the name of the supremely fertile valley discovered by the twelve spies (representing the twelve tribes of Israel) sent by Moses to explore the Promised Land of Canaan, according to the account in Numbers 13:23–27 from the King James Bible.

[2] See Isaiah 32:13–14: 'Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers; yea, upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city: | Because the palaces shall be forsaken; the multitude of the city shall be left; the forts and towers shall be for dens for ever, a joy of wild asses, a pasture of flocks'.

[3] Originally a disciple of Socrates, Aristippus of Cyrene was a Greek philosopher who in the first half of the fourth century BCE established the Cyrenaic school of hedonistic philosophy, a forerunner of Epicureanism.

Another caution may not be uncalled-for, namely, as to the amount of definition which, in an inquiry like the present, we have a right to expect. When the question is raised, What is pleasure? a moment's thought will convince us that the thing in itself is indefinable. Analyse it as we may, we very quickly come to something which defies analysis. What can we say more about the sense of pleasure than that it is the sense of pleasure? †If you ask me, said Augustine, what is time? I do not know; but I know quite well if you do not ask me.[1z] And so of pleasure, we have all felt it—we know it when it comes; but we cannot describe it, save in terms that go on vainly repeating each other. What then, it may be asked, is the object of an inquiry into the nature of pleasure? I have given the reply in the end of the last chapter. The best reply is a host of other questions. What is life? what is electricity? what is heat? what is motion? and what is meant by a science of things which are not to be defined? An electric spark is an electric spark: we cannot define it, any more than we can define the thrill of pleasure. It is in our power only to define what are the laws and conditions under which the spark is produced, what are its antecedents, what are its consequences. So of heat, so of life itself, and so of pleasure. We know them not in themselves but in their relations. It is the utmost of our science to trace their evolutions.

And now, when we look for a science of pleasure, we cannot fail to remark how little towards it has yet been said or done. Not that we think little or talk little about pleasure. We think and talk about it a great deal. The greater part of mankind live entirely for their pleasure, care for nothing else, think of little else; every word they utter, everything they do, goes straight for pleasure and involves an opinion of it. But we may think and speak much about a thing and yet not think and speak about it in the way of science. Millions of people in England every day talk about the weather, tell each other that the day is unsettled, that the wind is in the east, that there is thunder in the air, or that there is need of rain; but it would be absurd to suppose that every old wife who says to her neighbour, "It's a fair day," or every watchman, who cries at the small hours, "A fine starry night," is a helpmate of Fitzroy and Glaisher.[2] Indeed, all the scattered millions of observations on the weather which we hear on every side are to a real science of meteorology but as a drop in the bucket. And so of pleasure; our daily thinking of it and working for it tell nought for science; just as, also, to see and to think of what we see is nothing like what we understand by a science of optics.

In so far as pleasure has been at all a subject of discussion, it has been chiefly regarded from the moral point of view. People have been inclined to raise the question, not so much what is pleasure? or what are its laws? as what is the of good of it? or is it allowable? These questions, and the discussions they raise, have nothing to do with science. Just as the questions, May I look at this or that? is it morally right for me to open my eyes? are of no account in the science of optics; so in a science of pleasure all questions as to the moral right or wrong and good or bad of pleasure-seeking are nothing to the point. And if we put aside these moral and practical discussions, which are all too numerous, then we come upon the curious fact I have mentioned, that as yet little has been said or done towards a Science of Pleasure. The attempts to fathom the mystery of pleasure are wonderfully few and far between. I am not now, be it observed, complaining that criticism has never yet been duly recognised as the science of pleasure; I am taking note of the prior fact, apart from any thought of criticism, that pleasure has very rarely been the subject of scientific inquiry. It has been the standing bugbear of moralists and pietists, the theme of interminable clangours, and of arguments that wheel in ceaseless circles; and the sad heart of humanity, infidel of joy, vexes and perplexes itself with the eternal question, Is pleasure pleasure? Dryden never wrote more vigorous lines than those which he put into the mouth of Aurungzebe:

> When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
> Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
> Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
> To-morrow's falser than the former day,
> Lies worse, and while it says, we shall be blest
> With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
> Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,

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[1] See the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, Book 11, Ch. XIV.

[2] Robert Fitzroy (1805–65: *ODNB*) and James Glaisher (1809–1903: *ODNB*) were Victorian pioneers in the science of meteorology.

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold
Which fools us young and beggars us when old.[1]

Nor is the emperor singular in his complaint: there is a wide wail that we are ever thirsting for pleasure, and that the thirst is never slaked. With irrepressible curiosity and immeasurable desire, we pursue joy through all its mazes; and, ofttimes baffled in the search, wearily doubt and deny the object of search. One would suppose that amid so much importunity of reason, the thought of mankind would ever and anon fall back on the attempt to determine what is, and what are the attendant conditions of, this something, this nothing, this phantom called pleasure, which is continually dancing before our eyes and never to be felt within our grasp. Not so; we attempt the scientific disclosure of any mystery—Knowledge, Being, Cause, Will—sooner than that of pleasure.

Whatever may be thought of Sir William Hamilton as a philosopher, no one has ever doubted his trustworthiness as a historian of philosophy. His analysis of pleasure has been impugned by Mr. Mill, but his historical account of what has been done towards a science of pleasure every one will accept with confidence. We, who travel for the most part only in the highways of philosophy, when we find of what small account pleasure is in science, must so wonder at the neglect of it as to begin to doubt the fulness of our own information with regard to previous inquirers. In this case, it is satisfactory to find that he who in modern times has done most to elaborate a science of pleasure, is also the man who beyond all others, in our day, was acquainted with every by-way and hidden haunt of philosophy, and who has been most careful to gather together, from every the furthest corner, all the traces of speculation as to the nature of pleasure. Sir William has devoted more than thirty pages to the history of the investigation into pleasure,[2] and the cream of his record may be given in a very few words.

The scientific analysis of pleasure was in ancient far more than in modern philosophy deemed worthy of research. Discussion as to the nature of pleasure occupies a considerable space in the systems of Plato and of Aristotle. It occupies considerable space in the system of no great modern thinker save Sir William Hamilton himself; and his doctrine is but the junction and elaboration of the views put forward by the two philosophers of the ancients. He, indeed, quotes a number of modern philosophers who have given definitions of pleasure, but very few of these have given to it more than a passing word or two; and Sir William Hamilton would have added to the curiosity of his history if he had also ventured to quote those who, when they came to speak of pleasure, never dreamed of defining it, or defined it in terms that mean nothing. Thus Locke never attempts to explain what we are to understand by it. Pleasure is pleasure in his eyes, to be described in synonyms and circumlocutions, but not to be crumbled into a definition.[3] Sir William Hamilton quotes a short sentence from one of Descartes's letters, in which he casually put forth a sort of definition, that has been much, but needlessly, praised for its depth and its novelty: "All our pleasure is nothing more than the consciousness of some one or other of our perfections."[4] He does not quote the sentence in which Descartes, in his work on the Passions of the Soul, proposes, with all the formality of an article headed "Article 91. La Définition de la joie," to lay bare the nature of pleasure, and in which the philosopher slips into synonyms it was useless to write but is not useless to note. "Joy is an agreeable emotion of the soul, wherein consists its enjoyment of some good."[5] In this tautology of the father of modern philosophy we have the sum and substance of nearly all modern speculation on the

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1 From the speech by the protagonist in John Dryden's tragedy *Aurung-zebe*, IV i.

2 Hamilton, 'Lecture XLIII: The Feelings: Historical Account of Theories of Pleasure and Pain', *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, II, pp. 444–75.

3 See in particular Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Ch. XX: 'Of Modes of Pleasure and Pain'.

4 Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, II, p. 460.

5 Citing the French philosopher René Descartes in *Les Passions de l'Âme* (1649).

subject. Pleasure, says Bossuet, is an agreeable feeling according to our nature; pain a disagreeable one contrary to our nature.[1] And so with a hundred other great authorities.

I have one more preliminary remark to make before I ask the reader to launch with me upon the great theme of pleasure. As Sir William Hamilton is the thinker who more than all others in modern times has closely examined into the nature of pleasure, and as his theory, although by no means perfect, is the most complete that has yet been produced, being, indeed, entitled to the praise which he claims for it, of embracing and containing nearly all previous theories, we should naturally begin this inquiry by a statement of the position in which it was left by him. It may be necessary to correct his definition, it may be possible to advance upon it, but begin with it we must. Just at this moment, however, there is here in London a presumption against any doctrine which Sir William Hamilton could claim as his own. He has been roundly attacked by Mr. Mill.[2] The followers of Mr. Mill have been shouting in the journals that the pretensions of Sir William Hamilton as a philosopher are demolished for ever; and it is undoubtedly the fact, that until Mr. Mill shall be answered, there is a presumption against the dead giant whom he has assailed.[3] Any one, however, who looks down upon the controversy from a height will see that this presumption is only temporary, and that the leading minds of Europe will always be, as they have always been, on the side espoused by Sir William Hamilton, not on that espoused by Mr. Mill. The side of the latter in philosophy has always hitherto been the losing one. That is no reason why Mr. Mill should not now make it win; but it is a presumption against him, and the presumption gains in force when we consider that he has nothing to expect from popular favour to compensate for being among philosophers in a very small minority. Still, whatever be the end of the campaign which Mr. Mill has opened, there is no doubt that he has opened it with rare spirit and ability, that he has fought a great and bloody battle in a style which even his adversaries must admire, and that he has achieved for himself and his school this grand result—that whereas hitherto they have been treated with supreme contempt by all the other schools of thought in Europe, their very existence not being recognised, they have now vindicated their right to be heard, and heard they shall be. Accordingly, for the moment, the voice of the living prevails over that of the dead philosopher, and men who ought to know much better indulge in unseemly triumph over the supposed defeat of the greatest thinker that Britain has produced in the present century. Although it would be out of place here to attempt an answer to the elaborate attack of Mr. Mill, yet it may not be improper, while the full answer is withheld, to justify the terms in which I speak of Sir William Hamilton as the highest of all authorities on the subject of pleasure.

It must be remembered that while review-writers, on the strength of Mr. Mill's battery of arguments, venture to sneer at Sir William Hamilton as a nobody, and to trample under foot his philosophical pretensions, Mr. Mill, more cautious than his disciples, and better acquainted with his antagonist, never ventures on any such expression. He is careful to assure us that really and truly his subject "is not Sir W. Hamilton, but the questions which Sir W. Hamilton discussed. It is impossible," he says, "to write on these questions in our own country and in our time without incessant reference, express or tacit, to his (Sir William's) treatment of them. On all the subjects on which he touched he is either one of the most powerful allies of what I deem a sound philosophy, or, more frequently, by far its most formidable antagonist; both because he came the latest, and wrote with a full knowledge of the flaws which had been detected in his predecessors, and because he was one of the ablest, the most clearsighted, and the most candid. Whenever any opinion which he deliberately expressed is

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1 We have been unable to trace the source of the tautological statement by the French theologian Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet (1627–1704), who is not mentioned in Hamilton's lecture on the history of theories of pleasure and pain.

2 See John Stuart Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (Longman, 1865), which was published in early May, around eighteen months before *The Gay Science,* though probably after the first volume had been completed.

3 For examples, in one of the earliest reviews of Mills's *Examination*, the *Saturday Review* described the work as written 'for the purpose of exploding Sir William Hamilton's philosophy. A more careful, searching, or destructive piece of criticism has seldom appeared' (20 May 1865), pp. 604–7; p. 604. On the other hand, the lengthy notice in the January 1866 issue of the *Westminster Review* (pp. 1–39), a periodical even more ideologically predisposed to Mill's position, the reviewer concluded, 'It is to Philosophy alone that our allegiance is sworn, and while we concur mostly with Mr. Mill's opinions, we number both him and Sir W. Hamilton as a noble pair of brethren, serving alike in her train.' (p. 39). Aside from Dallas himself here, Hamilton's principal defender was the Oxford professor H.L. Mansel (1820–71: *ODNB*), in *The Philosophy of the Conditioned: Comprising some Remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and on Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy* (Strahan, 1866). This was published only a few months before *The Gay Science* appeared, but is cited by Dallas in his own following footnote.

contended against, his form of the opinion and his arguments for it are those which especially require to be faced and carefully appreciated."[1] This estimate of Sir William Hamilton's mode of thinking is no more than just, but to understand all that it implies we must refer to a previous passage, and, indeed, to the whole tenour of Mr. Mill's book. From the above quotation it will be seen that Mr. Mill, by his own showing, proposes to attack not so much Sir William Hamilton, as that system of thought of which, in his opinion, Hamilton is the most powerful exponent. Now, what is that system of thought? Many readers and reviewers are running away with the idea that it is something peculiar to Hamilton. It is true that Mr. Mill attacks points of doctrine which are peculiar to Hamilton; but that is not his main object; that is but a subsidiary one, adopted for the purpose of rendering his attack (since he has chosen to express himself in the form of attack) as complete as possible. He is careful to tell us in the outset that what he attacks is the established philosophy of Europe, of which Sir William Hamilton is the most formidable soldier;[2] and this point must be thoroughly understood, or we shall fail to understand the position which Mr. Mill takes up, and the meaning of his book. We shall fail also to take a true measure of the success which he has now achieved in assaulting Sir William Hamilton.

On the personal question as to the effect of Mr. Mill's attack on Sir William Hamilton's philosophical reputation, I do not now propose to touch, save in the most general terms. The opinion, I have said, has been expressed rather exultingly in some of the critical journals that Sir William Hamilton has been demolished for ever. To enter into that question, however, I should have to trouble the reader with a controversy of details into which he would not care to follow me. In several details it can be shown that Sir William Hamilton is at fault; but also in several it can be shown that Mr. Mill is wrong, and has either mistaken the opinions of Hamilton or has failed to overturn them.* It is not necessary, however, to enter into details in order to form a fair opinion as to the merits of this controversy. There are three main considerations which ought to be remembered in Sir William Hamilton's behalf, and which will induce all but mere partisans to pause before they determine that to praise the recent performance of Mr. Mill is to imply the defeat and utter rout of his adversary.

The first is, that, according to Mr. Mill's own showing, to demolish Sir William Hamilton is to demolish what is accredited in the chief schools of philosophy throughout Europe. He is selected for attack because he is the leading representative of modern philosophy, and because "whenever an opinion which he deliberately expressed is contended against, his form of the opinion, and his arguments for it, are those which especially require to be faced and carefully appreciated."[3] Therefore, if Hamilton is to fall before the assault of Mr. Mill, what other European philosopher is likely to fare better? and who is to stand? Mr. Mill may have succeeded, but the presumption is against him. It is possible, though not probable, that in the person of Sir William Hamilton he has cut to pieces and ground to powder the European system of philosophy. But if he have succeeded in this object of refuting the established philosophy, we must still remember his own admission, that he has found in Sir William Hamilton "by far his most formidable antagonist."[4]

Another consideration is that philosophers have generally proved themselves to be invincible in attack and powerless in defence. There is no fact in philosophy on which Sir William Hamilton himself was more apt to dwell than this; and, indeed, what was more peculiarly his own in speculation was directed to the proof and illustration of it. Perhaps the statement should be supplemented or balanced by that other of Leibnitz's, that

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1 Citing the 'Introductory Remarks' in Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, pp. 2–3.

2 See *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, p. 1, where Mill suggests that Hamilton's 'fundamental doctrines are those of the philosophy which has everywhere been in the ascendant since the setting in of the reaction against Locke and Hume, which dates from Reid among ourselves and from Kant for the rest of Europe.'

* **"Mr. Mill's method of criticism," says Mr. Mansel, "has reduced the question to a very narrow compass. Either Sir W. Hamilton, instead of being a great philosopher, is the veriest blunderer that ever put pen to paper, or the blunders are Mr. Mill's own. To those who accept the first of these alternatives it must always remain a marvel how Sir W. Hamilton could ever have acquired his profound knowledge of ancient and modern philosophy. The marvel may perhaps disappear, should it be the case, as we believe it to be, that the second alternative is the true one."** [Mansel, *The Philosophy of the Conditioned*, pp. 181–82]

3 Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, p. 3.

4 *Ibid.*

philosophy is generally right in what it asserts, and wrong in what it denies;[1] but still, as an effort of reasoning, it holds for the most part that the reasoning of attack is more unanswerable than the reasoning of defence. No man, for example, believed more firmly than Sir William Hamilton in the freedom of the will, and Mr. Mill, indeed, points out that "the doctrine of Free Will was so fundamental with him that it may be regarded as the central idea of his system."[2] But, on the other hand, Sir William Hamilton was never weary of observing that the arguments against the freedom of the will, as likewise those against necessity, are perfectly unanswerable, and he strenuously set himself to show how we may be justified in accepting as a fact what is incapable of proof. No doubt, if the doctrine be pushed to its consequences, it will go far to show the futility of nearly all metaphysical research, and, perhaps, there are not many men in England who would seriously shrink from such a conclusion. Be that as it may, we have here but to note the simple fact that in the attack and defence of any philosophical system we expect the superiority to be always with the attack; and, therefore, if Sir William Hamilton undergoing attack appears at a disadvantage, if the batteries of the enemy make many a breach in his walls, and if the strong tower in which he intrenched himself seems to be tottering to its fall, it is no more than we should expect—it is no more than the weakness which any other system of philosophy, overwhelmed by a similar cannonade, would display. We have yet to learn whether Mr. Mill's own system of philosophy will stand before one-half the weight of shot that can be directed against it.

And still a third consideration is at hand. It is that the reputation and the standing of a philosopher are not always to be measured by the amount of positive truth which he has been able to dig out and to establish. There is no greater name in philosophy than that of Plato, but how much of Plato stands? And is the influence of Plato small, is his work of slight importance, because we can refute his dialectics and repudiate his doctrines? Plato must live by the spirit which he infused into men's minds, even if every one of his special doctrines were scattered to the winds. He is a great power in philosophy, although his philosophy is exploded. And with regard to Sir William Hamilton we may pursue a similar line of remark. He has obtained a position among the thinkers of Europe which Mr. Mill, so far from denying, is the foremost to acknowledge. But it is impossible that any thinker should attain such a position without exerting a vast influence which is quite independent of the truth or falsehood of his particular doctrines. Let us suppose that the doctrines are false, still they have a momentum which is catching, and which has had a powerful effect on Mr. Mill himself. Mr. Mill would be inclined, I imagine, to underrate the force of this consideration, and to estimate a man's worth as a thinker by the amount of positive truth which in the course of his labours he has been able to quarry out. But, in reality, it is difficult to exaggerate the influence of a great thinker's spirit and methods upon the thinking of his time, apart from the results which he himself may have been able to reach. This may be illustrated, if we are allowed to compare such a thinker to Columbus. Columbus had a great spirit and a grand method; but he crossed the Atlantic only to discover an island. It was his follower that discovered the main land, and from his follower it is named America.[3] Obviously, however, it would be unfair to Columbus to estimate his achievement by fixing upon a little spot on the map, and saying "This is his." And in like manner it is unfair to a great thinker to spread out the chart of human knowledge and to say, "Here is one small truth which he discovered—this is the little all which he contributed to human knowledge."

It is not, however, Sir William Hamilton as an individual that Mr. Mill attacks. He begins his book by pointing out that "among the philosophical writers of the present century in these islands no one occupies a higher position than Sir William Hamilton." As a thinker, he is "one of the important figures of the age;" and it is his "acknowledged position at the head of the school of philosophy to which he belongs" that has enticed Mr. Mill into the present attack.[4] But it cannot be too often repeated that, by this school of philosophy which Mr. Mill has set himself to destroy, we are not to understand what is special to Sir William Hamilton. In his very first paragraph our author describes as follows the system of Sir William Hamilton: —"It unites to the prestige of

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1 We have been unable to trace the source of this assertion in Leibniz's works.

2 Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, p. 488.

3 Referring to the Italian navigator Amerigo Vespucci (1451–1512).

4 Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, pp. 1–2.

independent originality the recommendation of a general harmony with the prevailing tone of thought."[1] And it is because of this harmony,—it is not because of Sir William Hamilton's differences from other thinkers, but because of his union with them, that he is attacked. He belongs to the current of European thought. If we look to fundamentals, there is but one school of philosophy now reigning throughout Europe. We speak of a German school, and a French school, and a Scotch school; but the differences between them, though great in reality, are still greater in appearance, says Mr. Mill. The fundamental doctrines of Hamilton's school "are those of the philosophy which has *everywhere* been in the ascendant since the setting in of the reaction against Locke and Hume, which dates from Reid among ourselves, and from Kant for the rest of Europe."[2] And it is this, the dominant philosophy of Europe, that Mr. Mill now gallantly challenges. Here, then, is not a mere duel between himself and Sir William Hamilton, in which the reputation of Sir William is alone at stake. Mr. Mill has a nobler ambition; he attacks a system. And that system is not merely the Scotch, it is the European system of philosophy, of which he regards Hamilton as the most illustrious captain. He flings down his gauntlet to Europe, and challenges controversy in the most gallant style. He has a philosophy of his own, and of his father, and of his school, which the leading thinkers of Europe have hitherto agreed to overlook and to treat with a silent contempt, but which he chivalrously vaunts as worthy of our acceptance, and well worthy to displace the established system.

Mr. Mill's philosophy may be described in a very few words. It is a re-assertion, upon revised grounds, of Hume's philosophy. It is well known that the philosophy which has now for nearly a hundred years been current in Europe is a reaction from Hume. This, indeed, is the great fact which gives unity to the thinking of the great schools of Germany, France, and Scotland; they are united in a revolt from the conclusions of Hume. Reid began this revolt in Scotland, and started the Scottish school of philosophy. Kant began this revolt in Germany, and started the German school of philosophy. Finally, an eclectic school arose in France, to combine the systems of Germany and Scotland, which, indeed, it was not difficult to harmonize. This, then, putting aside minor differences, is the great European system of philosophy which a Goliath has come forth to defy. He proclaims war to the knife; he defies it root and branch. His is no mere partial opposition to be appeased by partial concessions. As the fundamental principle of modern philosophy is a protest against Hume, the essential nature of Mr. Mill's counter-philosophy is a re-assertion of Hume. It is what, in the language of the current philosophy, would be called Nihilism. But one rather objects to such a word, as being too nearly allied to a nickname, though it would be difficult to find any other which can be substituted for it. The great fact to be noticed is that, under whatever general name we choose to describe them, Mr. Mill's chief conclusions are a new rendering of Hume's.*

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1 *Ibid*., p. 2.

2 *Ibid*., p. 1, emphasis added by Dallas.

* **They are not, however, put forward as such, but as the product of a different school of thinking. In this disguise they may not all at once be recognised as old acquaintances; and a few sentences may be devoted to showing what Mr. Mill's doctrines are, and how he has arrived at them. As Hume's line of ancestry is traced back to Locke, Mr. Mill's line of ancestry recedes to Hobbes. From Locke came the idealists, such as Berkeley; and from their idealism sprung, by natural succession, what is called the Nihilism of Hume. The idealists said there is no such thing as matter; there is but one substance mind; all is mind. Then came Hume, and worked their arguments to the disproof of mind also. There is no substance at all, he said; there is no such substance as we call mind, any more than there is a substance which we call matter. All that we know to exist are ideas and impressions.**

David Hume eat a mighty big dinner,
Grew every day fatter and fatter,
And yet the huge hulk of a sinner
Denied there was spirit or matter.

Now, parallel with the line of thinkers who very brilliantly worked their way through idealism to what, for want of a better term, one must continue to call the Nihilism of Hume, there was a more obscure line of thinkers among us, who, starting from materialism, have at last worked their way through Hobbes, Hartley, and James Mill, to the Nihilism of Mr. Stuart Mill. They began by denying the existence of mind, and resolving all the movements of thought into vibrations of matter, which was the one substance they allowed. And now at length they have worked their way to the disproof also of that one substance. They have reached Nihilism—the denial of substance altogether. Mr. Mill says that "matter may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. If I am asked whether I believe in matter, I ask whether the questioner accepts this

Thus then it is not Sir William Hamilton by himself, but Sir William Hamilton the most powerful representative and mouthpiece of the prevailing system of thought, that Mr. Mill attacks. He attacks Sir William Hamilton, but much more, through him, he attacks the thinking of the age. He, John Stuart Mill, is the most accomplished representative of an isolated class of thinkers, beginning with Hobbes and coming down to our own day through Hartley and James Mill, who have never had much influence in the world at large, but have maintained a precarious existence in England. They cannot be said to have flourished, but they have held their own with a certain rude vigour, like the gipsies who live among us, yet are not of us, and have, with all their fortune-telling, no influence on our modes of thinking. Mr. Stuart Mill, the wisest and broadest thinker of this school, has latterly, by reason of his political philosophy and his elucidations of the logic of science, been acquiring an influence which the school has never before enjoyed, and which its conception of human nature will long keep it from enjoying. Hobbes was a man of genius, but his view of the human mind, and the cognate views of those truly Hobbesian thinkers, David Hartley and James Mill, have never been of much account in the world, and have never become linked in the procession of European thought.

Now, when Mr. Stuart Mill, the great champion of this isolated knot of thinkers, stands forward and, with much ability, challenges Sir William Hamilton, partly for himself, but chiefly as the most able representative of European thought and his most formidable foe, the presumption is that the thinking of Europe is in the main right, and that of the small Hobbesian sect wrong; also that Sir William Hamilton, whom Mr. Mill regards as the most formidable figure in the great array of European thinkers, is in the main right, and that Mr. Mill, the doughtiest hero of that scheme of philosophy which Sir William Hamilton and men of his school too contemptuously stigmatise as dirt-philosophy, is in the main wrong. For the moment, by dint of Mr. Mill's brilliant powers, and until he is fairly answered, the presumption is turned the other way; but no one who is tolerably well acquainted with the great currents of European thought can have a doubt as to the side that will be ultimately victorious.

I put forward these statements not as a sufficient reply to Mr. Mill's arguments, but as a sufficient reply to those who, under the shield of Mr. Mill, have begun too soon to deride Sir William Hamilton, as if, because he is silent in death, and cannot answer for himself, he were fallen for ever. There are weak places in his philosophy; it would be strange if there were not; and Mr. Mill has the credit of hitting him in the joints of his armour. In particular, there is a defect in his theory of pleasure, and Mr. Mill has done good service in helping on the discussion; but his theory, so far as it goes, is sound, and must be the starting-point of all future speculation on the subject. To that theory we must now turn, and I hope that the reader will be prepared to regard it without prejudice.

Sir William Hamilton's definition is as follows: "Pleasure is a reflex of the spontaneous and unimpeded exertion of a power of whose energy we are conscious: Pain a reflex of the overstrained or repressed exertion of such a power."[1] In another passage he gives the same definition in other words: "Pleasure is nothing but the concomitant or reflex of the unforced and unimpeded energy of a faculty or habit, the degree of pleasure being always in proportion to the degree of such energy."[2] On the definition thus variously worded, he descants at great length, showing how it embodies all that is important in the conclusions of previous inquirers, and how it applies to the many forms of pleasure. Its chief points which ought to be seized are these:—First of all, that

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definition of it? If he does, I believe in matter; and so do all Berkeleians." But what if the questioner does not accept his definition? The common belief of mankind is that there are things and substances which produce in us sensations, and to these things and substances we give the general name of matter. Mr. Mill says, in effect, "No, you cannot prove the existence of these things and substances which you call matter,—all you can prove is your belief in the Permanent Possibilities of Sensation." Or, to quote his exact words:—"The belief in such permanent possibilities seems to me to include all that is essential or characteristic in the belief in substance. I believe that Calcutta exists, though I do not perceive it, and that it would still exist, if every percipient inhabitant was suddenly to leave the place or be struck dead. But when I analyse the belief, all I find in it is that, were these events to take place, the Permanent Possibility of Sensation, which I call Calcutta, would still remain." Thus Westminster, which Mr. Mill represents in Parliament, is, in his phraseology, but "the Permanent Possibility of Sensation, which I call Westminster." [Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, pp. 199–200]

1 Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, II, p. 441.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 436.

pleasure is evolved from energy; secondly, that it is not mere energy, but the reflex or concomitant of energy; thirdly, that this energy must be perfect in strain and in all its relations harmonious; lastly, that we must be conscious of it. On all these points, except the last, which he quietly takes for granted, he has much to say; but the point on which he dwells most is the main one—the relation of pleasure to exertion.

Hamilton's doctrine, however, is incomplete, and especially in that portion of it which touches on the relation between pleasure and consciousness. It needs both to be explained and to be carried further. I propose to work out the explanation and further development of it under three heads. For, in truth, there are three states or stages of pleasure which, although they shade into one another, and must ultimately be classed together, yet are to be treated as distinct and apart. First of all, we have to consider the pleasure which is evolved in the midst of pain; and it is here chiefly that we have to consider pleasure as involving energy. Next in order, we are to consider the pleasure which is unmixed with pain, and is in full view of consciousness; and here we are impressed less with the energy upon which the pleasure is based than with its harmony. Lastly, we come upon the wonderful paradox, which Sir William Hamilton has totally ignored, of bliss unconscious, the trance and pleasance of the hidden life to which the poet referred when he says—

> In that high hour
> Of visitation from the living God
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.[1]

[1] Citing Wordsworth's 'The Ruined Cottage'.

CHAPTER XI. MIXED PLEASURE.

THE first thing which must strike any one who will look into his pleasure is the difficulty of separating it from the sense of pain. It is attended with pain; it easily turns to pain; and we have constantly to ask ourselves—is not this pleasure a pain? is not this pain a pleasure? Says Keble:

> There is an awe in mortals' joy:
> A deep mysterious fear
> Half of the heart will still employ,
> As if we drew too near
> To Eden's portal, and those fires
> That bicker round in wavy spires,
> Forbidding to our frail desires
> What cost us once so dear.[1]

That no doubt is the song of a divine, who in connection with such a topic naturally has in his thoughts the fall of our first parents, and the loss of Paradise, never more in this life to be regained; but the fact itself, the singular intimacy and union of pain with pleasure, we all acknowledge. There are tears and pangs of joy; there is laughter of grief and luxury of woe; and as we look upon such contradictions we are lost in wonder of a mystery that seems to pass understanding; we appear to be on the verge of unreason; we doubt whether we are dealing with realities at all; we are half afraid to speak what we think, and the language of prose is too rough, too poor, to tell of the delicacy, the complexity, and the changeableness of a feeling that is, and is not, and is again, swifter than the tints of a bubble—swifter than the tints of a coryphene that dies.[2]

This couleur changeante which we know as pleasure, but which is shot with pain, suggested the earliest well-wrought theory of pleasure, namely, the Platonic. The theory of Plato, starting from that of Aristippus and the Cyrenaics, is that pleasure is nothing of itself, but only a momentary escape from pain, or a passage from one pain to another. In modern times this view has been maintained independently by Kant, whose exposition of the doctrine will be more intelligible now-a-days than that of the ancient philosopher. "Pleasure is always a consequent of pain," says Kant, in Sir William Hamilton's translation. "When we cast our eyes on the progress of things, we discover in ourselves a ceaseless tendency to escape from our present state. To this we are compelled by a physical stimulus, which sets animals and man as an animal into activity. But in the intellectual nature of man there is also a stimulus which operates to the same end. In thought, man is always dissatisfied with the actual; he is ever looking forward from the present to the future; he is incessantly in a state of transition from one state to another, and is unable to continue in the same. What is it that thus constrains us to be always passing from one state to another, but pain?

"And that it is not a pleasure which entices us to this, but a kind of discontent with present suffering, is shown by the fact that we are always seeking for some object of pleasure, without knowing what that object is, merely as an aid against the disquiet—against the complement of petty pains, which for the moment irritate and annoy us. It is thus apparent that man is urged on by a necessity of his nature to go out of the present as a state of pain, in order to find in the future one less irksome. Man thus finds himself in a never-ceasing pain; and this is the spur for the activity of human nature. Our lot is so cast that there is nothing enduring for us but pains; some indeed have less, others more, but all at all times have their share; and our enjoyments at best are only slight alleviations of pain. Pleasure is nothing positive; it is only a liberation of pain, and therefore only something negative. Hence it follows, that we never begin with pleasure but always with pain; for while pleasure is only an emancipation from pain, it cannot precede that of which it is only a negation. Moreover, pleasure cannot endure in an unbroken continuity, but must be associated with pain, in order to be always suddenly breaking through

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[1] The first stanza of 'Matrimony' from John Keble's *The Christian Year* (2 vols; Oxford: Baxter, 1827), II, p. 186.

[2] Referring to the dolphin-like fish with strikingly iridescent coloration.

this pain—in order to realise itself. Pain, on the contrary, may subsist without interruption in one pain, and be only removed through a gradual remission; in this case we have no consciousness of pleasure. It is the sudden, the instantaneous removal of the pain which determines all that we can call a veritable pleasure. We find ourselves constantly immersed, as it were, in an ocean of nameless pains, which we style disquietude or desires, and the greater the vigour of life an individual is endowed with, the more keenly is he sensible to the pain. Without being in a state of determinate corporeal suffering, the mind is harassed by a multitude of obscure uneasinesses, and it acts, without being compelled to act, for the mere sake of changing its condition. Thus men run from solitude to society, and from society to solitude, without having much preference for either, in order merely, by the change of impressions, to obtain a suspension of their pain. It is from this cause that so many have become tired of their existence, and the greater number of such melancholic subjects have been urged to the act of suicide in consequence of the continual goading of pain from which they found no other means of escape.

"It is certainly the intention of Providence that, by the alternation of pain, we should be urged on to activity. No one can find pleasure in the continual enjoyment of delights: these soon pall upon us—pall upon us in fact the sooner the more intense was their enjoyment. There is no permanent pleasure to be reaped except in labour alone. The pleasure of toil consists in a reaction against the pain to which we should be a victim did we not exert a force to resist it. Labour is irksome, labour has its annoyances, but these are fewer than those we should experience were we without labour. As man, therefore, must seek his recreation in toil itself, his life is at best one of vexation and sorrow; and as all his means of dissipation afford no alleviation, he is left always in a state of disquietude, which incessantly urges him to escape from the state in which he actually is.

"Men think it ungrateful to the Creator to say that it is the design of Providence to keep us in a state of constant pain; but this is a wise provision in order to urge human nature on to exertion. Were our joys permanent, we should never leave the state in which we are—we should never undertake aught new. That life we may call happy which is furnished with all the means by which pain can be overcome; we have in fact no other conception of human happiness. Contentment is where a man thinks of continuing in the state in which he is and renounces all means of pleasure; but this disposition we find in no man."[1]

Here in all the cold blood of philosophy and in all soberness and plainness of speech is a melancholy tale, such as we expect to find only in the exaggerations of poets:

Our sweet is mixt with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys not last the looking on,
Our sorrows aye remain.[2]

And there is no doubt that it contains a true though inadequate view of pleasure. What is false about it is the assumption (in support of which, however, a goodly list of authorities might be quoted—Montaigne one of the most important) that pleasure is nothing positive—is only a negation. On the other hand, it is true that much of our pleasure consists in an escape from pain; that much of it is a mere change of pain; and that much again lies in the endurance and conquest of pain.

In the analysis of all this pleasure derived from pain, the great point to be noticed is that the pleasure comes of change—transition—action. Pleasure, said the Cyrenaics—pleasure, said Plato—pleasure, said Kant, is a state not of being, but of becoming. Pleasure, said Aristotle—pleasure, says Sir William Hamilton, is an energy, or obbligato accompaniment of energy. This perhaps is not telling us much, since all life is conceived as energy and as becoming. Neither does it help us much to a knowledge of heat to have discovered that it is a

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1 For the source of Hamilton's lengthy translated quotation from Kant's *Manual of Anthropology*, see *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, I, p. 599–601.

2 Stanza from the Christian hymn 'Jerusalem, My Happy Home' which has a complex history; see John Julian, *A Dictionary of Hymnology* (New York: Scribner, 1892), pp. 580–83; the stanza is also cited in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 38, though to illustrate a different point.

mode of motion; but it is a step to knowledge that may be more ample hereafter. And so we advance a step towards the science of pleasure in ascertaining that the first condition of it is a rush into activity. So sure is this rush into movement of producing pleasure that it succeeds even if it be but a rush through a succession of pains and hardships. This is the meaning of what is called a fast life. We exclaim against the several moments of such a life, and see neither dignity nor pleasure in them. It is a rapid round of hurts and famishing desires; but its very rapidity kindles a pleasure which is not to be denied because it may be despised. And so likewise in lives of peril and wild adventure; the several moments are full of toil and trouble, edges of wounds and company of death, but the united sum is the joy of battle and the ecstacy of motion. He who scorns delights and lives laborious days finds in the agony which he courts but another form of delight. The condition of his delight, however, is always action:

> Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.[1]

Many poems have been written on various kinds of pleasure—the pleasures of Memory, of Hope, of Imagination, and so forth. Who would expect to find one written on those of Vicissitude? But that is the very subject chosen by Gray for a poem which through one of its stanzas has become celebrated. It is a poem that involves in it the Cyrenaic definition of pleasure as change; and I am now reminded of it because the stanza which has become most famous (imitating, by the way, some verses of the French poet, Gresset, which have become equally famous)[2] is a happy description of the simplest form of pleasure derived from pain—pleasure produced by the mere ebb of pain:

> See the wretch, that long has tost
> On the thorny bed of pain,
> At length repair his vigour lost,
> And breathe and walk again:
> The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening paradise.[3]

And as there is pleasure in the mere retreat and negation of pain, so also, when the pleasure is more positive, is it heightened by contrast with pain. "We see in needleworks and embroideries," says Bacon, "it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye."[4] The most dazzling light which a painter can produce on his canvas is not the result of the most dazzling colour. A comparatively dull tint, if duly surrounded and contrasted with darker hues will make a brighter blaze in a picture than it is possible to get from a lavish diffusion of the purest whites, and yellows the most radiant.

So far, the derivation of pleasure from pain, whether it be produced by the stoppage of ache or enhanced by its proximity, is a fact of daily occurrence and observation. We are less acquainted with an equally certain fact that pain is oftentimes destroyed in the agitation which attends it. It is notorious, that small ills are worse to bear than great ones. The great ones produce an agitation which is a source at times of positive pleasure. Says Nestor, in the play:

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1 The epigraph to Chapter XXXII of Walter Scott's Waverley novel *Old Mortality* (1816).

2 Referring to 'Épître à ma Soeur' by the French poet and dramatist Jean-Baptiste-Louis Gresset (1709–77).

3 A stanza from Thomas Gray's incomplete 'Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude'.

4 In 'Of Adversity' from Francis Bacon's *Essays* (1625).

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger.[1]

Thus, again, wounds are not felt in the shock of battle, and Livingstone, the African missionary, assures us that when he was being crunched in the jaws of a lion he had no pain. The lion shook him as a terrier does a rat, and broke his bones; but the shake brought on a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor of terror, though the victim remained fully conscious of all that was happening. Thereupon Livingstone speculates a little on the painlessness of death that comes to animals by violence.[2] Sir Benjamin Brodie tells the story of a fox which goes to corroborate Livingstone's idea. The fox was being pursued by the hounds and evidently was near his end, when a rabbit crossed his path. His own trouble was so little felt amid the agitation of the chase, that, forgetting his danger, Reynard turned aside to catch the rabbit, and he was immediately afterwards seized by the hounds with the rabbit in his mouth.[3] Livingstone, however, might have made his speculation more general. It is a well-ascertained fact that some modes of violent death are not only painless but happy. Sir Benjamin Brodie gives us to understand that hanging and drowning are not unpleasant. Men have been known to hang themselves temporarily for the enjoyment of it; and, absorbed in this dangerous amusement, have been so unfortunate as to kill themselves outright.[4] People who have been recovered from drowning declare that they have been in heaven, and lament their restoration to life as a hardship.[5] All violent deaths are not thus painless; neither is the absence of pain in every case a pleasure; but examples such as these of violence quenching the torment we expect it to produce, and even turning it to the opposite sensation, illustrate to some extent the effect of any agitation in yielding pleasure, and may prepare us to find in mere pain the gleams of pleasure.

See the fakeer, as he swings on his iron,
    See the thin hermit that starves in the wild;
Think ye no pleasures the penance environ,
    And hope the sole bliss by which pain is beguiled?

No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching,
    Vain are our words the emotions to tell;
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,
    For pain has its heaven and pleasure its hell.[6]

"Vain are our words," says Lord Houghton, in these vigorous lines;* but despite the contradictions of language, the fact holds good that there are bitter thrills of joy and happy throes of pain in all experience beneath the moon.

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1 Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, I iii.

2 See David Livingstone, *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa* (London: Murray, 1857), where the Scottish missionary suggests that such stupor seen in 'all animals killed by the carnivora' should be understood as 'a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death' (p. 12).

3 The anecdote is found in *The Works of Benjamin Collins Brodie* (3 vols; London: Longmans, 1865), I, p. 331; this work was reviewed by Dallas as 'Sir Benjamin Brodie', *The Times* (11 May 1865), p. 6, though without reference to this or the following anecdotes.

4 *Works of Benjamin Collins Brodie*, I, pp. 407–426.

5 *Ibid*., pp. 427–438.

6 Final stanzas of the poem 'Pleasure and Pain' by Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) from his collection *Palm Leaves* (1844).

* **Lady Georgiana Fullerton has in one of her novels, *Too Strange not to be True*, expressed a similar thought. She makes Madame de Moldau say, "I wonder if suffering softens or hardens the heart." Colonel D'Auban replies, "I suppose that, like the heat of the sun in different substances, it hardens some and softens others. But the more I live, *the more clearly I see how difficult it is to talk of suffering and happiness without saying what sounds like nonsense*." M. de Moldau: "I do not**

It is but a part of the same law that a change of pain may be a source of pleasure. A new trouble is not always an increase of trouble: it may be welcome as a distraction and diversion from the old. Animals in their hunger have been known to eat themselves—even animals like the hare, which are not carnivorous, and which thus do a double violence to their nature, first in eating flesh at all, next in eating their own flesh. And men so constantly seek for pleasure, through the encounter of some pain, that a considerable number of critics have determined to define the pleasure which art yields as nothing else than the pleasure of surmounting difficulty, or of seeing it surmounted. It is, of course, impossible to maintain this theory, the logical result of which would be that the greatest artists known to fame are Cornelius Ketel, who painted with the brush between his toes,[1] and Miss Biffin, who painted by means of her mouth.[2] But it is worthy of note as illustrating some of the modes in which from pain we look for pleasure. Nay, in the height of our joys we sometimes count pain a relief, would fain acidulate the sweetness of our lives, ruffle their calm current with storm, and soften their sunshine with shadow. Massinger, in the *Virgin Martyr*, makes Diocletian cry out to the gods in the excess of his happiness:

> Queen of Fate!
> Imperious Fortune! mix some light disaster
> With my so many joys, to season them
> And give them sweeter relish. I'm girt round
> With true felicity.[3]

And it is excessively difficult to describe the state of mind which is thus produced. Lord Houghton speaks of the vanity of our words when we attempt to describe it; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton of the nonsense we seem to be uttering. It is even so. For we know not how to describe pleasure and pain, except as opposites one of the other; and yet we find ourselves on occasion dismissing our joys as a torment, and reaching to pain as a relief. "For pain has its heaven, and pleasure its hell."[4]

Perhaps the most familiar form of oxymel or bitter-sweet is that which is known to us as the luxury of grief. We find that

> Men who wear grief long
> Will get to wear it as a hat, aside,
> With a flower stuck in it.[5]

One of our novelists has recently pointed out that, whereas it is recorded of Henry Beauclerc that after the death of his only son he was never again seen to smile, and so he gets the credit of inconsolable affection, it is also recorded of him, and it should be remembered, that he died of a surfeit of lampreys.[6] The human heart is very tough; it stands an immense amount of breakage; and often, when we are most dismal in our lamentations, we are slily taking comfort in some dainty dish of lampreys. Not only is this the case when our grief is of long standing and we have become used to it, but even in the earlier stages of an overwhelming sorrow, when

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understand you." Colonel D'Auban: "What I mean is this; that there is very little happiness or suffering irrespective of the temper of the mind or the physical constitution of individuals. I have seen so many instances of persons miserable in the possession of what would be generally considered as happiness, and others so happy in the midst of acknowledged evils—such as sickness, want, and neglect—that my ideas have quite changed since I thought prosperity and happiness, and adversity and unhappiness, were synonymous terms." [Dallas had reviewed Fullerton's novel in *The Times* on 30 June 1864]

1 The Dutch painter Cornelius Ketel (1548–1616), who seems to have suffered from arthritis.

2 The Somerset painter Sarah Biffen (c. 1784–1850), who was born without arms or legs.

3 Philip Massinger, *The Virgin-Martyr*, I i.

4 Here, the mentions of Houghton and Fullerton as well as the cited line of verse refer the reader back to the discussion on the previous page.

5 Citing Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'novel in verse' *Aurora Leigh* (1856), First Book, lines 118–20.

6 Beauclerc was King Henry I who died in 1135; the novelist in question has not been identified, though Dallas was to repeat the anecdote in his entry on 'Fontenelle' in *Kettner's Book of the Table*, p. 187.

Rachel refuses to be comforted, there are subtle under-currents of pleasure, which we are loth to acknowledge—which in the first access of grief indeed we are utterly unable to acknowledge, as if they were an injury to the dead, but which are not on that account the less real.

> Mon deüil me plait et doit toujours me plaire;
> Il me tient lieu de celui que je pleurs.[1]

More than any other passion, the sorrow of bereavement finds an according beat in every pleasure in breast, and is never willingly criticised. To study the chemistry of tears may, to some, seem as heartless as to botanise upon a mother's grave. What eye has not been dimmed with tears? what heart has not been wrung with anguish? who but must feel for those who in the dark valley have lost the joy of their lives, and are down upon their faces, choking with grief? But if one cannot quite feel, with the Friar, that "nature's tears are reason's merriment,"[2] one may be permitted to feel that sometimes they are reason's gazing-stock. For, even when this grief is most certain, and most entitled to our sympathy, there is in it a cross-light which is worthy of note. Those who are torn with sorrow, will not, I have said, hear of such a thing, because it seems to be robbing the departed of their tribute, and pain that is alloyed with any pleasure seems to lose its reality. Nevertheless, there is in woe a luxury which induces us to feed it until sometimes it becomes needlessly and foolishly inflated. It is not that people shed crocodile tears; but in the indulgence of a genuine sorrow they find such a relief, that desiring to have more of this delicious balm, and to yield in greater abundance the sweet incense of their sighs, they nurse their grief, and force it into an exaggerated show. They have all the longing of the prophet, who cried, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"[3] and, without knowing it, they really pump their tears.

Nor does the luxury of sorrow only err in leading to such insincerity: it also ends in conceit. When the first paroxysm of our grief is past, we are pleased with ourselves for being capable of such fine feeling. It is the noblest burst of emotion which many of us have in the whole course of our lives. Hard in our manners, and worldly in our tastes, we are astonished to find so much of romance and sentiment left in our hearts, which we imagined had become cold as the winter snow, and dry as the summer dust! We are vain of our exceeding passion, and grow self-righteous over it, fancying that nobody has any heart but ourselves; that ours is the true sorrow; and that the common sense of those who do not let unavailing sentiment lead their judgment into captivity, is a sign of cold-blooded indifference. A great part of the querulousness and petulance of those who are plunged in affliction is due to a vanity of this sort, though they will not confess it. Nothing is more mortifying, more irritating, or more exacting, than vanity. It is wonderful to see how often and how much a mourner is consoled when he is told that his sorrow is appreciated—that his grief is observed—that his tenderness is understood. It is a comfort to be thus flattered. It is satisfactory to know that our lamentations have reached the due level, and that in presence of the most dread mystery and the most cruel deprivation which mortal man can encounter, we have been equal to the occasion, have faced its terrors, and have fairly wrestled with them.

I am reminded of a favourite stage-trick, which is not a trick at all, but a true touch of nature. An actor has to exhibit great distress. Using the appropriate language, he works his features a little till he gets a tear into his eye, or imagines that one is there. He then takes out his handkerchief and wipes his wet cheek—or if his weeping should not be copious enough for such a performance, he lifts his middle finger, brushes with it the corner of his eye, and then looks at the slight moisture on the tip of his finger with a look of pleased astonishment; "A tear!" he says, "I thought that tears had left me for ever." Every tear-drop is a pearl of price to the mourner's vanity. He is in the humour to chuckle over it as a hen chuckles over every egg she lays. If he is vain, he of course wishes these pearls to be admired by others besides himself. If he is proud, he goes to weep in solitude, but he takes with him, as it were, a bottle in which to cherish his tears. It may be, even, that prostrate

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[1] From an ode by the seventeenth-century French poet François de Maynard; the lines might be translated: 'My sorrow pleases me and ought always to do so, since it fills the place of the one whom I mourn.'

[2] The words are those of Friar Laurence in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet,* IV v, line 83.

[3] Jeremiah 9:1–2 in the King James Version of the Bible.

before the most high God, the language of his heart is, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle—are they not in thy book?"[1] Vanity of vanities! alas for the vanity of grief, and alas for the vanity of the tears which we shed for the vanity of life.

It is time to bring to a point these rambling illustrations of the pleasure of pain. I have hurriedly touched on most of the forms of pleasure generated in pain—as pleasure from the remission of pain, pleasure from change of pain, pleasure from combination with pain, pleasure from the endurance and conquest of pain. And now, in bringing these observations to a close, there are two points in particular which demand attention.

The first is, what all along, under the present which they head, I have been insisting on, that here in connection with pain we have to note chiefly the active nature of pleasure. It emerges from action of some sort—agitation—motion—transition—change—novelty. We conceive of it as a chase—a pursuit. "Things won are done," says Cressida in the play; "joy's soul lies in the doing."[2] In the same sense another poet of our own day, Mr. Browning, dwells on the transitory character of enjoyment:

> "Heigho!" yawned one day king Francis,
> "Distance all value enhances!
> When a man's busy, why, leisure
> Strikes him as wonderful pleasure.
> Faith and at leisure once is he?
> Straightway he wants to be busy.
> Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm
> Caught thinking war the true pastime."[3]

We sigh for change, and find our pleasure only there. Ever we rush off on some new quest. Thus Keats:

> Ever let the fancy roam!
> Pleasure never is at home:
> At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
> Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
> Then let winged fancy wander,
> Though the thought still spread beyond her.[4]

The pleasure is in the chase. The French poet whom I quoted a few pages back, states with unusual distinctness the cause why sorrow is a pleasure.[5] It is the very same cause as we find suggested in the colloquy between King Philip and Lady Constance. Says Philip:

> *Philip.* You are as fond of grief as of your child.
> *Constance.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child.
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
> Then have I reason to be fond of grief.[6]

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1 Psalms 56:8 in the King James Version of the Bible.

2 In Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, I ii.

3 Citing the opening of Robert Browning's 'The Glove' from his *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* of 1845.

4 Citing the opening of John Keats's 'Fancy' from his *Poems* of 1820.

5 Referring again to Gresset's 'Épître à ma Soeur'.

6 Shakespeare's *King John*, III iv.

The flat prose of all which is that it fills and occupies the mind—it sets the mind going.

The other point on which I desire to make a few remarks is foreign to the present inquiry, but bears on the use to which it may hereafter be turned. I have had more than once to inform the reader that, in the chapters which I now lay before him, I profess no more than to elucidate first principles; that these principles are worthy of regard, even if we cannot see their precise bearing on the practical difficulties of criticism; and that all question as to their special applications must for the present be reserved. Yet it may not be amiss to break so far through this reserve as to point out that the form of pleasure we have just now been peering into is that which rules in dramatic art, and provides its canon. It would, of course, be out of place here, to enter into details; and I need point out only so much of the fact as may give the reader of critical tastes a feeling that this inquiry about pleasure, its painfulness and its activity, into which I have dragged him, is not altogether aimless.

Dramatic art has many forms, but is best known to us under two leading types, which may fairly be taken to represent every species of it—Tragedy and Comedy. No one will have a doubt about the fact that the pleasure of tragedy is evolved from pain; but there may be some hesitation as to the acceptance of this other fact, that the pleasure of comedy is also a development of painfulness. My thesis, however, is that all dramatic art, including comedy as well as tragedy, deals in pleasure struck from pain.

I have said that there is no doubt as to the painfulness of tragic pleasure; but yet this point may deserve some little further notice, not to make it clearer, but, in Leibnitzian phrase, to make it more distinct.* We are told that the varying passions of life, ambition and jealousy, love, hate and anger, with which, when we see them imitated in the drama, we heartily sympathize—all in tragedy lead up to the two grand emotions of pity and terror. This is a statement as old as Aristotle, which nobody has ever questioned.[1] But though nobody questions it, one may doubt whether at first sight it satisfies every mind, or seems to rest on a rigid analysis. Why are terror and pity selected as, above all others, the tragic emotions? How do we get at these two and shut out the rest? I do not remember to have seen this point explained, and therefore venture on the following statement.

There is some disparity between the words pity and terror, which goes to veil the true significance in tragedy of the things they stand for. Thus pity is the emotion of a spectator at the grief which he sees in another; it is sympathy with grief. Terror, on the other hand, stands equally for terror and sympathy with terror. We have no special term for sympathy with terror, as we have for sympathy with grief. Therefore, for the sake of exactness, and that the words may go perfectly in pairs, let us fall back on a circumlocution. It will then appear that, according to Aristotle's famous definition, the object of tragedy is to produce the pleasure of sympathy with grief, and of sympathy with terror. And then also we are in a position to see that this analysis of painful emotion is exhaustive, and to present the definition of tragedy as follows. It is the object of tragedy to excite pleasure through a discipline of pain. But pain is either of the known or of the unknown. As of the known it awakens grief; as of the unknown, fear. The one is a painful feeling, based on experience; the other a painful feeling born of anticipation. And therefore all the painfulness of the passions with which tragedy has to do must work up either to pity or to terror—that is, to sympathy either with the known or with the unknown of pain.

And now for a word or two on the painfulness of comedy. We are little in the habit of associating laughter in our minds with the idea of pain; and in Aristotle's definition of the ridiculous, the contemplation of pain is expressly denied. On the other hand, it is impossible that laughter should be an unmixed pleasure, seeing that it arises from some aspect of imperfection and discordance; and we may set against the opinion of Aristotle that of Plato, who expressly defines the pleasure of comedy as mingled with pain. The weight of authority no less than of argument leans to the same side. Malignity is the germ of comedy, says Marmontel.

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* **The difference between clear and distinct knowledge has been determined by Leibnitz. We have a clear knowledge of a face, for example, if we know enough of it to distinguish it from other faces. We have a distinct knowledge of it if we are acquainted with its constituent features, can tell, say, the colour of the eyes. Such knowledge is often clear, and yet not distinct. The best portrait of Lord Melbourne has been painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, who is very much greater as a painter of men than even of animals. Everybody who is able to judge recognises the wonderful likeness. "Yet none of you seems to have discovered," says Sir Edwin, "that I have painted the eyes the wrong colour."** [source untraced]

[1] Aristotle's definition of tragedy is found in *Poetics*, Book VI.

"La malignité, naturelle aux hommes, est le principe de la comédie."[1] Nearly all the French critics take the same view. "La comédie," says M. St. Marc Girardin, one of the latest, "plait à la malignité de l'homme."[2] That is a hard statement, and we need not accept it in its entirety; but we may see in it a manner of recognising the painfulness of comedy. Sir Henry Wotton reminds us that the least touch of a pencil will translate a laughing into a crying face,[3] and Shelley says truly that—

> We look before and after
> And pine for what is not;
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught.[4]

But the most lively indications of the painfulness of laughter are given by Sir Philip Sidney: "Our comedians," he says, "think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves they have as it were a kind of contrariety; for delight we scarcely do but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature; delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example: we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter; we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight; we delight in good chances, we laugh at mischances; we delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh; we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men as for the respect of them one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together; for as in Alexander's picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight; so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter."[5] And not only in the laughter of comedy is there pain: Thalia can also weep as well as Melpomene. Not hers to weep for beauty in distress, for goodness foiled and for greatness vanquished; but she has tears and lamentations of another kind for vice and folly, for weakness and disease. She has the fierce arrows of Thersites, and the bitterness of Diogenes; she has the lash of Aristophanes and the rage of Juvenal.[6]

Next, let us note here as to the tickling of comedy, a fact parallel to that which it was necessary to indicate as to the pleasant pain of tragedy. I recalled the fact that tragic emotion has always been regarded as of two kinds, the pitiable and the terrible, and I showed how these two terms may be taken to cover the whole area of pain, the known and the unknown. In the region of the comic the same division holds. The common division of the sense of the ridiculous into wit and humour is strictly scientific, and goes upon precisely the same principle as that which separates pity from terror.

Wit, as its very name may prove, is of the known and definite; humour is of the unknown and indefinable. Wit is the unexpected exhibition of some clearly defined contrast or disproportion; humour is the unexpected indication of a vague discordance, in which the sense or the perception of ignorance is prominent.

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1 In Jean-François Marmontel, *Poetique Françoise* (1763), Ch. 15: La Comédie.

2 In the opening chapter ('De la nature de l'émotion dramatique') of Saint-Marc Girardin, *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* (1843), p. 7.

3 Dallas perhaps encountered Wotton's remark cited by Dugald Stewart in 'Of the Varieties of Intellectual Character: IV. The Poet' from his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

4 Citing the eighteenth stanza of Shelley's 'To a Skylark', written and published in 1820.

5 This lengthy quotation is from Sir Philip Sidney's *Defense of Poesy*, first published posthumously in 1595.

6 In Greek mythology, Thalia was the muse of comedy and Melpomene of tragedy; here Dallas stresses that the painful aspect of comedy is often associated with harsh satire, as represented by the Greek dramatist Aristophanes and the Latin poet Juvenal, or the character Thersites (in Homer's *Iliad*) or the Cynical philosopher Diogenes.

Plato's definition of the ridiculous is inadequate,[1] and most people pass it by as if to a true theory of the comic it bore the same infinitesimal relation as a little plot of ground to the whole earth; but, I take it, that what he wanted to express in his definition is nothing less than a hemisphere of the comic. He describes the ridiculous as a discovery of ignorance, and then he enumerates the forms of this ignorance. But his enumeration is so poor as to excite our wonder at his trifling, and to make us overlook the merit of the general statement, which he has failed to work out by sufficient examples. Notwithstanding its onesidedness and deficiency, however, his general statement stands and will stand. It applies to one of the hemispheres of the comic. As wit is the comedy of knowledge, that is, comedy evolved from the detection of definite relations, so humour is the comedy of ignorance, felt, perceived, exhibited or suggested, that is, comedy evolved from a reference to indefinite and indefinable relations.

Lastly, in this connection, it may be observed, that between wit and humour, on the one hand, pathos and terror, on the other, there is a pretty constant balance. Grief is of the known, I have said, and wit also of the known; terror, on the contrary, is of the unknown, and humour sports in the sense of ignorance. Taking account of these pairs, we might expect that he who excels in wit might also excel in pathos; that he who is great in humour might also be a master of the terrible. In point of fact, it is quite the other way. It is rarely that the wit can reach to the pathetic; it is rarely that the master of terrors can reach to the humorous. It would be very wrong to say that wit is never found with pathos nor terror with humour. There are men who seem to have it in their power to ascend and descend at will through the whole gamut of human emotion. I speak only of what is most common; and the common fact is, that in most minds there is a sort of see-saw between comedy and tragedy. The known of comedy pairs with the unknown of tragedy. The known of tragedy pairs with the unknown of comedy. Those of us whose minds in laughing mood run chiefly on the relations of wit, fly to the relations of terror in the opposite mood. Those who are most at home in pathos are also most at ease in humour.

But apart from these details, the grand fact to be seized in the present chapter is that the primary law of pleasure is action, and that in art its chief domain is the drama. There may be some dispute as to the sense in which the drama is to be defined as action. From Aristotle downwards the critics have laid much stress on the literal meaning of the word, which means a deed; and some of them take care to point out that not only is the entire play called a drama, that is a deed, but that its several parts are called acts. It is, therefore, concluded that the essence of the drama is action. Granted: but what is action? and how is action peculiar to the drama? Schlegel waxes very eloquent as he tells us that action means the show of life, that it is the glory of life, that it is life itself.[2] According to the received canons as applying to the drama, it means plot, incident, the movement of events, the display of energetic purpose. Doubtless this is most essential to the drama, but it is not enough to tell us what is essential, we desire to know what is peculiar to the art. In the sense defined, action is not less necessary to the epic than to the drama; it is even to be found in song. We are, therefore, driven to ask whether there may not be a more determinate sense in which action belongs to the drama, and to it alone of the poetical arts?

In point of fact the action which distinguishes dramatic from epic and from lyrical art, and gives it a name, is the action—action—action which it has in common with oratory; it is acting; it is representative or vicarious action—the assumed action of a player.* The drama means action in the original sense of the word—as a deed or thing done, only in so far as this action or deed is capable of being acted (in the secondary sense) that is, played. Now, as all action or vital movement is not fit for representation, does not afford scope for what, in the artistic sense, is known as acting, it is not strictly accurate to say that the drama is so called because of

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[1] In Plato's dialogue *Philebus* §48.

[2] See Lecture VII in Friedrich Schlegel's *Philosophie des Lebens* (1828; 'The Philosophy of Life').

* **We are familiar with the use of the verbs to do and to act not only in the primary sense of displaying energy, but also in the secondary sense of displaying mimic energy, as when we speak of doing or acting Hamlet; but the reader may have some difficulty in ascertaining that the old Greek verb δρᾶν [*drân*, to act], from which *drama* comes, had the same double range of meaning. The dictionaries I have glanced at, all miss it, including Liddell and Scott. Hence an argument that since the name of the drama comes from a verb which had no reference to acting in the mimic sense, the action to which it refers is action in the original sense of the word, that is, any display of energy. But see Aristotle's famous definition of tragedy in the sixth chapter of the *Poetics*, where the verb is evidently used in the secondary sense of playing a part.**

the activity which it embodies. In all art there is an embodied activity. Still it is a fact that, when we think of the drama as action, we do not confine ourselves to the idea of action as mimetic. If acting or vicarious action be the peculiar property of the drama, it is at the same time true that we have a natural tendency to regard action (using the word now in its original sense of something done) as also its property. The reason is that all such movements as are fit for dramatic show must have in them an emphasis and decision which seems to entitle them peculiarly to the name of action. Just as we give the name of working classes to a special class of workers, and as we call men of action men who act in a particular way, so in art we deem that class of movements which are fit for the purposes of the drama as especially entitled to the name of action. Perhaps, in the last analysis, this is but a question of words. I maintain that the drama is so called, not because it means action in the original sense of the word—that is, a display of energy—but because it means action in the secondary sense—that is, a display of mimicry. On the other hand, I am obliged to allow that a display of mimicry is possible only when there is an emphatic display of energy to be the subject of mimicry.

But the sum of all is that the dramatic is in a peculiar sense a show of strong action, and that in the development of a strong action it educes that mixed or painful pleasure which it has been the object of this chapter to identify with strength of action.

CHAPTER XII. PURE PLEASURE.

IS there such a thing as positive pleasure—pleasure which is not only void of pain, but also something distinct from riddance of pain? The poetical, and perhaps too, the common answer to the question is given by Metastasio.

> Entra l'uomo, allor che nasce,
> In un mar di tante pene,
> Che s'avvezza dalle fasce
> Ogni affanno a sostener.
> Ma per lui si raro è il bene,
> Ma la gioja è cosi rara
> Che a soffrir mai non impara
> Le sorprese del piacer.

These lines will be found in the sacred drama of *Isacco*, and are spoken by Abraham.[1] Sarah had seen him return from the sacrifice with the bloody knife in his hand, and had no doubt that her only son had been slaughtered. This she bore; she had schooled herself to bear it. But when she learns that her son lives, it is more than she can bear; the joy of it is beyond her; she breaks down; and Abraham is calm enough to moralize upon the event. Man, he says, is born to trouble, and is so trained in adversity, that pain he can always endure; but good comes to him so seldom, and joy is so rare, that the shock of pleasure is insufferable. Probably this, the gloomy view of life, is the prevalent one. It is certain that we talk more of our miseries than of our joys, and there are moments of agony, which, while they last, seem to outvie whole ages of bliss. In the next chapter, I shall have to point out one of the most important laws of pleasure that may account for the tendency of the human mind to make much of its woes, to think little of its delights, and to regard pain as the normal condition of life. Here we have only to consider the question—Is there such a thing as pure pleasure, pleasure free from any shadow of pain?

Sir William Hamilton has overstated Plato's doctrine of enjoyment in describing it as only the negation of pain. In point of fact no one more clearly than Plato acknowledged the reality of pleasure, pure and unmixed; and as I opened the subject of mixed pleasure by quoting Kant's account of it, so now I cannot do better than open up this subject of unmixed enjoyment, by starting from Plato's account of it, which is to be found in the dialogue called after Philebus, and which I present in Mr. Poste's translation.[2]

SOCRATES.—In the natural order after the Mixed pleasures, we proceed by necessary sequence to the Unmixed in their turn.

PROTARCHUS.—We ought.

SOCRATES.—I will try to start in a fresh direction and point them out; for those who say that pain alleviated is the whole of pleasure seem to me to be mistaken. However, I use these persons, as I said, as witnesses that some pleasures are apparent but unreal, and that others, which are seemingly great, are really blended with pain, and alleviation of the pangs of bodily and mental distress.

PROTARCHUS.—And true pleasures, Socrates, which are they?

SOCRATES.—Those from beautiful colours, as they are called, and from figures, and most of those from odours, and those from sounds, and any objects whose absence is unfelt and painless, while their presence is sensible and productive of pleasure.

PROTARCHUS.—And what answer to this description?

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[1] In fact sung by Abraham in the second part of the 1755 opera *Isacco Figura del Redentore* by Pietro Metastasio.

[2] Plato's dialogue *Philebus* §31; Edward Poste's translation was published by John W. Parker in London in 1860.

SOCRATES.—I confess they are not obvious, but I will try to indicate them. By beautiful figures, I do not mean what the mass of men might imagine, animal shapes or painted forms; but straight and curved lines, says my theory, and the planes and solids they generate with turning lathes and rulers and goniometers, if you understand. These have not a relative beauty, like other things, but are eternally and intrinsically beautiful, and attended with pleasures of their own, to which those of scratching* have no resemblance; and I refer to colours of a similar kind. Do you understand my meaning?

PROTARCHUS.—I am trying, Socrates; but will you try to make it plainer?

SOCRATES.—I say that voices soft and clear, uttering a pure and simple note, are not relatively but absolutely beautiful, and are linked to corresponding pleasures.

PROTARCHUS.—They are.

SOCRATES.—Odours occasion less divine pleasures than the other things, but as to freedom from admixture of pain, and the reason of this freedom, and their seat in the soul, they may be ranked as analogous to the rest. So here, if you have followed me, are two kinds of what I call pleasure.

PROTARCHUS.—I have followed you.

SOCRATES.—To these may be added the pleasures of knowledge, if you grant that no hunger or pangs of hunger precede their acquisition.

PROTARCHUS.—I grant it.

SOCRATES.—Well, and after knowledge has filled the soul, if a man loses it by forgetfulness, do you think there is any consequent pain?

PROTARCHUS.—Not in the nature of things, but only from reflection, if the loss is regretted on the score of utility.

SOCRATES.—But, my dear friend, it is the nature of the thing that we are examining, independent of reflection.

PROTARCHUS.—It is true, then, that no pain attends the obliteration of knowledge.

SOCRATES.—Then intellectual pleasures may be assumed to be unmixed with pain, and the lot not of the many, but of extremely few?

PROTARCHUS.—They may.

There is here a distinct statement as to the reality of pure pleasure, and as to the sources whence it is derived. And the passage from Aristotle, which Sir William Hamilton quotes as if it were a refutation of Plato,[1] is little more than a summary of the above dialogue. The Stagirite denies that all pleasure is the removal of pain, the satisfaction of desire, the repletion of want.[2] "It appears that this opinion originated," he says, "in an exclusive consideration of our bodily pains and pleasures, and more especially those relative to food. For when inanition has taken place, and we have felt the pains of hunger, we experience pleasure in its repletion. But the same does not hold good in reference to all our pleasures. For the pleasure we find, for example, in mathematical contemplations, and even in some of the senses, is wholly unaccompanied with pain. Thus the gratification we derive from the energies of hearing, smell, and sight, is not consequent on any foregone pain, and in them there is, therefore, no repletion of a want. Moreover, hope and the recollection of past good are pleasing; but are the pleasures from these a repletion? This cannot be maintained; for in them there is no want preceding which could admit of repletion. Hence it is manifest that pleasure is not the negation of a pain."[3]

It will thus be seen that practically the two Greek philosophers are agreed; and the sum of their doctrine may be stated as follows:—In the first place, there is such a thing as pure pleasure, which has this characteristic, that it is not preceded by the craving of desire. Virtually the distinction between mixed and unmixed pleasure as thus established corresponds with the distinction between the Cyrenaic and the Epicurean notions of pleasure. The doctrine of Aristippus and the Cyrenaics is that pleasure exists only in energy. The

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* **That is, pleasures attended with pain, and educed from uneasiness.**

1 See William Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, II, Lecture XLIII, p. 451.

2 A native of the Macedonian city of Stagira, Aristotle was thus often referred to as 'the Stagirite'.

3 From Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, X iii, apparently in Hamilton's own translation.

doctrine of Epicurus is that it belongs only to peace of mind. The result is that the Cyrenaics had sensual pleasures chiefly in their view, while the Epicureans (much misrepresented) made most of intellectual pleasures. On the one hand, Aristippus excluded from his idea of pleasure the delights of hope and of memory, because he could not trace in these the process of actual change—the passage from one state of being to another—which seemed to be essential to the generation of enjoyment. On the other hand, the true Epicureans excluded from their notion of pleasure the gratification of appetite, as inconsistent with that perfect peace wherein the highest enjoyment is to be found. There is no peace in hunger; there is no peace in the satisfaction of hunger. In the sense and in the repletion of appetite, there is an agitation which little consorts with pure enjoyment. And this brings us, in the second place, to what both Plato and Aristotle define as the source of unmixed or pure pleasure. Pure pleasure, they say, may be described as of two kinds—the delights of sense which are unattended with the craving of desire, and the satisfaction of knowledge as knowledge. Perhaps it would be more simple to say that this pure pleasure is to be found either in sense or in conceit.

I. In their enumeration of unmixed pleasures, the Greek philosophers place foremost the simple delights of sense, making particular mention of lovely sights and sounds and odours. And certainly as we look on the shapeliness of swans on still waters, of the commonest trefoil in the meadows, or of exquisite crystals of ruby and bismuth, it would be difficult to find in our feeling of delight the faintest touch of pain. Nor again, as the eye dwells on the glories of an evening sky, or the lustrous tints of humming birds, or the more delicate colouring of flowers and fruits, is there any trouble of pain to ruffle the sense of enjoyment. And there is no cross of suffering in the pleasure with which the ear drinks in the liquid notes of mavis and merle in our gardens, the song of the lark, and the chanting and piping of children. Nor yet in the fine fragrance of roses, carnations, and violets, of sandalwood, cedar and bergamot, is there naturally a trace of pain. That is to say, these sensations in themselves are not evolved from pain, nor properly accompanied thereby. Sometimes it may be that they are accidentally attended with painful associations; but this is a fact which does not affect the statement that originally and naturally they are painless. The strain of the nightingale sounds to some ears as though it brimmed with melancholy, and is almost always associated in modern poetry with the idea of suffering; but Miss Rossetti says truly enough:

> We call it love and pain
> The passion of her strain;
> And yet we little understand or know
> Why it should not be rather joy that so
> Throbs in each throbbing vein.[1]

In like manner Jessica says:— "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music;"[2] and Mr. Ruskin will have it that there is no such thing as fine colour which is not sad.* It is of course always difficult to disentangle a sensation from the attendant sensations which have become associated with it, and seem to be essential to it. Thus gay colour may be an offence to the eye by means of its brightness, in the same way that to some palates any sweet is unpleasant.

> The sweetest honey
> Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,

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[1] Citing the eighth stanza of 'Twilight Calm' from Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market, and Other Poems* (Macmillan, 1862), a volume briefly noticed by Dallas in 'Modern Poets', *The Times* (11 January 1865), pp. 12a–e.

[2] In Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, I i.

* **"Of all God's gifts to the sight of man colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most."—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. p. 45.** [Ch. V: Byzantine Palaces, §30, Library Edition, Vol. X, p. 173.]

And in the taste confounds the appetite;[1]

because the prolongation and surfeit of pleasure produces a pain, which is afterwards through memory associated with the return of the pleasure. But such experiences as these do not interfere with the plain fact that naturally there are sensations which give pleasure unalloyed with pain. In and by itself, we conceive of the delight produced by the simple charm of form and colour, sound and perfume, as pure delight.

Now, before we pass on to consider other forms of pure pleasure, it may be well to point out, with regard to the pure pleasure of sense, that when we attempt to ascertain the condition of its rise within us, we find that Sir William Hamilton's definition of it, as action, suggests to us no clear idea, and throws on it no new light. This is the chief point of Mr. Mill's criticism on Sir William's doctrine of pleasure, and he seems to have made it good.[2] In the pleasures that work through pain we see the all-importance of great action—in tragic pleasure, swift changes and intensity of movement; in comic pleasure, suddenness and novelty of movement. But in the delight with which we regard, say, the tender hues of an apple blossom, we by no means feel that action is the ruling principle, save in so far as it is the essence of every mental manifestation. The mind is nothing, save as it acts: and so far, we know that in all pleasure, as a mood of the mind, there must be action of some sort. What strikes one as most characteristic of pure pleasure is, not its activity, but the fitness, the harmony, the agreeableness of the activity. And yet were we to try to describe wherein this harmony and agreement consist, we should find ourselves hard put for an answer, and should be driven to explain ourselves in the very terms that require explanation. Thus, if to the question, What is pleasure? we answer, that it is the sense of the agreeable, we must then proceed to ask, What is meant by being agreeable? and what is the measure of agreement? to which, however, the only reply is a return to the original answer stated in a converse proposition—That is agreeable which pleases us, and the only test of agreement is the pleasure it affords. Thus the precise nature of the pleasure which we explain to ourselves as an agreeableness we do not know; but, nevertheless, we always revert to the sense of agreement and fitness as the only approach we can make to an explanation of pure pleasure. We always dwell on the fact that the thing which yields us pleasure is somehow fit for us, and we for it; and we cannot help noting by what fine differences of too much or too little the relation of fitness is disturbed, and the sense of pleasure destroyed. It is impossible to say why a certain musical note, if properly struck, should give us a keen delight; but struck the least thing too sharp, or the least thing too flat, should afflict us with a sense of pain and discordancy. The pain which we thus feel is intelligible only as a discord. When we announce that this or that disagrees with us, we mean no more and no less which can be expressed in definite terms, than that it fails to afford us pleasure; but we suggest a good deal more. For not in all pleasure is the sense of suitability and harmony prominent, and when it is prominent it deserves notice. We distinctly realise to ourselves the double fact, that in the unmixed pleasures we are now speaking of, there must be a fitness for us in the thing that pleases us, and also that in us there must be a fitness for it.

Take a perfume for example. Some of the most delicious of perfumes, as those of the pineapple series, can be made from the most noisome substances with the slightest chemical change. A few years ago there was a sweetmeat held in great regard by the palates of the young. It was called a pear-drop; it was a ball of sugar shaped like a pear, and it had the perfect flavour of jargonelle. Suddenly it went out of repute; nobody would buy it; hardly would one venture to speak of it; the confectioners who had invested in this wonderful sweetmeat found that their stock was useless. In a single night it had been blighted. A chemist had been heard to say in a popular lecture, that he could go into any stable and take from its drains a product which, by a very small amount of alteration in one of its elements—to be expressed by the veriest fraction—he could convert into this delicious pear-juice. Intelligence of the fact speedily spread far and wide, and all the little boys in the land resolved that henceforth for them there should be no more pear-drops. And for us, in our present discussion, the fact remains, that the smallest fraction of a fraction in its ingredients makes all the difference between enjoyment and disgust of what we taste. A musical note loses its pitch, is out of tune, and displeases us if the

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[1] From the speech of Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet*, II vi.

[2] See Mill, *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy,* Ch. XXV: Sir William Hamilton's Theory of Pleasure and Pain, pp. 479–87.

number of its vibrations is below or beyond what they should be, by a fraction which may have to be expressed by the thousandth part of a second; and a lovely perfume loses itself, and becomes to us noisome, if it swerves from its level of composition by the infinitesimal fraction of any of its ingredients. Why it should happen that it is this precise compound of odour which gives us pleasure, and not that other which differs from it so slightly; or why again it is this musical note which will alone satisfy the ear, and not that other which is wonderfully near it, we cannot tell. But a fitness of some kind from which there must be no deviation we distinctly recognise.

And on the other hand, in ourselves also we recognise equally that there must be a fitness. None of us can say that sweet is not sweet, and yet many can say that it is not agreeable. The muscatelle flavour of the grape is surely delicious; but to how many connoisseurs is the wine of the Moselle, which has the muscat flavour, agreeable? For some reason or other it does not suit every man's taste. It may be that we have begun to dislike it by beginning to doubt it; for much of the flavour of Moselle is due, not to the peculiar bouquet of the grape, but to an infusion of elder flowers. However it be, the palates of many are not prepared for it, and so they refuse to drink Moselle of this quality. To them it is not agreeable. The sense of fitness is gone.

II. But that last example leads us on to a further conclusion as to the sense of fitness and consequent pleasure. It is that much of it lies in conceit, and is a mere creation of the mind. We conceive that this is agreeable to us, and that is not: straightway this becomes agreeable, and that becomes disagreeable. How the conceit may be produced is a matter of no moment. When Socrates tells us that knowledge, as knowledge, is one of the great sources of pleasure unmixed,[1] he is both right and wrong. Whether it be or be not a pleasure will, for the most part, depend, not on the knowledge, but on our conceit of it. If when a man comes to know that the square described on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides, he should think that the intellectual discovery raises him in the scale of being, or is in any way good for him, then this conceit gives him a delight which does not depend on the nature of the knowledge. It is not the philosopher alone who enjoys the pleasure of knowledge. Mr. Paul Pry takes a mighty pleasure in knowing that there is a remarkable affinity between your gustatory organ and the Château Yquem of twenty years ago. Mrs. Paul Pry takes a pleasure in finding out what you are going to give your daughter for a dowry.[2] If Pythagoras when he peeped into the secret of the forty-seventh proposition vowed a hecatomb to the gods,[3] there are persons of a less philosophical turn who count it the height of felicity to peep into a letter or to demonstrate the truth of a rumour. The knowledge may be useful or useless; but if people conceive that it does them good, and ought to give them pleasure, there is pure pleasure in the conceit. And the mind in this sense may be said to create its own joy and its own misery.

> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.[4]

I have said that the manner in which the conceit of pleasure may be produced is of no moment; but the two chief sources of it are habit and sympathy, and deserve to be separately considered.

Sometimes it is the result of habit. We are accustomed to a thing; we conceive that we cannot do without it, and the conceit of custom engenders a second nature, which is often even more importunate than the real tastes with which we are born. Prince Napoleon, a few years ago, went in his yacht to Greenland. He thought he would gratify some of the Esquimaux by giving them a trip to Paris and showing them all its wonders and its pleasures. They came to the French capital in the height of the season; they were lodged well; they fared well; they had a guide to look after them and to explain everything. They had the run of Paris; they saw it

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1 In Plato's *Philebus*, §52.

2 Referring to the farce *Paul Pry* (1825) by John Poole (1785/6–1872: *ODNB*).

3 Referring to the Pythagorean Theorem (the 47th Proposition of Euclid, the ancient Greek geometrician, demonstrating that 'the square described on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides'), after solving which Euclid is reputed to have offered up a sacrifice to the gods of one hundred head of cattle.

4 From Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 254–55.

in all its brilliance; they tasted of all its enjoyments. All the delicacies of cookery in the Palais Royal were at their service; all the masterpieces of art in the Louvre were given to their view; they drove in the cool of the day through the glades and by the waterfalls of the Bois de Boulogne; later they gazed their fill upon the wonders of the shop windows in the Boulevarts; and when evening fell they wandered in the Champs Élysées, now amusing themselves with horses and monkeys in the Cirque, now with music and ices in the pale of the Alcazar Lyrique, now with fair women that danced and dazzled in the fairy gardens of Mabille. Nothing was spared that the most pampered taste could desire. All Paris was theirs, with its blaze of pleasures. After a few days, the Esquimaux fell on their knees before the interpreter, clasped their hands, and begged for mercy. A boon! would he take pity on them and grant them a boon? Oh, that they might be permitted to shut the shutters, to pass their time in darkness, and to feed on dried fish and tallow![1]

Perhaps it is scarcely accurate to speak of the force of sympathy as something different from the force of custom in producing the conceit of pleasure; for, in strictness, custom has no power over us, except as it implies sympathy with ourselves in past conditions. But it is not usual to speak of sympathy with ourselves; and the sympathy to which I now refer as creating a conceit of pleasure to be contrasted with that of custom, may be more popularly understood as imagination contrasted with memory. We see our neighbours apparently happy; we think that we might be happy in their way; and very often, by sheer force of sympathy, we create a pleasure for ourselves in positions that naturally would yield us no pleasure whatever. It is said that stolen waters are sweet, and in Randolph's play of *Amyntas*, there is a pretty song of the elves to illustrate the saying:

> Furto cuncta magis bella;
> Furto dulcior puella;
> Furto omnia decora;
> Furto poma dulciora.
>
> Cum mortales lecto jacent
> Nobis poma noctu placent;
> Illa tamen sunt ingrata
> Nisi furto sunt parata.[2]

The apples would not be worth the eating if they were not stolen; if imagination did not give them a flavour; if the elves did not imagine that these apples were pleasant to the taste of man, and if they did not, by sympathy, transfer the supposed pleasure to themselves.

But then arises the question—Is the conceit of pleasure a reality, or is it only an illusion? We make a distinction between true joys and false joys, utterly forgetting that this is an incongruous manner of speech; that the measure of enjoyment is not to be found in the amount of truth and error; that a joy may be real, though produced by a mistake. And especially when we discover that a great part of the pleasure of life consists in the mere conceit or supposition of pleasure, we stumble on one of the most curious facts of human nature—a fact which we are too apt to misinterpret, as if the pleasure generated by the supposition of pleasure were a mere illusion. There is a saying of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, which has become celebrated—that life would be tolerably agreeable if it were not for its pleasures.[3] The epigrammatic force of this phrase, which the

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1 The 1856 scientific expedition in the northern seas by Prince Napoléon-Jérôme (1822–91) is recorded in Charles Edmond's *Voyage dans les Mers du Nord* (1857); the source of the anecdotes concerning the 'Esquimaux' (Inuit people) taken to Paris has not been identified.

2 Lines in 'dog Latin' from the pastoral play by Thomas Randolph (bap. 1605–35: *ODNB*), *Amyntas; or, The Impossible Dowry* (1838), III iv; the lines are translated by Leigh Hunt as follows: 'Stolen sweets are always sweeter, | Stolen kisses much completer, | Stolen looks are nice in chapels, | Stolen, stolen be your apples. || When to bed the world are bobbing, | Then's the time for orchard robbing; | Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling, | Were it not for stealing, stealing.' ('Song of the Fairies Robbing an Orchard', *Poetical Works*, Moxon, 1833, pp. 244–45.)

3 Referring to the British baronet, politician, and author George Cornewall Lewis (1806–63: *ODNB*), whose *Times* obituary was written by Dallas (15 April 1863), p. 9; the source of his often cited witticism is uncertain.

Esquimaux of Prince Napoleon would have thoroughly understood, charms us; but perhaps it may also mislead us; and I must beg for some indulgence if I venture to split a jest "'twixt north and north-west side." Cornewall Lewis's happy saying derives its force from the fact that what are pleasures to some are not pleasures to all; but it also seems to suggest a scepticism of the reality of so-called pleasures. We may not be able to sympathise with those who think it a pleasure to go through the masquerade of what is called society; but if there are people like those lately described by Mr. Dickens—people, like Veneering, who *think* they are happy in giving dull dinner parties—people, like Twemlow, who *think* they are happy in dining out stiff and starched—then it is mere intolerance to deny that they are happy.[1] A man is happy if he thinks he is happy.

For let it be observed that we may not only suppose ourselves to be happy now, and are happy in consequence; but we can also conceive ourselves to be happy in the future, and the hope of that future bliss is a greater bliss than the bliss itself when it comes. There is perhaps, no greater delight than that which comes of hope, as there is no greater pain than that of fear. Fear is notoriously worse to bear than anything we have to fear; and hope is better to us than aught we can hope for. Similarly, there is a pleasure of memory—that is, a real pleasure in the conceit of pleasure past. But the argument from these facts is inevitable. Aristippus, who denies the pleasure of hope and the pleasure of memory, may be allowed to deny also the pleasure of conceit in the present. But if the pleasures of memory be real, or if the pleasures of hope be real, why should not the pleasures of conceit in present circumstances be the same? If the mere conceit or supposition of pleasure to come be at any time a greater pleasure than the pleasure itself when it comes; and if, again, there be a real pleasure in the mere conceit or supposition of pleasure past; by parity of reasoning, also, there is a true pleasure in the conceit, supposition, or belief of pleasure present. If a man eating tallow candles thinks that he is pleased, then he is pleased, and no argument of ours can explain away his enjoyment as a delusion. If Twemlow thinks it pleasant to sit at Veneering's table, it will not be easy for Mr. Dickens to laugh him out of his pleasure, nor for Cornewall Lewis to stab his evening with an epigram. It cannot be too often repeated that if a man thinks he is happy, then he is happy. Madame de Sévigné long ago stated this great fact very pointedly in one of her letters to her daughter. "Nous trouvions l'autre jour," she said, "qu'il n'y avait de véritable mal dans la vie que les grandes douleurs; tout le reste est dans l'imagination et dépend de la manière dont on conçoit les choses"[2]—that is, on conceit. She here speaks of pain; but the converse of her propostion is that there is no certain pleasure in life but that of the senses, and that all else is conceit. This, too, is the fact which Lord Houghton has in his head when he says:

> For not to man on earth is given
> The ripe fulfilment of desire:
> Desire of heaven itself is heaven,
> Unless the passion faint and tire.[3]

It is this also very much that Shelley had in his mind when he wrote that "pain or pleasure, if subtly analysed, will be found to consist entirely in prospect."[4] Perhaps Lord Houghton would have been more accurate if he had said that the hope of heaven itself is heaven; and perhaps Shelley would have been nearer the mark, if he had said that most of our pains and pleasures consist in the belief or supposition of pain and pleasure, whether it be past, present, or to come. The fact that joy flourishes most of all in idea cannot make the joy a nullity.

It is a kind provision of nature that man, who is always professing to be satisfied with nothing, is after all satisfied with nothings. Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw, we do not need much to make us happy, and we find that pleasure is produced by means not only the most simple, but also the most unlikely. In the

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1 Both characters in Dickens's last completed novel, Veneering and Twemlow are described by Dallas as 'poor of wit and … dull of feeling' in his review, 'Our Mutual Friend', *The Times* (29 November 1865), p. 6a–c.

2 A new edition of the letters of Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné (1626–96) had appeared in Paris from Hachette in 1862: the letter cited here was penned on 4 May 1672.

3 Citing Richard Monckton Milnes's 'The Chronicle of Hopes' of 1842.

4 Citing Shelley's 'Speculations on Morals', *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* pp. 252–72; p. 260.

Mahommedan Hades, there is a narrow wall between paradise and hell, which is called Araf. It is neither heaven nor hell; it is the place of indifference; and on it are perched the souls of those who have done neither good nor ill in this world. But even here upon earth there is an Araf, a place of indifference, only it is by no means a narrow wall. With regard to how much of our pains and our pleasures may we not say "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."[1] The Hindoo dies happy if he can but grasp the tail of a cow. The Eastern princess tosses wretched on her royal bed because of three hard lumps, raised by three small peas underneath the countless layers of feather and down. John Philips, the poet, when at school, would, instead of playing with the other boys, retire to his chamber to enjoy the sovereign pleasure of having his hair combed by the hour.[2] I have read somewhere of an enthusiast in bell ringing, who has written a book to show that this will be one of the chief occupations of the blest in heaven.[3] Miss Marsh tells us of a navvy who said to his mate—"I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy; whether it can be happier than sitting in the public over a jug of ale with a fiddle going? I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that."[4] And I have known a man (but then he was lovesick) declare that the Inferno was no Inferno, but a veritable Paradiso to Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, because they were together and went on loving.[5] Hundreds of other examples are at hand of what may be called the egotism of pleasure—men finding enjoyment in some source which is barren to their fellows. The shepherd said to De Rancé that he was happy as a king, and that his idea of heaven, was to live on a large plain with large herds to watch. Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympia among his three fearful felicities. Fontenelle declared that the secret of happiness is to have the heart cold and the stomach warm.[6]

It is said that the heart knoweth his own bitterness, and that a stranger intermeddleth not with his joy.[7] No more pregnant saying was ever penned, and no saying is less heeded. We see each other glad or sad; but we do not understand the sources of each other's joy and misery; often we do not know the sources of our own. We are transported with trifles; we are tormented with grits. I like to think of the monk Karileff, and the great joy which he spun out of air. Binding up and pruning one day in his little vineyard in the sunny south, he felt rather warm, took off his frock and hung it upon an oak. When at the end of his labour he took it down again, he found that a wren had laid her egg in it. The holy man was so touched with joy and admiration of what the smallest of birds had done, that he passed the whole night in praising God.[8] Which of us can intermeddle with the joy of the simple-hearted monk, can say why he joyed, can give any intelligible reason for the psalm singing that went on all night? And Karileff is human nature itself, excited with a joy which it cannot account for, buoyant over a conceit which is thinner than air.

Fact though it be that we do not intermeddle with each other's joy, it is equally a fact that we are always trying to do so. We set up our own feelings as the standard, will not let our neighbours enjoy themselves in their own way, and fail to see how much of the world's happiness depends upon conceit. If Mein Herr is happy with his fat frau and fifteen humid children, why not? Only Mein Herr is not content to accept his happiness as a fact: he pushes it as an argument, and pities those who are in different case. Or let me change the illustration. †M.

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1 Citing the words of the protagonist in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, II ii.

2 The English poet John Philips (1676–1709: *ODNB*); the anecdote in question is found in Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*.

3 We are unable to identify the work in question.

4 See Catherine Marsh, *English Hearts and English Hands: or, The Railway and the Trenches* (London: Nisbet, 1858), p. 18.

5 Referring to Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

6 We have not attempted to identify the original sources of Dallas's three aphoristic examples of 'the egotism of pleasure' (concerning in turn the French Abbot Armand-Jean de Rancé, b. 182), King Philip II of Macedon b. 382 BCE, and the French Academician Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle, b. 1657), which seem often to have been cited in the nineteenth-century press. Indeed, W.H. Davenport Adams repeats all three in the opening paragraph of his article on 'Great Men: Their Tastes and Habits' in the *Gentleman's Magazine* 265 (August 1888), pp. 137–59; p. 137. Dallas himself repeats the Fontenelle reference in *Kettner's Book of the Table*, p. 187.

7 Slightly misquoting Proverbs 14:10 in the King James Bible: 'The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.'

8 This anecdote of Abbot Karileff is reported in Charles Forbes, Count de Montalembert, *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard* (2 vols; Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1857), II, pp. 360–61; this Dallas had reviewed in 'The Monks of the West', *The Times* (3 September 1861), p. 5a, and returns to in the final chapter of *The Gay Science*.

de Montalembert means an argument when he tells us that the monks were a very happy race of beings; that "God by a permanent miracle of his mercy caused them always to find a joy and felicity unknown to other men."[1] I do not deny the happiness of the monks. They chose pleasant places for their abode, by the still waters where the fish was abundant, amid the loveliest scenery of hill and valley, green woods and rich fields, in gay orchards and vineyards and gardens of delight. There they lived free from the rude cares of daily existence, and far from the noise and frightening tumult of the world. In such quiet the affections had room to play, and monks who crushed the passion of love in their hearts, fanned friendship into an equivalent passion. "Souls, well beloved of my soul," wrote Anselm from the Norman Abbey of Bec to two of his relatives, whom he wished to draw into his abbey, "my eyes ardently desire to behold you; my arms expand to embrace you; my lips sigh for your kisses; all the life that remains to me is consumed in waiting for you."[2] That the monks were happy enough in spite of passion like this of Anselm's which has the taste of cold porridge, in spite of much fasting and scourging, sitting in the cold and wearing hair shirts, no one need deny. But M. de Montalembert is disposed to argue, here is a proof of the excellence of monastic institutions. It is the most common of all fallacies. The gay cavalier imagines that the sour visaged roundhead has no happiness, when he is happy as man can be. The surly Puritan thinks that the carnally minded cavalier has no real pleasure, when he is glorious in his joys. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that happiness is the test of truth. I can be thrice happy under conditions which you would despise. You can be thrice happy under conditions which I could not endure. After all, we need not contemn each other's joys, nor think we can understand them. Happiness is an affair of constitution and of conceit; and among the religious and the irreligious alike, there are people happy and unhappy.[aa] Pietists, whether of the Protestant or the Catholic sort, are much too fond of magnifying their joys, and hugging the secret of happiness which they possess; but in this they are like epicures, who are their great rivals in being fanatical as to the sources of pleasure. Well for the world that God has granted happiness to men who would not thank Lucullus for his dish of nightingales' tongues, and who would be done to death by the holiness of a Dominican monk at his complines and his matins, or of a Cameronian elder in his observance of the Sabbath.[3]

The pleasure of conceit is not only real; it is also, for the most part, pure. This will be admitted, if the reader has distinctly apprehended how much is implied in conceit. The pleasures of hope, of memory, of imagination, are comprised under the more general name of conceit. We think of pleasure—whether past, present, or to come—as ours, and ours it instantly becomes by the mere conceit. Now, the pleasures of memory, of imagination, and of hope, which I have comprised under the general name of conceit, are confessedly the highest and purest of which the human mind is capable. It would be too much to say that they are always, but they are for the most part, painless; and we are most happy in conceit. The highest ideal of earthly happiness which our poets have conceived is that of a lover who is beloved by the object of his affections. But can there be a clearer case of conceit than the happiness of this love? Wilkins falls in love with a female of his kind who goes by the name of Dinah. She has great goggle eyes, blowsy cheeks, an exuberant bust; hands which are not hands, but paws; and feet which are not feet, but hoofs. I happen to know, from a study of statistics, that the earth is peopled with about five hundred millions of the fair sex. Wilkins tells me that there is only one woman in the world; that Dinah is the fairest fair; that she alone can give him content; and that without her life is a waste, howling wilderness! Be it so. The world is peopled with millions of Wilkinses. I do not deny that Wilkins may be supremely blest: I only say that the supreme blessedness comes of conceit. Every woman cannot be the perfect chrysolite and the pearl of womanhood; but if Wilkins thinks that his ungainly squaw is entitled to this praise, it is the same to him as if she were.

But happy in conceit, we must still recur to the definition of this happiness from which we set out. We understand it only in the sense of agreement. We think that this or that suits us, and then it does suit us. And to bring about this sense of harmony is what is commonly understood as the office of imagination. In the language

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[1] The quotation is again from Montalembert, *The Monks of the West,* I, pp. 65–66.

[2] Anselm's letter is again reported in Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*, I, pp. 79–80.

[3] Dallas offers three extreme examples regarding the pietists in illustration of the Latin tag *de gustibus non est disputandum* (there is no accounting for taste).

of Carlyle, poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.[1] In the language of Bacon, imagination is the faculty which submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind.[2] "A gentleman," says good old Fuller, "having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them, which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, fancy put metal into their legs, and they came cheerfully home."[3] Whatever be the faculty that operates, the mind creates for itself a sense of harmony with the facts which environ us, and in this harmony lies pleasure.

Now observe the distinction between mixed and unmixed pleasure, and observe in either case how difficult it is to describe a pleasure without falling into contradictions. With regard to pleasure, in so far as it engaged our attention in the last chapter—pleasure crossed with pain—the most we could establish is that its law is action. Give us great action, and even if it be action through a succession of hurts, we shall have pleasure. You may deny this pleasure by showing that its individual moments are pains, but in that denial you will only sacrifice facts to words. It is like the old Eleatic puzzle about motion. There can be no such thing as motion, said Zeno; for if we try to define it, we can only say that it is the passage of speaking of a thing from one place to another. Now, a thing must be somewhere, and it cannot be in two places at once. If it is here it is not in motion; if it is there it is not in motion; and as we can always demonstrate that it must be either here or there, we can always demonstrate that it is never in motion.[4] So of the pleasure that comes through pain. It is painful in detail. No form of words has yet been invented to get rid of this contradiction—a logical lie and a metaphysical truth—that a heap of pains may be a mass of pleasure.

> Our torments also may in length of time
> Become our elements.[5]

If, now, we turn by contrast to the pleasure which has engaged our attention in the present chapter, we find ourselves in front of another contradiction. For in that feeling of content and agreement which yields the purest pleasure, the sense of action is lost in the sense of repose. The repose, too, is often so perfect that we cannot assert its existence without seeming to deny the reality of that action, which is an essential condition of life. The idea of action is indeed so essential to our notion of pleasure, that Hobbes, while he places the felicity of this life in action, denies it repose, and declares that the joys of the next world are to us upon earth utterly incomprehensible—he means, because they are said in Scripture to partake so much of rest. †Of course Hobbes is quite right, if we are to understand by repose what he understands—the stoppage of movement—"desire at an end—sense and imagination at a stand."[6] When Socrates said that true happiness lies in the quiet of the mind, one of the sophists jeered at him, for placing it in what seems no better than the stillness of a stone. But even those Indian mystics, who would push the Socratic doctrine to an extreme, making it the highest happiness to sit still upon a stone and think of nothing, cannot be understood to place their content in the absolute annihilation of thought, inasmuch as the end which they propose is so far beyond our powers that in struggling to reach it, the utmost energies of the mightiest minds may be called forth in vain.[bb] When Socrates praises the stillness of pleasure and the quietness of the mind, it is not to the denial of its real activity, but in contrast to that sort of pleasure which, as instinct with the craving of desire, has not less pain in it than pleasure,

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1 Citing Thomas Carlyle's review of 'Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry' in the *Edinburgh Review* 53 (March 1831), pp. 151–80.

2 Returning to the quotation discussed on p. 72.

3 Citing Thomas Fuller's *The Holy State* (1648), III xi, on the 'work of fancy'.

4 Referring to the paradoxes, such as that of Achilles and the tortoise, of the fifth-century BCE Greek philosopher Zeno of Elea, cited in Aristotle's *Physics*.

5 From Milton's *Paradise Lost*, II 275–76.

6 Referring to Chapter VI of Hobbes's *Leviathan*.

has action without ease, and has its type, to use his own illustration, in the doubtful enjoyment of scratching.[1] It is not in language to escape the apparent contradiction, and we get rid of it only by ignoring its terms. We may say of true pleasure that it consists in a harmony, but when we attempt to define this harmony, we are obliged to use terms of content and repose that by their very nature seem to imply hush of feeling and lull of action.

But just as painful pleasure, so also pure pleasure, finds its expression in art. The drama, and all that outside of the drama in other arts we characterise as dramatic, builds palpably upon action, and produces, through our sympathy with vigorous change, a pleasure which is crossed with the sense of pain. But art, also, has its pure, its unmixed pleasure; only pleasure is not to be obtained thus pure in any stress of action, which may properly be defined as dramatic. Pure pleasure is a product of the beautiful; and in so far as art aims at the beautiful, it aims at pure pleasure. It is in this sense that we may understand the saying of Schlegel, that the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, while ours is the poetry of desire.[2] It is a false statement, as I have already had occasion to show,[3] if we are to regard desire as distinct from and opposed to enjoyment. The statement will hold good, however, if, by desire, we may understand the range of feelings which in their evolution have a delight mingled with pain. Classical art as aiming more distinctly than Christian art at pure enjoyment, aims more evidently at that harmony, that sympathy, that repose which belongs to the idea of the beautiful. And it is because Winckelmann and the critics of that school set up Greek art as the standard,[4] that in all their criticisms they gave an exaggerated importance to the accomplishment of beauty as the aim of art. Most certainly Greek art aims chiefly at the presentment of beautiful impressions; and at the creation of that pure pleasure which comes of beauty. But it is needful to bear in mind that there are other pleasures than those of the beautiful—pleasures, too, which, in spite of the much and many pains mingled with them, we, at least in this age of the world, court more eagerly.

But in describing the contrast between mixed pleasure as it appears in art, and pure pleasure as it there also appears, I have not yet been sufficiently precise: because, while on the one hand between mixed pleasure and unmixed pleasure there is a contrast which the mind readily seizes, on the other hand, it is not so evident that there is an equivalent contrast between the artistic expression of these pleasures in the dramatic and the beautiful. We are not in the habit of making a distinction between what is dramatic and what it is beautiful, and some might urge that what is dramatic may be beautiful, and that what is beautiful may be dramatic. I do not wish to fight about words, and especially in the present stage of the discussion, when as yet we have reached no adequate definition of what is to be understood by the beautiful, and have been at no great pains to determine sharply what is dramatic. I am using popular language with all its looseness. Everybody will allow that it is one of the great objects of the artist to produce dramatic effects—whatever that may mean. Everybody will allow that it is another of the great objects of the artist to produce beautiful effects—though we may differ as to the constitution of the beautiful. It would be impossible to name any other object of art subordinate to pleasure that is of more importance. And if between the dramatic effects of art, and its beautiful effects, there does not seem to be any natural antithesis, as between the painful pleasure evolved by the one, and the pure pleasure evolved by the other, still we have only to deal with facts, whether or not they fit with logical precision into our common modes of speech. A fact it is that the drama, and all art in so far as it is dramatic, runs to pleasure through a discipline of pain. Conversely, it is in what may be called dramatic displays that such painful pleasure as art cultivates is chiefly (though not wholly) produced. Again, it is a fact that what is beautiful yields pleasure without pain; and conversely, that whenever art contrives a pure pleasure it is mainly through the display of beauty.

If, however, we pursue our inquiries, we shall find that to speak of a contrast between the dramatic and the beautiful is not so much opposed to the accepted phrases of criticism as might at first sight be imagined. No doubt, if we looked for the strict opposite of the dramatic, we should search for it in some of the *forms* of art, and

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1 See Plato's dialogue *Gorgias*.

2 See Lecture 1 in August Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* (1815), I, p. 16.

3 See p. 64.

4 See Winckelmann's *History of Ancient Art*.

might pitch upon the statuesque from one point of view, or upon the lyrical from another. And no doubt again, if we looked for a strict contrast to the beautiful, we should search for it among the ideas of art, and might pitch at one time upon the sublime, at another upon the true or the good. But on the other side, let it be remembered that in attempting to define the limits of the beautiful in modern times, nothing is more common than to insist upon the contrast between the beautiful and the picturesque. If we are not startled in being told that the ideas of the picturesque and the beautiful are exclusive of each other, need we be startled by the parallel but stronger statement that dramatic effects and beautiful effects are equally distinct?

If we are startled by the statement, it is because we have fallen into a lax mode of describing everything good or pleasurable, as beautiful. We speak of beautiful weather, a beautiful sermon, a beautiful machine; housemaids tell us that "the fire burns beautiful;" farmers tell us that guano is a beautiful manure; physicians often assure us that their most abominable potions are elegant in preparation and beautiful in effect. When we can describe as beautiful whatever we like, or whatever goes well, it would be strange if we could not thus describe equally whatever is picturesque and whatever is dramatic. But then it is distinctly to be understood that this is a loose method of speech, and that after all there is a special meaning to be attached to the idea of the beautiful. I do not mean that with all the hard thinking of the last hundred years to go upon, we can get much beyond the definition of it, which I have indicated—that it is the correlative of pure pleasure; but for the present this is enough. And it only remains to be added that as when we insist on the contrast between the beautiful and the picturesque, we do not deny that a picture may contain beauties; so also when I venture to dwell on the great contrast which exists between the dramatic and the beautiful, I need not be taken to mean that any touch of beauty is profane to the drama. In point of fact all the arts, and all the ideas of art, interlace and entwine one with another; and it is part of the glory of the drama that, more than any other art, it represents all the facts of human life, appropriates all the ideas of the human mind, and takes into its service whatever is most excellent in the other arts. Still, in our ordinary speech we recognise, however vaguely, that the drama as an art lies beyond the precincts of the beautiful. We separate between plays and poems. Ask for Shakespeare's poems: will the bookseller hand you any of his plays? Ask for Dryden's poetical works: will you find among them one of his tragedies? Shakespeare's grandest title to the name of poet is to be found in his plays, and yet we never speak of these plays as poems. It is because in our conception of the drama, and all that is dramatic, we give the first place to the idea of the true; whereas in other forms of art we attach more importance to ideas of the beautiful and the good.

But here arises a seeming contradiction which must be explained. I have just now said that, by a form of speech, into which we have naturally and gradually slipped, dramatic works are distinguished from poetical works, because it is their chief business to be true, and not necessarily to be beautiful. If the dramatist entertains us with truth, we applaud him even if his truth be ungainly. But in the beginning of this discussion I dwelt upon action as the chief necessity of the drama; and how then can it now be said that its chief business is to be true. The contradiction which seems to be involved here is no more and no other than the apparent contradiction to which reference has already been made when we had to consider the nature of repose. We are always in danger of confounding rest and repose with the cessation of activity. That rest and repose—that peace of the mind, in which the Greek philosophers saw the highest happiness, did not in their view mean the termination of activity, but activity harmonised, the mind at ease. And so in whatever strikes us as beautiful there is always present some force of action, although the sense of action is lost in that of repose and harmony. Therefore, between the dramatic and the beautiful, the difference is not that in the former there is action and in the latter none; but that in the one the sense of action is prominent, and that in the other it is lost in the sense of repose. What is this, however, but saying, that in dramatic action we look for the distinct appearance and the full form of action—for action so forcible that there can be no mistake about it—for action so natural that we shall believe it as a present reality—in other words, for truth as against beauty of action.

Strength, and indeed excess, of action is an important evidence of dramatic truth, and is chiefly valuable as a proof of sincerity. M. St. Marc Girardin compares the successive appearances of Madame Roland and Madame Dubarry on the scaffold, and estimates their dramatic attributes. The former lady appeared with a countenance as gracious, a demeanour as calm, as if she were in a drawing-room. With a proud contempt of the outrages of the crowd that pushed to see her die, she exclaimed, as she mounted the scaffold: "Oh, Liberty!

what crimes have been committed in thy name!"[1] No complaint, no agitation, no cries, no convulsions: she gave herself to death with the majesty befitting a great character. The people were quite unmoved; there was nothing dramatic in such an end, and they could not see its beauty. But, a few days afterwards, from the same prison, came forth Madame Dubarry. The unhappy woman, who had no notion of courage or of dignity, but such as one might learn at table of Louis XV., could not resign herself to death, uttered fearful yells, and cried: "Oh, Mr. Executioner! I pray you, one little moment!" The little moment was denied her, and her head rolled down, while her mouth still gaped with her dying shrieks. The people were touched; there was no beauty in such an end, but it was dramatic.[2] Here there was strength of action that gave evidence of sincere emotion.

It has been said that the five acts of a tragedy may successively be labelled—They will kill, they will not kill, they will kill, they will not kill, they will kill. And so we may ticket the five acts of a comedy—They are fools, they are wise, they are fools, they are wise, they are all fools and accept their folly. But if this be the character of dramatic action in its main lines, we may say that it is truthful, or that it is powerful, but we can scarcely describe it as beautiful. For beauty of action we must turn to other forms of art. In the epic, for example, there is no lack of vigour; but yet amid all the havoc and woes innumerable of the *Iliad*, the poet takes care, from the opening lines of the poem to the end, to show that God is about us, and "the purpose of God was aworking;" as amid all the ruin and terror of a *Paradise Lost*, the poet never loses sight of his object—"to justify the ways of God to men."[3] In the drama we have only to make sure that the action is real. In the forms of art where beauty predominates, we must make sure that it is balanced and in perfect law.

There are many definitions of the beautiful, but nearly all involve in them the notion of harmonious activity. The difficulty is to determine in what the harmony consists—why certain combinations are to be pronounced harmonious and others not. This difficulty is so great that many persons choose to deny altogether the existence of beauty as independent of individual fancy. As the representative of such philosophers we may take Sir John Suckling, who, in one of his prettiest sonnets, gives the substance of modern speculation in this direction:

> Of thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
> To make up my delight;
> No odd, becoming graces;
> Black eyes, or little know-not-whats in faces;
> Make me but mad enough; give me good store
> Of love for her I court
> —I ask no more:
> 'Tis love in love that makes the sport.
>
> There's no such thing as that we beauty call:
> It is mere cozenage all;
> For though some long ago
> Liked certain colours mingled so and so,
> That doth not tie me now from choosing new.
> If I a fancy take
> To black and blue,
> That fancy doth it beauty make.
>
> 'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
> Makes eating a delight;

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[1] Dallas had cited the cry ironically in his review of Guthrie's *Sermons* in 'The City, Its Sins and Its Sorrows' in *The Times* (2 January 1858), p. 8.

[2] See Girardin, *Cours de Littérature Dramatique*, pp. 38–39.

[3] See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 25–26.

And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is.
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.[1]

This is an easy way to get out of the difficulty of defining the nature of the harmony in which beauty consists. Practically, however, it makes little difference whether we deny altogether that there is such a thing as beauty, and so laugh the question out of court, or beguile ourselves with the stupid and luckless answers of those philosophers who, with all the fearful clatter of metaphysical phrases, pretend that they can define the beautiful. Kant defines the beautiful as that which pleases generally and not generally:—generally, inasmuch as it satisfies not a particular faculty of the mind, but the whole mind; and not generally, inasmuch as the pleasure which it affords is not mediatized by abstract or general ideas.[2] Does anybody see better for such a definition? Or take it in the terms set forth by Schiller. Beauty is a quality which stands in relation to the entirety of our powers, not to any one in particular.[3] Who of us after reading such phrases can lay his hand upon his heart and say honestly that now he knows more about beauty than he did before? Said Goethe to Eckermann, "I cannot help laughing at the æsthetical folks who torment themselves in endeavouring by some abstract words to reduce to a conception that inexpressible thing, to which we give the name of beauty. Beauty is a primeval phenomenon which itself never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is within a thousand different utterances of the creative mind, and is as various as nature herself."[4]

In point of fact the utmost that science can reach, in dealing with this difficult subject, is a scientific ignorance. We are ignorant, and we ought to know our ignorance. Sir John Suckling is quite right in one of his lines: "There's no such thing as that we beauty call." Beauty is not a thing; it is a relation of things—a relation of harmony.

'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.[5]

This, however, is all we know. What is the relation of the parts one to another that constitutes beauty—why this relation of parts is beautiful and not that other—what is the harmony that exists between our minds and the objects we call beautiful—we know not. We talk of concord of forms, concord of sounds, concord of colours, nay, we can mathematically determine in many directions what are and what are not concords. But why they are concords—why they agree, is beyond our reckoning. They please us and that is all we can say.

If this be all we can say, the burden of the present chapter will not at the stage of the inquiry we have now reached seem to be much. It is something, however, that we have been able to insist upon the reality of pure pleasure; that we have found this pure pleasure both in sense and in idea; that we have recognised as its distinguishing character the feeling of harmony; and that we have identified with pure pleasure—also with the feeling of harmony and repose, whatsoever is beautiful in art.

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1 Sonnet in three stanzas by Sir John Suckling (d. 1641?: *ODNB*); Dallas may have cited the poem from *Selections from the Works of Sir John Suckling*, ed. Rev. Arthur Suckling (Longman, 1836), pp. 92–93.

2 See the section on 'Aesthetic Judgment' in Kant's *Critique of Judgment*.

3 See in particular Schiller's 1793 essay *Über Anmut und Würde* ('On Grace and Dignity').

4 Dialogue of 18 April 1827 reported by Johann Peter Eckermann in *Conversations with Goethe*, in John Oxenford's 1850 translation.

5 Citing Alexander Pope, *An Essay On Criticism*.

CHAPTER XIII. HIDDEN PLEASURE.

SO far, in this discussion as to the nature of pleasure, we have followed a beaten path. The road may be rather difficult and not very clear, but at least it stretches through a region where the great landmarks may be readily recognised. We have now to break new ground and to direct our steps through an untravelled country. For Sir William Hamilton's definition of pleasure, the most complete which has yet been put forth, does not by any means cover all the facts with which we have to deal. It ignores and denies what is beyond all others the most curious and the most mysterious array of facts relating to pleasure. It tells us of a pleasure growing in pain, and it tells us of a pleasure which is without pain; but it excludes the marvellous phenomenon of hidden pleasure. It tells us of the activity which goes to produce pleasure, and of the harmony which tends to its perfection; but says not a word of that self-forgetting, which is its crowning grace and its peculiar glory.

All pleasure has a tendency to forget itself, and there is no escape from the paradox that a large group of our joys, including some of the highest, scarcely, if ever, come into the range of consciousness. I shall try anon to make this paradox, if not quite clear, at least acceptable; but in the meantime, observe that if the statement, spite of paradox, be correct, it has the merit of at once accounting for an extraordinary fact about pleasure. We should imagine that the Creator intended life to be enjoyable, and had accorded to each of us, in the sum of experience, a balance of happiness. †But in point of fact, if our joys on the whole outweigh and outnumber our sorrows, we seem to be little aware of it; and we are better acquainted with the misery than with the happiness of life. The words to express what is good and pleasurable, are fewer by a great deal than those for the bad and painful.[cc] Dante succeeds in painting hell, he fails in painting heaven. Who does not remember Bacon's fine saying in one of his finest essays—"If you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon?"[1] †We have colours to paint every shade of wickedness, and strokes for every stage of woe: let the crime be the blackest, we can give it a name; let the cup be the bitterest, we can tell of the very lees. But to tell of the varying lights of pleasure, and all the winning ways of goodness, we are wholly at a loss; and the most we can say of the greatest goodness is, that there is an unknown, indescribable charm about it; the most we can say of the highest bliss, that it is unutterable.[dd] What does all this mean, but that we are keenly alive to suffering, and anything disagreeable, but on the other hand, little conscious of our joys, and whatever is pleasant? So likewise it happens that the sense of pleasure more than aught else in human experience, eludes our scrutiny. We know less about it than about any other marvel of our being, and attempt less to understand it. We seek to fathom the mysteries of life, and of knowledge, and of will; but for the exceeding mystery of delight we have only the set phrase, that it passeth understanding.

No truth is more certain than this, although it is not always acted on, that there is little pleasure in the conscious pursuit of pleasure. It is because pleasure is naturally unconscious, and we cannot well by a conscious effort, become unconscious. One might as soon expect by looking not to see, and by remembering to forget. It is a killjoy to think of pleasure and to ask ourselves are we happy? We must, like receivers of stolen goods, accept our pleasures and ask no questions. †Pleasure says to every one of us what we say to children, Open your mouth and shut your eyes.[ee] †She turns from the man that woos her, and to the heedless child flies unbidden. She seldom gives note of her coming; she comes like an angel, unheard, unseen, unknown, and not till she is gone or is parting from us, are our eyes opened, to see what we have enjoyed. In this sense, not only some, but all of us have "entertained angels unawares."[2] It was when the Saviour was vanishing from his disciples, that they knew it was he; it was when the blissful vision on Tabor was passing away, that Peter began to feel how good to be there.[ff]

†In other respects, too, the behaviour of the disciples, to whom was given a foretaste of heaven on the Mount of Transfiguration, is suggestive. The bliss was too strong for them, and so blinded their souls that they

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[1] In 'Of Adversity' from Francis Bacon's *Essays* (1625).

[2] Echoing the King James Bible, Hebrews 13:2: 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

were overpowered with sleep. When they had somewhat recovered, they were so bewildered, that of Peter it is told—he knew neither what to say nor what he said: indeed, what he could have meant by proposing to build three booths it is hard to understand.[1] In like manner, when Saint Paul was caught up into the third heaven, he knew not whether he were dead or alive, in the body or out of the body.[2] Perfect joy will not keep house with perfect knowledge. In so far as we become self-conscious, there is no room for joy; and on the other hand, as Hooker finely brings out (Eccles. Pol. v. 67), "the mind, feeling present joy, is always marvellous unwilling to admit any other cogitation, and in that case casteth off those disputes whereunto the intellectual part at other times easily draweth. A manifest effect whereof may be noted if we compare with our Lord's disciples in the twentieth of John, the people that are said in the sixth of John to have gone after him to Capernaum. These leaving him on the one side of the sea of Tiberias, and finding him again, as soon as themselves by ship were arrived, on the contrary side, whither they knew that by ship he came not, and by land the journey was longer than according to the time he could have to travel, as they wondered, so they asked also, *Rabbi, when camest thou hither?* The disciples, when Christ appeared unto them in far more strange and miraculous manner, moved no question, but rejoiced greatly in what they saw. For why? The one sort beheld in Christ only that which they knew was more than natural, but yet their affection was not rapt therewith through any great extraordinary gladness; the other when they looked on Christ were not ignorant that they saw the well-spring of their own felicity; the one, because they enjoyed not, disputed; the other disputed not, because they enjoyed."[3]gg

The strange phenomenon which now demands our attention is of varying degrees of intensity. In its lower forms we accept it without hesitation. Thus without ever fully understanding how much they involve, we are accustomed to such statements as this of Cyril Tourneur's in *The Revenger's Tragedy*:

> Joy's a subtle elf:
> I think man's happiest when he forgets himself;[4]

or this of Thomas Gray's:

> Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise;[5]

or this of Sir John Suckling's

> Stay here, fond youth, and ask no more; be wise;
> Knowing too much long since lost Paradise;[6]

or this again of Wordsworth's, which I had to quote in a previous chapter:

> In such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.[7]

When, on the other hand, Joubert gives utterance to that saying:—Vivre, c'est penser et sentir son âme, which seems to have taken Mr. Matthew Arnold's fancy, and which he translates—The essence of life lies in thinking,

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1 See the biblical account of the transfiguration of Jesus in Mark 9:1~9.

2 See the biblical account in 2 Corinthians 12:1~4.

3 See *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (1594–97), V §67, by Richard Hooker (1554–1600: *ODNB*).

4 Vindice in Cyril Tourneur, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, IV iv.

5 From Thomas Gray 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College' (1742).

6 The opening lines of Suckling's 'Against Fruition'.

7 From 'The Ruined Cottage'.

and being conscious of one's soul;[1] we all know that this is but the strut of philosophy much enamoured of itself, and setting up its own methods as the standard of living. It would be a dull world if we were all philosophers, always thinking, always conscious of our souls. Look, says George Herbert,

> Look at meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
> And say withal, Earth to earth I do commit.[2]

That is what much thinking comes to. You destroy life by thinking of it. And against those philosophers who place the essence of life in thinking and in being conscious of one's soul, there are many others ready to pronounce woe upon the man who will brood over his own self. Thought, said Goethe, widens but lames; action narrows but quickens.[3] †Eat not thy heart, was the sage advice of Pythagoras;[4] and Lord Bacon has, in similar terms, described those who live on their own thoughts, as cannibals of themselves.[5][hh] I borrow, at second-hand from an extinct review, the statement of Joubert's countryman, Maine de Biran, who was a great invalid as well as a most acute thinker, and who thoroughly knew what he was speaking of. "In health," he said, "the sense of existence vanishes, because it is continuous. Except when we suffer, we scarcely dream of our own being. Either disease or the habit of reflection is necessary to induce us to search into ourselves. There are few persons besides invalids who are aware of the process of existence: healthy people, even philosophers, are more occupied with the enjoyment of life than with its investigation."[6] In point of fact there is no more wasting malady than that of incessant introspection. †It is the height of Manfred's woe that he cannot forget himself, even in sleep:

> My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
> But a continuance of enduring thought,
> Which then I can resist not: in my heart
> There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
> To look within.[7][ii]

In point of fact, it is out of a flourishing self-consciousness that suicide springs. Suicide is a catastrophe which is little understood, and least of all by the French, who speculate on it most. Montesquieu had an idea that climate had very much to do with it;[8] and hence its frequency in England. But I do not know that the English climate is so very bad, since Charles II. could say, with some truth, that in England, throughout the year, we can spend a greater number of hours during a greater number of days, in the open air, than in any other country in the world; and I do know, that in proportion to the population, the suicides are three times as many in France as with us. France, indeed, is the country of suicide. Does this mean that it is more full of misery than any other land? It is a common mistake to suppose that suicide is the result of mere misery. If that were the case, however, we in England ought to be as forward as the French in cultivation of the remedy. On the contrary, we are surrounded with people whose life is a continuous groan, and yet who never think of destroying

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1 Matthew Arnold, 'Joubert; or, a French Coleridge', *National Review* 18 (January 1864), p. 188.

2 From the 'Perirrhanterium' of George Herbert's 'The Church Porch'; the lines are also cited by Dallas in *Poetics*, p. 32, though to illustrate a slightly different point.

3 In *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Bk VIII Ch. V. The translation may be Dallas's own; Carlyle's translation reads, 'Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows.'

4 The thirtieth of the 'Symbols' (precepts) of Pythagoras of Samos, as compiled by Iamblichus of Chalcis.

5 Bacon's commentary on the precept of Pythagoras is found in 'Of Friendship' from his *Essays* (1625).

6 The French philosopher François-Pierre-Gontier de Biran (1766–1824), usually referred to as Maine de Biran. The original French text appears in *Maine de Biran, sa Vie et ses Pensées*, ed. Ernest Naville (Paris: Joel Cherbuliez, 1857), while Dallas cites the English translation by Coventry Patmore found in his unsigned notice, 'De Biran's Pensées', *National Review* 11 (July 1860), pp. 146–65; p. 149.

7 From the opening scene of George Byron's *Manfred*.

8 See Montesquieu, *Les Lettres Persanes* (1721; 'Persian Letters'), Letter LXXVI.

themselves; for suicide is, in most cases, the result of a special form of misery. †M. de Montalembert finds a solution of the whole mystery in religion, or rather the want of it; and looking back on those happy days when Europe swarmed with monks, he argues that the ruin of the religious orders has contributed much to the frightful increase of suicides certified each year by the criminal statistics.[1] At the first glance one is disposed to make light of his argument. One might ask, What does he know about the statistics of suicide in the Middle Ages, that he should raise a comparison, in this respect, of ancient with modern times? Or again, what comparison can there be between the number of suicides committed in an age of peace, when the life of the meanest pauper is regarded as inexpressibly precious, when not a sparrow can fall to the ground without the kind inquiries of Lord Townshend and half a dozen societies,[2] when through the skill of our physicians the weak among us are enabled to prolong a sickly existence, out of which any number of suicides may arise, and those committed in an age of war and danger, when disease made short work with a patient, when life was cheap, when blood was poured out like water, and when he who wished to die, if he did not choose to slay himself in the high Roman fashion, might court death in the shock of battle or of single combat?ii Or once more, if one chose to be argumentative,—when the Comte de Montalembert insists that in the Middle Ages the multitude of monks led to a paucity of suicides, may it not be replied that the monks were themselves all suicides? But M. de Montalembert is so far right. We may accept the increase of suicide as a fact pretty well ascertained. This increase, however, is not owing to the downfall of the monasteries nor to the decay of religion. It is the result of the modern disease—excessive civilization and overstrained consciousness.

I have said, too sweepingly, that the French, who speculate on this subject most, understand it least. They certainly tease one with constant discussion of it, ending in irrelevant explanations. But perhaps no one has come so near to a true view of the matter as M. St. Marc Girardin. “To verge on suicide,” he says, “there is needed a certain play of intellect, and a certain fermentation of the passions. Men who are not studious, and women who do not read romances, have not usually recourse in their misery to suicide. Also, there are more suicides among civilized than among barbarous nations. A man may be the most wretched in the world, the most destitute, the most nearly reduced to the dunghill of Job; but if he has not tasted of the tree of knowledge, if he has not added to his miseries the torment of thought, he will not dream of self-slaughter. Suicide is not a malady of men with simple hearts and mother wit: it is a malady of the subtle and the philosophic; and if in our day we find that even artisans are troubled with the disease, this only shows that their minds have been stirred and fretted by modern science and civilization.”[3] So also we may add that if France be the hotbed of suicide, it is because that self-consciousness, which predominates in modern civilization, is there developed to the highest point.

Nor is it alone in what is specially called thought that this excess of consciousness—the root of suicide—is to be found; we find it in what is called love. The French are supposed to be the most amorous people of the West. But what is love? And how is it that love so often ends in suicide? We give fine names to the tender passion, forgetting that it is by no means so common as people suppose, and that it is far oftener vanity than love. Men and women fancy that they love each other, because they love each other’s flatteries. The French themselves are very ruthless in their dissection of such love. Thus La Rochefoucauld has it, that we always love those who admire us, but do not always love those whom we admire. Again, he says in one of his most pungent sentences: “The reason why lovers never weary of each other is, that they are always talking of themselves.”[4] Let me quote another French author, the most brilliant letter-writer in France. “We like so much to talk of ourselves,” says Madame de Sévigné to her daughter, “that during whole years we never tire of a tête-à-tête with a lover; and that is why the devout, too, like to visit their confessor—they have the pleasure of talking

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1 Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*, I, pp. 25–26.

2 Referring to the Liberal MP John Villiers Stuart Townshend, the 5th Marquess Townshend (1831–99: *ODNB*), mocked for his philanthropy and designated ‘The Beggar’s Friend’ in the caricature in *Vanity Fair* (26 February 1870).

3 From the opening of the Chapter V (‘Du Suicide et de la Haine de la Vie’) of Saint-Marc Girardin’s *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* (1843), p. 79; the translation here is likely to be Dallas’s own.

4 One of the *Maximes* (1665) of Duke François de La Rochefoucauld (1613–80); Dallas’s essay on ‘La Rochefoucauld’, intended as an introduction to an edition of the *Maximes*, in fact appeared posthumously in *Nineteenth Century* 9 (February 1881), pp. 269–91.

about themselves, though they have only ill to say."[1] The fact is that most love, and nearly all the sickliness of love, is mere egotism. The lover, who makes believe that he is enamoured of his mistress, too often is a Narcissus enamoured of himself, and doting over the foolish praise he receives. Cross him in love—rob him of adulation; and the self-consciousness which has been nurtured within him to an extreme will lead to a form of misery that culminates in suicide. He soon finds that the pleasure of thinking about one's self is of all pleasures the most precarious; and that the essence of life by no means lies in being conscious of one's soul.

When we speak in these general terms of the alliance between pleasure on the one side, and self-forgetting or unconsciousness on the other, the doctrine may be allowed to pass. But if we come to close quarters with it, and venture to speak definitely of pleasure existing in absolute unconsciousness, we find ourselves in view of a most perplexing mystery—difficult of apprehension, still more difficult of description. Beset though it be with the difficulty of clouds and darkness,—though it elude our logic and defy our language, the fact is there from which we cannot escape—the pleasure of trance, the pleasure of sound sleep. There are few things so strange in human life as the joy of ecstasy and of trance in which consciousness is lost. That account, to which I have already referred, of the disciples on Mount Tabor, full of bliss and full of sleep,[2] is typical. Oriental legends, indeed, abound in suggestions of the activity and the delightfulness of sleep, and its allied conditions. †Al Farabi, the philosopher who spoke seventy languages, composed a piece of music which was played before Seifeddoula, Sultan of Syria. Its first movement threw the prince and his courtiers into fits of laughter; its next melted all into tears; and the last, grandest of all, lulled even the performers to sleep. The story may be taken as an allegory showing that the nobler activities of the mind require the unconsciousness, not only of those in whom they are awakened, but also of the awakeners.[kk] Sir William Jones tells us that there is a place called Pirisebz, or the Green Old Man, about four Persian leagues from Shiraz; that, according to the popular creed, a youth who will pass forty successive nights in Pirisebz without sleep, will infallibly become an excellent poet; and that Hafiz, the Persian poet, having accomplished the feat, became inspired.[3] The argument seems to be that long want of sleep will induce the unconsciousness out of which the rarest pleasure and the highest thought arise. If we go still further east, we find in the Indian doctrine of Nirvana, and of absorption into the deity, a view of happiness in keeping with that which we are now considering. The Buddhist could seriously contemplate Nirvana as the height of his ambition. The grand object of science is to show the way to Nirvana. But this delightful Nirvana to which the Buddhist looked forward we can describe only as the extinction of thought, and the way to it lies through that state of ecstasy or trance to which the Buddhist gave the name of Dhyana. We may not be able to understand this; but at least we can see that the Buddhist who regarded pleasure as the object of supreme desire, and who regarded life as but a succession of pains, could soberly calculate on the paradox of bliss unconscious. And so the Brahmin philosophers, who deemed it life to sit curled on a stone and to think of nothing, could reckon it as the highest happiness, that the soul of man, after passing through endless transmigrations and cycles of existence, should at length be swallowed up and lost in the Godhead. Here again we may not understand such felicity; but we must recognise the fact that certain sages of the east were somehow able to connect in thought the fulness of joy with the absence of consciousness.

I know not what else a modern poet—Charles Tennyson, brother to the Laureate—can mean when, in one of his sonnets, he writes thus firmly:

> Call for aid
> Of joy, that quenches being and its gall:
> Sad! that the consciousness of life must fade
> Before the bliss it yields be felt at all.[4]

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[1] We have not been able to identify this letter from Madame de Sévigné to her daughter Françoise de Sévigné, Comtesse de Grignan.

[2] See p. 159.

[3] In 'On the Mystical Poetry of the Persians and Hindus' (1792) by the British orientalist Sir William Jones (1746–94: *ODNB*).

[4] Sonnet XV in Charles Tennyson, *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* (1830).

Here is a distinct and very bold assertion of the fact, on which I desire to insist, that knowledge and pleasure hold together in an inverse ratio; that as the joy of life waxes, the consciousness of life wanes; that as consciousness rises, pleasure sets; that we recognise the presence of our bliss only when the bliss begins to fade; and that the heaven of our existence begins where the consciousness of it passes away. Of pain we can say nothing similar. George Eliot, in her last novel, speaks of "that higher consciousness which is known to bring higher pains."[1] And I am eager to seize upon that phrase of hers, because, with all her depth of thinking, is always clear, and writes what they who run may read. But if it be clear to say that the height of consciousness is the height of pain, and if, as George Eliot tells us, it is known that the higher the consciousness the higher the pain, then I have to point out that this clear statement and this known fact, are but the necessary converse of the hard statement and the little known fact, which I have been trying to make good, as to the unconsciousness of pleasure. If you accept without difficulty the statement as to the pain of much consciousness, need you strain at the converse statement, which is implied in it as to the unconsciousness of exceeding pleasure? If at such a statement you start back, then let me ask what are we to make of those passages in the poets wherein the connection between the drowsiness of trance and the perfection of enjoyment is firmly maintained. Take this from Keats, where he addresses the nightingale:

> My heart aches, and a *drowsy numbness* pains
> My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
> Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
> One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk;
> 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
> But being too happy in thy happiness,
> That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
> In some melodious plot
> Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
> Singest of summer in full-throated ease.[2]

Or better than all, let us consult Shakespeare: "When love speaks," says Biron in that magnificent speech in which he sounds the praises of love,

> The voice of all the gods
> Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony[3]

That is a statement surely at variance with all our common ideas of the manner in which intense delight is manifested. Nor is this the only passage in Shakespeare in which the same or similar effects are described. Thus Pericles has to say of fine music:

> Most heavenly music!
> It nips me into listening, and thick slumber
> Hangs upon my eyes: let me rest.[4]

But the speech of Pericles and the splendid outburst of Biron occur in two of Shakespeare's earliest plays. Let us therefore turn to one of his latest. Miranda fell asleep when her father told his story to her, and waking up again, exclaimed:

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1 In Ch. III. of George Eliot's *Felix Holt* (1866), which Dallas reviewed in *The Times* on 26 June 1866.

2 Citing the first of the eight stanzas of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale', composed in May 1819 and published the following year.

3 In *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV iii.

4 In *Pericles*, V i.

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.[1]

Whereupon Samuel Johnson asks the question, "Why should a wonderful story produce sleep?" His answer is, "I believe experience will prove that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing."[2]

Still in all these expressions, quote from whom we may, there is an extravagance shocking to common sense, and needing to be justified. Sir William Hamilton states the objection to the view of pleasure as unconscious in very decided language. "There are powers in man," he says "the activities of which lie beyond the sphere of consciousness. But it is of the very essence of pleasure and pain to be felt, and there is no feeling out of consciousness."[3] It is by no means clear, however, why consciousness should be essential to feeling and not to thought. I had to point out, when treating of the hidden soul, that Sir William Hamilton rejected the old objection to Cartesian doctrine that we are, only in so far as we know; and that we know, only in so far as we know that we know. But if consciousness be not essential to the exercise of thought, nor yet to the possession of knowledge, it is difficult to understand why it should be essential to feeling, which is notoriously blind. If we can know, if we can think, and yet be unconscious, it would seem that much more can we feel. The blindness of passion, and the unconsciousness of instinct are proverbial, and the sense of pleasure has the same characteristic. Yet Hamilton's statement, as to the necessity of consciousness in pleasure, is virtually an assertion, that mere feeling implies the presence of a clearer light than reason, a fuller consciousness than knowledge.

Sir William Hamilton got into this way of thinking, doubtless, from following out with too much ingenuity that division of the mental powers which he learned from Kant. The division is threefold. We have faculties of knowledge, of feeling, and of endeavour—under this last named, including all those tendencies to act which we call will and desire. But not content with this rough and ready division, Sir William took a pleasure in showing how admirably it was ordered, so that each member of it implied an advance on the previous one. We may have knowledge for example, and there an end—knowledge without feeling, and without desire; and here we see the operation of the simplest act of mind. But we advance to a second division of the mental phenomena, when we discover that we have feelings of pleasure and pain. These feelings, he said, imply knowledge to produce them, but they do not necessarily imply anything further, as desire or will to act upon them. But when we reach to the third and last division of our faculties—the will, the desire, the tendency to act—these imply a feeling to set them in movement, as the feeling implies a knowledge to start from.* The speculation is pretty, but unsound. It is not

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1 In *The Tempest*, I ii.

2 In Johnson's *Notes to Shakespeare: Comedies* (1765).

3 Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, II, p. 442.

* **"Let me illustrate this by an example. I see a picture. Now, first of all,—I am conscious of perceiving a certain complement of colours and figures, I recognise what the object is. This is the phænomenon of Cognition or Knowledge. But this is not the only phænomenon of which I may be here conscious. I may experience certain affections in the contemplation of this object. If the picture be a masterpiece, the gratification will be unalloyed; but if it be an unequal production, I shall be conscious, perhaps, of enjoyment, but of enjoyment alloyed with dissatisfaction. This is the phænomenon of Feeling,—or of Pleasure and Pain. But these two phænomena do not yet exhaust all of which I may be conscious on the occasion. I may desire to see the picture long,—to see it often,—to make it my own, and, perhaps, I may will, resolve, or determine so to do. This is the complex phenomenon of Will and Desire.**

"The faculty of knowledge is certainly the first in order, inasmuch as it is the *conditio sine qua non* of the others; and we are able to conceive a being possessed of the power of recognising existence, and yet wholly void of all feeling of pain and pleasure, and of all powers of desire and volition. On the other hand, we are wholly unable to conceive a being possessed of feeling and desire, and, at the same time, without a knowledge of any object upon which his affections may be employed, and without a consciousness of these affections themselves.

"We can farther conceive a being possessed of knowledge and feeling alone—a being endowed with a power of recognising objects, of enjoying the exercise, and of grieving at the restraint, of his activity,—and yet devoid of that faculty of voluntary agency—of that conation, which is possessed by man. To such a being would belong feelings of pain and pleasure, but neither desire nor will, properly so called. On the other hand, however, we cannot possibly conceive the existence of a voluntary activity independently of all feeling; for voluntary conation is a faculty which can only be

true that knowledge always precedes the tendency to act. We act without knowledge and without feeling. The new-born child is endowed with many tendencies to action—tendencies which have no origin in antecedent feelings. feeling or knowledge. There is an action of plants and zoophytes, that has no root in feeling or in knowledge. And whereas Sir William Hamilton makes knowledge the base of mental life, and the endeavour to act as its pinnacle, the very reverse is the fact. Man begins like a plant to act without knowledge, and at length by cultivation he ceases to act blindly,—comes to act with deliberation. And so likewise in the order of development is feeling in advance of knowledge. We do not necessarily know first, and then find our knowledge bud and bourgeon into feeling. We feel before we know. How often have I referred to Shakespeare's couplet:

> Love is too young to know what conscience is;
> But who knows not, conscience is born of love?[1]

Wordsworth speaks of the enjoyment of a plant which yet has no consciousness:

> And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.[2]

If these views be correct, then, in opposition to Sir William Hamilton, the existence within us of hidden pleasure, that is a hidden feeling, ought to be more easy of acceptance than that of hidden thought. If we can believe in hidden thought, much more in hidden pleasure. But even granting that it is easier to conceive the existence of latent thought than of latent pleasure; still Locke's argument holds good that if the one is naught so is the other. In the chapter on the Hidden Soul, I had to mention that Leibnitz, the great opponent of Locke, was the first modern philosopher to render intelligible the doctrine of a latent activity in the mind.[3] But in Locke's system of philosophy, the doctrine of a concealed activity could have no place. Accordingly we find him denying strenuously that, in sound sleep, the mind thinks, or in any way moves; and one of his arguments is, that if it can think, then also it can be pleased. "I grant," he says, "that the soul in a waking man is never without thought, because it is the condition of being awake: but whether sleeping without dreaming be not an affection of the whole man, mind as well as body, may be worth a waking man's consideration; it being hard to conceive that any should think and not be conscious of it. If the soul doth think in a sleeping man without being conscious of it, I ask, whether during such thinking it have any pleasure or pain, or be capable of happiness or misery? I am sure the man is not any more than the bed or earth he lies on; for to be happy or miserable without being conscious of it seems to me utterly inconsistent and impossible. Or if it be possible that the soul can, whilst the body is sleeping, have its thinking, enjoyments, and concerns, its pleasure or pain, apart, which the man is not conscious of, nor partakes in,—it is certain that Socrates asleep and Socrates awake is not the same person; but his soul when he sleeps, and Socrates the man, consisting of body and soul when he is waking, are two persons; since waking Socrates has no knowledge of, or concernment for, that happiness or misery of his soul which it enjoys alone by itself, while he sleeps, without perceiving anything of it; any more than he has for the happiness or misery of a man in the Indies, whom he knows not. For if we take wholly away all consciousness of our actions and sensations, especially of pleasure and pain, and the concernment that accompanies, it will be hard to know wherein to place personal identity."[4]

This argument is successful as against Hamilton, who maintains that though we have hidden thought we cannot have hidden pleasure. But it was met and set aside by Dr. Isaac Watts, who answered it at all points. The one point, however, in his answer, which is of importance to the present discussion, is that in which he

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determined to energy through a pain or pleasure,—through an estimate of the relative worth of objects."—*Hamilton's Metaphysics*, vol. i. pp. 183, 184, 188. [i.e. Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic* I]

1 Shakespeare, Sonnet CLI.

2 Citing the third stanza of Wordsworth's 'Lines Written in Early Spring', first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798.

3 See p. 77.

4 In Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Bk I, Ch. 1, §11.

refers to the pleasure of sleep: "There seems to be a constant sense of pleasure in sound sleep, which appears by a reluctancy to be disturbed in that pleasure, and strong tendencies to re-enjoy it when we are suddenly awakened; this is at least as demonstrable as that we have no consciousness at all."[1] It is one of Hamilton's arguments to show the acting of the mind in the soundest sleep that when we are suddenly awakened out of it we find ourselves checked in a train of thought. But I have not the least fear of being contradicted in saying, that far more often, when thus awakened, we find ourselves disturbed in the pleasure of repose. If it be a fact, that when roughly shaken out of sound sleep, we may always discover ourselves preoccupied in a train of thought, at least it is a fact which few of us have observed. But there is no man, however stupid, who has not observed that, when profound slumber is invaded, he is balked of his pleasure. The sluggard turns over and prays for "yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."[2] Is it possible to resist the argument that if, by observing how the mind is engaged when we wake from deep sleep, we may convince ourselves that in a state of profound unconsciousness it thinks, we may with not less logic conclude from similar premises that in profound unconsciousness it can have a real pleasure?

Here we have the crowning point of difference between pleasure and pain. We always know when we are wretched; we do not always know when we are happy. Which of us has ever been blamed for ignorance of our misery? which of us has *not* been chidden for ignorance of our joys? We underrate, we overlook, we forget our blessings; we seldom underrate, or overlook, or forget our troubles. A man's life flows on smoothly in the sun; he does not know how happy he is; at least in all his felicity we never hear a word of it. But some day it chances that he catches a cold, or his boot pinches him, or his dinner is a little behindhand, or some other trifle chequers the calm joy of his life; instantly he knows and prates of his annoyance. The chief part of his pleasure is a modest, retiring, hidden pleasure; and he knows not how happy he has been, until his happiness is gone. Nay more, as I have already suggested, the very thinking of his happiness destroys it or scares it away. †Eurydice, our greatest joy, goes back to hell, if, Orpheus-like, we turn to look at her; and all our joys are somewhat like those shy creatures that, whenever they are watched, roll themselves into a ball, and pretend to be dead.[ll]

The analysis of pleasure then, in this and the two previous chapters has led to the following conclusions:—that there is a painful pleasure; that there is a pure pleasure; that there is a hidden pleasure; and that in these three descriptions of pleasure we may trace the sway of three several laws or ruling principles,—activity, harmony, and unconsciousness, which are all more or less essential to the begetting of enjoyment. In each state or stage of pleasure also we have found that any attempt to define the nature of enjoyment lands us in a curious contradiction. We cannot reconcile language to the fact, which is nevertheless a fact, that the orbit of pleasure may be a succession of pains. Again, we cannot reconcile language to the fact, which is nevertheless a fact, that pleasure, the very essence of which is activity, becomes perfect and painless in repose. Lastly, we cannot reconcile language to the fact, which is nevertheless a fact, that most of our pleasure—often the best of it, is hidden out of sight, and that we are ignorant of our own felicity. Thus in every notion of pleasure which we can form, we learn to defy reason. Our knowledge can be reduced to logic; not so feeling.

But the summary is deficient, for we have still to discern the relation of hidden pleasure to art. We have seen that painful pleasure, wherein the sense of action is dominant, finds its artistic reflex in the drama and whatever is dramatic. We have seen that pure pleasure, wherein the sense of repose and perfect harmony prevails, finds its artistic reflex in the beautiful, and whatever forms of art, such as sculpture, aim chiefly at the beautiful. And now in turn comes the inquiry: What is the relation of hidden pleasure to art? How is art moved by our hidden pleasure? How is hidden pleasure moved by art?

Here, at last, we reach the most wonderful, the most vital, of all the elements of art—the element of mystery, that sense of the unseen, that possession of the far-away, that glimmer of infinity, that incommunicable secret, that know-not-what, of which I tried to give some account in the first volume of this work. It is the suggestion of this unknown something in art which we are in the habit of signalising as in a peculiar sense

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1 See *The Works of the Rev. Isaac Watts* (9 vols; Leeds: Baines, 1813), VIII, p. 392.

2 From the King James Bible, Proverbs 6:10.

poetical. As we have seen that an artistic effect may be dramatic and yet not beautiful; so it may be very beautiful and yet not poetical. Observe the passages which people select as most entitled to the name of poetry. These are not necessarily instinct with dramatic passion; nor are they of necessity beautiful; but they are always weird. When Petruchio says to the tailor:

> Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble;
> Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail;
> Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou—
> Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
> Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
> Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard,
> As thou shalt think of prating whilst thou liv'st.
> I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown;[1]

or when Lady Constance bursts upon the Archduke of Austria with:

> War! war! No peace! Peace is to me a war!
> O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
> That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
> Thou little valiant, great in villany;
> Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
> Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
> But when her humorous ladyship is by
> To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
> And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
> A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
> Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave
>
> Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
> Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
> Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
> And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
> Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
> And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs:[2]

all this is full of passion, and highly dramatic; but it is neither beautiful nor weird. On the other hand, when Southey sings:

> How beautiful is night!
> A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
> No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
> Breaks the serene of heaven
> In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
> Rolls through the dark blue depths;
> Beneath her steady ray,
> The desert circle spreads
> Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
> How beautiful is night![3]

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1 In Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, IV iii.

2 In Shakespeare's *King John*, III i.

3 Robert Southey, 'How Beautiful is Night!', the lyric which opens his *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801), a verse narrative in 12 books.

or when Milton:

> Alas! what boots it with incessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
> And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life:[1]

there is nothing here dramatic, nothing weird, although it is all most beautiful. And so, lastly, there are weird effects of art which need not be dramatic, and which are not always beautiful. Here is a piece which is neither dramatic nor beautiful; but it is weird,—the ballad of *The Twa Corbies*:

> As I was walking all alane
> I heard twa corbies making a mane;
> The tane unto the tither did say,
> "Whar sall we gang and dine the day?"
>
> "In behint yon auld fauld dyke,
> I wot there lies a new-slain knight:
> And naebody kens that he lies there
> But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.
>
> "His hound is to the hunting gane,
> His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
> His lady's taen anither mate;
> Sae we may mak our dinner sweet.
>
> "Ye'll sit on his white hause bane,
> And I'll pick out his bonny blue e'en;
> Wi' ae lock o'his gowden hair,
> We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
>
> "Mony a ane for him maks mane,
> But nane sall ken whar he is gane.
> O'er his white banes, when they are bare
> The wind sall blaw for evermair."[2]

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[1] Milton's *Lycidas*, lines 64–76.

[2] Dallas cites the Scottish ballad as it appears in William Allingham's *The Ballad Book: A Selection of the Choicest British Ballads* (London: Macmillan, 1864), pp. 4–5.

The same character belongs to Coleridge's description of the silent sea: it is neither dramatic nor beautiful, but weird and poetical:

> Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be;
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of the sea.
>
> All in a hot and copper sky
> The bloody sun, at noon,
> Right up above the mast did stand
> No bigger than the moon.
>
> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.
>
> Water, water, everywhere,
> And all the boards did shrink;
> Water, water, everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink.
>
> The very deep did rot: O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea.
>
> About, about, in reel and rout
> The death-fires danced at night:
> The water, like a witch's oils,
> Burnt blue, and green, and white.[1]

It is almost needless to observe, however, that these art-effects which we feel to be in a peculiar sense weird and poetical, and which are connected most intimately with the hidden working of the mind, do not always appear in single blessedness, but combine easily and naturally with those which we know as dramatic and as beautiful. It is often difficult to wed the dramatic and the beautiful. They are so opposed that what is highly dramatic cannot be wrought into perfect beauty, and what is all beautiful cannot be made thoroughly dramatic. But there is no antagonism between that quality of art which we know as weird or poetical and the dramatic; no antagonism between the weird and the beautiful. You may have any amount of dramatic action, and there is nothing to prevent its being weird. You may have symmetry the most perfect, beauty the most lovely, and not only is there nothing to prevent its being weird—it has a native tendency to become so, to appeal to the secret heart, to ally itself with unknown delights, and to win from us epithets in which we recognise it as a dream of enchantment. Therefore that quality of art which we understand as the know-not-what, which comes of the hidden soul and which appeals to a hidden pleasure, is the most constant of the characteristics of art. It underlies all art. You can have great art which is not dramatic, and you can have great art which is not beautiful; but you cannot have great art which is not weird. It is true that I have only a few pages back quoted some passages of poetry which are dramatic without being either beautiful or weird, and which again are beautiful

[1] Stanzas from the second section of Coleridge's 'The Ancient Mariner', first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798.

without being either dramatic or weird. But these are only bits removed from the context in order to illustrate certain definitions. A poet is allowed to relieve his lights with shadow. He may be prosaic on this page, if poetical on the next. We are content with the pleasures of plain truth in one scene if we are to be sated with beauty in another. Passing, however, from these details to the works viewed in their totality, we always find that they must pierce to the Hidden Soul and engage it in Hidden Pleasure. They need not always be dramatic; and they need not always be beautiful; but they must always suggest the incommunicable secret of the know-not-what.

I have only to say, in conclusion, that since this chapter contains many paradoxical expressions, I hope no reader will pronounce judgment upon them unless he has done me the honour to make himself acquainted with those chapters of the first volume in which they are explained. When a man talks of the Hidden Soul, and Hidden Pleasure, incommunicable secrets and know-not-whats, he seems to be on the verge of nonsense; and if the reader who stumbles upon the present chapter will be kind enough to go back to the previous volume, in which its paradoxes are more deliberately set forth, I undertake that—whether he agree with me or not—at least he will not accuse me of obscurity.

CHAPTER XIV. THE ETHICS OF ART.

NEAR the beginning of this treatise, when pointing out the various lines of comparison which criticism, to be really scientific, ought to pursue, I stated that the present instalment of my work should be mainly psychological, for that nothing is so much wanted in criticism as a correct psychology.[1] It is in art as in life, and it is in criticism more than all—we know little, and our little knowledge is of little use to us until we know our own minds. Accordingly I have at length attempted to ascertain what is the mind of art. We have touched on nearly all the psychological questions relating to criticism which need elucidation, and which criticism must fully master before it can with effect advance a step. And now it may be expected, in the course of this inquiry, that we should proceed to apply the principles which have thus been worked out to a solution of the great problems of criticism. That is a task which in due time will have to engage our attention; but in the meantime it may be right to complete the psychological view of the subject. It is best that all the psychological questions should, as far as possible, be treated by themselves; and, therefore, although strictly an inquiry into the ethical influence of art ought, in point of time, to be the last of all critical discussions, it will be most convenient to attempt it now.

After all, the question of supreme interest in art, the question upon which depends our whole care for art is, What are its relations to life; to life individual, to life national; to the life here, to the life hereafter? Is it divine as the lyre of Amphion, that raised the walls of Thebes?[2] or fatal as the fiddle of Nero, that warbled to the flames of Rome?[3] or is it neither the one nor the other—neither good nor bad—but a harmless, worthless plaything; in poetry, what Malherbe suggests, a game of ninepins;[4] and in sculpture, what Newton supposed, a stone doll;[5] only so far to be scouted, if—as when the king Al Haquem, instead of fighting a battle loitered in his tent to mend the notes of his albogon[6]—it lure us from more serious work? Although these are the questions which in formal criticism we discuss last of all, they are the questions which in our own minds we settle first of all. Before we begin to criticise, we have the foregone conclusion in our minds that criticism will not be wasted upon unworthy objects. And it may be well, therefore, before we enter upon criticism proper, to articulate and reason out our belief as to the moral influence of art. Is it good, or is it bad, or is it nought?

We may at once dismiss the idea that art is a toy to be tossed aside like a toy. It may have sprung out of trifles. There are fables which trace painting to the shadow of a candle, and music to the stroke of a hammer, Corinthian capitals to acanthus leaves overhanging a basket, and cathedral naves to forest avenues. But the seed which was small of size and of promise has grown to a mighty tree that spreads abroad its branches, and shelters under them civilization itself. It is in art that the history of the world is enshrined—almost in art alone that the far past survives. When we draw near to modern times there may be found in works of mere utility the monuments of what has been: but as musical notes carry further than common sounds, so the more we go back we discover that of the useful arts there are few relics, and that it is to the fine arts we owe the record of grey antiquity. In Rome where the people are degraded and inert, where the Cæsars are forgotten and the Pope is moribund, the Antinous is as beautiful and rounded as ever, and the Dying Gladiator is as keen in his expression of agony as when first chiselled.[7] Art is as green and as fresh there as the people are withered and effete. The pomp of empires has faded in their purple dyes, the bravery of armies has gone with the flashing of their spears, the busy hum of countless generations has come like a cloud and cloudlike fled. What remains

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1 See p. 25.

2 In ancient Greek myth, Amphion was one of the twin sons of Zeus and Antiope, who together magically constructed the walls of Thebes.

3 Nero was the first-century Roman Emperor reputed to have played the fiddle as Rome was destroyed by fire.

4 The French critic and poet François de Malherbe (1555–1628) suggested that a great poet was of no more use to the state than a skilful player at ninepins; Dallas supplies the phrase in French later in the chapter.

5 As Dallas had noted in his *Times* review, Newton 'showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls."' (p. 8, cited from Brewster, *Memoirs*, II, p. 411).

6 Concerning the tenth-century Islamic King of Cordoba, renowned not for his statecraft but for making an improvement to a musical instrument.

7 Here, both the Antinous and Dying Gladiator serve as extant examples of the fine male statuary of ancient Rome.

when the bones of the warrior lie undistinguished from the wreck of his horse, and when the dust of kings is of less account than the lithe worm which inhabits it? There remain the songs of the people, the engravings upon their friezes, the marbles they loved, their carved cups, their painted vases, their curious coins, their seals, their palaces, the altars of their gods and the tombs of their friends. The bard, the painter, the sculptor, the potter, the architect, the musician—theirs is the cunning that outlasts time, and supplies us with the only sure fragments of ancient life. The statesman and the soldier, the merchant and the mechanic, leave but few marks: they live chiefly in the artist, and with his handiwork they die.

Many were the heroes before Agamemnon, says Horace, yet all are forced into the long night for want of a bard.[1] This has been so often repeated that it has lost some of its meaning. But it is no rhetorical flourish: it is a fact. People have lately been complaining that there is no monument to Shakespeare, and have been proposing to build him one.[2] Those who make the proposal overlook the most striking characteristic of that which they desire to honour. The essence of art is a secret, but it is an importunate secret that insists on being flaunted before us in visible and attractive disguises. It is a secret that demands to be seen and to be known. Its monument is like that of Wren in his cathedral—circumspice. Raise pyramids to your warriors and your statesmen who leave no monuments behind them, and after they have lived their lives are as a wind that is past. Nelson and Wellington sleep side by side under the dome of St. Paul's; but where is the visible semblance of their power as of Wren's? There is nothing to be seen at Trafalgar—nothing on the field of Waterloo. Of all Pitt's vast combinations there remain only the ugly columns of the national debt. Build rows of stately columns for these men if you will, but not for men who build their own memorials. Art is its own remembrancer. Men's works of labour die; their works of pleasure live. Their science pales, age after age is forgotten, and age after age has to be freshened; but the secret thinking of humanity, embalmed in art, survives as nothing else in life survives. And the argument seems to hold good, that what is thus enduring cannot be altogether vain.

I will pick out that one of the fine arts which is reckoned of the least importance—that artistic taste which is most frequently decried as frivolous—the art of the potter, and the taste for old china. Let me ask—Is porcelain, in very truth, a bauble? †As gardeners like to point out that gardening was the first man's trade, potters are fond of tracing their art to a still higher antiquity, and declare that the first member of their guild was the Deity himself, who moulded Adam out of clay. It is needless, however, to insist on such an origin in order to prove the dignity of the potter's calling and the worth of his toil. His productions are, indeed, to all seeming, the most fragile of human works, and they are often turned to commonest uses. But if they are the most fragile, they are also the most enduring, of the monuments of human art; and if they are common, they sometimes derive from that very circumstance a higher historical rank. Men have had their epitaphs written in brass, and their effigies made immortal in bronze; their deeds have been inscribed in sacred books, and etched on the walls of stately palaces; fanes have been built for the perpetuity of their names, and mausoleums for the safety of their ashes. No contrivance has been spared by which an eternity of fame might be secured; and what has been the result? The result is, that after all our efforts to render imperishable the record of our lives, nothing has been found more enduring than the fictile vase which a light knock will break into innumerable pieces. Brass and iron soon rust; silver and gold are a temptation to the spoiler; stone crumbles and paper decays; but the despised clay of the potter, if only deposited in some quiet corner, survives all changes of history and chemistry, and even in its fragments preserves some traces of the hand which formed it. At once the creature of a day and the heir of immortality, man finds in the modelled brick or turned vase, dug out of the same earth, a monument that in its fragility and its permanence represents with peculiar force its maker's tenure of existence.[mm] †The Nebuchadnezzars and Sennacheribs of old are in their graves, and are no more to mankind, save as they fertilize the roots of trees and are brushed in comminuted dust from the garments of the wayworn; but the

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[1] Translating a stanza from 'Ode IX: To Marcus Lollius' by the Roman poet Quintus Horatius Flaccus (Horace) of the first century BCE: 'Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona | Multi; sed omnes inlacrimabiles | Urgentur ignotique longa | Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.'

[2] In the year of the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, Dallas had contributed an article on this topic entitled 'Shakespearean Monuments' to *The Times* (20 January 1864), p. 6a–c, in which he wrote ironically of the need to create a 'society for the suppression of monuments'. In the column adjacent, there appeared a long letter to the editor justifying the resignation of nine members from the National Shakespeare Committee, headed by the dramatist Tom Taylor, on account of the 'irregular and unbusiness-like character of the proceedings of the executive body'.

impress of their thumbs remains on the clay tablets where, still moist and unbaked, the kings of Babylon set their seals.[nn] The psalmist, in the depth of despair, likened himself to a potsherd; but the potsherd lives for aye.

Let the fine arts be no more than black arts; let us, if you will, remember but the immoralities with which the craft of the potter is associated; let us think of the famous Henri Deux ware only as consecrated to the memory of Diana of Poictiers; let us not talk of the porcelain of Sèvres, except as calling to mind Madame de Pompadour, who nursed it into fame, and Madame Dubarry, who gave her name to its finest colour.[1] Still to live is somewhat, and the arts, which stand when all else fall, are worthy of serious regard. The truth is, however, that they thus stand because they are worthy to stand. Art is a great power, for it has to do with great ideas, which are in this the antipodes of the desert mountain, that to touch them is to live; and if so much as a beast go near them it shall surely live. Merely to look upon them is to partake of their being.

Perhaps it is needless to dwell upon this point. Yet before leaving it, I would say one word on the immense intellect which has been devoted to the lifelong practice of art. The names of Leonardo da Vinci, of Milton, and of Goethe, represent men of gigantic stature, who may be selected from the circle of mighty artists, for this particular reason, that possessing enormous power, and showing the ability to pluck fame from almost any occupation, they deliberately made art their chosen path. †Milton, for instance, was a poet—but he was more. He was a statesman—but he was more. He was a great religious thinker and worker—but again he was more. He was one of the most learned men of his time, he was certainly the most accomplished, he was perhaps the most masterly Latin writer since the classical age had passed away. To state the matter shortly—he was the most complete man to be found in his day. Others were but fractions of men—he alone was an integer. In what other character can we find such an astonishing assemblage of qualities and sympathies, many of them apparently opposite; austerity combined with sensibility, rare tolerance combined in his maturity with dogmatism, learning combined with thought, poetry combined with politics, purity combined with passion, piety combined with the fullest enjoyment of earth?

The mere union of the poetical temperament with the active habit is rare; but where in the whole history of the world shall we find such a poet, such a man of action? For among actions, and among the greatest, the most prolific, of all actions, is to be classed that noble speech of his for the liberty of unlicensed printing.[2] It is rare also to find prodigious learning accompanied by large powers of thought. In him, on the contrary, we see a soaring grandeur of idea, which no amount of erudition could drag down. A man so able and so furnished must have been very decided in his own opinions, and he might have despised the opinions of other men; such, however, was the deep sympathy of his nature, that in the midst of intolerance, he was the foremost of all men to insist upon the perfect liberty of thought. And to crown all, though he rejoiced in a strong nature, though he was of the poet's impulsive complexion, though we find that in everything he undertook he was swept along with a rushing wind of passion, yet such was his self-control, such the exquisite balance of his faculties, that, in practice, excess was unknown to him, and even in hot youth his daily life was a marvel of purity; while in composition, it is amazing to watch the ease with which he can stay his thunder in mid volley, often interposing an elaborate parenthesis between the breathless pauses of some tremendous sentence, which ordinary writers would have been in a fury to finish.

People talk of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, and the many-sided Goethe. No doubt there were many things done by Shakespeare which to Milton would have been impossible. Milton was not many-sided in the sense that he could easily adapt himself to every variety of character, from grave to gay, and from high to low, so that he could give the talk of a tinker not less readily than the chant of a poet, the wail of a widow, and the defiance of a mailed warrior. But he was, on the other hand, many-sided in a sense to which Shakespeare could lay no claim. Shakespeare was only a possible politician, a possible man of action, a possible theologian, a possible scholar. Milton had actually, and to the height of his great soul, a veritable connection, as well as a sympathetic union with the whole life of his time. As a citizen, as a churchman, as a student, as a man,

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[1] Dallas names two celebrated styles of French porcelain, Henri Deux and Sèvres, associating them with three noblewomen each famous as a mistress of the then French king.

[2] Referring to 'Areopagitica' (1644), which when published bore the subtitle: 'A Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicenc'd Printing, to the Parlament of England'.

Shakespeare's life is almost entirely a blank to us. In all these relations, and not less as a poet, Milton stands out clearly to view; and stands out, if not as the most bustling figure in the scene, yet as the manliest, kingliest, godliest. So that if any one choosing to narrate the history of his day, determined to gather the interest of his story around some central character, and for this purpose were to select the man then living of largest soul, of most varied culture, connected with his age by the greatest number of ties, and more likely than all his contemporaries to live in the estimation of the future—that man must of necessity be John Milton.[oo] Such an one chose poetry for his calling, and his name, not to speak of a hundred others that might be added to it, redeems art from the imputation of pettiness.

There is no difficulty so far. The difficulty is not to see that art is a power, but to say whether this power be as good as it is great. Is there wisdom as well as delight in it? What are its precise bearings on the every-day business of earth? and does it fit or unfit us for a higher than our worldly life? That these questions are not easily answered is proved by the contrariety of opinion to which they have given rise—honest opinion too, and the opinion sometimes of enlightened men. The opinion of prosers however able, and of small bigots however good, is of no weight, and may at once be put out of the account. No man abler in his walk than Sir Edward Coke; but who thinks twice of his declaration, that these five classes of men, chemists, monopolists, concealers, promoters and rhyming poets, are worthy of perdition?[1] Of still less moment is the cavilling of such a weak wit as Stephen Gosson, who had the audacity to dedicate to Sir Philip Sidney the treatise in which, on the very title page, he ranked poets with pipers and players among the caterpillars of a commonwealth.[2] It is wholly different when a strong poetical nature gives in to like doubts; when Macaulay tells us that no one can be a poet or enjoy poetry without a certain unsoundness of mind;[3] when Malherbe, himself a poet of no mean fame, says, "Je ne fais pas plus de cas d'un bon poète que d'un bon joueur de quilles;"[4] when Cowley, addressing Richard Crashaw, asserts that the union of poetical gifts with godliness is almost impossible:

> Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
> The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven!
> The hardest, rarest union which can be,
> Next that of Godhead and humanity![5]

More important however than any of these are the names of Plato and of Bacon. Plato began his career as a poet, and shows in his writings that he really enjoyed poetry; but he was all against art, for its want of truth and for its devotion to pleasure.[6] Bacon too had a strong poetic bias, but he resisted it with all his might, and could never quite reconcile it to his reason that poetry was other than a mental debauch.[7] Thus the two men, who are

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1 This listing of corrupt occupations by the English barrister and politician by Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634: *ODNB*) was reported in Cuthbert William Johnson, *The Life of Sir Edward Coke* (2 vols; London: Colburn, 1837), II p. 374; Dallas had also noted Coke's attack on the poets in his *Poetics* (1852), p. 265. Coke here represents Dallas's example of an able 'proser' whose opinion lacks weight.

2 See Stephen Gosson, *The Schoole of Abuse* (1579), the title-page of which described it as 'Conteining a plesaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Iesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth'. Gosson represents Dallas's example of a 'bigot' whose opinion can also be discounted.

3 In his essay on 'Milton', collected in *Critical and Historical Essays* (1843), Macaulay wrote: 'Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness.' Macaulay represents Dallas's first example of 'a strong poetical nature', with doubts about the ethical value of poetry.

4 The words of Malherbe are quoted in Jean François de Laharpe's *Lycée, ou Cours de Littérature Ancienne et Moderne* (1812), XIII p. 67; Dallas had already referred to Malherbe's dismissal of the role of the poet earlier in the chapter. Malherbe represents Dallas's second example of the doubts of one with 'a strong poetical nature'.

5 From Abraham Cowley's elegy 'On the Death of Mr. Crashaw' of 1656, Dallas's third example of 'a strong poetical nature' questioning the ethical value of poetry. The cases of Plato and Bacon that follow are representative of major doubters.

6 Plato's critique of poets and poetry is found mainly in the four dialogues known as the *Ion*, the *Republic*, the *Gorgias*, and the *Phaedrus*.

7 Bacon's critique of poets and poetry is scatted throughout his *Essays*; in 'Of Fame', for example, he wrote: 'The poets make Fame a monster. They describe her in part finely and elegantly, and in part gravely and sententiously. They say, look how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath; so many tongues; so many voices; she pricks up so many ears.'

most remarkable in all history for the combination of poetical with philosophical gifts, are as moralists the enemies of poetry.

The lover of art must be staggered by condemnation coming from such men, even though when he looks into the arguments they advance, he find that they are not cogent. In most questions of morality, the reasons by which men arrive at their conclusions are of little importance; what is of importance is the fact that they reach certain results and rest in them. Men ride their arguments as children their horses. They put their legs over a stick, run far afield, and make believe that the stick has carried them. We attain to certain conclusions in religion or in morals, and we fondly cherish the idea that our arguments have borne us. So Bacon more than once speaks of the evil of usury, because it runs on Sundays. So Northbrooke proved the sin of gaming from the third commandment, because to draw lots in idleness is to take the name and providence of God in vain. So, in a grave sermon, Francis Meres (the same to whom we are indebted for the earliest critical mention of Shakespeare) made out addition and multiplication to be God's arithmetic, because when he had made Adam and Eve, he bade them increase and multiply; but subtraction and division to be the devil's arithmetic, because the arch enemy subtracted Delilah from Samson, and divided Michal from David. So Leibnitz hoped that the Jesuit Grimaldi could convert the emperor of China to Christianity by his binary arithmetic, in which the idea of God creating the world out of nothing is figured by unity combining with zero to form every possible number. So John Foster proved that sleeping too long is constructive blasphemy, for by abridging our conscious existence we tell God that he created us too soon; and worse than atheism, for whereas the atheist believes only in future annihilation, we choose in this present world not to be. So a German divine, quoted by Colenso, points out that cattle-keeping, music, and smithery were first practised by descendants of Cain, and argues that therefore music and the arts have a Cainite element which renders them accursed from their birth. So Tertullian argues that the enemy of mankind set players to wear the buskin, that they might give Christ the lie, who said that no man can add a cubit to his stature. So Plato proves that art is false, because the thing it copies is itself but a copy of the Divine idea; and that its effect is bad, because it aims at pleasure, which is not less unknown to the gods than pain.[1] I have said that the arguments of men are as the horses of children. We arrive at certain conclusions we know not how, and any dead branch of reason will carry us there again. When we advance further in the present discussion we shall actually find such a fact as this—that in modern times the evil effect of poetry is demonstrated by the very same argument which in old times was employed in proof of its good influence. In sooth, it is not argument but assertion that rules the world, and manifold assertion, even without argument, is itself an argument, for it may indicate a general feeling, and a general feeling may be entitled to weight.*

But that is just the question. To what weight, apart from the reasons which they urge, is the multiplied assertion of great men and good, that art is a poison, entitled? The poetical mood has been diagnosed by many thinkers as a disease—some form of madness; and the masterpieces of art have been condemned as crimes, every crime under heaven. What are all these assertions worth as assertions? Sir Edward Coke had an excellent aphorism, that to track an error to its fountain head is the best method of exposing it;[2] and we shall know the value, which is to be attached to the assertions referred to if we can trace them to their source in human nature. It is no doubt a great fact that many prophets and sages have ascended each his peculiar hill, to fling down curses on art; but it is a fact which must be resolved into a still more general phenomenon. The condemnation of poetry is but a part of the condemnation pronounced upon all pleasure. We are all more

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[1] Here Dallas lists eight diverse examples of assertions backed by entirely fallacious arguments: 'So Bacon …', in his 'Essay XLI: Of Usury'; 'So Northbrooke …', in *Spiritus est Vicarius Christi in Terra* (1579); 'So … Francis Meres …', in *God's Arithmetic* (1597); 'So Leibnitz …', in the letter to Grimaldi of 20 December 1696; 'So John Foster …', cited in *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster* (1846); 'So a German divine …', cited in Colenso's *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (1862); 'So Tertullian …', cited in Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; and 'So Plato …', repeating the argument on p. 31.

* **Bacon makes an incisive remark on the tenacity of all doubt. "When a doubt is once received, men labour rather how to keep it a doubt still, than how to solve it; and, accordingly, bend their wits. Of this we see the familiar example in lawyers and scholars, both which, if they have once admitted a doubt, it goeth ever after authorised for a doubt."—*Advancement of Learning*.** [II.viii.5]

[2] We been unable to trace the source of Coke's aphorism; it is not mentioned in Johnson's *Life*.

intolerant of pleasure than even of opinion. If we desire to crush the opinions of our neighbours, we at least hug our own; but the tyranny of taste is still more oppressive, for we not only frown on the pleasure of a neighbour—we are often dissatisfied with our own; it is our nature to pant after the bliss which is in store, and to find rottenness in that which we possess. We do not see the jokes of our ancestors. An Englishman imagines that it requires a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand wit.[1] A Frenchman long ago declared that the English take their pleasure sadly.[2] A ban goes forth now against the delights of knowledge; now against marriage; now wine is accursed; now poetry, as the wine of devils, shares that curse. We are restless beings who are never long happy ourselves, and will not let the world be happy in its own way. Blissful, we are at war with bliss. We cannot long abide that highest joy of communion with the Father of our spirits, and all lesser joys cloy the taste and weary us with their vanity. The frequent condemnation of art is, I say, but a part of this general law by which, at some time or other, we malign our own joys, and almost always despise the joys of our neighbours. The discontent of the human heart and its egotism are two main characteristics that have an enormous but unacknowledged influence on our estimate of pleasure, indeed, on all our moral judgments. Pleasure is the most conceited thing on earth: nothing like our own choice morsel. Ozanam, the mathematician, said it was for the Sorbonne to discuss, for the Pope to decide, and for the mathematician to go to heaven in a perpendicular line.[3] If Plato turned the poets out of his republic, he made the philosophers kings in it. This is the egotism of pleasure; as in Bacon's objection to poetry that it is the pleasure of a lie, we see chiefly the discontent of it.[4] The prevalence of such facts leads us straight to the conclusion, that the mere statement of dislike to art, and the mere assertion of its moral wrong, must—aloof from intelligible reasoning—go for nought. It is but part of a widespread asceticism, which clings like a parasite to the sense of enjoyment, always irritates it, and sometimes sucks it dry. We may reject assertion, therefore, and insist on dealing only with facts and arguments.

Now, in pushing any inquiry into the moral influence of art, I suppose it is almost needless to begin by explaining that here there is no question as to the direct lesson which art *professes* to teach, if it make any profession at all. Its worth is not to be measured by the lower—that is, the more palpable order of utilities. †Bartholin declared that ailments, chiefly the falling sickness, were curable by rhymes; Dr. Serenus Sammonicus offered to cure a quartan ague by laying the fourth book of the Iliad under the patient's head; Virgil was once believed to be an excellent fortune-teller.[5] The moral usefulness which we expect from art bears no sort of resemblance to these physical utilities. Any one who will look for conscious moral aim in art, will find it nearly purposeless. The troubadour gave to his calling the name of El Gai Saber, the gay science. To conclude, however, that nobleness of tendency may not flourish under gaiety of mien, is to imitate the poor satyr, puzzled to understand how a man could blow hot and cold with one and the same mouth. The avowed object of the poet is pleasure,[pp] and he seems to have his eye set only on present enjoyment, but it is like a rower, that looks one way and pulls another. †Shenstone paints the village schoolmistress as disguised in looks profound.[6] On the contrary, it was a reproach to the greatest of all teachers that he was a winebibber and a friend of sinners.[7][qq] The artist has still less the air of a teacher, and if he puts on the air of one, it sometimes happens that his influence is directly the reverse of his precepts.

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1 The jest seems to derive originally from Sydney Smith (1771–1845: *ODNB*); see the Lady Saba Holland, *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith by His Daughter* (2 vols; London: Longman, 1855) pp. 31–32: '"It requires," he used to say, "a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding."'

2 The remark is generally attributed to the French statesman Maximillan de Béthune, Duc de Sully (1560–1641).

3 Referring to the French mathematician Jacques Ozanam (1640–1718); the source of the saying is uncertain.

4 In 'Of Truth' from Francis Bacon's *Essays* (1625): 'A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure'.

5 Three examples intended to illustrate a belief in the physical benefits of art: the Danish physician Thomas Bartholin (1616–80), with an interest in medicine in the Bible; Quintus Serenus Sammonicus (d. 212), author of *De Medicina Praecepta Saluberrima* detailing magical cures; and the first-century BCE Roman poet Publius Vergilius Maro (Virgil), whose works were often used in bibliomancy, that is, the interpretation of passages from celebrated books to predict the future.

6 Referring to the line in William Shenstone's poem 'The School Mistress' (1742): 'Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound.'

7 Referring to Jesus; see the King James Bible, Matthew 11:19: 'The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.'

Take the novelist, Richardson, for example, as he appears in his earliest work, which Fielding could not refrain from satirising.[1] No book has ever been written in which there is such a parade of morality as in *Pamela*: nevertheless, it is a mischievous work that makes one sympathise with the disgust which it excited in Fielding. There is no end to the morals which it professes to instil—morals for husbands, morals for wives, morals for parents, morals for children, morals for masters, morals for servants. Ostensibly we are taught to admire the strength of virtue, and to note the reward of victory; but to understand the virtue, we are introduced to all the arts of the deceiver. There is a continual handling of pitch, in order to see how well it can be washed off: there is a continual drinking of poison, in order to show the potency of the antidote. The girl resists the seducer; but the pleasure of the story consists in entering into all the details of the struggle, and seeing how the squire takes liberties with the maid. When our senses have been duly tickled by these glowing descriptions, our consciences are soothed by a thick varnish of moral reflections and warnings that are entirely out of place. Notwithstanding its great show of virtue, such an exhibition seems to have a much more immoral tendency than the frank sinfulness of Fielding's works. "Here is my hero," says Fielding, "full of wickedness and good heart: come and read of his doings." "Here is my heroine, full of virtue," says Richardson: "come and read of all her goodness." But the descriptions of both are equally indelicate. It may be safely taken for granted that the force of Richardson's preachings goes for very little in comparison with the force of his pictures.

In justice, however, to so great a writer as Richardson, I should take particular care to state that these strictures apply only to his earliest work. In all his novels there is a parade of moral laws, but that parade is not offensive and hollow in the later ones. Notwithstanding the tediousness of its commencement, it is not risking much to say that *Clarissa Harlowe* is the finest novel in the English language.[2] No one thinks of Richardson, with all his weak vanity, as a great genius; yet we have to recognise the existence of this curious phenomenon that, as a grig like Boswell produced our best piece of biography, so a squat, homely burgess, who fed his mind on "says he" and "says she," produced what is still our best novel. It is not Richardson, however, that we have now to do with. The point I wish to bring out is this, that it is not moral sermons which constitute the moral force of a novel: it is example. Much of this example is consciously followed. Thus Molière ridicules those Precious ones—Madelon, who chose the name of Polixene, and Cathos, who would be called Aminte, out of the novels of Madame de Scudery. Madelon will not have a lover who does not woo her in the style of the romances, as Cyrus wooed Mandane, and as Aronce wooed Clélie.[3] This conscious following of examples is generally ridiculous, and it is less vital than the unconscious obedience to it which can be also traced. It would be easy in several instances to show the silent influence which Richardson has exerted through the example of his personages, and I may mention one. The influence of his mode of novel-writing may be traced in the journals of Madame D'Arblay, better known as Miss Burney.[4] He makes Pamela tell her own story in a series of letters and diaries. But to tell the story effectively in this way, it is necessary to introduce into the letters and journals a good deal of information which naturally ought not to appear in them. The heroine, for example, is to appear lovely, and to have her praises sung. She is therefore forced to recite her own praises, and we find her making entries like this: "Mr. Peters whispered Lady Jones, as my master told me afterwards, 'Did you ever see such excellence, such prudence and discretion?' 'Never in my life,' said the other good lady. 'She will adorn,' she was pleased to say, 'her distinction.' 'Ay,' says Mr. Peters, 'she would adorn any station in life.'" Again, Lady Danvers says to her waiting-maid, of Pamela, who is present, and who is her sister-in-law: "'Did you ever hear anything prettier, more unaffected, sincere, free, easy?' 'No, madam, says the waiting-maid, never in my life.'" Pamela is represented as a person of good sense and modesty, yet she repeats all this fulsome praise with the utmost simplicity. It was to some extent necessitated by the form of narrative which the author adopted. Little Burney

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1 Henry Fielding's early novels *Shamela* (1841) and *Joseph Andrews* (1842) both represent parodic responses to Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740); in the second chapter, Joseph Andrews is stated to be 'brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous'.

2 In 1868 Dallas was to publish an abridged edition of the novel in three volumes from Tinsley Brothers; at the end of his Introduction Dallas included the original title page to convince readers that the true title was not *Clarissa Harlowe* but simply *Clarissa*.

3 Dallas here returns to the subject of the 'Précieuses' treated extensively in 'The French School of Criticism' in Chapter V.

4 Referring to Frances (Fanny) Burney (1752–1840: *ODNB*), novelist and diarist, author of the epistolary novel *Evelina* (1778), as well as extensive letters and diaries, many of which were not published until the late nineteenth century.

reads Richardson, has a general impression that Richardson is truthful, and fills her diary in imitation of his heroines with all the flattery of herself that she hears.[1]

In point of fact, all parleying about the conscious morality of art is to little purpose. The morality of a nation's art always rises to the level of morality in a nation's manners. Morality takes care of itself, and always revenges any outrage which art may put upon its laws, by either lowering the art that so offends, or extinguishing it. The history of art in this, as in every country, is a standing illustration of the necessity that art should have its foundations in the moral sense of a people. For a striking example, take the history of pictorial art in England.

It is characteristic of the low estate of art and artists among us in the middle of last century, that during the early years of the Academy a large proportion of its members were foreigners. There were no less than nine among the thirty-four original members of the Academy. This distribution of the honours of membership indicates an important fact in the history of our pictorial art—the lateness of its rise. It is curious to note how slow we were as a people in detecting the cause of this backwardness, and how ready we were to join in the severe judgments of such men as Du Bos and Winckelmann, who saw no possibility of Englishmen ever excelling in art. At last it began to be argued among us—Why should we not excel in art, when our nation has produced a Shakespeare and a Milton, the greatest poets of modern times? It was a fair question, and but that in those days the taste for Gothic architecture had died out, the argument might have been strengthened by a reference to our cathedrals, in some of which may be seen, both in the mass (as at Salisbury) and in details (as at Wells, in the sculptures of the west front), the working of a great artistic faculty. If other proof were needed, it might have been drawn from such specimens of our missal painting as Queen Mary's Prayer-book, now in the British Museum, proving to all eyes that Englishmen in the middle ages (the date of the work is 1310) could vie with the finest artists of the Continent. Furthermore, it is a well-ascertained fact that under the Tudors England was pre-eminent in Europe for its musical faculty. The cause of our backwardness in painting had nothing whatever to do with natural incapacity for art, and it is not far to seek. Amid the desolation of the country in the wars of the Roses, we lost the seed-time of art, which other European peoples enjoyed. Then, when the revival of letters and of arts burst forth in Europe, the Reformation came to our island, and held possession of it as of no other country in the world. But, just then, pictorial art was a part of religion; its subjects were religious; its places of exhibition were the walls of churches and holy houses; it was identified with an idolatrous faith, with image worship and prayers to saints. England abandoned that faith, and turned her back upon the art which ministered to it. There was no place for the grand pictorial art in England so long as it was only sacred, and if not sacred, heathen.

To understand rightly what followed, let us now for a moment turn to a parallel series of phenomena. For it came to pass that in the great gap of time during which the pictorial art was dead among us, the whole imitative genius of the country rushed into the drama, and there found the means of expression. So also it came to pass that what is loosely called the Elizabethan drama exhibited a wealth, a power, and a versatility such as we find in no other literature of that or of any period. The Arabians do not cultivate the imitative arts, but as a recompense they count more poets, chiefly of the lyrical order, than all the rest of the world has produced. So in England, the imitative faculty which in other lands had several outlets, in our own had but one, and rushed to it with immense energy. Painting had not yet turned itself to the representation of secular subjects, and the representation of sacred ones was abominable to the Protestant mind. Sacred drama was, on the same principle, hateful to the reformers, but a secular one was less offensive, and the idea of such a form of art was suggested by the ancient classics. The dramatist had secular models which were denied to the painter. The author of the earliest comedy in the language, *Ralph Roister Doister*, professes to take his lessons in the art of making plays from Terence, but there was no Terence to hint to painters that they had a rich field to cultivate in the delineation of secular life. The drama therefore, much insisting on its morality, and beginning with plays called moralities, had it all its own way, and showed astonishing vigour. It is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms of the fertility and abounding force of the English drama as it sprung up during the reigns of Elizabeth and

[1] Dallas had discussed the limitations of the eighteenth-century epistolary novel in his review of Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* in *The Times* of 30 October 1860.

James. There was a vast throng of dramatists, beginning with Shakespeare, whose works were not only acted but also read. Poor old Prynne[1] held up his hands with pious horror when the stationers told him that in two years they had sold no less than 40,000 play-books, "they being now more vendible than the choicest sermons."*

This however brings me to the very point I am driving at—that the English drama thus fertile, thus powerful, thus established in popular favour, soon forgot the moralities out of which it sprung, failed to satisfy the moral sense of the nation, and ere long gave it a fit of disgust from which it has never recovered. The greatest of all our dramatists should indeed be acquitted of having contributed to this result, although even in his pages one sometimes sees a line which it would have been wise to blot: but Shakespeare's contemporaries too often revelled in filth. The pleasantry of Ben Jonson, for instance, is not merely indecent: it is nasty. And as years rolled on, the coarseness of the drama became more and more repulsive, and the wit of it even less brilliant, till at last the Puritans, in their rage, determined to put it down altogether. If there had been a Shakespeare then connected with the English stage, he would have saved it from extinction; but it must be said for the Puritans that the grossness of the playhouse was not redeemed by any great display of talent. When the playhouses were restored with our kings, talent certainly reappeared in them, but it was linked with a licentiousness worse than ever. Then it fell, that men abounding in true wit chose to indulge in that false kind which plays upon things forbidden. A bad word became a bon mot; obscenity passed for humour; and profanity for epigram. A hard heart was the best flint for wit to sparkle from, and a hardened conscience the best steel to make it sparkle. The chief writer of his time was perhaps the most outrageous of all in his indecency. Dryden, who could rise the highest, could also sink the lowest. The song of Alexis and Coelia, in *Marriage à la Mode*, is probably the most daring and the most clever piece of impudence in the whole literature of that period. No one who has the least acquaintance with that literature can wonder that it alienated the moral sense of our people from the stage, and that gradually thenceforward the theatre sank. Again, and yet again, it acquired new life through the genius of individual actors and actresses; but as a power in the country, and as a field for authorship, it became ever of less account.

Now then see the milestone at which we have arrived in this analysis. First of all, I have shown that painting could not flourish among us after the Reformation, because just then it was in its greater efforts a religious art, and was therefore opposed to the religious sense of the country. But while painting died out among us the drama came to life, and rose to greatness. A splendid future lay before it, and so much vigour did it display that one might have expected it to live for ever. In about half a century it was pollarded by the Puritans; in another half century it began to wither. It had no root in the moral sense of the people; it studiously offended their consciences. But now comes the next great fact.

As the drama, in all its pride of place, decayed, painting began to revive. The pictorial art had no chance in England so long as it jarred upon the religious conscience. A few noblemen might patronize it, and might begin to furnish their galleries; but these were rare exceptions. It was not till Hogarth rose in the 18th century, and seized upon the common life of the people, that painting as an art made a very powerful impression on the English mind. Curiously enough, too, Hogarth, in entering on this field, insisted, like his contemporary Richardson, on making a somewhat ostentatious display of moral purpose, as if it were necessary to moralize in order to effect moral good. The offence may be forgiven. The art which he saw around him, chiefly the work of foreigners, had fallen into inanity, had no interest of subject, had little more than a certain technical skill to recommend it. He would follow a different course; he would speak to the heart; he would improve as well as please; and he would place in a strong light which would force conviction on the English mind his superiority to the painters of the day, by making his moral purpose very prominent. Whether he

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[1] The Puritan lawyer William *Prynne* (1600–69: *ODNB*).

* **It is very amusing to see how the unhappy man rages over the success of play-houses and play-books. "Some play-books, since I first undertook this subject," he says, referring chiefly to Shakespeare and Jonson, "are grown from quarto into folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that I cannot but with grief relate it; they are now new printed on far better paper than most octavo or quarto Bibles, which hardly find such vent as they." He adds in a foot-note, "Shackspeer's plays are printed on the best crown paper, far better than most Bibles."** [William *Prynne*, 'Address to the Christian Reader', *Histriomastix: The Player's Scourge Or, Actor's Tragedy* (1633)]

is to be praised or blamed, however, the point to be observed is, that whereas up to his time there was no school of painting in England, because the moral sense of our Protestant people could not abide religious representations, the first English painter won the hearts of his countrymen to the art which he practised, by making a direct appeal to their moral sense, such as they could frankly approve. Since then the art of painting has advanced more and more among us, and within the last thirty years its popularity has risen to full tide. In that time, we have seen even those ultra Puritans, who were suspicious of painters and painting, carried away by the stream, and giving their homage where it is due. No one has done half so much to bring about this result as Mr. Ruskin. He introduced a novelty into art-criticism: he made it ethical. In volume after volume, written with extraordinary eloquence, he examined, not so much the technical skill displayed in pictures, as the moral qualities and motives of the artist, with his pencil in hand, and the moral bearings of the work on us who look at it. The task was a most invidious one, from which a more timid man would have shrunk; but in following the course which he did Mr. Ruskin made art-criticism for the first time intelligible to the English mind. That he was sometimes wrong no one can deny; that he dogmatized with a vengeance is quite clear; but he popularized painting more than any man, by exhibiting with masterly skill its moral relations; he hit the popular taste; he represented the popular mind; and he did much to elevate art by awakening artists to a consciousness of their dignity. As a natural consequence, the painters receive such favour from the public as they have never before enjoyed.

And the lesson to be derived from this history is clear. We have seen in our country a sort of Castor and Pollux movement in the twin arts of painting and the drama: as the one rose the other was lost to sight, as that other rose the first sank into disrepute. First painting failed us because it went against our consciences; then the drama, which had ostentatiously commenced in moralities, and which had flourished in the absence of painting, failed us because it ventured to defy all moral sensibility; lastly, painting rose into note, and made way among us as soon as it established itself in the moral feeling. All this shows that art is nothing save as it is rooted in the moral sense of a people; that it is popular only so long as it reflects the popular conscience, and is felt to elevate the popular taste.

These illustrations may not go for much. They only go to show the intimacy of the connection between taste and conscience, art and ethics. We have still before us the task of examining what are the precise moral bearings of art; in what directions of our moral life its influence is most active; and whether that influence is always baneful or always beneficial, or sometimes the one and sometimes the other. In approaching such inquiries, the temper which it is most of all needful to eschew, is that of the advocate. Honour our Sidneys, Haringtons and Shelleys as we may, most men care little more for their eloquent but one-sided defences and apologies of poetry, than for the senseless diatribes of Philip Stubbes and Cornelius Agrippa. Ours is a chequered life, in which the moral forces cross and counteract each other, and in which no one of them can be regarded as by itself perfect. Justice without mercy becomes hateful, and the gentleness of doves may fail of respect if divorced from the wisdom of serpents. There may be too much of a good thing. The moral not less than the physical earth needs change of weather, and could not thrive either in eternal sunshine or in eternal showers. So it is absurd to speak of poetry and the fine arts as if they had not their weak side. Religion itself has its weak side, and Mary, who sits at the feet of Jesus, knows not how much she owes to Martha, who takes the burden of the household cares. The life poetical and the life practical may have each its virtues, but evidently they are virtues that, carried to lengths, encroach upon each other. It is from this point of view that it becomes necessary to define the tendencies of art, and to note their bearing on the various forms of life—on the life of individuals and on that of nations, on the worldly life and on the spiritual.

Now any examination of the moral influence of art is either general or special; that is to say, it touches either upon the general influence of art at all times and in all places, or upon its special influence at this or that particular period, and in this or that particular country. In so far as this influence is general, there are two chief points to be kept in view—the aim of art, and the means which it employs. Are the aims of art ennobling? are its means justifiable? But the aim of art is pleasure, and the method of art is fiction. The chief general questions, therefore, as to the ethical purpose of art, resolve themselves into questions as to the place of pleasure, and as to the right of fiction in this world of ours. On both of these subjects we have already had to bestow some attention; but we have by no means exhausted them, and it still remains that we should consider them from the

ethical point of view. Again, in so far as the ethical influence of art is special—we are of course mainly interested in our own time and in our own country; and therefore for us, practically, the question resolves itself into this: What is the ethical drift of art in the present day? How does it bear upon the moral life of our people? And thus in effect a discussion as to the ethics of art ranges itself under three different heads or chapters. What is the ethical value of pleasure as an object of pursuit? That is the first question to be studied. What is the ethical influence of fiction in this world of realities? That is the second. What is the special characteristic of the ethical current in our time? That is the third. To each of these questions a chapter.

CHAPTER XV. THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

FIRST, then, of pleasure. It is the pursuit of pleasure as pleasure, that here claims our attention. Can that pursuit, even in the case of pure and elevating joy, be morally right? This is the leading question of ethics, and must be unflinchingly met. But before we can enter upon so hard a discussion, we are entangled in the mazes of an easier one. Before we can see to the moral bearings of pleasure as such, we encounter the opinion of many worthy people that the kind of pleasure which art has a tendency to foster is very gross; that, for all its fair seeming, art is a forbidden fruit; that it is by no means the illuminated initial and the golden border of lives saintly in every page; that the lives of artists are anything but divine. All the wrong-doing of poets and artists is gathered together—all the evil that may appear in their own lives, all the sin which they have emblazoned with pen or pencil, or rendered enticing with the charm of sirens; and the vast assemblage of iniquity is fathered upon art as its only lawful offspring. What is good or dignified in art or artists is, by the same sort of people, set aside as nothing akin to art, as belonging to the prose of human life, as a redeeming grace which cleaves to the artist, not because he is an artist, but because he is a man.

The foulness of many an artist's life and many a work of art is undeniable. †Great part of the famous Alexandrian library, which was turned into fuel for the public baths, was unworthy, even thus remotely, of being applied to a cleanly purpose, and any one, bathing in waters warmed with its scrolls, had reason to deem himself unclean for the remainder of his days.[1][rr] The mysteries of classical faith entered into a frightful alliance with the fury of the senses. Every important collection of antique gems contains proof of it. Behold corruption in gems: lo, sin immortalized in jewels. Chrysolite and jacinth and jasper—ruby, opal, and sard, that on the breast of the high priest or on the walls of heaven, told the purity of the joy and the brightness of glory which are the heritage of the saints, were darkened and defiled. Cupids wantoned in the beautiful transparency of rock crystal; satyrs and goats rioted in the cold green of emeralds; the splendour of the beryl was dimmed by the breath of coarse passion; the azure calm of sapphires was overcast with a storm of lust. Why does not the curse of the inwrought image reduce the amethyst to its elements, bring back the topaz to clay and the diamond to ashes? The gem alters only in its sparkling. Adultery tarries in tourmaline; rape and seduction infest the onyx; strange dances wilder in cornelian; and the orgies of Bacchus still fling in perdurable jade. All that is most vile in man is joined to all that is most precious in the inanimate creation. All that is most hideous in nature is married to all that is most lovely in art.

Nor are such descents as these characteristic only of the heathen. The grossness of Christian art is little behind the worst displays of paganism. We read in the Coventry Mysteries and the Chester Mysteries, that when the scenes of the garden of Eden were enacted before the multitude, Adam and Eve literally stood naked on the platform, and were not ashamed till they had eaten of the apple; and then having gone to the apple tree for food they went to the fig-tree for raiment.[2] If the enactment of such a spectacle in the streets of a Christian city appears to be incredible and impossible, still let it be remembered that the demoralization which it implied and engendered is as nothing to the demoralization implied and produced by scenes in still more modern plays, the performance of which we regard as very possible and quite credible. Take any comic dramatist of the reign of Charles II. Wycherley wrote a play, called *Love in a Wood*, which is avowedly to the glory of prostitution and the basest intrigue. Sir John Vanbrugh is generally deemed a shade or two better than Wycherley; but nothing can be more outrageous than some of the scenes which he ventured to provide for the amusement of playgoers.[3] The obscenity of such writers appears to us credible and possible, as enacted in an English theatre, although it is far more degrading and demoralizing than the story of Adam and Eve as performed by the

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1 *History of Wise Men* by Jamal al-Din Al-Qifti seems to be the thirteenth-century source of the mythical account of the books of the ancient Library of Alexandria being used as fuel for heating the city baths.

2 See William Marriott, *A Collection of English Miracle-plays, or Mysteries* (1838).

3 William Wycherly, author of *Love in a Wood* (1671), and John Vanburgh, author of *The Provoked Wife* (1697), are perhaps the most controversial dramatists of the Restoration period.

drapers at Chester, which to us now seems a performance scarcely to be credited, even if we take into account that the female characters were in those days played by men.

There is no doubt of it. Poetry and art have not always been content with angels' food. More especially in their moments of comic outburst they have drunk of the cup of devils, and they have eaten the mess of satyrs. And by its very nature the sin thus perpetrated is inexcusable—because it is shameless and tasteless, and therefore opposed, not only to high moral feeling, but also to what is most essential in art—the sense of mystery, and the hold of refinement. High morality and high art follow here the same dictates, for the unpardonable sin in both is shamelessness. Art can be tolerant of sin so long as it blushes. If its blush and secret shame be gone; then for art, because it wants the sense of secrecy, its charm is gone. And so in morals—to do wrong is error enough; but it is the most frightful of errors to lie to our own souls, to represent wrong as right, to paint the evil good and fair. It has been said with a withering sarcasm, that the greatest of the commandments is the eleventh—"Thou shalt not be found out." Alter but a little the terms of that commandment and it expresses a stern truth, inasmuch as the most grievous guilt is not to fall, but to make a boast of falling—not to err, but to glory in error—not to sin, but to exhibit sin. Sin, if you will, and take the consequences manfully; sin and be damned; kiss to-day and die to-morrow; drink to-night, and accept the headache in the morning. But need you insult reason by denying the headache that is in store? need you debauch your minds by casting off modesty? need you, like Porson, thirsting for strong drink, swallow the embrocation?[1]

It is not uncommon for some of the worst offenders against the modesty of art, to plead that, though their works have been immoral, their lives have been pure. The elder Disraeli gives a short list of writers who are worse upon paper than they were in reality—as Cowley, La Fontaine, and others. It is enough that I select two examples which he has overlooked, that of the heathen Catullus,[2] who, in his sixteenth lyric, says boldly:

> Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
> Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;*

that though a poet ought to be good, there is no reason why his song should not be wicked—in other words, that though his life must be fine his art may be coarse; and that of the Christian Herrick (a vicar too), who at the end of his book wrote:

> To his book's end this last line he'd have placed—
> Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.[3]

This is a plea which, although it has some foundation in fact, shows immodesty in all its meanness. It is in effect to say: Although I did the wrong, I showed by my life that I knew and cared for the right. I myself avoided the gutter, but I rather liked to think of others wallowing there, and I was not unwilling to sing them into it.

After making all these admissions, however, it still seems hard that art alone of all things human, should be expected to be faultless, and, because it is not so, should be visited with a sweeping condemnation. Sir John Harington set up an odd defence for the naughtiness of art.[4] It is, in effect, an expansion of Martial's epigram:

> Erubuit, posuitque meum Lucretia librum:

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1 Referring to the distinguished Cambridge classical scholar Richard Porson (1759–1808: *ODNB*), whose 'reputation has been compromised by his much publicized propensity to drink' (*ODNB*).

2 The following couplet from 'Carmina' by the first-century BCE Latin poet Gaius Valerius Catullus can be translated: 'The pious poet himself ought to be virtuous, but it is not necessary that his verses should be so."

* **Doering refers to parallel passages in Ovid, Trist. ii. 354; and in Martial, i. 5, 8, adding with regard to this last reference "et plura ibi vide apud *Raderum*."** [meaning, 'and here see more in Raderus']

3 Citing 'The Pillar of Fame', the final poem in the 1648 collection *Hesperides* by Robert Herrick (d. 1674: *ODNB*).

4 Referring to *The Most Elegant and Witty Epigrams* (1618) of the Elizabethan courtier poet Sir John Harington (d. 1612: *ODNB*); the particular epigram referred to might be II 57: 'Of the naked Image that was to stand in my Lo: Chamberlaines Gallery'.

Sed coram Bruto. Brute, recede: leget.[1]

It is that the very persons who object to artistic displays of naughtiness, will, when our backs are turned, go and enjoy these displays as much as any libertine. But this is entirely to mistake the argument. To take a license is one thing, to approve of it is another. We are not now inquiring into what men actually do; we are inquiring into what they ought to do. And to those who are strongly impressed with the immoral tendency of art through its appeal to gross tastes and passions, I offer three considerations.

The first is very obvious. It is that all ages alike are not to be measured by the same standard of purity. Horrible as seems to us the worship times of Priapus, and what we know or guess of the Eleusinian mysteries, it was, being a religion, and, therefore, instinct with symbolism, less destructive to its votaries than the dwelling on the same thoughts would be to us who are clear of symbol and look only to the vulgar facts.[2] Sir John Vanbrugh makes one of his characters laugh at the attitudes of a fashionable lady. "As for her motions, her mien, her airs, and all her tricks," says Heartfree, "I know they affect you mightily. If you should see her motions at a coronation, dragging her peacock's train with all her state and insolence about her, 'twould strike you with all awful thoughts; whereas I turn the whole matter into a jest, and suppose her strutting in the selfsame stately manner, with nothing on but her stays and her under scanty quilted petticoat."[3] Yes, but the peacock strut and the Grecian bend are suggested by the dress, and are assumed in conformity with its requirements. Remove the dress and the strut goes with it. The strut and the stoop are made for the dress, are a part of it, and are not to be judged by themselves. So it is to some extent in morals. What in the abstract, what seen in all its nakedness, would be a most improper stoop, or an indefensible strut, may find some excuse in the circumstances of the time, may be carried off harmlessly by the accidents of place. In this view we may not lose sight of the fact, that much of the nakedness and free-speaking which now offends us in art is the nakedness and the plain speaking, not of vice but of nature, not of the beggar showing his sores, nor of the courtesan revealing her ankle, but of the boxer stripping for the fight, or of the lady in blue who dances with the waves on Brighton beach. We are all inclined to smile at the old Spaniards who thought it immoral in their painters to expose the leg of an angel, and frightfully indecent to show the bare toes of the Virgin poised upon the moon. But many of the Puritanic objections to the freedom of art are not less ridiculous.

A second point worthy of consideration is, that in most cases to call attention to the nudity of art is more offensive than the nudity itself. When the Crystal Palace was transferred to Sydenham it was proposed by some sensitive persons that none but draped statues, such as the Venus of Milo and the Diana of Gabii should appear in it;[4] and about the same time there was a very lively debate in the Prussian chamber as to the decency of the nude statues on the palace bridge in Berlin.[5] On that bridge, surmounting its square granite columns, there are certain allegorical figures of young warriors in various attitudes, but all in a state of nature, rendered the more striking as each is accompanied by a well-clad Minerva, Victory, or other gigantic goddess. It should be distinctly observed, however, that the objection made to these statues is for the most part self-made. The mere fact of the objection having been made creates a difficulty where there might have been none before. The nudity that was harmless and innocent so long as it was not forced upon our consciousness, becomes indefensible when urged upon our attention, and simply because it is thus urged. The statement of the objection makes the objection, and is the fiat of its own truth. There was no harm till the objection was made, for few pure-minded men and women think of the nudity of the sculpture before them. But here comes an individual not really bad, but morbidly sensitive. He is vividly awake to the circumstance that the sculpture is unveiled, and views it with the pious horror with which Mahommedan legends inform us that Moses gazed upon the ankles of

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1 From the *Epigrams*, XI x, of the first-century Latin poet Marcus Valerius Martialis; the lines can be translated: 'Lucretia blushes and puts aside my book. But Brutus is there. If Brutus leaves, she will read it.'

2 In Greek mythology, Priapus was the phallic god of fertility.

3 Referring to Vanburgh's controversial Restoration comedy, *The Provoked Wife* (1697), where Heartfree is one of the main characters.

4 The Crystal Palace in Hyde Park which had housed the Great Exhibition in 1851 was rebuilt in Southeast London in 1854.

5 Referring to the marble statues representing classical figures on the Schlossbrücke bridge constructed at the eastern end of Boulevard Unter den Linden in Berlin. The bridge was built in 1821 and the statuary added around the mid-century.

Zipporah. His future wife was sent to invite, to her father's house, the destined lawgiver of the Hebrews, from the well, where he had been watering the cattle. She led the way, and as they advanced, the wind blowing upon the garments of the maiden, made exhibition of her ankles, and showed the contour of her limbs. The feelings of the shy and sensitive Hebrew were so shocked, that with an approach to unpoliteness, he requested the lady to do him the favour of walking behind him.[1] With the same abashed and morbid consciousness of evil, some people find offence in every statue that is undraped. What defence can be set up? None whatever when once the objection has been made. We can only remind the accuser of another Arabic legend, about Mohammed and his wife Ayesha. The prophet talked to his wife of the resurrection, and told her that at the end of the world men and women would rise from their graves naked as when they were born. Ayesha observed that it would be highly improper for men and women to see each other like that. And Mohammed replied, that on the great day they would have something else to do than to look at each other.[2] Those who are offended with the nudity of statues ought to have something else to see. If you object to nude statues, I have no defence to offer; but do not object, and no defence is required. I admit that this line of argument would throw over some fine statues of Venus. The foam-born queen of beauty is the only one of the goddesses represented without drapery; but in some of her statues, as those of Medici, of the Capitol, of Menophantus, of Canova, and others, she displays a most alarming consciousness of her position.[3] It does not matter whether the fact of her nudity is forced on the spectator by a Puritan iconoclast, or by the artist himself: the moral result is the same. The exquisite delicacy of the forms of the too conscious Venuses is not sufficient to redeem the sense of sin which shows in their attitudes. Even the ungraceful attitude of the Kallipygian Venus (with no such unhappy consciousness of nakedness) is preferable.[4] When Dr. Johnson saw a cast of the Medicean Venus in a fine park he proposed to pitch the poor wench into the horse-pond.[5]

†Finally, let me ask how it comes to pass that all the treasures of art are to be condemned because some of them are vicious? Is it an argument against honey to say that the bees of Trebizonde feed on poisonous flowers and distil poisonous honey?[6] are all flowers poisonous? and even in the poisonous ones may there not be some virtue?[ss] In point of fact, the crimes that have been committed in the name of art, are not worse than those which have been wrought in the name of liberty, of law, and of religion. Is freedom vile because to reach it a nation has to swim through blood? Is law bad because it is the instrument of tyrants? Is religion vain, because the cross has been sharpened into a dagger, and the dew of Hermon[7] is sometimes changed for the dew of Ben Nevis? And is art a low, coarse thing, because sometimes it is seen stooping low and grovelling in the mire? Not so. Give us liberty with all its follies and its waste of life; law with all its tyrannies and its waste of time; religion notwithstanding its excesses; art, glorious despite its devilry. For in good sooth, who knows not, and why forget, that the essential feature of the fine arts is their refinement? that what weakness there may be in poetry lies in its ideal fancy? Notoriously, the tendency of romance is to nurture ethereal aspirations—to lift its devotees too high above the earth—to make them overlook the actual and present in dreams of what may or ought to be. Whatever the faults of poetry—this is not one of them, to be a pleasure of mere sense. It is nothing if it is not pleasure above sense, and if its tendency is not to soar above animal joys to the delights of soul.

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1 We are unable to trace the source of this story of Moses and Zipporah.

2 Referring to Aisha (the preferred modern spelling), the third and youngest wife of the Prophet; the source of the legend is the Hadith on Resurrection (Sahih al-Bukhari 6075; Sahih Muslim 5107).

3 These statues are referred to as belonging to the 'Venus Pudica' (Modest Venus) type, where the goddess is depicted covering her private parts with her hands.

4 Literally, 'Venus with well-shaped buttocks', referring to the Roman marble statue from the pre-Christian era of an unclothed woman looking over her own shoulder, now on display in the National Archaeological Museum, Naples.

5 We have been unable to trace the source of this anecdote, which is not found in Boswell's *Life*.

6 Honey produced from the nectar of *Rhododendron* flowers in northeastern Turkey is meant to be poisonous; the Greek historian Xenophon wrote that, after defeating the Persian army, the soldiers of Pompey the Great were adversely affected on the shores of the Black Sea.

7 Echoing Psalms 133:3 in the King James Bible: 'As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the LORD commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.'

Suppose this granted. Grant that the true joy of art is pure and lofty. At length comes, in its keenest form, the question as to the morality of art which loves and aims at pleasure. Can the pursuit of pleasure be of good effect? We are so trained in moral commonplaces that the answer is like to run away with us. But before we attempt an answer, let us see distinctly what is the point to be mooted. Here we have not to discuss the Epicurean doctrine as to the chief end of man. Let that doctrine be brushed aside, and let us assume that not to achieve happiness, but to do the will of God, ought to be the grand aim. Still even thus minded as to ultimate aim, we know that there are some actions, the immediate aim of which falls far short of the final one. George Herbert tells us that a housemaid should use her besom for the glory of God;[1] but we know that her immediate purpose is to clean the room. When we eat mutton chops, divines tell us that we must do so for the glory of God; but we know that our immediate aim is to satisfy hunger. In the same sense, the fact, that the immediate end of art falls short of the ultimate end of life, need not trouble our consciences. The sore point is that art not only gives but inculcates pleasure. It puts pleasure for duty, and liking for law. It is therefore argued that the influence of poetry and the fine arts on human conduct is not favourable to virtue.

I am going to admit that the artist is no friend to virtue; but I am going to cap this paradox with another, that he is not therefore a foe to morality. By virtue, of course, moralists understand not merely righteousness of life, but righteousness produced in a special way. Virtue is distinct on the one hand from the innocence of a child, on the other from the holiness of a saint. A child neither sees nor feels temptation; a saint may see without being moved by it; the man of virtue both sees and has to struggle. The two former act according to nature, either inborn or ingrafted; the third acts according to conscience. It is in this view that I allow the artist to be no friend to virtue, and yet maintain that he is no foe to morality. All morality is not virtue. Art is so far like the religion of the gospel, that it is not satisfied with that righteousness which is of the law, and which is called virtue. It would fain put love instead of law,[2] and the sense of delight for that of duty. The influence of each is exerted less through a code of rules and a system of teaching, than through the force of example and sympathy. “Follow me.” †The poet is no preacher of the law; he brings a gospel of its kind—glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of smaller joys, but always pleasure; it is his business to kindle the affections, to stir the heart, to reach those sympathies by which one imitates another, and Elisha when he puts on the mantle of the Tishbite, forthwith becomes another Elijah.[3]tt

At this point, however, it is needful to deviate for a moment into an explanation of terms, in order to prevent confusion. There is no word in the language which has so many meanings and which has been so used and abused as *nature*. Sometimes it is opposed to art, sometimes to grace, sometimes to man, sometimes to affectation; and in the foregoing paragraph I have opposed it to conscience. Now, the necessity for explanation here arises out of the fact, that the man of most authority as a moral philosopher in this country, Bishop Butler, runs all his arguments up to the point of proving that virtuous action is according to nature.[4] The remark of Sir James Mackintosh, however, must be remembered, which was to the effect that no man so clear-headed has, perhaps, ever been so dark-worded as Butler.[5] His obscurities of diction are more than enough to make one doubt the truth of the well-known maxim, that to write clearly, you have only to think clearly. It is not because the language of a sermon is unfit for philosophic accuracy that he thus fails. From the pen of Hobbes, of Berkeley, of Hume, has flowed language far more homely, but seldom or never wanting in precision. Now, Butler’s argument is, that a life according to conscience is a life according to nature, because conscience is part of human nature. It is a question of words which in itself is not worth looking at; but which, nevertheless, cannot be disregarded by any one who knows how the metaphysicians, whenever they get near the subject of conscience,

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1 Referring to the fifth stanza of ‘The Elixir’ by George Herbert: ‘A servant with this clause | Makes drudgery divine: | Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws, | Makes that and th’ action fine.’

2 Echoing the words of Jesus in John 13:34 (AV): ‘A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another’.

3 See the account in II Kings 2:1–15 in the King James Bible.

4 Referring to Joseph Butler’s *Analogy of Religion (1736).*

5 In James Mackintosh, *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* (1837), where there is reference to the ‘dark and crabbed passages of Butler’ (p. 274).

begin to wrangle about words, and to display all the craft of the casuist. To speak of action led by conscience as natural, in the same sense in which we speak of action led by impulse as natural, is to confound speech. In common parlance, we speak of a good-natured or an ill-natured man; we say it is the nature of cherubim to know, the nature of seraphim to love. Thus, a man may be so gentle, that not for his life could he do anything unkind; or so high-minded, that it would be impossible for him to descend to any meanness, and he is never once visited by that fear of vulgar minds lest peradventure they may do something shabby. This is to act naturally; it is to act instinctively. But to act by the law and rule of conscience is altogether different; it is natural in a much lower sense. Innocence is nature, holiness is second nature; but virtue is not nature as innocence and holiness are; it is in contrast to these affected; it is, if I may so speak, artificial. And I hope I have rendered it sufficiently clear that art, as a moral force, tends to create or to establish a nature. It is the part of art not only to hide its own art, but to be opposed to art. It is born of nature, it follows nature, and it creates nature.

No sooner have we reached this idea of art—that in so far as it is pure and noble, it cherishes the inborn nature which we call innocence, and the engrafted or implanted nature which we call holiness, but has little to do with virtue, or the life according to conscience—than we are met in full front by the philosophers. They cannot indeed tell us that the cultivation of natural impulse, and the trusting to it, is immoral; but they insist on the inferiority of impulse to conscience, of sensibility to the sense of duty. †Dugald Stewart, in this country, and Victor Cousin, in France, for example, maintain that conscious endeavour after the right is something higher than instinct, that struggle and victory are something better than peaceful possession.[1]uu But surely these are as shoemakers sounding the praise of leather. Intense consciousness is the all-in-all of philosophy; therefore, philosophers think that it must be the all-in-all of life. By the same rule, it would be better to eat and drink, not guided by appetite, but by a kind of animal conscience, formed out of chemical calculations, and called the sense of food. There are poor wights to whom almost every thing eatable has become a forbidden fruit. Hunger and thirst can no longer be trusted, and a new faculty arises, built of the ruins of appetite, the purchases of experience, the findings of reason, and the advice of the doctor, in one word, and in the old use of that word—a conscience; not unlike to which in its higher sphere is that conscience known as the sense of duty. Banished from the paradise of our innocence, with dispositions to good either froward or weak, troubled with sorrow and trial, cursed with shortcomings and backslidings, full of longings that have risen and set in the heart day after day, of hopes to fulfil those longings that have waxed and waned moon by moon, and of vows that have sprung with the spring, but have too often fallen long ere the fall of each returning year; man, tossed about and torn asunder by the discordancies of his life, is guided by a faculty of conscience built out of and upon the ruins of natural inclination—†a faculty that appoints, to every one who will submit, a regimen with which for strictness the regimen, prescribed by the strictest physician to his dyspeptic patient, is no more to be compared, than the rule of King Log with the rule of King Stork.[2]vv

From this fierce struggle, from this life of conscious endeavour, it is the object of our religion to set us free, and if art is defective in not cultivating virtue, so is the gospel. To enable us to move in the world without sin, and without conscience of sin, like a fish in the salt sea, fresh by an inward necessity—that is its aim. †Of John the Baptist, the last prophet of the law, and herald of him who was to make the eye itself full of light, it was said, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater; notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."[3] It is even so: great as are the deeds of the law, the least work of love is greater. The philosophers may go on telling us that the impulses of affection are not to be compared with the dictates of reason. We only look to the fact that it is the method of Christianity to cherish impulse. If impulse be a weaker influence than conscience, still it is an influence of the healthiest. Do you say that the first faint call of appetite, when the life of the dying man begins to return, is less or more to be desired than the largest demands of the hypochondriac? Or do we quarrel with Zephyr because not equal to Euroclydon? Nay, is not Zephyr the

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[1] See Stewart's *Philosophy of the Human Mind* and Cousin's *Cours de philosophie*, works already discussed by Dallas in Chapter V.

[2] Referring to the Fable of Aesop often called 'The Frogs Who Desired a King'.

[3] The words of Jesus in the King James Bible, Matthew 11:11: 'Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.'

very wind we pray for? the wind blowing right on our course? and how can we take advantage of Euroclydon without much and weary doubling?[1]ww

In the hard encounters of life, no doubt, we have ever to be falling back upon the sterner power of duty; but that does not degrade nature and the sense of the agreeable into a less noble motive. Wordsworth, in his fine ode to duty, while giving due honour to the "stern daughter of the voice of God,"[2] has not failed to recognise the worthiness of action that springs from a freer and more pleasurable impulse. To Duty he says:

> There are who ask not if thine eye
> Be on them; who in love and truth
> Where no misgiving is, rely
> Upon the genial sense of youth:
> Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
> Who do thy work and know it not:
> Oh, if through confidence misplaced
> They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.
>
> Serene will be our days, and bright
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security.
> And they a blissful course may hold
> Even now who not unwisely bold
> Live in the spirit of this creed,
> Yet find that other strength according to their need.[3]

This is precisely what the poet aims at as a moral ruler. His, in aim at least, is a moral world, where glad hearts fulfil the law and know it not, where love is an unerring light, and joy its own security.

It is difficult, when dealing with moral forces and obligations in the abstract, either to think with perfect precision or to speak with perfect clearness. Moralists, more than any class of reasoners, must come down from their abstractions to biography, and have to illustrate their laws by examples. I shall therefore conclude what I have to say on this head, by referring to a case in point. I select that case because it has been supposed to tell more powerfully than any other against the argument of the foregoing pages. I have already referred to Milton, as the foremost man of his time, deliberately choosing art for his vocation, and thereby vindicating the intellectual importance of it.[4] He is not less worthy of our regard as illustrating the nature of the poetical temperament in its relation to pleasure, and through pleasure to morality. Here, however, I find that I differ with one of the chief living critics, the latest biographer of Milton. In a masterly essay, Mr. Masson has especially pointed to Milton, as displaying in his youth the very opposite of those qualities which are supposed to characterise the poetical temperament.[5] I have in a phrase endeavoured to indicate that temperament, by describing it as ruled by impulse and bent on pleasure, or the gratification of impulse. Mr. Masson, with an eye to the idea which he has formed of Milton's character, expresses what is essentially the same doctrine in the following felicitous language:[6] †"Poets and artists generally, but particularly in youth, it is held, are and ought to

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1 Referring to the classical personifications of the west and north winds.

2 Echoing the opening line of Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty', first published in the *Poems* of 1807.

3 The second and third stanzas of Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty'.

4 Referring to the paragraphs on Milton's many-sidedness in the first half of Chapter XIV.

5 See the first volume of David Masson's *Life of John Milton* (Cambridge: Macmillan, 1858), covering the period up to 1839, which incorporates material from Masson, 'Milton's Youth', *Essays Biographical and Critical, Chiefly on English Poets* (Cambridge: Macmillan, 1856), pp. 37–52.

6 The passage is found originally in Masson 'Milton's Youth', p. 39, and is later cited in Masson, *Life of John Milton*, I p. 279.

be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organisation of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorses—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely, rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods,—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist."[xx] This in a lower degree, let it be added, is the temper which communion with the artist is believed to nurture. And Mr. Masson asserts that against this, as a maxim of universal application, the character of young Milton is a remarkable protest.

Now, I think it can be shown that Mr. Masson is in error, and it behoves my argument to do so. For those who hold the aforesaid theory of the poetical nature, and who hear it denounced as immoral, cannot afford to give up Milton as an exception to the rule. Observe that, by the very terms in which Coleridge, as cited by Mr. Masson, has defined the complexion of the artist, it is pronounced immoral. It is true that he means no blame, and that he gives credit to the artist for qualities which he regards as higher than moral; still in that very phrase he seems to grant all that the moralists who denounce art maintain. Many of these can see in the laxity of will which a poet in his moods displays but the first step to looseness of living, in the abeyance of principle mere infidelity, in the dominion of impulse the thraldom of passion, and in the mind's mobility that want of ballast which leads to shipwreck. In such an argument as this, I must repeat that we cannot afford to forego the great example of Milton. In the first place, any theory of the poetic mind which excludes Milton, one of the four greatest poets of the world, must be from the outset false and absurd. There is no use in any further discussion of it. But beyond this, Milton is the great exemplar among the poets of the perfect life. He is the chief of saints in the poetical calendar. His was a life of noble aim and pure deed, that, showing as a fine poem, has charmed the moralist, and won even the straitest Puritan. I cannot let such a life drop out of my argument.

†The truth is, that Mr. Masson has overrated the want of sensibility and the amount of principle in Milton's youthful character. Perhaps, in this case, he interprets the tendencies of the poet's youth by the results of his manhood. What, after all, can we trace in Milton's youth except beautiful sensibility, enormous intellectual voracity, intense enjoyment of study and of all things good and fair? That he shunned the immoralities of youth is not necessarily referable to what, in strictly technical phrase, is understood by principle, virtue, sense of obligation to law. Why not to love rather than to law?—to that attraction which all things lovely, honourable, and of good report must ever exert upon a simple mind?—to that repulsion which gross vice excites in all refined natures? In short, what is there in all this inconsistent with the superabundant sensibility and deficiency of principle in the poetic nature?

Nay, if we examine further, it will be found that the proofs multiply in opposition to Mr. Masson. Just as in his Oratorical Exercises the poet was ready to argue—it might be for day against night, it might be for night against day; or again, it might be for ignorance, it might be for knowledge;[1] so the great fact of his after-life, which is most pronounced in his youth, is his unbounded tolerance—a tolerance which in his maturity signified an unlimited confidence in the power of truth over all error, and also a fear lest any good thought should be lost to mankind, because it happens to be contrary to the dominant opinion, and appears to wear the badge of heresy; but a tolerance also which, especially in this latter form, must have signified in the immaturity of his mind a certain irresolution, a certain latitude of principle, a certain indifference. For the toleration of a boy is very different from that of a man; the toleration which precedes is very different from that which succeeds a careful study; and it appears to me that the toleration which Milton afterwards developed into a dogmatic principle, and justified on grounds of right reason and state policy, must have wrought within him in the first instance, as a latent tendency, as a mode of poetry, as an unconscious symptom of that mobility and undiscriminating sympathy, which is the characteristic of the youthful poet.

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[1] Referring to seven extant rhetorical exercises mainly in Latin, written on assigned themes by Milton while a student at Cambridge, which Masson discusses at length in *Life of John Milton*, I, pp. 239–88.

Besides which—not to speak of the sixth oration, which exhibits an unexplained facility in obscene jesting,[1] that not even the Clevelands and the Randolphs could outdo[2]—there is in Milton's poetry of this early period a spirit quite in harmony with the theory of the poetical character combated by Mr. Masson, a spirit separated—I might say, by the whole diameter of feeling,—from the compositions which belong to the final epoch of his life. If we desire an example of sensibility triumphing over principle, of varying moods assuming the alternate and absolute sway, of the most perfect mobility, where shall we find one more apt than in those two noble poems L'Allegro and Il Penseroso;[3] where it is to be remarked that the poet gives himself up without reserve to the instant feeling, stipulating in either case for the entire exclusion of the opposite? Throughout almost all of Milton's youthful poems, certainly throughout the most important of them, it will be found that the argument rests on a basis entirely hypothetical, and quite opposed to that categorical spirit which, in the perfection of his powers, led him to assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God to men. There is no dogmatic assertion whatever in his earlier poems: the poet is in that stage of pure sensibility, when he seems to be ready for all moods alike, provided they are beautiful; he is willing to assume any premises, and then on the strength of them to give his imagination free play for the mere pleasure of the emotion. It may be necessary to urge that in pronouncing this opinion I am not simply following my own knowledge of what these poems are,—what is far more important, we know from Milton's letters what he thought at this time regarding the function of poetry. Writing to his friend Charles Diodati, who had sent him some verses, and who had asked for some in return, as a proof of his affection, Milton protested that his love was too great to be conveyed in metre.[4] So also in writing to Thomas Young, he observed that he had resolved to send his old preceptor an epistle in verse, but that he did not consider this enough without something added in prose; "for truly the boundless and singular gratitude of my mind was not to be expressed in that cramped mode of speech, straitened by fixed feet and syllables, but in a free oration, nay rather, were it possible, in an Asiatic exuberance of words."[5]

That is precisely the view which Milton's early poems suggest, namely, that verse is not the vehicle for categorical assertion and real sentiment, but for hypothetical reflections, imaginary situations, and potential feeling. It is from this point of view that we have a clue to those preposterous compliments which Milton paid to both Thomas Young and Alexander Gill[6]—he was not flattering, but, with the most perfect good faith, writing prose-poetry to those who had been his instructors in the art. And so in his metrical poetry, all the men and women are shepherds and shepherdesses, he has got into the supposititious realm of song—into Arcadia, into the pastoral life which Mr. Masson truly says was but a device or form, adopted by the poet in order to secure that feeling of ideality, that sense of disconnection from definite time or place, and from all actual facts, which was then deemed essential to the pure exercise of the poetic imagination.[7] Milton, in one word, lived in his youthful poetry that hypothetical life, which is only explicable on the assumption that he had precisely such an overplus of sensibility and deficiency of principle as Mr. Masson denies in order to make him an exception among poets.[vv]

Placed side by side, then, Mr. Masson's argument and mine stand thus: The poet, the artist is supposed to be remarkable for an excess of impulse over principle. Mr. Masson says that this over-sensibility, be it good or evil, is not an essential of the poetic nature; for in Milton we see an example of a splendid poetical genius conjoined with firm moral principle. I say that the force of sensibility and the lack of dogmatism which belong to all poets, especially in youth, were palpable in Milton's youth; and that being thus palpable in a youth of perfect beauty, there is evidence that by itself the predominance of sensibility is not immoral. It is far more

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1 Referring to 'Prolusion 6', a jocular Latin oration arguing for the proposition that 'Sportive Exercises on Occasion are not inconsistent with Philosophical Studies', reproduced with commentary by Masson in *Life of John Milton*, I, pp. 252–66.

2 Later known as satirists, John Cleveland and Thomas Randolph were both fellow students of Milton's at Cambridge whose Oratorical Exercises, as Masson noted (p. 266), have also been preserved.

3 Referring to the contrasting pair of pastoral odes found in Milton's *Poems* of 1645.

4 Quoted in Masson, *Life of John Milton*, I, p. 80.

5 Quoted in Masson, *Life of John Milton*, I, pp. 122–23.

6 Regarding Milton's compliments to Gill, the son of the headmaster at St. Paul's School, see Masson, *Life of John Milton*, I p. 161.

7 See Masson, *Life of John Milton*, I, pp. 411–12.

likely that the sublimity of Milton's youth is to be attributed to the perfection of his sensibilities than to the sternness of his character, to his good heart rather than to firmness of resolution, to fine feeling rather than to strength of principle. What is this but saying, as before, that love is more puissant than law; and that art favours no immorality in setting up love instead of law for its guide?

CHAPTER XVI. THE WORLD OF FICTION.

NOW comes a new point of view. I have explained that in examining the moral influence of art, we have to take into account in the first place the end of art, in the second place its means. Having at some length discussed the ethics of art in connection with its object, which is the production of pleasure, it is time now to discuss the same theme in view of the means which art employs. These may be loosely described in one word as fiction, and unhappily fiction has come to be regarded as the reverse of truth. Hence a controversy, in which art, in more than one sense, is denounced as the great engine of falsehood.

†In what is perhaps rightly entitled to the first the place among those wonderful Essays, all brimming with wit, wisdom, and winning eloquence,—in the Essay on Truth, Bacon avers that the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure,[1] and leaves us to infer, nay, pointedly declares that the pleasure of imagination and poetry comes of the same house and lineage.[*zz] †Whatever the poet handles he is supposed to change into a lie. Macamut, Sultan of Cambaya, lived on poison, and thus became so deadly that flies alighting on his finger, and all who drew near him, were speedily killed.[2] Even so, the poet has fed all his days on leasing,[aaa] and—compact of imagination, which is supposed to be the most illusive of our faculties,—makes light of truth and deals death to fact. Perhaps the poets have to blame themselves most of all for the currency of this mistake. †When King Charles II. reproached Edmund Waller with having written a poem in honour of the Restoration inferior to that which he had formerly composed in praise of Cromwell, he made answer: "Sir, the poet succeeds better in fiction than in truth;" and what a muster-roll of poets and poetasters might be called who, if possessed of Waller's ready wit, would without scruple have vouchsafed the self-same reply![3][bbb]

The least formidable, because the most ignorant, method of regarding the fictitious character distinctly of art is, to charge it boldly with a want of veracity. Here it is the proser that we have chiefly to deal with. I am reminded of the criticism of a terrible proser in the last century, who could not make out what Hotspur meant when, describing Mortimer's fight with Glendower, he says:

> On the gentle Severn's sedgy bank
> In single opposition, hand to hand,
> He did confound the best part of an hour
> In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
> Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
> Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
> Who then affrighted with their bloody looks
> Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
> And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank.[4]

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[1] Soon after the phrase mentioned by Dallas, Bacon writes: 'One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum* [the devil's wine], because it fireth the imagination; and yet, it is but with the shadow of a lie.'

[*] **So also Locke,—"If we would speak of things as they are, we must allow that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness, all the figurative and artificial application of words eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move passions, and thereby mislead the judgment, and so, indeed, are perfect cheats." . . . "It is evident how much men love to deceive and be deceived, since rhetoric, that powerful instrument of error, has always been had in great reputation." . . . "It is in vain to find fault with these arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived."—*Essay on Human Understanding*, Book III. Chap. x. Sect. 34.**

[2] A key English source for the Macamut anecdote seems to be the travel stories collected in Samuel Purchas, *Purchas His Pilgrimage* (1613).

[3] The anecdote is told by George Gilfillian in his 'Life of Edward Waller' which prefaces the *Poetical Works of Edmund Waller and Sir John Denham* (Edinburgh: Nichol, 1862), pp. v–xxvi; p. xviii.

[4] In Shakespeare's *2 Henry IV*, I iii.

The critic declares that if Shakespeare had not been perverted in his taste, he would never have penned such lines as these: "Nature could never have pointed out to him that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy to say the thing that was not."[1] It is with a touch of the same fire that Mr. Collier records a conversation which he held with Wordsworth. Speaking of his poem on the cuckoo:

> O blithe new comer! I have heard,
> I hear thee and rejoice.
> O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?[2]

Wordsworth observed that the merit of these lines did not consist in the justice of the thought, but in their noting what had never before been expressed, although it must strike every one as true, that the cuckoo, always heard, never seen, might not untruthfully be described as a wandering voice. It seems absurd to explain so elaborately the poet's meaning; but what are we to think of Mr. Collier's reply? "I mentioned that I had several times seen the cuckoo;" and Wordsworth had of course to point out that it made no difference.[3] We are all familiar with this style of cavilling, which needs no reply, and is tolerable only in jest. As fair as day, says Dumaine of his mistress. Ay, as some days, mutters Biron, but then no sun must shine.[4]

Curiously enough, however, the poets and their friends have sometimes frankly accepted the charge of lacking veracity. It does not indeed seem to trouble them to plead guilty to such a charge, and they fall into wonderful absurdities in attempting to show that their fibbing is harmless. †Thus George Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, after asserting roundly that figures of speech "be occupied of purpose to deceive the ear and also the mind," defends it by saying that "our maker or poet is appointed not for a judge but rather for a pleader, and that of pleasant and lovely causes, and nothing perilous, such as be those for the trial of life, limb, or livelihood; and before judges neither sour nor severe, but in the ear of princely dames, young ladies, gentlewomen, and courtiers, being all for the most part either meek of nature or of pleasant humour; and that all his abuses tend but to dispose the hearers to mirth and solace by pleasant conveyance and efficacy of speech."[5] So then the abuse of truth and the right to deceive is to be vindicated because Puttenham holds with Bacon that it doth ever add pleasure, and because especially it conduces to the pleasure of young ladies and courtly gallants. Puttenham is here in the very common case of a man who, having come to a right conclusion, namely, that art is not blameworthy, is ignorant of the steps by which he arrived at it; and in endeavouring to trace these for the benefit of his fellows, falls into the oddest mistakes, representing himself as having been led by a path which only a blind man would have chosen to follow, and none but a simpleton would have ventured to describe. Sir Philip Sidney faces the charge of falsehood more boldly; like a true knight he denies it: "Of all writers under the sun, the poet is least a liar." But see the evidence on the strength of which he makes the denial: "The poet never maketh any circles about your imagination to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth."[6] If we are not to believe it true, we must believe it false; and if he who writes what we are to account false be least a liar of all writers under the sun, and simply because of his confession, the poet would seem to be little better than the confessed robbers of Egypt. As these, if they acknowledged their theft, were entitled to retain a fourth of the plunder;[7] so the poet, making away with verity, is allowed to escape on condition of his

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1 Citing Allan Ramsay, *A Dialogue on Taste* (1762), p. 71.

2 The first of the eight stanzas of Wordsworth's 'To the Cuckoo', published in the *Poems* of 1807.

3 The exchange between Wordsworth and John Payne Collier is recorded in the Preface to the latter's edition of Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1856), pp. lii–liii.

4 In Shakespeare's *Love's Labours Lost*, IV iii.

5 See Bk II: Of Ornament, Ch. VII: Of Figures and Figurative Speeches, in George Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589).

6 Slightly misquoting Sidney's *Defense of Poesy* (1595).

7 We have been unable to trace the source of this story.

giving up the one truth that he has been uttering a parcel of lies. And still the question is untouched, how far it may be right to engage in the perusal of acknowledged falsehoods.

Johnson gave the true answer: "Poets profess fiction," he says; "but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth."[1] This at first sight may appear to be but a Johnsonese rendering of the Spanish proverb so often quoted by Lord Bacon, "Tell a lie to find a troth."[ccc] But it is not so. Art is nothing if not true. It cannot be false without injury to itself; and to speak of fiction as a system of falsehood, is but to misunderstand the language of art, and to grow bewildered over the varieties of truth. Neither in word nor in thought do we ever reach the perfect grasp and exact rendering of truth. All our efforts are but approximations; and it is a bitter thing for the human intellect to be ever noting the residue of error which cleaves to all knowledge, all expression, forgetful on the other side of the much truth which they embody. There is no more falsehood in the fictions of art and poetry than in those of philosophy, of religion, of history, of law, of grammar, of mathematics.

The mathematician tells us that a line is length without breadth, and that a point has position but no magnitude. He lies worse than any poet, for there is no such thing in nature, and his whole science is built on this impossible fiction. Go from mathematics to grammar. We refuse to argue seriously with the quaker, who tells us that we utter falsehoods in using the plural for the singular pronoun;[2] but his objection to the grammatical fiction is neither better nor worse than the objection to artistic fiction. Let us turn to politics. The whole political life of England, the grandest political life that the world has seen, is founded on the prodigious fiction—that the crown can do no wrong. There is a sense of course in which it is absurd to speak of the sovereign as impeccable; and those who strain at gnats may insist on the literal falsehood of the legal fiction. It is but a part of the imperfection which clings to all human expressions; and essentially the fiction is for us true and unmistakable.

In philosophy, too, we have other fictions, and the battles of the realists, the nominalists and the conceptualists remind us that on the very threshold of reason we have to accept fictions more inveterate, more indefensible, than any which the fancy invents—abstract ideas. †The abstract idea of a triangle, for example, is not a reality, nor is it the mental image of a reality, since all three-sided figures in nature must be scalene, isosceles or equilateral, and the ideal triangle is none of the three. Or, again, the general idea of man answers to no individual in existence; it is neither tall as the Anakim, nor short as the Bosjesmen,[3] nor yet middle-sized; neither black nor white; neither old as Parr nor young as the last infant prodigy;[4] it has eyes, but they are not the blue of the Saxon, nor the jet of the Gipsy, nor the hazel of the Celt, nor the pink of the Albino; it is neither bearded like the Arab, nor beardless like the Mongol; it applies to all in general, and to none in particular.[ddd] But are these abstract ideas false? It is in these fictions on the contrary that the philosopher expresses the highest truths which the mind of man can grasp. Yet the fictions of art have an advantage over those of philosophy. We can imagine to ourselves the possible existence of a Hamlet or a Faust. The existence of a man in the abstract is simply inconceivable.

Do we fare better when we turn from the fictions of reason to those of sense? At the other end of the table at which I am writing, there lies a book. I know that it is in form, rectangular; but I see it as a rhomboid, and if I were a painter, I should paint it as a rhomboid. The rhomboid is a fiction of the eye—but is it false? The whole theory of foreshortening is based on the fictions of perspective; but it is only in these fictions that the truth of drawing can be rendered. The steel grate in my room blushes with the reflected colour of the hearthrug. You who stickle for truth and talk of the falsehoods of fiction, decide whether it is better for an artist to paint that grate the colour of steel, or the colour of the crimson rug. Which would be the truer tint? And again, still speaking of the fictions of sense, decide which is truer to say that the sun is just now setting, or that the earth is wheeling from the sun?

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[1] From the life of Waller in Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*.

[2] Referring to the seventeenth-century Quaker practice of using the second-person singular form ('thou') rather than the second-person plural form ('you'), which conventionally serves as a sign of respect to those of higher social position.

[3] Terms for ethnic groups generally rejected as prejudicial today.

[4] The Shropshire man Thomas "Old Tom" Parr (d. 1635), reputed to have lived for over 150 years.

Nay, look to religion itself and see the fictions to which we are reduced. We speak of the Most High God as if he were like ourselves, with the same passions, and the same limbs, irascible, affectionate, jealous, with feet upon a footstool, with hand outstretched, with arm laid bare, with bowels that sound like a harp for Moab, and inward parts for Kirharesh.[1] Is all this false? and if we discard these fictions, can we find other terms in which to express with equal force and clearness the truths which the fictions convey?

Behold, it is a world of fictions in which we live, and history itself, that prides itself above all else on its adherence to fact—history has not without a show of reason been pronounced to be false in everything but the names and the dates. Amid all these fictions of the senses, of the heart, of reason and of revelation; amid fictions of history, fictions of law, fictions of philosophy, fictions of mathematics, fictions of language, fictions that are all more or less short of the truth, but still are charged with truth and mean truth—shall we be told that in art alone fiction is not allowable, and can only mean falsehood? Art, let it be repeated, is nothing if not true, and what fictions it employs are but the poor faltering human expressions of truth which cannot be half so well conveyed in other forms. To every great artist is granted the gift which the elf queen bestowed on Thomas of Ercildoune—the tongue that cannot lie.[2]

Nothing can be weaker and more stupid than the old accusation that art because fictitious in form is stricken with the leprosy of lies; but behind that accusation, in so far as we have yet considered it, there dwells a deeper meaning. The untruthfulness of art is really supposed to consist, not in any want of veracity, but in a want of verity. There is no objection to the fictions of form. But is there in art no falsehood of substance? Does it not, on the one hand, play false with the ideals of religion? Does it not, on the other, play false with the realities of life?

It is a perplexing fact in the history of art, that many a time and oft it has flourished in an inverse ratio to the religious life. Again and again, when faith has been strongest, art has been weakest; and when faith has been weak, art has been strong. The contrast is usually interpreted to the discredit of poetry and art which are supposed to offer the substitute of unreal sentiment for the faith which can alone save. But the truth is that in those cases where the religious sentiment is displaced, or seems to be displaced by poetical sentiment, it will nearly always be found that the former is just then choked with superstition, and that the poetical spirit which overrides it is a real good—is an advance upon the current creed—is not so much infidel as Protestant and reforming. The Latin poets especially, have the reputation of being at variance with the orthodoxy of the popular religion. “I have always said, and will say,” sings Ennius, “that there is a race of gods in heaven, but I do not think that they look after the race of men; for if they did, good would come to good men, and bad men would go to the bad, which is not at all the case.”[3] In like manner Pacuvius and Lucilius ridiculed the superstitions of their time, the divination of the augurs, and the idolatry of the people. This sceptical tendency culminated in Lucretius, who is commonly supposed to have been an utter atheist. Afterwards, perhaps, we may not find scepticism dogmatically set forth, but in poet after poet under the Emperors, we can see that there was no real belief in the religious system of the time. To Tibullus, for example, it may be doubted whether the deities of Olympus meant more than to Pope or Addison.[4]

But can we in the nineteenth century seriously blame these Roman poets because they rose to a higher strain of religious sentiment than was contained in the popular faith? The fact is, that all great poetry is Protestant in tone. The very essence of poetry is to idealize, and any great poet in rising to a higher conception of the Deity than prevails in his time, is sure to offend the orthodox, and to exhibit signs of revolt from the current creed. Euripides was called an atheist, the Troubadours were Albigensian, Milton was an advanced Puritan. But great poetry, if it shows some scepticism of current dogmas, is essentially religious in temper, and,

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1 Citing Isaiah 16:11 in the King James Bible, where both place names seem to refer to the same fortified city not far from the Dead Sea.

2 Referring to the tale of ‘Thomas the Rhymer’ who was carried off by the Elf Queen but returned with the ability to foretell the future and the inability to tell a lie, which is associated with the thirteenth-century Scottish laird, Sir Thomas de Ercildoun.

3 Referring to the surviving writings of Quintus Ennius, poet of the third century BCE.

4 Pacuvius, Lucilius, and Lucretius were all Latin poets and dramatists of the Republican period, while Tibullus belongs to the Augustan era.

in fact, often creates a religion. From what is known of the history of poetry, we may be quite certain that Homer's theology was in advance of his time (though this is not Mr. Gladstone's view),[1] and that it was so far sceptical; while on the other hand, Homer must have gone far to create the Greek religion, as it showed itself in the palmy days of Greece. The names of infidel poets in this very century may be cited on the other side. But if we do not accept their infidelity, neither need we condemn it utterly. There was a hard mechanical theory of the world and its relations to the Deity prevalent in the earlier half of this century. The poets, whom we condemn for their scepticism, saw before them but two types of theology—theology in the cold-blooded school of Paley, reduced to a system of clever contrivances, with springs and pulleys, and most ingenious machinery; theology in the more ardent school of the Wesleys and the Whitfields, reduced to a system in which there was less of love and mercy than of hell and damnation.[2] If thus in the earlier half of the century there flourished among us a mis-shapen theology, a clockmaking theory of the universe, which represented the Almighty as a sempiternal Sam Slick, hard of heart, but of infinite acuteness and softness of sawder,[3] those are not wholly to be blamed who revolted against the creed because in their zeal they carried the revolt too far.

What discordance there may be between art and religion, is, however, but part of a more general fact. It is that the art world is not the real world. Living in the art world, it is said, unfits us to sojourn in the actual world, and to fight the hard battles of life. There is no ground of objection, be it observed, in the fact of the two worlds being different. The objection is that living in the one unfits us for the other.

This view has with some persons become a sort of common-place; but those who have urged it most forcibly are Rousseau, in his letter to D'Alembert on Public Shows, and Dugald Stewart, in treating of the Imagination.[4] It deserves particular attention, because it is diametrically opposed to the views of nearly all the old thinkers. If we take Aristotle as representing ancient philosophy, and Milton as representing more modern thought, we find them, from the very same facts, arguing to a conclusion the right opposite of Rousseau's and Stewart's.[5] The phenomenon is like that which puzzles a landsman when he sees two fleets sailing with the same wind contrary ways. There is a fine northerly breeze, and to our amazement it drives the good ship Stagyrite and all its convoy to the west, while it blows the Jean Jacques, with many another, eastward.

The one set of thinkers argue as follows: It is a law of human nature (limited, however, in its range) that habits of action are strengthened, and mere emotions or passive habits are weakened, by repetition. Thus the frequent sight of suffering dulls the sense of pity, while, if we are in the habit of relieving the sufferers, that habit grows upon us. Hence one sometimes sees the curious paradox, that those who are most forward to rescue the lost and to soothe the miserable—as physicians—seem to look with a sort of callousness on the anguish which they are bent on removing. Much experience of suffering has deadened the painfulness of pity as an emotion, while it has quickened the tendency to act the good Samaritan. Now the argument is that fiction excites emotion which ends there, and is not followed by action. The result is sheer loss. Emotion is weakened, the tendency to appropriate action has at the same time gained no accession of force. On the contrary, the habit has been produced of enjoying emotion, without finding for it the natural outlet in action. This is to hamstring the power of movement, and to drain vital energy in dreams.

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1 Referring to *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age* (3 vols; 1858), by William Ewart Gladstone (1809–1898: *ODNB*), who was to become Prime Minister for the first time in late 1868; Dallas had reviewed these volumes at length in two parts, in 'Mr. Gladstone's Homeric Studies', *The Times* (12 & 15 August 1858), pp. 7 & 5 respectively; in the second part he notes that Gladstone 'seems to doubt our capacity to entertain any idea of God without the light of a revelation'.

2 Among eighteenth-century Anglican clergymen, William Paley, author of *Natural Theology*, represents the unitarian wing while Charles and John Wesley and George Whitfield or Whitefield represent the evangelical.

3 Referring to the sly, wise-cracking character created in 1835 by the Nova Scotian judge and politician Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796–1865), in a sequence of sketches in the (Halifax) *Novascotian*, afterwards collected as *The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slicksville* (3 series; 1836–40), which was reprinted by Bentley in London.

4 Referring to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's 'Lettre à M. d'Alembert sur les Spectacles' (1758), and Dugald Stewart's 'Of Imagination' in the first volume of *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* (1792).

5 Referring to Aristotle's celebrated essay on tragedy in the *Poetics*, and Milton's 'Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy,' which serves as an Introduction to *Samson Agonistes* (1671).

Such then is the modern theory; and before I set against it the ancient, and what seems to be usually the truer theory, it may be right to point out that it is of itself too timid to stand its ground. Not only so well-balanced a thinker as Dugald Stewart, but nearly all who speak of fiction as enervating, take care to observe that they are thinking only of excessive indulgence in it. That, however, is in effect to yield the point at issue. All excess is baneful, and no one doubts that such an excess of fiction as will overbear the realities of life is not to be defended. Those who, like Rousseau, state the case more absolutely, are of the class who love extremes, and who may be supposed to have some sympathy with the doctrine advanced in Rousseau's earliest performance, that science as well as the arts has been unfavourable to morals.

Turn for a contrast to the Greek doctrine as set forth by Aristotle and held forth by Milton. What Aristotle meant has been much disputed, but after having read nearly all that has been written on the subject, I cannot doubt the accuracy of Milton's interpretation. Without any shadow of hesitation Milton says, that "tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the greatest moralist and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated." He supports this view by an argument from the homœopathy of the time, which if it is unsound in fact, will at least help to make clear the truth it illustrates. "Nor is nature wanting," says Milton, "in her efforts to make good his (Aristotle's) assertion; for so in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours."[1] Aristotle's doctrine is a protest against Plato's. It was the doctrine of Plato, part of his general teaching against all art, that tragedy had the ill effect of inflaming passion—of so rousing it before fictitious events, that in the presence of real ones it must be too strong for the occasion. If we weep for Niobe in marble, what shall we not feel for Niobe in the flesh? Here we have an accusation against art the very reverse of that which is brought against it in modern times. The modern accusation is that if we weep for a fictitious Niobe, we are likely to exhaust our benevolence and to show small pity for the Niobe of real life. To complete the turning of the tables, that which in modern times is the chief count of accusation against fictitious distress, was put forward by Aristotle as its chief count of praise. With a clear reference to Plato, he points out that acquaintance with fictitious sorrow is cathartic in its effect, and brings passion to a mean. He who has wept for Niobe in a tune, will unawares feel the restraint of tune in his grief for a real Niobe.[2]

I may be asked for an illustration of the fact, that the fictitious foretaste of emotion has a regulating influence on the emotion ever after. The French used to complain of the atrocities allowed upon the English stage. Othello smothers Desdemona before the audience; Macbeth's head is carried about on a pole; Hamlet dies amid universal butchery. By Shakespeare's contemporaries still worse horrors were brought upon the boards, as when Webster decreed that the Duchess of Malfi should be strangled with ropes before our eyes. The French critics were shocked at these things, and triumphantly declared that they would not be tolerated in France. The sight of a scaffold would horrify a French theatre, and scarcely would the audience allow even the stab of a poignard.* But see the difference between Paris and London. All Paris that would have been shocked to see a scaffold on the stage, and turned away its head from fictitious slaughter, crowded to the guillotine in the Grève and in the Place Louis XV. Londoners that fairly faced the feigned atrocities of their stage, have had no scenes in the history of their vast city that approach in horror such transactions as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the bloodshed of the Reign of Terror.[3]

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1 See again Milton's 'Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy'.

2 See Aristotle on the concept of catharsis in the *Poetics*.

* **"Soit que l'esprit philosophique les (Anglais) refroidisse, soit que les combats des gladiateurs, que la politique autorise encore parmi eux, les rendent moins sensibles à la simple imitation des catastrophes tragiques; soit enfin que la populace qui compose, à Londres, la plus grande partie des spectateurs, ait fait prévaloir son goût barbare et grossier; leur théâtre a porté la tragédie à un degré d'horreur inconnu aux anciens. Les Français, aussi délicats que s'ils étaient plus sensible, n'ont pu souffrir des spectacles si effrayants. La coupe d'Astrée a fait détourner les yeux à toutes nos femmes; la vue d'un échafaud les révolterait; à peine s'est-on accoutumé au coup de poignard." MARMONTEL, *Œuvres*, tome viii, p. 235.**

3 Referring to some of the bloodiest scenes of the 1789 French Revolution.

The contrariety between art and life must be neither blinked nor magnified into a mountain. All art has the double tendency to give off the life of the artist and to catch at something which is not visibly in his life; and it is sometimes difficult to determine whether what we find in a work of art reflects the life or only the dreams of a period. Dean Swift complained of Thomson's *Seasons* that there was nothing doing in it;[1] and the same might be said of much the larger portion of the art and poetry of last century. Now we happen to know that this was a characteristic not only of poetry but of the time in which it flourished. Last century, up to the French Revolution, was a period of comparative repose in the history of Europe. To speak roundly and roughly, there was little doing in it. On the other hand, as the eye which has been looking at something red projects its image green upon the opposite wall, there are cases in which art gives us not the true colour of the time, but its complementary colour. For an example of this opposite tendency, go to the minnesingers.[2] They lived amid all the fighting of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and included in their number some of the foremost warriors of the time,—emperors, princes, barons, knights. They crowded round the court of the empire—the crusading courts of Conrad III. and Barbarossa. We can lay our fingers on the ascertained compositions of no less than one hundred and fifty of them, and we have the anonymous songs of many more. But they sang only of love. They have not one war-song. The war-cry of a warlike age and of warrior-poets is not to be heard in the strains of all this vast throng of minstrels. And if we are surprised that we have no note of the crusades from the singers who swarmed around the crusading courts of Germany, we are no less surprised at the counter fact which we find in Italy. In the records of the middle ages, the princes and nobles of Italy have reproaches heaped on them for their indifference to the fate of the Holy Sepulchre. The crusades enlisted all the enthusiasm, all the energies of Christendom, draining its best blood and untold treasures. In that great cause Italy was the most backward and made the least sacrifices. Yet oddly enough it is the Italian Tasso who is so kindled by the spirit of the crusades as to write the epic of *Jerusalem Delivered*,* and in it he gives the foremost place to the prowess of his countrymen.

This apparent severance of the artist from his epoch and his country is sometimes displayed in comical terms, as in the story which Eckermann tells of Goethe. When the aged poet was near his end, news came to Weimar of the Revolution in Paris which raised Louis Philippe to the throne. It set every one in commotion. When Soret went in the afternoon to see Goethe, "Now," said the poet, "what do you think of the great event? The volcano has come to an eruption: all is in flames." "A frightful story," replied the writer, "but what else could be expected under such bad government? It was but natural that all the blundering of the ministry should end in the expulsion of the Bourbons." "We do not seem to understand each other," said Goethe. "I am not speaking of these people, but of something quite different. I am speaking of the contest, so important for science, between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire, which has come to an open rupture in the Academy."[3] That little conversation is entirely in the spirit of the famous saying of the Abbé Dangeau. When he heard of the disasters of Blenheim and Ramilies, and of the danger with which his country was threatened, he laid his hand on his desk and could say, with a smile of triumph: "Come what may, I have safe here three thousand verbs all rightly conjugated."[4]

Let me give one more example of this tendency, because it is a very common one. I refer to the tendency of town-bred poets to forget and deny the town, notwithstanding its vast abounding life. It may be doubted whether we ever firmly enough seize the fact that †Milton was a Cockney. We not only overlook it, but

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[1] Referring to Jonathan Swift's complaint concerning James Thompson's four pastoral poems *The Seasons* (1726): 'I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing' (Letter 'To Sir Charles Wogan', in *The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift*, 1731, XII).

[2] Referring generally to the German lyric poets who performed songs of courtly love during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

[*] **May I take this opportunity of recommending the new translation of the great Italian epic by Sir John Kingston James? About half a dozen translations of the *Jerusalem* into English have already appeared, and the latest seems to be the best. It is by no means perfect, but it comes nearer than any other to the spirit of the original.** [*The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso: Translated Into English Verse by John Kingston James* (2 vols; London: Longman, 1865)]

[3] See John Oxenford's translation of *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret* (1850), where the dialogue is assigned to 2 August 1830.

[4] The anecdote had been recently recalled in the opening chapter of Félix Bungener, *Voltaire and His Times* (Edinburgh: Constable, 1854), p. 24.

our whole knowledge of his poetry leads us to protest against it strongly. We imagine Milton as a man of the country, secluding himself in his earlier days, like the nightingale of which he sings, amid the leafy shades of Buckinghamshire, far removed from "towered cities" and "the busy hum of men."[1] On the contrary, he was town-born-and-bred. He was born within the sound of Bow-bells, and within the shadow of Bow-steeple. He first saw the light in Bread Street, one of the cross streets running into that great thoroughfare to which Johnson referred when he said, "When you have seen one green field, sir, you have seen all green fields. Sir, I like to look upon men. Let us walk down Cheapside."[2] He lived under his father's roof in the city of London; he went to St. Paul's school, in St. Paul's Churchyard; and when he left the capital it was in order to proceed to Cambridge. Up to his twenty-fourth year, his life was thus spent between the great metropolis on the Thames and the great university on the Cam.

London then, it is true, was nothing like what it is now, when a dweller in the City is walled round and defended from the country by ramparts of brick some four or five miles in thickness, and is covered from sun and moon and stars by that tremendous canopy of smoke which must have entered into Shakespeare's imagination when he spoke of "the blanket of the dark."[3] Its population was under half a million, and for extent we may liken it to Liverpool or Glasgow of the present day. Such as it was, however, it was even then the greatest city in Europe. Whatever were the town-influences of those days, Milton felt them and grew under them; and as we picture to ourselves what these influences were, we cannot but wonder that a great all-embracing mind like Milton's should not feel them in such wise that they should appear with a positive not a negative force in his poetry. Only imagine this London for a moment, and see how the details of its multitudinous life bear upon the great poet's temperament, with the force rather of repulsion than of attraction.

Born in the year 1608, John Milton was launched upon London life when there were congregated in the metropolis the most splendid intellects that have ever been seen in similar constellation. While the child is still crying in his nursery, or enjoying the sweet sleep of infancy, we can hear from a house hard by—none other than the Mermaid in the self-same street—the crashing laughter of the wits who, over the brimming sack and the foaming tankard, re-echo the rattling wit of Shakespeare, and the heavy cannonade of Ben Jonson—the English frigate and the Spanish galleon that held the incessant war of words. They call each other, as the whole town calls them, by their Christian names, Will and Ben, and Jack and Tom, and they are assembled after the play is finished to eat the fat capon, to fill the goblet and to pass the jest. They are dreadful in puns; they are by no means select in their phrases; there is a good deal of dirty talk splashed about; sometimes one may detect a touch of jealousy, though the prevalent feeling is that of perfect confidence and genuine friendship. Francis Beaumont has his private signals to John Fletcher, and both have a design to outwit Ben; George Chapman thinks the youngsters rather forward, and waits anxiously for Ben to rush out upon them like Achilles, shaking his horrid crest and brandishing his mighty spear; Tom—Tom Heywood, the prose Shakespeare—thinking of his one hundred and seventy-first new play, sees a likely situation and chuckles; Will lets off one of his squibs that completely turns the conversation, and sets the table in a roar, and Ben himself, with his canary in one hand and his clay in the other, rolls about on his chair, the prince of good fellows, well soaked with the liquor that he loves, and trying to drink, smoke, and talk everybody down all in the same instant of time. While all this clatter of tongues and drinking-cups, the crackling of the wood-fire, and the grating of the chairs upon the sanded floor, are heard—but a few yards off a beautiful babe with golden hair sleeps in his cradle, and amid the sullen din of the City dreams of that heaven where the guests are angels and the mirth is music. Meantime the babe's father, who is a composer as well as a scrivener, has tied up his parchments, and, seated at the organ, fills the house with strains to which it is not less accustomed than to the sound of law Latin and the smell of skins and pounce. As the foot-passenger goes by the house, which bears the sign of the Spread Eagle, taken from the Milton

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1 Citing the couplet from Milton's 'L'Allegro': 'Towered cities please us then, | And the busy hum of men'.

2 The familiar sentences from Samuel Johnson had recently been repeated by George Henry Lewes in *The Biographical History of Philosophy* (London: Parker, 1857), p. 115.

3 Citing the speech of Lady Macbeth before the murder of Duncan in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, I v: 'Come, thick night, | And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, | That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, | Nor heaven peep through *the blanket of the dark*, | To cry "Hold, hold!"'

arms, he perhaps stops to listen, as he listened to the uproarious crew of the Mermaid, and if he is at all musical he recognises the air as sung last Sunday in the parish church—the tune called York, of which Master Milton was the composer, which half the nurses of England used afterwards to chant by way of lullaby, and which the country churches rung in their chimes full many times a day. Gradually the stillness of the night deepens, the Bacchanals disperse, and the footfall of the passer-by is unheard. Only a few restless spirits are awake, who from the night snatch hours of study which the day is too poor to give. Bacon throws off the cares of a solicitor-general in order to polish his Essays which he is preparing for a new edition, or to perfect that New Instrument of science in which the world's future lies as in the wand of a magician. Selden in his little chamber in the Temple pores over piles of black-letter, adds another and another to his host of precedents, and mutters a sneer against ecclesiastics and their tithes, while the faggot on his hearth has burnt itself out, and the white ashes are blown by the night wind about his cell, settle on his papers and fill the dim air with motes. On his pallet in the Tower a noble prisoner tosses and sighs for the day, half dreaming of voyages across distant seas, the discovery of Eldoradoes and the glories of Virginian tobacco, half pondering on that history of the world which, if he cannot roam over it free from shore to shore, he can still in imagination share and interpret with all that chivalrous spirit which once led him to doff his rich cloak and to spread it on the ground that England's queen might foot it like a queen.[1] If George Herbert, with his long nose, is still at Westminster school, it may be that he too is now awake, thinking of the coming pleasures of the university, happy at the idea of soon meeting his "sweetest mother," and bent on anything rather than the service of the temple and what in more than one of his poems he has called the passage of the Jordan.

It was upon the London that contained such men as these—the London that was not only astir with all the energy of a trade which, unsurpassed by that of any other city in the world, even then made conquests in regions the most remote, and began to familiarize itself with the jewelled lions and the ivory thrones of moguls and rajahs in the fabulous Orient, but was also strong in the enjoyment of a civic life, such as few existing municipalities could boast; strong in the anticipation of political development and popular rising; strong in the excitement of the release from Rome, the final triumph of Protestantism, and the confusion of Guy Fawkes; strong in the literary stars that clustered together in the great city, and whether engaged in the founding of a new philosophy, the translating of the imperishable Book, or the creating fiat of poetic imagination, shone forth with a glorious ascendancy, to which only Athens in her prime can dare a comparison, and which even Athens cannot approach; strong especially in that dramatic art which, as displayed at the Globe and many a theatre besides, seemed like the discovery of a new world, endowed the town with a new sense, took all London by storm, and made citizens, who of all others in the world were the most devoted to business and hard cash, at the same time the most devoted to pleasure's lure and the airy nothings of fancy;—it was upon the metropolis peopled by such men and moved by such forces, that young Milton was thrown; it was in this metropolis that Milton rose to manhood.[2]

Yet formed in the town—and such a town—there is very little of the town in his poetry. We have in our time seen this as the characteristic of other Cockneys—Leigh Hunt and Keats, for example, the latter of whom, if his life had been spared, might have written something not unworthy even of Milton's fame, and seems to be the nearest approach to a second Milton that we have produced. All these babble of green fields, as if only too happy to forget the smoke of cities. Imagine a town-bred poet lamenting the death of a dear friend his Lycidas—in this fashion, which is the very revelry of flowers:

> Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
> That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
> And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
> Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
> Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

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[1] Referring to the Elizabethan soldier and explorer Walter Raleigh (1552–1618), who was twice imprisoned in the Tower of London.

[2] Dallas's evocation of the London of Milton's childhood relies heavily for its detail on Chapter II of Masson, *The Life of John Milton*, I, pp. 28–48.

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck'd the honey'd showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crowtoe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.[1]eee

The point of all this? The point is that both critics and moralists when they see a contrast between fact and fiction, life and art, fly to their conclusions much too hastily. Art would not be art if it were the perfect double of life, and often, as in love, we have to read the signs of it backwards.* It is a saying of Rochefoucauld's that the more a man loves his mistress the nearer he is to hate her. Whereupon Lord Lytton remarks with equal force, "But in return, the more he declares he hates her, the nearer he is to loving her again."[2] And art is not less mysterious and contradictory in its utterances than love. Who could have imagined that the minnesinger was a warrior? Who could have dreamt that Milton was a Cockney? Whether the poet sing true to his time or not, and whether we who listen to his song learn to live more with the time or not, are questions which are not to be settled by pointing out here and there such discordances between fact and fiction as I have been noting. These discordancies are perplexing only when we look at them singly. They are nothing when we see them in

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[1] The twenty lines of verse are from Milton's 1637 pastoral elegy 'Lycidas'.

* **M. St. Marc Girardin has described, very forcibly, the two aspects of literature between which we have to judge:**

"Il y a, dans la littérature, deux sortes de sentiments, et ces deux sortes de sentiments répondent à deux phases différentes de l'histoire littéraire des nations: il y a les sentiments que l'homme trouve dans son cœur, et qui sont le fond de toutes les sociétés; il y a les sentiments que l'homme trouve dans son imagination, et que ne sont que l'ombre et le reflet altéré des premiers. La littérature commence par les uns et finit par les autres.

"Quand la littérature arrive à ces derniers sentiments, quand l'imagination, qui se contentait autrefois de peindre les affections naturelles, essaye de les remplacer par d'autres affections, alors les livres ne représentent plus la société: ils représentent l'état de l'imagination. Or, l'imagination aime et cherche surtout ce qui n'est pas. Quand la guerre civile agite et ensanglante la société, l'imagination fait volontiers des idylles et prêche la paix et la vertu. Quand, au contraire, la société s'apaise et se repose, l'imagination se reprend de goût pour les crimes. Elle est comme le marchand d'Horace: elle vante le repos du rivage quand gronde la tempête; elle aime les flots et les orages, quand le vaisseau est dans le port. Ajoutez, chez nous, à cette contradiction naturelle de l'esprit humain, les souvenirs encore ardents de la guerre et de la Révolution, le goût des aventures, le regret du repos, l'espérance de la gloire et de la fortune, le dédain de vivre petitement dédain plus vif au coeur des fils de ceux qui ont fait de grandes choses. Ce sont ces désirs inquiets et ces émotions confuses que recueille l'imagination et qu'elle met en oeuvre dans la littérature. De là l'énergie des romans, la terreur des drames; de là enfin cette littérature qui plait d'autant mieux à la société qu'elle lui ressemble moins. La société autrefois aimait à trouver, dans la littérature, l'image embellie de ses sentiments, et cette image lui servait de leçon et d'encouragement; elle n'y cherche plus aujourd'hui qu'une distraction. Elle disait naguère à la littérature: Étudiez-moi afin de m'instruire et de m'élever;—elle lui dit aujourd'hui: Amusez-moi. Alors l'imagination se met à l'oeuvre, et elle fait seule tous les frais de la littérature. Elle ne réussit pas toujours à amuser le public; mais elle consommé le divorce de la littérature d'avec la société, chacune allant de plus en plus où la poussent ses besoins et ses penchants: la société, à ses affaires et à ses labeurs chaque jour plus tristes, parce que, chaque jour, l'art y trouve moins sa place; la littérature, à ses oeuvres chaque jour plus frivoles et plus vaines, parce que, chaque jour, l'étude et l'observation du monde y ont moins de part." [Girardin, *Cours de Littérature Dramatique*, I, pp. 378–80]

[2] The words of both François de La Rochefoucauld and Edward Bulwer Lytton are recorded in the latter's 'Essay XXI: The Modern Misanthrope', *Caxtoniana*, I, pp. 357–67; 359.

the mass, for then we trace a method in them—a law like that of colours, which engender in our sight their opposite. I am indebted for this illustration which I have already used, to that great Irishman, Cornelius O'Dowd, who raises the question, "Is it in ethics as in optics? and does the eye, gorged and inflamed by red, turn to seek repose—to rest upon green?"[1] Both the eye and the mind do more than this. The eye not merely looks out for a green object to rest upon; it creates the complementary colour, and projects it. If we look through a pane of yellow glass, and then look away on a sheet of white paper, we shall see there the exact image of the pane—but the colour is thrown purple upon the paper. Is the eye therefore false? to be plucked out? and to be cast away?

Ever as we pursue our inquiries into the nature of art, we come back to the great fact which lies at the root of it, that man leads a double life, and that the laws and the needs of the one which flourishes in imagination, or as I have ventured to name it, the Hidden Soul, are not less imperative and importunate than those which rule in our work-a-day consciousness. But the laws and needs of each differ as the climates of the frigid and the torrid zones; and when the man of fact insists upon the falsehood of fiction, he merely repeats the fallacy of the African king, who amid the heats of the equator, declared ice to be impossible; or of the Spitzbergen fisher, who amid the nights—half a year long—of his native north, screamed at the notion of days and nights that lasted only twelve hours.[2] We are much too prone to set up our standards. Mine shall be the standard height; mine the standard of vision. This instant feeling shall be the measure of all feeling; the present knowledge shall be the limit of knowledge. And so, because the world of imagination and of art is not the exact double of reality, we must regard it as a mock and a lie!

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[1] Citing Charles Lever's series of humorous essays, 'Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and Other Things in General', which was serialised in 25 parts in *Blackwood's Magazine* from February 1864 to August 1866; the words cited by Dallas here appeared in vol. 96 (August 1864), p. 186.

[2] We are unable to trace the source of these examples of a solipsistic perspective offered by Dallas.

CHAPTER XVII. THE ETHICAL CURRENT.

WHEN a painter draws his own portrait, he has the advantage of a mirror in which he can see himself at a proper distance. But when we attempt to understand or to delineate the age we live in, we are apt to forget that we have no chance of viewing it from a sufficient distance—that we are too much in it to be able to see how it looks on the broad plain of history. Perhaps no collection of opinions would be more curious than those which even great thinkers have pronounced upon their own times. Thus we find Bacon expressing a "doubt that this age of the world is somewhat upon the descent of the wheel."[1] Hooker complained that the same age was deficient in learning.[2] Bishop King described it as "this prodigal and intemperate age of the World."[3] Michael Drayton summed it up as "this lunatic age."[4] The period so decried is the grand Elizabethan epoch, which we now extol as the proudest in our annals. And yet of Drayton, who could speak of the time in which he flourished as lunatic, Ben Jonson says, "I find in him, which is in most of my compatriots, too great an admiration of their country."[5]

One naturally recurs to these opinions concerning the Elizabethan age, when we hear what even men of ability can now assert regarding our Victorian era. Archdeacon Hare says it is an age of superficial character, feeble-minded, earth-worshipping and self-idolizing.[6] †Mr. John George Phillimore assures us that all strength has gone from our literature, and that we are little better than the beasts.[7fff] Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us that we have no ideas, and that England is hindmost in the intellectual race which Europe is now running. When amid this discontent of the present, which is the natural condition of the human mind, we venture to descry what good there may be in things as they are, then comes from Mr. Hare, and Mr. Phillimore, and Mr. Arnold, the echo of Jonson's chiding of Drayton, that we are too much given to love our own country and our own times.

All this conflict of opinion is a warning to us not to be too certain that we ever quite understand our age or our country. I know of but one settled opinion as to the character of the English race. From the dawn of modern literature there has been a constant confession of its physical beauty. Upon other points it may be possible to raise a doubt. We pride ourselves on English honour; but the Spaniards of old accused us of falsehood, and the French to this day have a strong opinion as to the perfidy of Albion. We think that never was a nation more industrious than ours; but in the days of the last three Tudors our countrymen were denounced for their sloth and their idleness, and at a still later period George Herbert could cry out, "Oh, England! full of sin, but most of sloth."[8] We talk of merry England; and there was a time when the joyful character of English singing was famous throughout Europe in a proverb of French origin (Galli cantant, Angli *jubilant*, Hispani plangunt, Germani ululant, Itali caprizant); but on the other hand we are also famous among foreigners for our melancholy. We boast of our philanthropy, our large-heartedness and our tolerance; but the nations upbraid us for lack of sympathy and for insular prejudice, while one of the most sober of French critics, M. St. Marc Girardin, speaks of "la misanthropie chagrine du génie Anglais."[9] The one excellence allowed to us is the gift of personal beauty, which indeed is nothing except it be the symbol of a higher excellence. Sang the Emperor Frederic as a troubadour:

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1 Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, II.x.13.

2 We have been unable to locate the source of the remark by Richard Hooker.

3 At the beginning of the 'Epistle Dedicatory' to the *Lectures Upon Jonah: Delivered at York, In the Year of Our Lord 1594* by John King (d. 1621: *ODNB*), Bishop of London; the work had been reprinted in 1854 by James Nichol in Edinburgh (see p. 1).

4 In 'To the General Reader' prefacing *Poly-Olbion* (1622) by the poet Michael Drayton (1563–1631: *ODNB*).

5 According to 'Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden' (1619), the words cited by Dallas were in fact those of the Scottish laird Drummond rather than Jonson himself; the work had been reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1842 (see pp. 50–51).

6 Julius Charles Hare (1795–1855: *ODNB*), English theologian appointed Archdeacon of Lewis in 1840, whose social thinking is best exemplified in his *Guesses at Truth* (2nd series, 3rd edition; London: Walton & Maberley, 1855), where he decries the Victorian period as 'a feeble-minded, earth-worshipping and self-idolizing age' (p. 18).

7 Dallas had introduced Phillimore's critique of modern society in Ch. III, p. 27.

8 From the 'Perirrhanterium' of George Herbert's 'The Church Porch'.

9 In Ch. XIX of Saint-Marc Girardin, *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* (1843).

Me the Catalan ladies please;
Me the cavaliers of France;
Honour of the Genoese;
Minstrel music of Provence;
High Castilian courtesies;
And Treviso for the dance;
Sinews of the Arragonese;
English hands and countenance;
Me the Tuscan younkers please;
Me the Julian pearl enchants.*

And so also the Spanish poet, Juan Lorenzo Segura, as translated by Bowring:

Impetuous and light
Are the citizens of Spain,
The French of valiant knights
The character maintain;
And always in the van
Are the young men of Champagne,
And the Suabians in their gifts
No costs nor cares restrain;
The Bretons are renowned
For their zealous love of art;
The Lombards ever act
An ostentatious part;
The English are most fair—

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* **The original of this little poem is very curious; and in the above translation I have utterly failed to reproduce the peculiar effect which comes of the rhyme always falling upon the name of the nation or the place indicated by the poet.**

Plas mi cavalier Francez,
E la donna Catalana,
E l'onrar del Ginoes,
E la court de Castellana,
Lou cantar Provençalez,
E la danza Trevisana,
E lou corps Aragones,
E la perla Juliana,
La mans e kara d'Angles,
E lou donzel de Toscana.

It is not possible in English to make the rhymes all rest on the proper names. If any English poet could succeed in the attempt, it would be Sydney Dobell; and the following translation, which he has been good enough to make for me, is remarkable as a *tour de force*. Yet even Mr. Dobell, with all his skill, has been able to work out only half the rhymes.

Cavalier of France for me;
And the Doña Catalonian;
High Castilian courtesie;
And the stature Arragonian;
The Provençal minstrelsy;
And the dances Trevisonian;
Genoese fidelity;
Pearls from Julium the Ausonian;
Damselry of Tuscany;
Hands and countenance Saxonian.

But withal most false of heart.[1]

There is but one voice upon this subject ever since the Pope Gregory expressed his opinion in the quibble that the Angles might be taken for angels.[2]

It is with a diffidence inspired by these examples of failure that we must now attempt to ascertain the direction of the ethical current in our time—the master current which determines the movement of art, as of life and of all literature. And in setting about this inquiry we have first of all to come to terms with Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has pronounced a very decided opinion upon the subject. Mr. Arnold holds that the main movement of European thought just now is, what it has been for years past, a critical movement. The age is nothing if not critical; criticism is what Europe most desires; and criticism is the very last thing for which we should at present care to consult English literature.[3] Is the patriotism unjustifiable which suggests the reply that a theory of the European movement in which England has no share, or in which England acts only as a drag, must be wrong? One is rather surprised to find in Mr. Arnold the glibness which professes to bottle in one little word the spirit of an age. But he has some excuse for supposing that he has bottled the present age in the three syllables of criticism.

The thinking of an epoch is said to be fairly represented in its philosophy, and the dominant philosophy of our epoch is what is called critical. Let us understand, however, what is meant by a critical philosophy, and see if there is anything in it peculiar to our time. Kant it was who gave the phrase authority. He called his first great work a *Critique*; it was a critique of pure reason.[4] That is to say, Emmanuel Kant, when he began to think, found himself in the midst of problems which seemed to be insoluble; at least, they suggested the previous question, Is human reason in any way capable of dealing with them? Therefore, before entering on any argument in metaphysics, he undertook to criticise reason. This critical inquiry into the competence of reason is called a critical philosophy; and hence one may run away with the notion that a critical philosophy is peculiar to our times. The name is new, but the thing is old. All the great thinking movements since the revival of letters are critical—they criticise either the powers or the methods of reason. Des Cartes [*sic.* for Descartes] gave us no system of thought that survives; his great work is a criticism on the method of thought. Bacon gave us no philosophy; he gave us a criticism on the methods which reason pursued and which it ought to pursue. The next great name in philosophy is that of Locke, and what is his *Essay on the Human Understanding*? He tells us how a company of gentlemen got together to discuss philosophy; how the question was thereby suggested, Is the human understanding equal to the task of philosophy? and how he undertook to answer that question by a critical estimate of the powers of the mind and the sources of knowledge. Hume pursued the criticism of Locke to its consequences, and arrived at a desolating scepticism as to the capacity of human reason. Kant's *Critique* was but a continuation of the same line of inquiry; and Sir William Hamilton's the same. The conclusion is

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1 Referring to Sir John Bowring (1792–1872: *ODNB*), politician and diplomat as well as literary translator; together with the translation given here, the Spanish original by *Juan Lorenzo Segura* de Astorga (beginning 'Los pueblos D'Espanna muchos son ligeros | Parecen los Franceses valientes caballeros') is found in Bowring's unsigned 'Poetical Literature of Spain', *Retrospective Review* 6 (January 1822) pp. 21–49; pp. 40–41. Curiously, Dallas omits the final line, 'The Germans full of fire / Aleimanes fellones'.

2 When he first saw fair-haired young English slaves at a market in Rome, the sixth-century Pope Gregory is reputed to have described them as 'non Angli, sed angeli' (not Angles but angels).

3 In *On Translating Homer: Three Lectures Given at Oxford* (London: Longman, 1861), pp. 63–64, Arnold had argued: '

> at the present hour this [English] literature, regarded not as an object of mere literary interest but as a living intellectual instrument, ranks only third in European effect and importance among the literatures of Europe; it ranks after the literatures of France and Germany. Of these two literatures, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge—theology, philosophy, history, art, science—to see the object as in itself it really is. But, owing to the presence in English literature of this eccentric and arbitrary spirit, owing to the strong tendency of English writers to bring to the consideration of their object some individual fancy, almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires—*criticism*.

Arnold had developed the thought in 'The Functions of Criticism at the Present Time' (in *National Review* 19, November 1864, pp. 230–51), which was reprinted (as 'The Function of Criticism …') at the head of his *Essays in Criticism* (London: Macmillan, 1865).

4 Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* (Critique of Pure Reason) was first published in 1781.

manifest that if the thinking of our time be critical, it is not so in any sense which distinguishes it from the other great thinking movements of the last few centuries.

What then is the characteristic movement of our time? He must be a bold man who will undertake to answer that question for certain. Often we know nothing of the leading movement until it is complete. †It is like the tide at Dover which runs up the channel for four hours after to the eye of the landsman it has been ebbing fast, and which runs down again long after on the shore it begins to rise. There are about four hours in every tide in which a landsman will say it is flowing, when the seaman says it is ebbing. Nevertheless if the landsman at Dover declares the tide to be rising, when the seaman in mid-channel declares that it is running westward, no one can challenge the fact.ggg And so we all from our special points of view can state what we see, and our witness so far as it goes may be trustworthy. In this temper, let us attempt to ascertain what is the precise movement in the art, the thought, the life of our times, of which we are most conscious. Each man of us in this inquiry can utter but his own methinks, and so long as we recognise it as a mere methinks we are certain to be within the truth.

If then I may venture on a methinks, I should say that what strikes me most in the movement of our time is expressed by Tennyson in the saying that "the individual withers, and the world is more and more."[1] But I am not sure whether the essence of this thought might not be expressed in the very opposite terms: the individual prospers, and the world is less and less. The great point to be seized is that there is gradually being wrought a change in the relation of the individual to the mass. Whether we regard that change as a growth or as a withering will depend very much on what we think of the individual. If the individual in whom we are most interested is what is generally understood by a hero, then certainly it must be confessed that he withers. There is a cry gone forth that we are in lack of heroes. Great deeds are achieved as of yore; but they are not accredited to one man so much as they used to be; his comrades come in for their share of the glory; and the world at large, recognising his ability, adopting his ideas, seconding his efforts, is more and more in our esteem. Yet if the hero as an individual is of less account than he used to be, and so may be said to wither, the individual in a much wider sense may be said to prosper. The little men and the private men and all the incidents of privacy are coming into repute. We dwell far more than we used to do on the private side of human life. We have learned to feel that there is as much greatness in the family as in the state, in love as in strife, in the shedding of ink as in the shedding of blood, in finessing the pips at whist as in counting the chances of endless division lists. There was a time when we could draw a pretty clear line of demarcation between the private life and the public life—between private virtues and public virtues. Now the private virtues are becoming public, and the private life is rising into public importance. Publicity is the order of the day. The home life is proclaimed on the housetops; and the secrets of the heart are made an open show.

They who take a desponding view of this fact, as Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Phillimore, say that the present is an age of superficial character because we have given ourselves up to the grovelling pursuit of money-making. What can we expect from a trading age? What from any nation of shopkeepers? The golden age has come back upon the earth; but it is not the golden prime of the poets; it has turned to dross. It is difficult to answer a charge like this, because it concerns our own times, and we cannot well see them in due perspective. The age is given to merchandize, and we of the Anglo-Saxon race in both hemispheres take the lead in the pursuit of gain. But if we would know whether there is any connection of cause and effect between the predominance of the trading spirit and the withering of individual character, then look at the history of Venice. Of all foreign histories which it behoves Englishmen to study, that is by far the most important. But it is studied very little; and Mr. Disraeli, himself of Venetian extraction, is the only one of our statesmen who seems to have mastered it. In the Venice of the middle ages we see before us a picture of modern England which we can hold at arm's length and study.[2]

In her day, Venice was at the head of Christian civilization; her empire was the grandest in Europe; her navies were the most powerful on the earth. She rejoiced in freedom when other nations bowed their necks to

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[1] The line is from Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' in his *Poems* (1842).

[2] Dallas's main source for the detail in the extended discussion of the history of Venice that follows appears to be William Carew Hazlitt, *History of the Venetian Republic: Her Rise, Her Greatness, and Her Civilization* (4 vols; London: Smith, Elder, 1860).

the cruel yoke of the feudal system, and even before the English barons had a Magna Charta to boast of. Her mariners knew all the coasts of Europe, and had found their way to Iceland, to Labrador, and to Newfoundland, before Columbus was born. Marco Polo had prayed to St. Mark in Tartary, India, and Cathay, while as yet Europe dreamt not of journeyings beyond the established route of palmers and pilgrims. It was about the same time, the end of the 13th century, that the golden ducats of Dandolo came into note and obtained a currency similar to that enjoyed afterwards by the Spanish dollar and now by the English sovereign. They were carried far beyond the confines of Europe, so that when Clive, after the battle of Plassy, came upon the hoarded treasures of the East, his eyes were astonished by the sight of ducats and sequins carried of old to these distant regions by Venetian traders. The trade of Venice was so large that in the beginning of the 15th century the Doge Mocenigo calculated the commerce with Lombardy alone as worth nearly 29,000,000 ducats a year. The Venetian galleys carried wine to the English, honey to the Scythians, wood to the Greeks and Egyptians, saffron, oil, and linen to Syria, Persia, and Arabia. They were the great carriers of the world. It was by means of Venetian galleys that the postal service between Germany and Constantinople was accomplished. As we read of the doings of Venetian merchants and the windings of Venetian polity, we are in the heart of the middle ages, but we hear all the modern cries and feel the modern pulse. The hands are the rough, hairy hands of the mediæval Esau, but the voice is the voice of the modern Jacob in all his various degrees from Jacobin to Jacobite.[1]

In no other history of the middle ages can we find such a phenomenon. At times we imagine that the scenes enacted in the Great Council of Venice must bear a striking resemblance to what is reported of the American Congress. The debate becomes tumultuous; words pass into blows; and the proud nobles in the most august assembly of the world take to fisticuffs, for they have been deprived of their side arms.[2] The whole system of routine is modern in its aspect. The Venetian Government was the earliest in Europe that organized a bureaucratic machinery, that developed largely the use of red tape, that elaborated the diplomatic etiquette and official routine which, in its decrepitude, we know as the peculiar glory of the circumlocution office. Commerce is indebted to the Italians for that singularly ingenious system of book-keeping by double entry without which it would nowadays be impossible to conduct safely a large business. What double entry is to commerce, etiquette, routine, division of labour, and standing orders are to political administration; and to the Italians we are indebted for both systems. In the commercial polity of Venice Englishmen are especially interested. In many of the discussions in the Great Council one fancies that one hears the first notes of an infant Manchester school. Venice was constantly at war, but, being a nation of traders, its instincts were always on the side of peace, and an orator in the Great Council often looks curiously like Mr. John Bright in garments of mediæval cut, or Mr. Cobden clothed in purple.[3]

Most curious of all, however, is it to think of the Funds in these middle ages. We who are apt to regard a national debt as quite a modern invention, seeing it is not two centuries old in this country, are amazed to hear of loans contracted in Venice for the State so early as the 12th century, to hear of the rise and fall of the funds in the 13th century, and to think of the Four per Cents. and the Five per Cents. as in those middle ages a good investment. The Venetian Funds were an invention of the revolution of 1173,[4] just as the English Funds were a creation of the revolution of 1688. Mr. Disraeli is never tired of repeating that from 1688 to 1831 England was governed by a Venetian oligarchy, and the oligarchy had certainly learned the Venetian art of creating a public debt. Our Dutch William learned the secret in Holland. Money was required for certain purposes which were, no doubt, as commendable as they were imperative. But a Government, newly established and by no means secure, could not afford to tax the people heavily. It was a great thing for William's Government to afford our

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1 Recalling the contrast between Esau and Jacob, the two sons of Isaac, as recounted in Genesis 27: 'And Jacob said to Rebekah his mother, Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man' (verse 11, AV).

2 Generally on this topic, see Joanne B. Freeman, *The Field of Blood: Violence in Congress and the Road to the Civil War* (2018).

3 John Bright (1811–89: *ODNB*) and Richard Cobden (1804–65: *ODNB*), who together founded the Anti-Corn Law League in 1838, were the most noted representatives of the so-called 'Manchester School' of mid-nineteenth-century economic liberalism.

4 When the Republic of Venice's new constitution was declared, creating the Great Council under Doge Sebastiano Ziani (1172–78); see Hazlitt, *History of the Venetian Republic*, I, Ch. VIII.

people the diversion of war and the glory of victory; but it was impossible to incur the odium of laying the burdens of the contest and the cost of the whistle on a nation accustomed to rebellion and but half satisfied with the revolution.

So it was at Venice towards the close of the 12th century. Under the new constitution the people were deprived of their open assemblies. Their Arrengi, as they had previously been conducted, were robbed, indeed, of almost all their power. But under the new constitution it became necessary to adjust the finances of the State, which recent wars had brought to the verge of bankruptcy, and it was a matter of importance that the taxes of the new Council should not be felt after those of the old, as the chastisement of scorpions after the chastisement of whips. The expedient of a loan, and a chamber of loans, was proposed. The Four per Cents. were raised. Gradually the system was carried out so completely, loan after loan being raised, that in process of time the Venetian Funds came to be regarded as a first-rate investment. Foreign princes, trembling for their power, and not knowing what should afterwards become of them, prudently sought permission to place their money—hundreds of thousands of ducats—in the secure keeping of the Chamber of Loans, and this, too, although in those troublous times the prices fluctuated prodigiously, being sometimes as low as 18, and never higher than 60. Where such an institution flourishes we at once feel that we are on modern ground. The Bank of Venice was the oldest institution of the kind in Europe, and, though banks and public funds are very gross material things, yet they very nearly express the essential facts of modern civilization. They mean money—they mean security—they mean debt—they mean heavy taxes to meet the interest of that debt—and more or less involve all the great problems of political economy.

In the Venice of the middle ages we thus find ourselves in the very centre of commercial ideas, and of a commercial polity directed, as in England, by a mixed Government. Furthermore those who, with Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Phillimore, denounce the destructive effects of the commercial spirit can point with triumph to the speedy fall of the Bride of the Adriatic. We read of Venice in the height of power and refinement, when the other kingdoms of Western Europe were sunk in barbarism and struggling for existence, and we are astonished to hear of this mighty empire declining as the others, rising into notice, shook off the bonds of the medieval darkness. But the cause of that decline must be traced not to the fact that Venice was a commercial empire, but to the fact that she had no agriculture—that she was a city without a country. It was upon this very ground that Venice maintained her right of dominion over the seas. In answer to a message from the Pope as to the free navigation of the Gulf, the Ducal Government stated that Venice having no lands depended on the sea, that her home and her path was on the deep, and that it was of vital importance to her that the Lion of St. Mark should rule the waters. Driven out upon the seas, she asserted her supremacy there, and, cooped up amid the lagoons, developed a municipal system to the highest point, when all around was only feudalism. Queen of the sea, and enjoying all the strength that could be derived from municipal institutions and an elaborate constitutional government, Venice became very great; but in her greatness there were the seeds of death, for she had no broad footing upon the land.

A signal and most curious illustration of her weakness in this respect occurred in 1222, shortly after the conquest of Constantinople by the Venetian arms. In that year the Doge Ziani proposed to transfer the seat of the republic from Venice to Constantinople.[1] He stood up in the Great Council, pointed out the unpleasantness of living amid the vapours of the lagoons, and behind dykes which the waters continually threatened to submerge. He described the colonies of the republic spread far and wide, and not sufficiently under control. He painted the glories of the Golden Horn—the finest and most enchanting site in the world—where his fellow-citizens might bid defiance to the Pisans and the Genoese; where they might lord it over the Archipelago, over the whole of Greece, and over the coasts of Asia; and where they might command the commerce of all mankind. He therefore moved that the Venetian Empire should be transferred bodily from Venice to Constantinople. The project was opposed by Angelo Faliero, and when it was put to the ballot was lost by only one vote, which, as thus deciding the fate of Venice, was termed the *vote of Providence*. We can easily calculate the stability of an empire which was thus, in the estimation of half its Legislature, capable of being transplanted bodily. Nor was Venice only without a country, its wide-spread colonies were not colonies as we

[1] See Hazlitt, *History of the Venetian Republic*, II, pp. 144–51.

understand them, but branch establishments of trade. The Venetian colonist was still a Venetian citizen, paying his dues to the treasury of St. Mark, and never really naturalized in the country of his adoption. An empire, based upon the fickleness of commerce, and upon that alone, rests evidently upon a foundation as precarious as those shifting sands of the lagoons from which the Doge Ziani tried to lure away his fellow-islanders.[1]

But in all this there is a lesson which tells directly on the argument of the present chapter. If we who glory in the originality of our constitution, and in the singularity of our commercial position, may find somewhat to lessen our pride and to teach us caution, in the history of Venice; once comparatively great as we are, free as we are, proud as we are; now sunk into decay, her navies reduced to a few gondolas, her palaces until but yesterday the spoil of the spoiler, and her paths the paths of the conqueror; we may also take comfort against the reproaches of those who attribute the withering of individual character to the incubus of commerce, from the extraordinary force of individual character among the Venetians, which all the levelling influence of their trade could not crush. From being a collection of fishing villages and islands, Venice became an immense emporium, the leading men of which were at once merchants and princes. From being lord of a few morasses and shifting sands the Doge of Venice rose to be Doge of Venice, Dalmatia, and Croatia; he became the mate of Kings and Emperors; and the dynasties of the Badoeri, the Sanudi, and the Orseoli met on equal terms the House of Hohenstaufen in Germany, and the descendants of Capet in France. The trading aristocracy of Venice is the shrewdest that history makes any mention of, and, traders all, they felt and asserted their equality. Their differences were differences of wealth, and, above a certain level, differences of wealth do not constitute a social distinction. The difference between the man who has £5,000 a year and him who has £50,000 is by no means proportionate to the difference between men who have respectively £50 and £500. Above a certain level all differences of this kind go for nothing, and an aristocracy of wealthy traders insisted upon their equality. In the course of time they so asserted their rights that the Great Council of Venice became the most august assembly in the world. Proud and exclusive as it was, however, the Venetian oligarchy had the natural sympathy of merchants with the people. We trace the whole spirit of the Venetian aristocracy in one great though exceptional fact. On the fall of Chioggia, when the very existence of the Republic was in danger, the Senate published a decree that of those families of plebeian rank who should most powerfully assist the State, either in purse or person in this its hour of need, thirty should be summoned after the peace to the Great Council; and in fulfilment of this pledge we find masons and other artisans, vintners, dealers in peltry, apothecaries, and the like, introduced into the same chamber with the Sanudi and the Badoeri, the Contarini and the Dandoli, who could trace back their honours to the first rise of the Republic.

But the point for us which is worthy of especial notice is that in the long line of Doges selected from this aristocracy we have a series of remarkable characters, such as no other monarchy or presidency, elective or hereditary, can boast of. They were men of native force and of modern type—heroes who derived their authority from strength of character and not from feudal observance, and who, being the elect of municipal institutions, were above all others pre-eminent in that administrative ability which in these latter days has come to be regarded as the prime quality of statesmanship. There is an originality about these Doges which is ever pleasant. The tragedies of Marino Faliero and the Two Foscari are well known. There is scarcely one of the Doges who would not make a first-rate character in a drama. In almost all the leading incidents we are charmed with a certain simplicity. A Doge is elected, and when he appears in public his father, insisting on his paternal superiority, refuses to unbonnet before him. It is only by the trick of exhibiting in the ducal berretta the image of a saint that the father is at last induced to give the appearance of homage to his son. Again, a Doge's son is in prison, is in great suffering, begs to be released, finds his father unrelenting, though not as a father, but as chief magistrate, and dies in his dungeon that the laws of Venice may be observed. It is out of nature so pure and strength so great as this that true nobility proceeds. Read of Giovanni and Andrea Dandolo, read of Pietro Contarini, who was literally forced to leave his privacy to assume the berretta. These were great, peculiar men. Imagine for a moment Pietro Ziani, with his kind heart and hot temper, his fine face and prodigious memory, receiving the ambassadors at St. Mark's. On one occasion he receives two-and-twenty envoys, bids each of them speak in succession, while he throws himself back in his seat, shuts his eyes, and appears to be dozing.

[1] Referring to Doge Pietro Ziani (1205–29).

After each has said his say the Doge comes to himself again, takes each of the envoys in order, and gives each his reply from memory. The Doges are all men of marked individuality, sometimes, as in the case of Ziani, tending to eccentricity. And in presence of such men we are driven to the denial of Hare's and Phillimore's assertion that commerce enfeebles character, or that whatever feebleness of character we may find in modern life is due to the predominance of the trading spirit.

That the position of the individual has come to be altered in modern society is certainly one of the incidents of commercial enterprise; but it is not the result of a sordid propensity. Increase of commerce, for example, implies the increased prevalence of law; and law makes short work of heroics. In reading history, one constantly comes upon characters that are nowadays almost unknown in public life—hot, angry men, who cannot be controlled, and whom it is death to offend. They might flourish in an age when might was right; they wither in an age of law. At the Council of Constance, the Archbishops of Milan and Pisa sprang from their seats in the midst of debate, closed like wild beasts, and nearly throttled each other. No such passion dare show itself in a modern convocation. The persons who are described as yielding to their passions in former times are chiefly men in authority—kings or barons. These have less liberty now than they formerly had. The liberty of their subjects and lieges has been raised on the circumscription of their power—therefore on the limitation of their excesses. If a baron now were ever so passionate, his anger would not be so terrible, and therefore not so noticeable, as it was in days when he could hang and imprison at pleasure, and when he thought no more of running a retainer through the body in a sudden fit of rage than he would now do of dismissing him with a month's wages. So to limit the energy of the passions is to shear Samson of his locks, and to reduce the hero to the level of an ordinary individual. It is not commerce which thus acts; although the trading spirit is one of the most potent influences in the modern civilization which represses the so-called hero and encourages the private individual.

Again, it is one of the incidents of commerce that the intercourse of man with man should be increased; and before such intercourse the sense of the marvellous pales. The hero is a moral giant, and we become soon incredulous of moral as of other giants. I have several times in the course of this volume referred to M. de Montalembert and his reverence for the monks. He would not recall the Middle Ages, but he thinks that society was—thanks to the monks—better then than now; more moral, more spiritually enlightened. He gives up the priests. He does not think that the secular clergy were then so good as now, but "there were more saints, more monks, and, above all, more believers than in our days."[1] It is not worth while to argue the point, but I cannot help recalling another of his statements, which has a resemblance to those of Hare and Phillimore,—that the Middle Ages were not only more fertile in saints and monks, but also in men, than these modern days.[2] I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of the monks. †For several centuries past Europe has known the monastic institution only in its degeneracy, and we have quite forgotten what it was in its prime. In the day of its glory, the cloister was the favoured home of piety and learning, all the arts of peace, and all the blessings of religion. We have come to know it as a sink of corruption, as a den of laziness, as the living grave in which human decrepitude is content to hide itself. Our contempt for the monks of later days has been so strong, that we have been unjust to the simple-minded men who in a former age, in an age of brute force and brutal appetites, kept alive in their hallowed retreats the flickering flame of religion and the tender seeds of knowledge.[hhh] †Roughly speaking, the monks came into Western Europe with the barbarians. This is the great fact which explains the good and the evil which belonged to them. They were a barbarous remedy for a barbarous disease. When Huns and Vandals poured upon the pleasant South, and spread themselves over Europe, the evils of their inroad were much more manifest than the good which followed from it. We know well how much modern Europe owes to these Goths, who were our progenitors, and who easily overbore the effete civilization of pagan Rome with that youthful energy and animal perfection which is the best of all soils, that sentiment of honour which ever points upward, and that respect for womanhood which is the preserving salt of society. But we know also their original ignorance, their coarseness, their brutality. In one word, they were barbarians, full of impulses which they never questioned and passions which they never controlled. The monks converted the heathens and

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[1] In Ch. IX of the 'Introduction' to the first volume of Montalembert's *The Monks of the West*, p. 210.

[2] Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*, I, pp. 204–5.

trained them in the arts of peace. M. de Montalembert indeed complains that the defence of the monks is put on the wrong ground when we dwell on the services which they have rendered to the sciences, to letters, to the fine and to the useful arts. This, he says, is to praise what is merely incidental at the expense of what is essential. Prayer was the great function of the monks, and we are favoured with the opinion of the Bishop of Orleans, that "prayer equals and surpasses sometimes the power of God. It triumphs over His will, His wrath, and even over His justice."[1] If the bishop's view be correct, of course St. Augustine had ample reason for saying that "the less a monk labours in anything else but prayer, the more serviceable is he to men."[2] I hope it is not impious to suggest that if the monks had done nothing but pray, they would never have risen into importance. Their charity to the sick and the poor was abundant and beneficent. The lesson of poverty which they taught by their example was of immense value in an age of rapacity and plunder. The son of the nobleman clothed himself in the same coarse habit as the son of the serf, and lay on the same straw. Kings and queens washed the plates of the poor, oiled the shoes of the last novice, dressed and kissed the sores of lepers. It was a grand lesson both to the secular priesthood who were inclined to grasp at wealth, and indulge in too much luxury, and to society at large who saw the partitions of rank borne down, to be made to feel that neither was wealth anything nor birth in the sight of Heaven—but only purity of heart and the love which never faileth. Nor are we to forget the influence on society at large of the monkish vows of chastity. An age of luxury and ease, of great towns and much excitement, is apt to discredit the chastity of the monks; but it does not appear that we have any right to regard their celibacy save as a real and beneficial protest against a prevailing vice.[iii]

Still need we, thus giving the monks their due, go further and worship them as greater than men now, and as the only true heroes? If M. de Montalembert sees in the monks a race of giants beside whom the men of the present day are but pigmies, it is because †he sees the Middle Ages through a mist of miracles. He has a most lively faith in the supernatural, and implicitly accepts all the stories about Benedict enabling St. Maur to walk upon the lake, breaking a poison cup by the sign of the cross, and raising a child from the dead. An age that was able to work miracles must have been more fertile of extraordinary men—heroes and saints—than an age which can work none.[iii] This is the fallacy of the perfect tense. Men who lived in the pluperfect past must have had a pluperfect character. Alas! if Achilles were alive to-day should we take him for a hero? If St. Bernard, whom M. de Montalembert deems the greatest of the monks, the hero of heroes, were risen from the dead, he would have no chance now beside the lover of Eloise, if he too were risen—that Abelard whose intellect is in profane eyes one of the redeeming glories of monachism, and to this day affronts the triumph of St. Bernard. It is not commerce that has produced this change in men's estimate of what is and is not heroic; but it must be repeated that the trading spirit is one of the most potent influences in the civilization which has wrought the change.

Once more, it is one of the results of commerce that we herd together in larger and larger towns, and in great towns we herd together in clubs and other forms of association. When men thus become gregarious, they grow like each other, and one is the double of another. The development of the principle of joint-stock or associated enterprise has at one and the same time given weight to every member of a community, and has proved the weakness of any who would set himself above or against it. †Then immense importance has been given to the wants of society through the extraordinary organization of the press, which chronicles every little thing done by every little mite, giving him a voice that rings across the world.[kkk] †Moreover, the prodigious power of machinery at once endows man with a superhuman strength, and dwarfs him in his own eyes. The individual withers and cowers before a great machine that has a hundred hands; but the individual also waxes great in view of the fact that this mighty engine which does the work of giants, changes the face of nature and turns the current of civilization, is an invention of no towering genius—is an invention of the most ordinary flesh and blood. We are astonished at the grandeur of the results that have been achieved by the engineering and the mechanical contrivances of our time. They seem the work of Titans. To our surprise, we find that the engineers and mechanicians who do such wonders are not at all of the race of Titans; or that if they are, then we must all be Titans together. There is rarely a new mechanical contrivance but there are scores of persons

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1 Cited in Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*, I, p. 44.

2 Again cited in Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*, I, p. 49.

claiming its authorship; it does not appear that there is needed any vast reach of mind to succeed in such authorship; hundreds of middle-sized men with a little mother wit succeed in it; sometimes a small man with his contrivance will do more extraordinary work than a great man with his; and the Patent Office is encumbered with the title-deeds of useless inventions which have called into exercise far more brain than the useful ones that move the world and set the elements at naught.lll

Whether the individual may be said to flourish or to wither, still the change which has come over his position is an important one for the world, and a very important one for art. The heart, the common heart, has ever been the stronghold of art. We know that art rejoices in a hero, and if we find the hero withering—if marvels are abolished and the gigantesque passes out of sight—so much the worse, it would appear, for art. But on the other hand, what art most prizes in the hero is the human side of his character, the little touches of nature by which he is more particularly felt to be kin to the whole world, the very points about him which are not exceptional, and which, therefore, are not heroic, but common. If individuals fail as heroes, still they flourish and are of more account than ever as men. Horny-hand is now a hero as much as any knight of old that placed his lance in rest for the golden lilies, or for the roses, white and red. The result is that no one man now reaps such a harvest of fame as fell to the lot of great men in the bygone time; but crowds of men and women win fame who would have had no chance of winning it in the past. Not that fame can ever be regarded as the measure of a man's greatness. The definite exploit the crowning victory, which the tongue of fame seizes upon, rarely belongs of right to the man who gets the credit of it. †*Sic vos non vobis*. One sows and another reaps.mmm Columbus sails through the weedy seas, and rasps his prow upon a western isle. The mariner who follows in his wake lights on the mainland, and calls it after himself America. The philosophers at first refuse to believe in the telescope of Galileo, and then when they do believe, discover that he took it from Aristotle. Philosophers at first refuse to believe in the circulation of the blood, and then when they do believe, discover that Harvey learnt it from Plato and from Solomon. If, however, fame cannot be accepted as the standard of real greatness, it is at least a sure index of the world's thinking. And the great fame which now belongs to little men that formerly would be esteemed as emmets unworthy of notice is a very curious fact, and full of meaning. Some of the aspects of this peculiar phænomenon are worth attending to.

I. And first of all, observe the prominence of biography in the current literature. †It cannot have escaped the notice of the most cursory observer that of late years history has been growing more and more biographical in its tendency, while biography has been growing more and more historical in its tone. In the picturesque pages of Macaulay, as in that darker scroll on which Carlyle writes his terrible Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin[1]—two extremely opposite types of history—it is impossible not to remark how frequently the interest of the narrative is centred in cabinet pictures of personal traits, illustrative manners, and accidental customs. On the other hand, we have learned to magnify so much the importance of individuals that there is scarcely a memoir published now-a-days in which the subject is not regarded as of national interest. If he voted at a county election, he is supposed to have powerfully assisted in carrying the Reform Bill;—hence a chapter on rotten boroughs and corruption generally. If he doffed his hat in the streets to George IV., he is supposed to have had a powerful influence in checking rebellion—hence an edifying dissertation on the balance of the three estates. We need not now stay to inquire whether by this process history has been bettered, or biography has been worsened. The fact stands out clear that we give enormous importance to the lives of individuals which heretofore would have been overlooked in the general account. Just as philosophers tell us that every word we utter, every breath we inhale, has, through a million of intermediate links in the chain of cause and effect, a definite influence on the dancing of the leaves in an American forest or on the course of a hurricane in the Indian seas, so we recognise the fact that the action of every unit of a nation or a party tells upon the total result of human achievement, and we insist on tracing that action, no matter how infinitesimal, throughout all its ramifications. We have nothing to do with the question whether this be right or wrong—whether to trace the influence of every little emmet on society may not be as worthless a task as would be an attempt to calculate the effect of the blast of a trumpet on the weather of to-morrow. Right or wrong, there is the fact that we do seek to estimate the influence on

[1] See the Biblical account of Belshazzar's feast in Daniel 5.

society of every petty individual whom we happen to like. A Dissenting grocer, who makes money and extends his operations till he is regarded as a marvel by the country-side, has his life written by a very able man in a very ornate style as the pattern of a British and Christian merchant; a sickly undergraduate who never does anything, but makes up for his nothingness by writing in his diary all his good intentions, is paraded before the world as a favourable specimen of the earnest and evangelical student;[1] and so we may go through the whole list—the good physician, and the benign attorney, down to the lives of those poor men and women which half a century ago would have been published as warnings under the names of Penitent Polly or Dutiful Dick by the Religious Tract Society, in small volumes of a dozen pages, but which are now held up to our admiration as the salt that preserves us from the decay of nature—the few righteous souls that preserve us from the judgment of Heaven.[nnn]

We are not only deluged with biographies of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, from the pet parson to the pet pugilist, and from Mr. Brown's three wives to the sweet infant who was perfect in lollypops and Dr. Watts;[2] we have biographies of murderers, biographies of horses, biographies of dogs, and everything is more or less regarded from the personal point of view. The best history of philosophy that has been written in this country is a biographical history.[3] If science is to be made interesting, it is thrown into the form of dialogues between characters with whose private hopes and fears we are to pick up an acquaintance; if a new creed is to be divulged, it is in a novel, in which the personages are so amiable that for the sake of their goodness we are to swallow their doctrines; if travels are to be written and statistics concocted, they are dished up in the form of a diary, in which the figures of the tea trade and the effect of missions are insidiously conveyed as incidents of a fierce flirtation, or as the rattling musketry of a conversation in the intervals of a dinner which is to make the diner-out ill; if the news of the day is to be provided, it is crammed into a letter, which is lighted up with the information that Snooks is worth 30,000*l*. a year, that the writer of the letter has a partiality for fair hair, that he is not impervious to Burgundy, and that he shaves regularly twice a day. Even our discussions are becoming personal, and our arguments are *ad hominem*. It is curious that at the very moment when we are proclaiming that party is dead, and that henceforth we must no more consider men, but measures, the biographical element predominates in our literature, and in public life the personal overrides almost every other consideration. †Principles have little hold on us unless, more than principles, they are men and women, as the white block of Carrara has little interest for us until it is hewed into a living form.[ooo]

Now this state of things is regarded by not a few as a tremendous proof of degeneracy. It was in the decay of Greek literature that Plutarch flourished, as his crabbed style abundantly proves; and among ourselves we regard with profound contempt the author of our most remarkable biography.[4] What is akin to biography, portrait painting is held in like esteem when compared with the other branches of the pictorial art. And people may jump to the conclusion that the biographical tendencies which are so marked in these days are signs of failing power and may be accepted as the premonitory crack of doom.

†The flourishing of the Cheronæan sage in the decadence of Greek literature is a fact certainly that seems to tell in favour of the argument that the rise of biography betokens the fall of literature.[5] Plutarch's biographies are the most complete and the most entertaining picture of classical antiquity—its wit and its wisdom, its faith and its practice, what it loved most, what it feared most, what a man was in private as well as in public. In the pages of other historians we see a stately pageant of shields and swords, chariots and horses, short tunics and long robes, sculptures of gold and ivory and marble, laurel leaves and myrtle branches. Plutarch not only shows us these in great variety—he introduces us to the individual as well as to the citizen; we make acquaintance with the man even more than with the soldier. We see how the Greek is elevated over his wine, and how the Roman disports when he throws aside his toga; if we see Anthony in war, we see him also in

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1 These appear to be invented rather than actual biographies.

2 Again apparently invented rather than actual examples.

3 Presumably referring to G.H. Lewes, *A Biographical History of Philosophy* (1845).

4 Clearly referring to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; see Dallas's comments on Boswell in Chs. XIV & XVII (pp. 168 & 205).

5 The Greek town of Chaeronea, near Delphi, was the birthplace of Plutarch, the first-century philosopher best known for his biographical work, *Plutarch's Lives*, famously translated by Dryden.

love; and if we see Alcibiades throwing money to the rabble, we know that the young fellow has at the same moment a quail under his robe. We may behold what Dryden delighted to point out, Scipio and Lelius gathering shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobbyhorse among his children. We have the inner life as well as the outer; we have, in a word, all that is implied in the story of Themistocles, who said that Athens ruled Greece, that he ruled Athens, that his wife ruled him, and that his little son ruled his wife, where we see the domestic impinging on the political life, and the cares of State mingled with the pleasures of society.[ppp]

†But is this indeed a proof of degeneracy? On the contrary, may we not regard the surpassing excellence of Plutarch in biography rather as the splendid dawn of a day that was struggling into light than as the fading glory of a day that was past? For let it be observed that although Plutarch was not a Christian in his religious faith, his standard of morality in relation to his fellow-men was more truly Christian than that of most believers, and in himself he united, in a singular manner, the literary cultivation of the classical period, which had passed away, with the human sympathies that in the new era found their fullest expression in Christianity. It may be asked, what has Christianity to do with the matter?

It has this to do with it—that the human sympathies which it inculcated, the rejoicing with them that rejoice, and the weeping with them that weep, the loving our neighbours as ourselves, and, above all, the peculiar force with which it insisted on the true nature of conduct, good or bad, that it is to be judged even more by motives than by results, must have produced precisely that temper in which personal considerations and biographical elements are all in all. Compare for one moment the Greek with the Christian idea of sin. We see the former in the common story of Œdipus, who killed his father in self-defence, not knowing who it was that he slew. There was the fact—he had killed his father. No matter what were his motives—they might be good, bad, or indifferent. Irrespective of motive, he had committed a crime which was irremediable, and which could only be expiated in the utter destruction of himself and of all that should belong to him. In perfect innocence he marries the wife of the dead king, his own mother, neither of them being aware of the relationship. Guilt added to guilt, he only heaps up wrath upon wrath. His external acts are regarded in the most impersonal light; no account is taken of the motives by which his acts were directed; and he suffers the most cruel punishment. We have in this wonderful story, which was the constant theme of the poets, a capital illustration of the Greek view of life. The Greeks were men, and in practice were continually breaking loose from their theory; but in their view motives were never of so much account, personal traits were never of so much importance, individual life was never so sacred, the foibles of human will and the infirmities of human affection were never so tenderly treated, as to foster that temper out of which biographical excellence proceeds. A Greek cared little for the individual in comparison with the race to which he belonged, and which his imagination magnified so gloriously that in his view it was immortality enough for any man to live in the memory of his race to live as a mere fame, while his real existence had utterly perished. The stoical philosophy was in fact the most genuine expression of the Greek wisdom, and, if this fact be fully appreciated, we shall easily understand that out of a stoical indifference to personal traits biography could never emerge, and could never obtain a satisfactory development.

When, therefore, we pass on to the age of Plutarch in the degeneracy of Greek literature, we at once see that the spirit of the biographer is not the old stoical spirit of disregard for motives and individual peculiarities. That, indeed, had utterly decayed, and in this sense we may accept the production of Plutarch's Lives as one more proof of the Greek decadence. The true source, however, of these biographies was the rise of a new spirit upon the ruins of the old. Plutarch wrote his great work, as nearly as we can determine, about a hundred years after the birth of our Saviour. It is unnecessary to suppose that, although not a Christian, he had indirectly derived some impulse from Christianity—a supposition, however, which is by no means improbable. It is enough to say that our Saviour came "in the fulness of time,"[1] and that the world was ripe for his advent. The moral code of Christianity, all that it urged as to the importance of individuals, even if they were the least in the kingdom, as to the value of motives, as to the duty of sympathy, and as to the pre-eminence of unfailing charity the civilized world was prepared to echo. The ground was ready for the good seed, and, though we cannot

[1] Echoing Galatians 4:4–5 in the King James Bible: 'But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, | To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.'

describe the process, we find the seed bearing its fruit in the work of Plutarch, who had so far also wandered from the Pagan faith of his fathers that he believed in one God.

There are persons who seek to magnify Christianity by endeavouring to show that almost every detail of doctrine which we include under that name was a novelty to the world, and flashed in the faces of the Gentiles as a marvel and a mystery. Not so. Christianity had its marvels and its mysteries, which astonished and repulsed the Gentiles; but it also absorbed and it gave authority to much of what was passing in men's minds through the natural development of human thought—the purest feeling of the time, the ripened wisdom of the age. And it was out of this new element of a new epoch that Plutarch's faculty for biography arose.qqq It was because he had, unknown to himself, been baptized with the Christian spirit that he drew towards biography, and came to write it, as he himself describes in the life of Alexander. "It must be borne in mind," he said, "that my design is to write not histories, but lives. And the most glorious exploits are not always the most characteristic. Sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, gives a truer insight into a man's mind than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, and the bloodiest battles."[1] This in very truth is the Christian spirit in view of which the first is last, and the last first; and he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. The individual as a public hero pales before the light of the individual as a private man beloved.

†If these views be correct, it will be seen the extension of biographical literature in our day is not necessarily to be regarded as a bad sign. The biographers may be bad and their subjects uninteresting, but in itself an increased regard for biographical details is not blameworthy.rrr †That we have a contempt for Boswell, who has written our best biography, is quite intelligible on a principle which does not involve contempt for biography. It is not for appreciating Johnson and writing an admirable biography of him that Boswell is despised, but for appreciating and studying him in a way that showed him to be incapable of appreciating and studying anybody else in like manner. He wrote one biography; he could not have written two. He had a soul large enough to understand one man, but it was not large enough to embrace more than one. He was essentially a parasitical plant that clung to one tree. Human nature takes revenge upon him by laughing at his littleness. He erred by defect. If he had the capacity to form a friendship with others besides Johnson, he would have had just that balance which would have preserved him from ridicule. What he has actually done is by no means despicable; what is pitiable about him is that he is palpably one-sided, that he sees but with one eye, that he boasts but one arm, and that if he has a couple of lower extremities, they are like those of Jacob Tonson, so mercilessly ridiculed by Dryden—two left legs.[2]sss

II. In speaking of the prominence of biography in current literature, I had some occasion to refer to a kindred fact, the similar prominence of prose fiction. That, however, is an incident of modern times which is important enough to demand separate notice.

†It is said that within the space of thirty-five days, not long ago, no less than forty-six novels were offered for subscription in Paternoster Row—that is, nine every week for five successive weeks. The number seems to be prodigious, but in truth it gives no adequate idea of the quantity of fiction which is written and printed, published and read, year by year in this country. Not only are there heaps of stories, great and small, produced in single, in double, and in treble volumes, each one by itself, but let it be remembered that there are an infinity of periodicals, weekly and monthly, varying in price from a halfpenny to half-a-crown, which have, with scarcely an exception, each a story on foot, and some of them two. Now, making every allowance for the fact that nearly all the important novels are first published in the periodical form, and then separately, so that they figure twice in any calculation which we may make of the number of novels, it will still appear to any one who will sit down and think calmly of our fictitious literature that its bulk is enormous. There has never been anything like it before. To the literary historian it is an unparalleled phænomenon,ttt and brings to mind the remark of

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[1] Citing the opening of the biography of Alexander the Great in *Plutarch's Lives*, with minor variations from Clough's revision of Dryden's translation; part of this passage is also cited in Dallas's *Times* review of Clough's volumes.

[2] The final sentence refers to Dryden's publisher, the London bookseller Jacob Tonson, who was later mocked in verse by the poet: 'With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair; | With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair, | And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.'

Lord Lytton, that the literature of Greece began to exist in poetical fiction and expired in prose fiction.[1] That, however, is a gloomy view of the subject which may suggest in reply an argument parallel to that which accounts for the production of a Plutarch in the decadence of Greek authorship.

A novel is but a fictitious biography, and in the popularity of the novel we have to deal with precisely the same movement and sign of the times as we find in biography. Our interest in the private life of our fellow-men has been developed into a system, and there is nothing in the way of study which people seem now to desire so much as †to peep into the house of a neighbour, to watch his ways, and to calculate the ups and downs of fortune. All the efforts of all the moralists cannot restrain the love of gossip or quench the enjoyment of scandal. There is nothing half so interesting to the great mass of mankind as a mysterious murder in a street cab, or a full-blown adultery made patent in court. Many men who care only for ideas and their practical development are apt to scorn these things, and to speak of them as Johnson spoke of green fields. Crimes are wonderfully like, and when you have seen one you have seen all. The passions are monotonous in their action, and are not to be compared for variety with our more intellectual activities. About these matters we may argue as we please; we cannot argue away the fact that it is in passions and the work of passions, not in ideas and the results of ideas, that the majority of men are interested. From year to year, and from month to month, eternally, we are interested in knowing that John is going to marry Jane, that Smith has quarrelled with Smythe, and that Bluebeard has left all the keys with his wife. Here is a gossipping propensity in human nature which any man of sense can keep within bounds, but which none of us can eradicate. To this gossipping sense the novelist appeals. A novel may be described as gossip etherealized, family talk generalized. In the pages of a novel we can pry without shame into the secrets of our neighbour's soul, we can rifle his desk, we can read his love letters, we are present when he first kisses the maiden of his heart, we see that little maiden at her toilet preparing for the interview, we go with her to buy her simple ribands and to choose her bonnet. To transport us into new villages which we have never known, to lodge us in strange houses which we have never dreamt of, to make us at home among new circles of our fellow-creatures, to teach us to sympathize in all their little pursuits, to love their trifling gauds, to partake of their filmy hopes and fears, to be one of them and to join in the petty fluctuations of contracted lives—this may not be a lofty occupation, nor need great genius for its perfect exercise; nevertheless, it is good healthy work, and I know not who in this generation is better employed than he who—even if he cannot boast of genius, yet with tact and clearness—widens through fiction the range of our sympathies, and teaches us not less to care for the narrow aims of small people than for the vast schemes of the great and mighty.uuu We read the village gossip with as much concern as if the fate of the nation depended on it, and we take as much interest in a lawyer's poor daughter as if she were a peeress in her own right. Oh, happy art of fiction which can thus adjust the balance of fortune, raising the humble and weak to an equality in our hearts with the proud and the great!

While thus through all fiction the position of the private individual is in the public regard invested with a new importance, there are two especial forms of fiction in which we may note more closely the withering of the individual as an exceptional hero, and his growth as a multiplicand unit.

The story by which Mr. Thackeray first became famous was entitled A Novel Without a Hero;[2] and throughout all his works, the idea which is most constantly urged upon the reader is that we are all alike, that the differences between the extremes of humankind are very trifling, and are due rather to the force of circumstances than to force of character. He was always insisting that black is not so very black and that white is not so very white. He thus imposed upon himself as an artist Herculean toil. †When a novelist takes two characters that seem to be very nearly alike, and by the skilful laying on of touch after touch proves them to be essentially dissimilar, his method naturally tends to variety of result; each individual is different from every other; within the limits of a village he finds all the elements of a kingdom, and in the end he might realize the scholastic dream and show us legions of existences dancing on the point of a needle. But when a novelist goes upon the

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[1] Citing a footnote to Bk I, Ch. VIII of Edward Bulwer Lytton, *Athens: Its Rise and Fall* (1837), where he writes: 'literature, therefore, commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France.'

[2] The subtitle of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* when it appeared in volume form in 1848.

opposite tack, surveys each new comer, and passes him on, saying, You are like the rest of us; there is nothing new about you; how are you better than I am? I don't think that you are worse; you are very like the man I painted last—nose, eyes, and mouth; we are all medals, in fact, struck from the same die, and if on some of the medals time makes a few marks, it does not affect the resemblance—he is evidently working after a method which tends to monotony of result. And so it happened that of Thackeray, who, apart from all question as to his truth or as to his power, most certainly possessed one of the richest minds with which a novelist has ever been gifted, it was said more frequently than of men who can boast not one tithe of his genius, that he lacked variety. So it happened, also, that compelled in the last resort to reduce his characters to something like unity—compelled to return always upon one central idea, he was obliged, for the sake of variety, to go further afield in search of his materials than he otherwise would. If he had to prove the identity of personages apparently dissimilar, then to give strength to his argument not less than variety to his narrative, he ought to select these personages from as wide a range as possible, and, every man's range of personal observation being limited, he was forced back upon history. When he set out with the statement: Let any two characters be as dissimilar as possible; let the circumstances in which they are placed be as opposite as the poles, I will prove that their natures are the same, and I do not doubt that, spite of our censures, we in their places would have acted precisely as they did—he was bound to choose a goodly number of his examples from situations in life which are very different from ours, and he found that difference most easily by going back a century or two. Thus, without any special aptitude for it beyond his love of reality, he was in the exercise of his vocation driven to history, which from his point of view was but a study of the present.[vvv]

He summarised his views of life in the first chapter of *Esmond*, and two passages in it bear so closely on the argument which I am now working out that I will venture to quote them: "The Muse of History hath encumbered herself with ceremony as well as her Sister of the Theatre. She too wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure. She too, in our age, busies herself with the affairs only of kings; waiting on them obsequiously and stately, as if she were but a mistress of Court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the common people. I have seen in his very old age and decrepitude the old French King Lewis the Fourteenth, the type and model of kinghood—who never moved but to measure, who lived and died according to the laws of his Court-marshal, persisting in enacting through life the part of Hero; and, divested of poetry, this was but a little wrinkled old man, pockmarked, and with a great periwig and red heels to make him look tall—a hero for a book if you like, or for a brass statue or a painted ceiling, a god in a Roman shape, but what more than a man for Madame Maintenon, or the barber who shaved him, or Monsieur Fagon, his surgeon? I wonder shall History ever pull off her periwig and cease to be Court-ridden? Shall we see something of France and England besides Versailles and Windsor? I saw Queen Anne at the latter place tearing down the Park slopes after her stag-hounds, and driving her one-horse chaise—a hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon Saint Paul's, and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill. She was neither better bred nor wiser than you and me, though we knelt to hand her a letter or a washhand-basin. Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time? I am for having her rise up off her knees, and take a natural posture: not to be for ever performing cringes and congees like a Court-chamberlain, and shuffling backwards out of doors in the presence of the sovereign. In a word, I would have History familiar rather than heroic."[1] Another passage in the same vein runs as follows: "I have seen too much of success in life to take off my hat and huzza to it as it passes in its gilt coach; and would do my little part with my neighbours on foot, that they should not gape with too much wonder, nor applaud too loudly. Is it the Lord Mayor going in state to mince-pies and the Mansion House? Is it poor Jack of Newgate's procession, with the sheriff and javelin-men, conducting him on his last journey to Tyburn? I look into my heart and think that I am as good as my Lord Mayor, and know I am as bad as Tyburn Jack. Give me a chain and red gown and a pudding before me, and I could play the part of Alderman very well, and sentence Jack after dinner. Starve me, keep me from books and honest people, educate me to love dice, gin, and pleasure, and put me on Hounslow Heath, with a purse before me and I will take it. And I shall be deservedly hanged,' say you, wishing to put an

[1] Citing the Preamble to Bk I of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* (1852).

end to this prosing. I don't say no. I can't but accept the world as I find it, including a rope's end, as long as it is in fashion."[1]

Not only does Thackeray thus insist upon a theory of character which implies in the sense of the poet the withering of the individual; we see precisely the same tendency in the school of fiction, which is the right opposite of his—what is called the sensation school. In that school the first consideration is given to the plot; and the characters must succumb to the exigencies of the plot. This is so clearly necessary that at length it has become a matter of course to find in a sensation novel a fine display of idiocy. There is always, in a sensation novel, one, or it may be two, half-witted creatures. †The utility of these crazy beings is beyond belief. The things they see which nobody thought they would see, and remember which nobody thought they would remember, are even more remarkable than the things which, do what their friends will, they cannot be made to comprehend, and cannot be counted upon to repeat.[www] Now, this species of novel is very much sneered at by persons of supposed enlightenment, and certainly †it is more satisfactory to the pride of human nature to perhaps write and to read a novel of character. But I am not sure that, viewed in the abstract, such a work is either more true or more philosophical than the species of fiction in which the plot is of most importance. Suppose we attempt to state in abstract terms the difference between the two kinds of fiction.

Both profess to give us pictures of life, and both have to do with certain characters going through certain actions. The difference between the two lies solely in the relation of the characters pourtrayed to the actions described. In the novel of character man appears moulding circumstances to his will, directing the action for himself, supreme over incident and plot. In the opposite class of novel man is represented as made and ruled by circumstance; he is the victim of change and the puppet of intrigue. Is either of these views of life wholly true or wholly false? We may like the one better than the other. We may like to see men generally represented as possessed of decided character, masters of their destiny, and superior to circumstance; but is this view of life a whit more true than that which pictures the mass of men as endowed with faint characters, and as tossed hither and thither by the accidents of life, which we sometimes call fate and sometimes fortune? The art of fiction, which makes character succumb to the exigencies of plot, is just as defensible as that which breaks down incident before the weight of character. In point of fact, however, most novelists attempt to mix up the two extreme views of life, though they cannot help leaning to the one side or to the other; and the chief weakness of the plotting novels, as they are now written, is, that while they represent circumstances and incident as all-important, and characters amid the current of events as corks upon the waves, they generally introduce one character who, in violent contrast to all the others, is superior to the plot, plans the events, guides the storm, and holds the winds in the hollow of his hand. It is quite wonderful to see what one picked character can do in these stories in comparison with the others, who can do nothing. He predominates over the plot, and the plot predominates over all else. The violence of this contrast is an artistic error; but the views themselves which are thus contrasted are not necessarily false. To show man as the sport of circumstance may be a depressing view of human nature; but it is not fair to regard it as immoral nor to denounce it as utterly untrue.[xxx] And whether it be true or false, still, as a popular view of life, it is one of the facts which we have to regard, when we consider either the Laureate's view, that the individual withers, or Archdeacon Hare's view, that this is an age of superficial character.

III. We continue to travel on the same line of rails, if now we give a few moments' attention to another characteristic of current literature—†the feminine influence that pervades it. Women are of much account in it, and women produce a large share of it.[yyy] †Of late, indeed, the women have been having it all their own way in the realm of fiction. There was a time when the chief characters in fiction were men, and when to find a female portrait well drawn, especially if she was intended to rank as a heroine, was a rare exception. How colourless, for example, are most of Sir Walter Scott's heroines, when compared with the men in whom he delights. Now all the more important characters seem to be women. Our novelists have suddenly discovered that feminine character is an unworked mine of wealth, and they give us jewels of women in many a casket. This is all the more natural, seeing that most of our novelists just now seem to belong to the fair sex. But their masculine rivals

[1] *Ibid.*

follow in the same track. Nor is this tendency evident only in prose fiction. Look at Mr. Tennyson. A great poet is supposed to be the most perfect representative of his age, and the greater part of the Laureate's poetry may be described as a "dream of fair women."[1] For one man he paints half a dozen women, and we remember the women better than the men. We remember the Princess and all her train; we remember Enid, Elaine, Vivien, Guinevere, Dora, Lilian, Isabel, the Gardener's Daughter, Maud, Godiva, the May Queen, Mariana, Lady Clara, and many more. How many men of the Laureate's drawing can we set against such a splendid array of women?[zzz]

It must be allowed that this feminine tendency in our literature is not all for good. But the evil which belongs to it is not what one would expect. Woman embodies our highest ideas of purity and refinement. Cornelius Agrippa argues for the superiority of women over men,[2] because Adam signifies earth, but Eve life. †And in the thinking of the medieval times we are often reminded that Adam was formed out of the dust of the earth, but Eve out of the living flesh; that Adam was created no one knows where, but that Eve was born in the garden of Eden.[aaaa] And now, when the influence of women is being poured into our literature, we expect to feel within it an evident access of refinement. We find the very opposite. The first object of the novelist is to get personages in whom we can be interested; the next is to put them in action. But when women are the chief characters, how are you to set them in motion? The life of women cannot well be described as a life of action. When women are thus put forward to lead the action of a plot, they must be urged into a false position. To get vigorous action they are described as rushing into crime, and doing masculine deeds. Thus they come forward in the worst light, and the novelist finds that to make an effect he has to give up his heroine to bigamy, to murder, to child-bearing by stealth in the Tyrol, and to all sorts of adventures which can only signify her fall. The very prominence of the position which women occupy in recent fiction leads by a natural process to their appearing in a light which is not good. This is what is called sensation. It is not wrong to make a sensation; but if the novelist depends for his sensation upon the action of a woman, the chances are that he will attain his end by unnatural means.

There seem to be scattered over the world in the most opposite regions—in South America, for example, not less than in Russia—certain legends as to the existence of Amazons; but always in the neighbourhood of these Amazons are to be found "the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;"[3] and, after the fashion of Lord Bacon, we may give this interpretation to the legend that where the women are as men, there the men will be monsters; that when the women do violence to their nature in rivalry of men, then the men will have no hearts at all, but heads where the hearts should be. It is certainly curious that one of the earliest results of an increased feminine influence in our literature should be a display of what in women is most unfeminine. One is reminded of the famous fact that the first record of feminine conduct in the world's history is unfeminine. Eve is said to have eaten the apple in a masculine lust of power to be as the gods; Adam in a feminine weakness of affection for the mate who offered it.

We might multiply these parallels; but it may be doubted whether they explain anything. The great fact with which we are more immediately concerned needs no elucidation. Some of the consequences which have attended the increase of feminine influence in literature may not be easy to explain; but the one great consequence with which we have now to do stands out clear, and easy of understanding. Woman peculiarly represents the private life of the race. Her ascendancy in literature must mean the ascendancy of domestic ideas, and the assertion of the individual, not as a hero, but as a family man—not as a heroine, but as an angel in the house. The individual as a great public character withers. The individual as a member of society and in all his private relations grows in importance. In a charming volume of poetry recently published under the title of *Ephemera*, I find a characteristic poem which entirely represents the lady's view. First of all, there is drawn a

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[1] Referring to Tennyson's poem, first issued in 1833 as 'A Legend of Fair Women', but reprinted in revised form as 'A Dream of Fair Women' in the *Poems* of 1842.

[2] Referring to *Declamation on the Nobility and Preeminence of the Female Sex* (1529) by the German scholar Henricus Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim (1436–1535).

[3] Citing the protagonist's recounting of the story of his life in Shakespeare's *Othello*, I iii; the lines are also cited in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 102, though in a different context.

picture of Lord Exmouth as a warrior, and we are shown the heroic side of his character. Then we are told the story of his saving an infant from drowning. "The happiest hour of my life," said Lord Exmouth, "was that on which I replaced the infant in the arms of its mother;" and the poetess, Lady Wood, insists upon this private act as the crowning glory of the hero.[1]

IV. Once more, it is an age of books and papers—of much reading and writing. The chief movement of the age rattles upon a cause-way paved with reading-desks and writing-desks. This implies that it is an age of thought. But of late years critics have been so impressed with the craving which exists among us for sensation, that they cannot bring themselves to believe in the thoughtfulness of a people demanding much excitement. Here we see in the moral world the incidents of the tide at Dover. It seems to be ebbing while indeed it is flowing. The demand for sensation is but the reaction from overwrought thinking. Sensation is more striking in its effects, and we cannot help noticing it. But it is shallow to pick out the frivolities of the day as its regnant characteristic. Its regnant characteristic is not a love of frivolous excitement. It shows itself in the individual in excess of study; it shows itself in the nation in excess of discussion.

In this characteristic there is so much of strength, and so much of weakness, that we need not wonder to find the most opposite expressions of opinion regarding it. The opinion of the age about itself is not unlike that of Earl Yniol in the *Idyls of the King*:

> And I myself sometimes despise myself;
> For I have let men be and have their way;
> Am much too gentle, have not used my power;
> Nor know I whether I be very base
> Or very manful, whether very wise
> Or very foolish; only this I know,
> That whatsoever evil happens to me,
> I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb.[2]

On the whole, perhaps, we are most inclined to dwell on the weakening effects of too much thought. †There is a pregnant saying of Goethe's, which I have already quoted, that thought widens but lames; that action narrows but quickens.[3] The individual feels how thought cripples him; the nation feels how discussion cripples it; and we are keenly sensitive to the lameness thus produced. The laming effect of thought is a painful fact which every thinker has to encounter. Well does he know how the restless spirit of thought unfits him for action; how the very excess of intellectual activity enfeebles his motive power; how that glorious faculty which gives him superiority over others in farness of vision, teaches him to sit still because he can see so far without moving. And accustomed as we are to regard life as action, the question, which we had to discuss in the Thirteenth Chapter, again suggests itself—Is it life to think? can the mere knowledge of life be life?[bbbb]

†"To be, or not to be: that is the question." It is the question of Hamlet; it is the question of many thinking minds in the present day. How shall a man be—be a man, not a puppet; a reality, not a seeming? What is it truly and humanly to live?[cccc] †How constantly, for instance, does this question waylay us in the writings of Mr. Carlyle, who seems to suggest that true life lies only in tangible work, so that the smith who makes a nail, or the draper who sells a pin, is a man of action, and therefore lives; whereas the thinker is no more than a lichen or a zoophyte that merely clings to the rock and spreads.[4][dddd] But most persons in the present day, if they were

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[1] Referring to the poem 'The Happiest Hour' in *Ephemera* (London: Moxon, 1865), pp. 24–28; the illustrated volume was published as by 'Helen and Gabrielle Carr', pseudonyms of Dallas's personal friends Lady Emma C. Wood and her daughter Anna C. Steele, and mentioned briefly at the end of his review of eight 'Christmas Books' in *The Times* (14 December 1865), p. 5.

[2] Citing lines from 'Enid' in the first instalment of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (1859), which Dallas had reviewed in *The Times* (10 September 1859).

[3] In Ch. XIII, p. 161.

[4] Echoing Carlyle's contrast between work and love in his letter to his wife of July 1841: 'Neither woman nor man, nor any kind of creature in the universe, was born for the exclusive, or even the chief, purpose of falling in love or being fallen in love with. Good

asked to explain what is life, would certainly describe it in phrases that mean little else than seeing life. †Seeing life is a grand phrase amongst the young; for the most part it is applied especially to seeing the naughtinesses of life; but whether restricted in that sense or not, to see life is the young man's notion of living.[eeee] †The sage will tell us that true living is an action of some sort—work, as Mr. Carlyle calls it. That is not the feeling of youth. The feeling of youth is expressed in a verse which Coleridge contributed to one of Wordsworth's poems:

A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?[1]

Without any conscious exertion the young man feels life pulsing in every vein, and sees no necessity for action as the law of life. He feels that he is possessed of certain faculties and capacities, intellectual, spiritual, sensuous—and to gratify these in every phase, to know and feel all that man is capable of knowing and feeling, is his ideal of life. Above all things, he pants for experience; to gain experience is to taste of life; to pass through all human experience is to drain life to the last drop. It is knowledge he craves, and when he has seen and known all, he thinks he may say that he has lived: *veni, vidi, vixi*.[2]

More or less consciously every man on his first start in life entertains this feeling; but there are two classes in whom it is most consciously developed. By one of these it is pronounced chiefly in a thirst for pleasure and excitement, and, generally speaking, a life of sensation; and when an individual of this class has run through all the changes of such a life, he stagnates and sickens, ennuyé and blasé. Such were the heroes of the Byron type. But there is a very different class in a similar case—a class more self-consciously accentuated, and more largely endowed with the spirit of speculation. The men of this class, too, more subtle and refined of nature, indulge intense curiosity with regard to life and all the modes of living; and they in like manner fancy that the way truly to live is to know life—to be fully alive to it, as we say, to be keenly self-conscious of it, to be an agent certainly, but much more to be an observer. And there lies the mistake; as if life were the knowledge of life, and as if a man could truly live by mere force of thought. It is impossible. Knowledge is not life, thought is not life; now, as ever, there is a curse on the tree of knowledge; in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. No man in this world is permitted to say *veni, vidi, vixi*, unless he can first say *veni, vidi, vici*.

In however insisting upon action and conquest as the law of life, there is some danger that our idea of action may be too restricted. There are some confused notions current with regard to what constitutes a life of action as opposed to the life of thought. It will be remembered how Sir Walter Scott regarded the Duke of Wellington as a man of action, himself as a man of words;[3] and how Mr. Carlyle has directed his batteries against authors, as if they were not, properly speaking, doers, but wind-bags, and deserved only the epithet of Tydides—the good-at-shouting Diomed.[4] It is rather puzzling, however, to understand how the action of the

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heavens! It is *one* of the purposes most living creatures are produced for, but, except the zoophytes and coral insects of the Pacific Ocean, I am acquainted with no creature with whom it is the one or grand object.'

[1] The opening stanza of Wordsworth's 'We are Seven', first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, though the first line suggested by Coleridge originally read, 'A little child, dear brother Jem,'.

[2] Latin: 'I came, I saw, I lived', modifying the phrase *veni, vidi, vixi* ('I came, I saw, I conquered') attributed to Julius Caesar when reporting a decisive military victory. Victor Hugo had used the modified phrase as the title of a poem found in *Les Contemplations IV: Pauca meae* (1856), on the sad loss of his teenage daughter by drowning.

[3] Perhaps echoing the publisher James Ballantyne's record of the meeting (post-Waterloo) between the poet-turned-novelist and the naval commander: 'He (Scott) said he beheld in him (Wellington) a great soldier and a great statesman—the greatest of each. When it was suggested that the Duke, on his part, saw before him a great poet and novelist, he smiled, and said, "What would the Duke of Wellington think of a few bits of novels, which perhaps he had never read, and for which the strong probability is that he would not care a sixpence if he had?"' (Reported in J.G. Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, V xxxv.)

[4] Tydides is another term for Diomedes, son of Tydeus, the hot-tempered Greek hero of the Trojan War; in Homer's *Iliad* V, he is repeatedly given the epithet 'good-at-the-war-cry'. Carlyle's contrast between the doer and the talker is most directly articulated in his *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850), where, for example, he writes: 'In fact, the spiritual detriment we unconsciously suffer, in every province

tongue is not as truly action as that of the hand—the action of the pen as that of the sword. By thought as opposed to action, we are to understand thought as distinguished from the interchange of thought. Whatever be the instrument of thought, if we but give our thought expression, whether in words or in blows, we effectually cross swords with man, with circumstance, with destiny, and fight our battle foot to foot and point to point. The vice of the mere thinker is that he never does cross swords with his fellow-man, never does stand front to front with occasion; that he leads a life of thought without adequate interchange of thought.[ffff]

Perhaps this life of thought may be more clearly recognised as characteristic of the present age, if I call it by another name—the life of culture. The example of Goethe has had a prodigious effect on the more highly educated minds among us—teaching them to value self-culture above all things, and to indulge a selfish appetite for more and more experience. This is the selfishness of knowledge, and the vanity of scholarship. Fine names are given to such culture. The man who thoroughly indulges in it can say, "My mind to me a kingdom is,"[1] and that is a royal boast. It seems a grand thing to be able to live apart like a solitary sun that revolves on its own axis, and has no other movement. But this enjoyment of self-culture may be described not less truly in much less flattering terms. We all know how to despise the vices of solitary indulgence—say, solitary drinking; and it is something more than a jest to say that solitary thinking is akin to solitary drinking. Then again, we smile at the vanity of the girl who is always at her mirror, who watches there the play of her pretty features, and whom, perhaps, we catch kissing herself in the glass. But what is her vanity to the self-love of the man who is always looking at his own mind, studying it in all its phases and attitudes, pampering it here with the memory of an old experience, touching it there with the rouge of a new sensation, and treating it ever as a picture which is to have another and another charm added to it? The vice of such a character is that it enters into no pursuit for the sake of the pursuit, but chiefly for the pleasure of watching and gloating over the new mental condition which this or that new pursuit may awaken. The man lives in the enjoyment of his own thoughts, and all life is to him but a means of feeding thought. He says to himself:

> The world's mine oyster
> Which I with sword will open.[2]

He opens it, peppers it, lemon-juices it, and eats it. As Byron said of Madame de Staël, that the death of her son would give her the pleasure of writing an essay on it,[3] so we may say of the man of culture, that he has the advantage of indulging his curiosity even in death. From a seduction he may gain experience; in misery he may learn wisdom; prosperity is to him additionally prosperous in the suggestion of a moral.

It is not, however, with the good or bad which belongs to this tendency that we have now to do. What is most interesting in it is its effect on character, its effect through character on art, and through art its reaction upon life. In an age of self-culture, the individual is at once pampered and withers. He is pampered with

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of our affairs, from this our prostrate respect to power of speech is incalculable. For indeed it is the natural consummation of an epoch such as ours. Given a general insincerity of mind for several generations, you will certainly find the Talker established in the place of honor; and the Doer, hidden in the obscure crowd, with activity lamed, or working sorrowfully forward on paths unworthy of him.' (V Stump-Orator, May 1850).

1 Citing the English Renaissance poem, set to music by William Byrd in 1588, beginning, 'My mind to me a kingdom is, | Such present joys therein I find, | That it excels all other bliss, | That earth affords or grows by kind.' Throughout the Victorian period this was understood to be from the pen of Sir Edward Dyer, though it now seems more likely to have been written by Edward de Vere, seventh Earl of Oxford; see Steven W. May, 'The Authorship of "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is"', *Review of English Studies*, ns26:104 (Nov., 1975), pp. 385–94.

2 Citing the speech of Pistol in Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor', II ii; the above passage on self-culture carries some echoes of Dallas's attack on the 'Spasmodic School' of poetry in 'Maud and Other Poems', his review of Tennyson's latest collection of verse, in *The Times* (25 August 1855).

3 Byron wrote to Thomas Moore on 22 August 1813 that de Staël had 'lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant,—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhawsen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be,—but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.' (*Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron*, ed. Thomas Moore, London: Murray, 1838, p. 191).

knowledge and many attentions; but in the sense of the poet he withers, and is of less account than ever. Here, if anywhere, is the saying good that the first shall be last and the last first. The individual rises into greater importance than ever, but the individual who thus rises is the very last person that, according to the traditions of art, we should expect to see treated with so much honour. Any one who will just now look through the realm of art will begin to think of the kingdom of heaven, into which we are told that not many great or not many mighty are called. "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."[1] What is this, after all, but the lesson we learn from the story books that amused us in childhood. †The most frequent lesson of the fairy tales is, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and that he who is worth most is not he who seems most. It is little Jack that kills the giant; it is poor Cinderella that weds the prince.gggg Mixed up with much weakness, and a tendency to maudlin, this is the view of life which makes itself now felt in literature as never before, and which, through the enormous organization of literature, tells upon the world's history as at no time previous.

But when we have the halt, and the maimed, and the blind for the magnates of our kingdom, when we make heroes of the sick, and pets of the stupid, when we chant the poor man's epic, and make a merit of the weak man's nothingness, we are like to find ourselves in an inverted world, and amid many confusions. In the fairy world of our ancestors, when little Jack overcame the giants, or when some feeble girl performed impossible tasks, the sense of order and reality was preserved by the appearance in the background of some greater force—a wizard or a sprite, through whose timely aid the weakest came to be endowed with a power beyond all expectation. Or, if in more sacred pages, we find how David, with a pebble from the brook, killed Goliath,[2] there is no disproportion in the picture of life, seeing it is ever kept before us that the Lord of Hosts is on the side of the stripling. But in modern literature we have the same phenomenon—the weak and the foolish made much of, and treated as of equal account with heroes and demigods, while, at the same time, we hear no word of a supernatural grace—gift of a fairy, or favour of God—by which the weakness of man can be rendered of so much importance, and out of the mouth of a fool so much wisdom may proceed. And so throughout all the art of the day, and much of its thinking, we are troubled with a sense of disorder. Whether the disorder be real or not is another question. It may or not be a sign of disorder in our minds that the first should be last and the last first—that we should exalt the small private man in our regards, and lower the great public hero. But at least we are so accustomed, in those masterpieces of classical art which are held up to our admiration as models, to make a lion of the hero, and to make an ass of the private individual, that the change which in this respect has come over art in its passage from the ancient to the modern ideal strikes one as strange, and at the first glance even as unjustifiable.

It would be easy to find phrases laudatory of this movement—easy to find phrases condemning it. But it is idle to praise or to blame such a movement while it is yet unfinished. All that we can do with any profit is to watch it—to deepen our consciousness of it—to feel the force of the current on all sides—and to see as clearly as possible whither we are drifting. Nor let it be supposed that when we speak of the withering or of the flourishing of the individual this description fully characterizes the movement. It characterizes only that incident of its progress in which the artist and the critic of art is most interested. The grand movement, in which the withering of the individual is but an incident, is of vast extent, and makes itself felt in many ways. I venture to point out a few.

†It is curious to note how as in successive ages literature receives a fresh impulse, although that impulse is merely mechanical, yet the effects both on literature and society have all the potency of a revolution. Take for example the first invention of an alphabet—the results were tremendous. Literature, which before had been entirely metrical, since it is only metrical compositions that could be preserved in the memory, then admitted of prose and all the simplicity and truthfulness which prose implies. On the other hand, society, accepting the gift of letters, found ere long that it had unconsciously accepted the creation of a learned class,

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[1] Extracted from Luke 14:21–23 in the King James Bible.

[2] The biblical story of the young David slaying Goliath the Philistine with a sling shot is recounted in I Samuel 17:1–58.

that a priesthood in the worst sense rose where there was no priesthood before, and that its power was enormously increased and abused where previously it had been limited and just. The invention of letters thus unfettered literature while it fettered society; it furnished a lamp to knowledge and a dark lantern to religion; it was a secret which, like the Open Sesame of the fable, gave riches to them that knew it, and, it might be, death to them that knew it not. Slowly but surely the secret became more and more known, until at length the art of printing gave it a diffusion which was before impossible. Immediately we observe a remarkable effect both on literature and on society. In literature the paucity of readers and the habits of a learned class had encouraged throughout Europe the neglect of native dialects, and had created a sort of universal language. Authors, anxious to address the largest number of readers possible, very naturally wrote in Latin, which thus became the hero of speech. But, as the invention of printing increased the number of readers, it very soon became evident that even in his mother-tongue an author could find an audience worthy of his ambition. Hence the gradual neglect of Latin in each country, and the increased cultivation of the vernacular, until at length the European literature settled into the form which it now bears. The individual withered: there was no more a great hero-language. But the individual also prospered: for languages hitherto neglected sprung into note. And the effect on society was not less striking than the effect on literature. The deliberate culture of a national literature is of itself a social revolution; but a revolution not less important was produced by depriving the European priesthood of what had for ages been their almost exclusive possession. Letters were no longer a scholastic cabala; the medieval distinction between clerk and lay was nullified; the priesthood of Western Europe, ceasing to be the exclusive owners of an art that was to the multitude like a wondrous charm, lost a mysterious power, which was an outward and palpable sign of a Divine but imperceptible influence.

Now literature has in our day received an impulse and a development which may be described as not less extraordinary nor less revolutionary than the impulse and the development which it derived successively from the creation of an alphabet and from the invention of printing. We cannot indeed fix upon any one discovery in the present century which may be compared for importance with either of these grand events; but we can point to the concurrence of a vast number of new applications and new arrangements that have tended to diffuse education, and not only to cheapen but also to improve and enrich books in a manner previously unexampled.[1]hhhh †The stereotype, the photograph, wood-engraving, the art of printing in colour, and many other useful inventions have been perfected—making the printed page within the last thirty years what it never was before. At the same time the railway and the steamship, the telegraph and the penny postage, by daily and hourly bringing near to us a vast world beyond our own limited circles, and giving us a present interest in the transactions of the most distant regions, have enormously increased the number of readers, have of themselves created a literature, and through that literature have had a mighty influence upon the movement of the time.iiii

Out of that movement I have selected for illustration the incident that seems to be of greatest importance to art, whether we view it critically or ethically; and I hope that in the foregoing remarks I shall not be supposed to dwell on this incident as representing the entire movement, or even the entirety of its relations to art. †The great intellectual change, which the new era of literature, science and art is bringing about, shows itself not only in the formation and in the estimate of individual character, but in many other ways. It is felt in every public meeting throughout the kingdom—in parliament, in the Church, in the general theatre; and that we may not take too narrow a view of the movement, or dwell too much on one of its incidents, I close this chapter with a few short words on the evidence of its action in our public assemblies—in the senate, in the pulpit, and on the stage.

It is not sufficiently observed, for example, that within the last thirty years the character of parliament has been much altered; or if it is observed, the change is too readily attributed to the Reform Bill. But any one who notes in how many other directions the change operates, as well as in parliament, will soon come to the conclusion that the Reform Bill can have little to do with it. In the present generation it would seem that

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[1] Echoing Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris* (Book V, Ch. II: 'Ceci Tuera Cela') where the invention of the printing press is described as the 'greatest event of history' ('L'invention de l'imprimerie est le plus grand événement de l'histoire'), in the first part of the two-part article 'Popular Literature: The Periodical Press' in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 85:519 (January 1859), p. 100, Dallas called the rise of the periodical press 'the great event of modern history'.

influences, chiefly literary, have begun to bear on parliament altering the tone of its oratory and its character as a deliberative political assembly. The most obvious fact we have in this connection to grasp is the impatience with which the public regard House of Commons oratory. It is not unusual to speak of parliamentary eloquence in the most contemptuous terms. It is a favourite simile that the speeches of our legislators make the welfare of the nation as Rome was saved by the cackling of the geese in the capitol. For years past people have been indulging in such criticism at the very time when there is reason to believe that the oratorical talent of the two houses has been on the whole greater than ever it was. It is true that the style of speaking is different from what it used to be; but it is not worse. It is indeed infinitely better, as anybody who will take the trouble of reading the senatorial effusions of last century must know.* It is forgotten that, in forming a comparative opinion of past and present eloquence, the action of the press has revolutionized every public audience; that it has rendered us more fastidious in our admiration of first-rate oratory; that it has rendered us utterly intolerant of mediocre speaking; and that more especially it has this particular effect on parliamentary debate—it takes the wind out of the sails of most members, anticipating all they intended to say.

In the Church we may note a condition of things very similar to that which we find in parliament. We must combine the two facts that never has the British pastorate been so efficient, and that, on the other hand, preaching has never been held in such contempt as at the present day. Compare the Church now with what it was at the commencement of the century, in the age of beer-drinking and fox-hunting parsons; or compare it with its condition a full century back, when it was frost-bound in Socinian error, and the great majority of clergymen preached Socrates and Seneca instead of Christ—the Stoical philosophy for the glad tidings; or go still further back to what we have been in the habit of regarding as the golden age of the English pulpit—the days of Barrow, and Taylor, and South, and Fuller, when the great mass of the clergy were mean in their manners as well as weak in their letters or once more recede to that strange period in the history of the Scottish Church, when some of the members were so poor that they had to make a living by keeping public-houses, and in 1576 the General Assembly was asked "Whether a minister or reader may tap ale and keep an open tavern?" the answer being, "A minister that taps ale and keeps an open tavern should keep decorum." The comparison is in favour of the Church as we see it now. The clergy are better as a whole; and far better educated.

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* **In proof of this, let it be remembered that Sheridan's great Begum speech in Westminster Hall was pronounced the most wonderful oration ever delivered, or second only to his previous speech in the House of Commons. Of the House of Commons speech we have unfortunately no report. Of the second Begum Speech, however, which Burke honoured with even higher laudations than he bestowed on the other, asserting it to be quite unparalleled in oratory, and an example of every possible excellence in the highest perfection, we can form a very fair opinion. Now, of this wonderful speech confessedly the most wonderful part was the peroration, after the delivery of which Sheridan accomplished the grand stage effect of throwing himself exhausted into the arms of Burke. The peroration had reference to an unfortunate phrase of Warren Hastings, that "the majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation." Sheridan overwhelmed his audience with a description of justice, and it may help to place on its proper footing the much-vaunted eloquence of the past if we quote this astonishing description. "But justice," said the great orator, "is not this halt and miserable object! It is not the ineffective bauble of an India pagod! It is not the portentous phantom of despair! It is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords! In the happy reverse of all these I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me august and pure; the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and aspirings of men—where the mind rises!—where the heart expands!—where the countenance is ever placid and benign!—where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry, and to help them; to rescue and relieve; to succour and save; majestic from its mercy, venerable from its utility, uplifted without pride, firm without obduracy, beneficent in each preference, lovely though in her frown!" Such is the tawdry magnificence which was said to surpass all the oratory of which there is any record or tradition. Such is the dazzling claptrap which pales the ineffectual fires of modern eloquence. It is true that Moore's version of the same peroration is somewhat better; but much of this improvement is due to the fact of its being more condensed; and we must not forget Moore's own opinion that many passages of the speech, when in print, appeared so little worthy of Sheridan's reputation as to require suppression—"I thought it would be, on the whole, more prudent to omit them"—a decision which he supports with the authority of Fox, who had propounded the most fallacious maxim that a good speech must read badly, and that a speech which reads well must have been a failure in delivery. Taking all the facts together, it is impossible to believe in the decadence of oratory.** [Richard Brinsley Sheridan's famous 'Begum' speech during the impeachment of Warren Hastings was delivered on 3, 6, 10 & 13 June 1788; see the report on the peroration in 'Westminster Hall', *The Times* (14 June 1788), p. 3a–c]

Yet in spite of this progress, it is also a fact that the pulpit, as an institution, has visibly sunk in our time. Not that there is any diminution in the attendance at churches; on the contrary, innumerable new churches have been built; they are well filled; they are better filled than ever; and the cry is still for more and more accommodation; all this being due to the spread of religious feeling in the community. The fact to which I refer is the sort of respect in which the ordinary run of sermons is held, the stern patience rather than interest with which good people listen to the dull drone of their parson, the contempt which men of the world express for the pulpit, the repugnance which many highly cultivated men feel against spending a couple of hours in the sanctuary. To a very large class of persons—and these of no mean mark—the church is as much an object of aversion—as, on other grounds, the theatre is to another very large class of persons whose opinion is entitled to not a little consideration.

What is the secret of all this? The secret lies in the fact that, contemporaneously with the renewed life which has visited the Church, a new life has also visited the press, and through press has so told upon the country that the progress of the Church has been as nothing in comparison with the progress of the people. There has been a sort of race between the press and the pulpit, in which the latter has lost so much ground that certain literary men have not scrupled to describe authors and journalists as the true working clergy of the British Isles. The comparison between press and pulpit, however, is run too close. The ministers of religion might with some justice complain that the full extent of their mission is not recognised in this statement of the case. But in the point where the comparison holds, the point of instruction, there is no doubt that the press must very much supersede the pulpit, that reading must have the advantage of listening.

The process which is thus evident in senate-hall and church is somewhat different in our theatres; but the result is still the same, and especially calls for notice, because on the surface it seems to be opposed to that excessive thoughtfulness which is characteristic of art in our time. The decline of the drama is a by-word, but the most erroneous ideas prevail as to the manner and the cause of this decline. What is it that has declined in the drama? The number of theatres is on the increase, and the profits of managers have by no means been diminished. The decline is not an affair of quantity, but of quality. There is a demand for what is called sensation, and dramatic authors are compelled to gratify this craving for sensation. Authors blame the actors, and actors blame the managers, and managers blame the public, and the public blame the authors; and theatrical critics, too, get a good share of blame for not being able to bolster the classical drama into health. There is a round of fault-finding, and the stage declines lower and lower. The decline which is to be deplored is the inevitable result of civilization.

For observe the process. I have heard some of the best authorities attribute the decline of the drama to the abolition of the monopoly enjoyed by the Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres; and in favour of this idea there is the fact, that since the removal of the patents the decline of the drama has become more apparent than ever. In urging this explanation, however, it is forgotten that the drama was in a state of decline long before the abolition of theatrical monopoly; and that, in truth, the abolition was proposed as a cure for the mischief which was already at work. The real explanation is the same here as in the case of the Church. Just about the time when the theatrical monopoly was abolished, educational efforts began to take effect, and more than neutralized whatever benefit might have accrued from the stoppage of the patents. At first sight this explanation looks very like a paradox. It seems very strange that the march of intellect and the diffusion of literature should tend to lower the character of the drama. But whatever be the philosophy of it, there is the fact, and it concerns not only the theatres, but all our public amusements. In our enlightened age the really successful amusements are not of the intellectual sort. On the stage it is the pantomime and extravaganza, the farce and the ballet, that succeed. In the same manner, music succeeds, picture-galleries succeed, Cremorne succeeds,[1] jugglery and rope-dancing succeed, the riot of a Derby day is the most successful of all amusements. This may be all very delightful, but it is not intellectual. Your lecturers don't succeed, even if they are men of mark, unless they have heaps of pictures and queer beasts to show or brilliant chemical experiments to let off—at least, they do not keep up their success. There are a couple of facts, explain them how men will, that concurrently with the spread

[1] Cremorne Gardens in London were popular pleasure grounds opened on the south bank of the Thames in Chelsea in 1845 by James Ellis; the entertainments offered including dancing, restaurants, spectacular performances, and ascents by hot air balloon.

of education the character of public amusements has been lowered; and when we come to examine them it will seem not in the least unnatural that the two facts should stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

People expect too much from education. It was expected to diminish crime; it is found, on the contrary, that it creates as much crime as it prevents; that it mars as much as it makes. In the same way it is imagined that education must so etherealize our minds as to render us independent of sublunary joys. How exalted we are to become! How sublime in our tastes! How angelic in our desires! Alas for poor human nature, we are mortal still; we cannot shake off the animal. The animal asserts itself; and we find that as civilization increases the tension of the mind in business, so it requires, to redress the balance, an increased relaxation in pleasure. In bygone days our minds were not so highly strung; we were not so reflective; we were not so horridly in earnest; we were not so wonderfully enlightened; and when we sought our pleasure we could afford to indulge in amusement requiring some intellectual effort. But now, when even novels are full of reflection, we in our moments of leisure compelled to seek refuge from thought in sensation, to pass from one extreme to the other. One cannot help also feeling that on the same principle the relation of Sunday to life has been in some respects altered in this age of study and calculation. Precious as the day of rest must always be, the regular church-goers must learn to think charitably of those who do not find a perfect Sabbath in doctrinal meditations, who feel that a long service requires a mental effort which they can ill afford, and who pant for the calm and pure, even if it be sensuous, enjoyment of fields and flowers, bands of music and palaces of art. But whether the principle applies to the pleasures of Church or not, it certainly applies to the theatre. Let us have no more reflection, is the cry of the weary brain; let us gratify sense. Give us, for the eye, the race, the regatta, and the review—flower-shows and fountain displays—fireworks and illuminations—the fantasies of pantomime and the pageantry of a Shakesperian revival. Give us, for the ear, the music of thousands of choristers, the roar of innumerable batteries, the huzzas of congregated myriads. Give us the pleasure of the banquet and the excitement of the dance; let us smoke the pipe of peace, and let us lie on beds of fragrant roses. We have had enough of reading, writing, and thinking. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we calculate again; to-morrow comes black care; tomorrow comes inky thought; to-morrow we are the slaves of awful wisdom. Thus it is that the drama declines. At Shoreditch and Sadler's Wells the legitimate drama succeeds, because the audience are not so habituated to intellectual pursuits as to consider intellectual amusement a weariness. Just as in the old time our countrymen could stand the interminable prosiness of the old mysteries and moralities, few plays are more popular at the suburban and transpontine theatres than the *Ion* of Talfourd, which so abounds in long speeches and fine sentiment that no West-End audience could sit it out. At the West-End theatres we want farce and frivolity, bubble and ballet, not because we are less intellectual, but because it is a necessity of our existence that, in the hour of play, we should fly thought, and cultivate sensation.[1]iiii

Thus, then, it will be evident that the intellectual movement of our time is of vast extent and manifold in its operation. It goes to the root of our national life and of our daily habits. It affects us politically, socially, domestically, individually—in the senate hall as well as by the fireside, in the church as well as in the theatre.

But in closing this chapter, I recur to the point above all others which is most noteworthy in its ethical bearing on the imaginative art of our time. The development of literature in our day—the new power which we possess of acting on the masses and of being acted on—has led and is leading to many changes, but to none more important than the withering of the individual as a hero, the elevation and reinforcement of the individual as a private man. This elevation of the private life and the private man to the place of honour in art and literature, over the public life and the historical man that have hitherto held the chief rank in our regards, amounts to a revolution. The fact of such a revolution having taken place may perhaps be seen most distinctly in the pictorial art, where it is impossible not to be struck with the almost entire subsidence of historical painting. Instead of craving for historical pictures, we glory in genre and landscape; and even a simple bird's nest by William Hunt has more attractions for us than any pictorial attempt which could now be made at a battle or a

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[1] Ironically, Dallas's brief overview of the character of the drama in mid-Victorian London distinguishes between the suburban and transpontine (across the river) theatres where 'legitimate' drama is still possible, and the West End theatres where farce and frivolity predominate. In the early 1860s the large Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, deep in the East End, ran successful Shakespeare seasons as well as popular pantomimes, while the 1836 tragedy *Ion* by Thomas Talfourd (1795–1854: *ODNB*) was revived in 1861 at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in Islington.

martyrdom, the crowning of kings or the conference of heroes. And the greatness of the revolution implied in this fact may be signified by one word—idiot. Our highest idea of heroic art comes from the Greeks, and the Greek name for any private individual was—idiot. Not that the word meant among the Greeks what we now mean by it; but there was a slur attached to it, there was a contempt implied in it, which has gradually in the course of ages worked to this end—that the Greek name for any private person has come to be the synonym for a hopeless fool. The idiot of the Greeks is the hero of art in its latest development.

There was a fierce discussion in the end of last century as to the comparative merits of ancient and modern art; but the combatants had not a little difficulty in agreeing as to the main point of difference between old and new—the classical and the romantic schools. The chief point of difference between the two schools might be condensed by one who, in admiration of the antique, was willing to disparage the modern, into this contemptuous phrase—that classical art was heroic, and that Christian art is idiotic. The word is vile, but the meaning is harmless. Private life, private character, all the whisperings of privacy, are the peculiar property of modern art. The Greek poet rarely withdrew his gaze from the public side of a man's character, from acts which affected the public interest, and from the public feeling which these acts evoked; or, if he strayed in the byeways of human nature, and touched on purely private affairs, it was only for a minute, and because these private affairs have points of contact with the public life. See how love, for example, shows itself in ancient and in modern art. It is the all-in-all of modern poetry and romance, the very heart of modern art. In classical poetry it holds at best but a secondary position; in the greater works of classical genius it is veiled, repressed, almost unknown. The Greek dramatist might have a good deal to say of marriage. Marriage is a public ceremony, and the breach or observance of its obligations is a matter of public moment. But the agitations of love are of little importance to any but the lovers themselves; and a Greek artist would be astonished to see how, in the modern drama—even in its masterpieces—all the billing and cooing, and doubting and pouting, not only of heroes and heroines, but of every Jack and Jill in the land, are exposed to view. Thus it appears that the withering of the hero and the flourishing of the private individual, which I have ventured to describe as being (for art at least) the most salient characteristic of our time, is but the last and most complete development of a tendency which belongs to modern art and literature more or less from their first dawn, and separates them, as by a great gulf, from the art, the literature, and the life antique.

Textual Endnotes

Volume One

[a] This passage of 16 lines, from 'A good editor of poetry …' to '… the poet's lacquey', represents a revised version of most of the opening paragraph of 'The Ballads of Scotland', Dallas's review of W.E. Aytoun's edition in *The Times* (2 October 1858), p. 10.

[b] This paragraph on Shakespearian criticism, from 'The modern author …' to '… copies of the First Folio.', incorporates, in revised form, insights from two earlier articles by Dallas: 'Shakspere and His Critics', *Hogg's Instructor* 5 (November 1855), pp. 345–53, where it is suggested that 'the best editor that Shakspere had before Charles Knight was … Theobald, "poor, piddling Tibbald"' (p. 349); and 'Shakesperian Studies', *The Times* (29 September 1863), p. 9a–d, where Dallas claims that 'the chief work of all recent editors of Shakespeare has been to undo the labours of their predecessors' (p. 9a).

[c] The phrase 'it is only out of comparative criticism … that a true science can come.' represents a revised version of Dallas's words in the fourth paragraph of the second part of his review of Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden' in *The Times* (25 August 1864), p. 4a–b.

[d] Dallas had cited Ulrici in his critique of contemporary German scholarship on Shakespeare in the later paragraphs of 'Shakesperian Studies' in *The Times*, p. 9, and the passage from 'he says that the English critics …' to '… equity and law set forth in another' represents a summary of the points made there.

[e] The sentence 'We can get prize oxen … however high we bid.' represents a summary of the opinions voiced earlier by Dallas on the poor results of prize competitions in the arts. These are found in the second paragraph of his unsigned review of John Tulloch's *Theism* (Blackwood, 1854), runner-up in the 1854 Burnett Treatise Prize for works of theology, 'Literature', *Daily News* (14 August 1855), p. 2a–b.

[f] Passage of 23 lines from 'Now, what is the meaning of this? …' to '… Englishman of the present century?' reprinted with revisions and omissions from Dallas's 'Popular Literature: Prize Essays', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 86:530 (December 1859), pp. 686–87.

[g] Passage of seven lines, from 'The difference in England …' to '… the best men from competing.', reprinted with revisions from Dallas's 'Popular Literature: Prize Essays', p. 688.

[h] Passage of twenty lines, from 'It has been well said …' to '… have in our judges.', reprinted with significant revisions and omissions from 'Popular Literature: Prize Essays', pp. 688–89.

[i] The first two sentences of the paragraph, from 'Despair of metaphysics …' to '… give it up in despair.', summarize and abstract text from the final three paragraphs of Dallas's negative review of 'Phillimore's History of England', *The Times* (14 August 1863), p. 6b–e, where Phillimore's comments on contemporary mediocrity are condemned as 'ill-conditioned raving' (p. 6e).

[j] The paragraph from 'This antithesis between …' to '… sets the works of God against those of man.' represents a significantly revised and contracted version of material from the latter part of Dallas's review of John Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice. Volume the Second: The Sea Stories* in 'Art', *Edinburgh Guardian* (22 October 1853), pp. 4b-5a; p. 5a.

[k] The two sentences from 'Even if it should fail here …' to '… apparently the most hostile.' are reprinted with minor variations from Dallas's earlier monograph, *Poetics* (1852), p. 4.

[l] The two sentences from 'Simonides, among the Greeks …' to '… three words—*ut pictura poesis*.' are reprinted with significant variations from the second paragraph of Dallas's review of 'The Gift Books', *The Times* (4 December 1863), p. 5c.

[m] The lines from 'and Gotthold Lessing …' to '… each has its proper limits.' are also reprinted with revisions from the same paragraph of Dallas's review of 'The Gift Books', p. 5c.

[n] The two sentences from 'The dreamer and the thinker …' to '… pleasure is the main—the immediate object.' are also reprinted with revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 10.

[o] The seven lines from 'When Garrick was playing …' to '… familiar realities of life.' are reprinted with revisions from the conclusion of Dallas's review of John Doran's *Their Majesties' Servants* in 'Annals of the Stage', *The Times* (27 August 1864), p. 11a.

[p] The seventeen lines from 'Never have words of such innocent meaning ... and the few are not fit.' represent a revised version (with both additions and abbreviations) of a passage in Dallas's review of '[W.E.] Aytoun's Bothwell', *The Times* (27 December 1856), p. 4c.

[q] The phrase 'the poetry of the ancients … the expression of desire' represents a slightly revised version of that in Dallas's review of W.E. Aytoun's 'Nuptial Ode', *The Times* (10 March 1863), p. 10b.

[r] The two sentences from 'In the same sense, Bishop Butler …' to '… pleasurable and painful feelings and fellow-feelings.' are reprinted with revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 11.

[s] The sentence 'So it appeared to the Greeks … Zeus and Mnemosyne.' is embellished from one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 252.

[t] The passage of around 20 lines from 'And I know not that in Shakespeare …' to '… a valid proof to the contrary.' is reprinted with revisions from the opening paragraph of 'Massey's Ballad of Babe Christabel', an unsigned review of Gerald Massey, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems* (4th ed.; London: Bogue, 1855), in the monthly *Eclectic Review* 5thS9 (April 1855), p. 425. The main revision is the omission, following the question 'could Shakespeare himself have *known* what he was, and yet have *been* that he was?', of two sentences on the philosophy of J.F. Ferrier at the end of the paragraph: 'We doubt it very much, and altogether dissent from the dogma which has just been put forth by Professor Ferrier, and seems to be creating a ferment amongst the Edinburgh metaphysicians—that knowledge and being are relative and indeed identical. "We are," says Ferrier, "only in so far as we know; and we know only in so far as we know that we know."' The quoted words of Ferrier are in fact found on the previous page of *The Gay Science*. Particularly for the later years, the coverage of the *Eclectic* in the *Wellesley Index* is far from complete—none of the

authors of the articles in the issue in question are identified—but this textual evidence confirms that the review in question comes from the pen of E.S. Dallas.

[u] The sentence 'In one of the English versions … the prayer of the intellect;' is an embellished version of one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 236.

[v] The two sentences from 'In the old systems of physiognomy …' to '… for some equally cogent reason.' represent a summary of a passage in Dallas's unsigned article 'On the Principle of Physiognomy', *Cornhill Magazine* 4 (November 1861), p. 570.

[w] The two sentences from 'Mr. Buckle announced …' to '… from free inquiry.' represent an abridged version of a passage in the first part of Dallas's two-part review of 'Buckle's New Volume', *The Times* (20 August 1861), p. 8f.

[x] The 15 lines from 'man and the world …' to '… representatives of man.' are reprinted with very little variation from Dallas's review of Dasent's 'Tales from the Norse', *The Times* (1 February 1859), p. 10b.

[y] The five lines from 'One living thing may …' to '… into tree or stone, beast or bird,' are again reprinted with minor variations from Dallas's 1859 review of Dasent's 'Tales from the Norse' in *The Times*, p. 10b.

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[z] 'If you ask me … if you do not ask me.': Dallas makes the same point in much the same words in *Poetics*, p. 43.

[aa] The twenty lines from 'M. de Montalembert means an argument …' to '… happy and unhappy.' is reprinted with a number of revisions from 'The Monks of the West', *The Times* (3 September 1861), p. 5c.

[bb] The three sentences from 'Of course Hobbes is quite right …' to '… called forth in vain.' are reprinted with minor revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 19–21.

[cc] The two sentences from 'But in point of fact …' to '… for the bad and painful.' are reprinted with minor revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 15–16.

[dd] The two sentences from 'We have colours to paint …' to '… it is unutterable.' are again reprinted with only minor revisions from *Poetics*, p. 16, following on immediately from the passage cited in the previous note.

[ee] The sentence 'Pleasure says to every one … shut your eyes.' is reprinted *verbatim* from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 28.

[ff] The four sentences from 'She turns from the man …' to '… how good to be there.' are reprinted with revisions and omissions from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 27.

[gg] The lengthy passage from 'In other respects, too, the behaviour …' to '… because they enjoyed.'" (including the long Hooker quotation) is reprinted with only minor revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 29–31.

[hh] The sentence 'Eat not thy heart … cannibals of themselves.' is reprinted with slight revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 31; Bacon's thought is also referred to in Dallas's review of Tennyson's 'Maud and Other Poems' in *The Times* (25 August 1855), p. 8c.

[ii] The Byron verse cited, together with the words introducing it ('It is the height … even in sleep:'), are found in the same form in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 34.

[jj] The thirteen lines from 'M. de Montalembert …' to '… single combat.' is reprinted with significant revisions from 'The Monks of the West', *The Times* (3 September 1861), p. 5b–c.

[kk] The three sentences from 'Al Farabi, the philosopher …' to '… but also of the awakeners.' are reproduced with revisions and omission from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 61.

[ll] The sentence 'Eurydice, our greatest joy … pretend to be dead.' is reprinted almost *verbatim* from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 38–39.

[mm] The passage of 17 lines from 'As gardeners like to point out …' to '… its maker's tenure of existence.' represents a slightly revised version of the opening paragraph of Dallas's review of Samuel Birch, *History of Ancient Pottery* (1858) entitled 'Ancient Pottery and Porcelain', in *The Times* (26 May 1858), p. 12b.

[nn] The four lines from 'The Nebuchadnezzars and Sennacheribs …' to '… set their seals.' represent an expanded version of a later sentence in Dallas's *Times* review of *History of Ancient Pottery*: 'Mr. Birch accordingly suggests that, if we have not the autographs of Sennacherib or Nebuchadnezzar, we may yet boast of the impressions of their thumbs.'

[oo] The nearly three paragraphs of text from 'Milton, for instance, was a poet …' to '… must of necessity be John Milton.' is the first of three lengthy passages concerning Milton reprinted with minor revisions from 'John Milton', an unsigned review of the first volume of David Masson's *Life of John Milton* (Cambridge: Macmillan, 1858), in the monthly *Eclectic Review* 7thS1 (January 1859), pp. 1–3. Given the limited coverage of the *Eclectic* in the *Wellesley Index*, this textual evidence confirms that the review in question comes from the pen of E.S. Dallas.

[pp] The seven lines from 'Bartholin declared that ailments…' to '… avowed object of the poet is pleasure,' are reprinted with minor omissions and revisions from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 272–73.

[qq] The two sentences from 'Shenstone paints the village schoolmistress …' to '… a friend of sinners.' represents a slightly revised version of ones in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 273.

[rr] The sentence 'Great part of the famous Alexandrian library … the remainder of his days.' represents a slightly reduced version of one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 268.

[ss] The two sentences from 'Finally, let me ask how …' to '… may there not be some virtue?' represent a reordered version of one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 268.

[tt] The sentence 'The poet is no preacher … becomes another Elijah.' represents a slightly revised version of one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 291.

[uu] The sentence 'Dugald Stewart, in this country, … something better than peaceful possession.' represents a slightly revised version of one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 287.

[vv] The brief passage 'a faculty that appoints … the rule of King Stork.' represents a slightly revised version of one in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 288.

[ww] The passage of around ten lines from 'Of John the Baptist, the last prophet of the law …' to '… much and weary doubling?' is reprinted with little revision from the conclusion of Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 293–94.

[xx] Dallas quotes Masson's argument at rather greater length in 'John Milton', *Eclectic Review*, p. 16.

[yy] The four paragraphs from 'The truth is, that Mr. Masson …' to '… an exception among poets.' represent the second of three lengthy passages concerning Milton reprinted with minor revisions from 'John Milton' in the *Eclectic Review*, pp. 17–19.

[zz] The lengthy sentence from 'In what is perhaps rightly entitled …' to '… of the same house and lineage.' is reprinted almost *verbatim* from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 276–77.

[aaa] The short passage from 'Whatever the poet handles …' to '… all his days on leasing,' is also taken with minor revisions from Dallas's *Poetics* (1852), p. 274.

[bbb] Again Dallas tells the same story in the same words (from 'When King Charles …' to '… the self-same reply!') in Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 275.

[ccc] The passage of around a paragraph from 'Thus George Puttenham …' to '… "Tell a lie to find a troth."' is taken with minor variations from Dallas's *Poetics*, pp. 278–80.

[ddd] The seven lines from 'The abstract idea of a triangle …' to '…and to none in particular.' are reprinted *verbatim* from Dallas's *Poetics*, p. 282.

[eee] The text of more than two pages from 'Milton was a Cockney …' to '… where Lycid lies.' is the third of three lengthy passages concerning Milton reprinted with only minor revisions from 'John Milton' in the *Eclectic Review*, pp. 4–7.

[fff] The sentence 'Mr. John George Phillimore assures us … little better than the beasts.' again summarizes material from the opening and closing paragraphs of Dallas's *Times* review of 'Phillimore's History of England', pp. 6b, 6e.

[ggg] The three sentences from 'It is like the tide at Dover …' to '… challenge the fact.' summarize material from the second paragraph of Dallas's review of Thomas Lewin's 'Julius Caesar's Invasion of Britain' in *The Times* (29 September 1859), where he had offered a detailed explanation of the difference between the 'landsman's tide' (based on high and low water) and the 'seaman's tide' (reflecting the direction of the current): 'The Admiralty direction is that the stream off Dover sets westward not until four hours after high water' (p. 9a).

[hhh] The three sentences from 'For several centuries past Europe …' to '… the tender seeds of knowledge.' represent a slightly revised version of a passage from Dallas's review of Montalembert's 'The Monks of the West', p. 5a.

[iii] Again, the remainder of the paragraph (from 'Roughly speaking, the monks … ' to '… protest against a prevailing vice.') is reprinted with only minor revisions from a slightly later passage in Dallas's *Times* review of Montalembert's *Monks of the West* (here, p. 5b).

[jjj] Again, the five lines from 'he sees the Middle Ages …' to '… an age which can work none.' are reprinted with little revision from a further passage in Dallas's review of Montalembert (p. 5d).

[kkk] The sentence 'Then immense importance … rings across the world.' represents the abstract of a paragraph on the power of the modern press found in Dallas's review of 'Mr Erskine May's Constitutional History' in *The Times* (8 April 1863), p. 6d–e.

[lll] The passage of 14 lines from 'Moreover, the prodigious power …' to '… set the elements at naught.' echoes ideas expressed otherwise in the first paragraph of Dallas's review of Samuel Smiles's 'Industrial Biography' in *The Times* (28 December 1863), p. 5a.

[mmm] Here ('*Sic vos non vobis*. One sows and another reaps.') Dallas again adapts a brief passage from 'Industrial Biography' in *The Times*, p. 5b.

[nnn] Consisting of all but the opening sentence of the paragraph, the passage from 'It cannot have escaped the notice …' to '… preserve us from the judgement of heaven.' is a slightly revised version of the first half of the second paragraph of the first part of Dallas's four-part review of William F.P. Napier, *The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier* (Vols. I & II, 1857) entitled 'General Sir Charles James Napier', *The Times* (8 April 1857), p. 12a.

[ooo] The sentence 'Principles have little hold … into a living form.' is reprinted verbatim from the review of Peter Bayne, *The Christian Life, Social and Individual* (Edinburgh: Hogg, 1855) entitled 'To Be, Or Not to Be', *Hogg's Instructor* 4 (June 1855) pp. 465–75; p. 466; the review, which opens with a discussion of 'the tendency in our present literature to magnify the personal', is thus identified as having been written by Dallas.

[ppp] The paragraph from 'The flourishing of the Cheronæan sage …' to '… mingled with the pleasures of society.' is reproduced with minor variations from the opening paragraph of Dallas's review of Clough's version of Dryden's translation in 'Plutarch's Lives', *The Times* (12 December 1859), p. 6b.

[qqq] The lengthy passage of over three paragraphs from 'But is this indeed a proof of degeneracy? …' to '… Plutarch's faculty for biography arose.' is also reproduced with minor variations from Dallas's *Times* review 'Plutarch's Lives', p. 6d.

[rrr] The two sentences from 'If these views be correct …' to '… is not blameworthy.' are also reproduced, here without any variation, from Dallas's *Times* review 'Plutarch's Lives', p. 6d.

[sss] The remainder of the paragraph from 'That we have a contempt for Boswell …' to '… two left legs.' is again reproduced, with little revision, from slightly later in Dallas's *Times* review 'Plutarch's Lives', p. 6d.

[ttt] The passage of eleven lines from 'It is said that within the space of thirty-five days, …' to '… it is an unparalleled phænomenon,' represents a slightly revised version of the opening of Dallas's review of Oliphant's *The Perpetual Curate* together with Braddon's *The Doctor's Wife*, entitled 'Novels', in *The Times* (30 December 1864), p. 8d.

[uuu] The passage of 23 lines from 'to peep into the house of a neighbour …' to '… the vast schemes of the great and mighty' represents a slightly revised version of most of the opening paragraph of Dallas's review of five 'New Novels' (including Anthony Trollope's *Rachel Ray*) in *The Times* (25 December 1863), p. 4c.

[vvv] The lengthy passage of 24 lines from 'When a novelist takes two characters …' to '… a study of the present.' represents a slightly revised version of the second half of the opening paragraph of 'The Virginians', Dallas's review of Thackeray's novel in *The Times* (16 December 1859), p. 7a.

[www] The two sentences from 'The utility of these crazy beings …' to '… cannot be counted upon to repeat.' represent a slightly revised version of a brief passage from Dallas's review of Wilkie Collins, *No Name* in 'New Novels', *The Times* (22 January 1863), p. 7c.

[xxx] The passage of 24 lines from 'it is more satisfactory to the pride …' to '… denounce it as utterly untrue.' represents a slightly revised version of the whole of the second paragraph of 'Eleanor's Victory', Dallas's review of Mary Braddon's novel in *The Times* (3 October 1863), p. 11a.

[yyy] The brief passage 'the feminine influence … a large share of it.' represents a summary of the opinions voiced earlier by Dallas in his unsigned review of Elizabeth Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (Smith, Elder, 1857), 'Currer Bell', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 82 (July 1857), pp. 78–79.

[zzz] The passage of 14 lines from 'Of late, indeed, the women …' to '… such a splendid array of women?' is taken with little in the way of revision from the final paragraph of Dallas's review of 'A Couple of Novels' (by Matilda Charlotte Houstoun) in *The Times* (1 October 1863), p. 9.

[aaaa] The sentence 'And in the thinking of the medieval times … born in the garden of Eden.' represents a revised version of the conclusion of Dallas's review of Mrs (Anna Brownell) Jameson & Lady Elizabeth Eastlake, *The History of Our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art* (Longmans, 1864), in 'History of Our Lord', *The Times* (19 May 1864), p. 7.

[bbbb] The passage of 9 lines from 'There is a pregnant saying of Goethe's …' to '… can the mere knowledge of life be life?' is reprinted with revisions from Dallas's review 'To Be, Or Not to Be' in *Hogg's Instructor*, p. 469.

[cccc] The four short sentences from '"To be, or not to be: that is the question."' to '… truly and humanly to live?' are reprinted with only minor variations from Dallas's review of Sydney Dobell's *Balder* in 'Literature', *Edinburgh Guardian* (11 March 1854), p. 151.

[dddd] The lengthy sentence 'How constantly, for instance, does this question … clings to the rock and spreads.' is again reprinted with revisions from Dallas's review 'To Be, Or Not to Be' in *Hogg's Instructor*, p. 469.

[eeee] The sentence 'Seeing life is a grand phrase … the young man's notion of living.' represents an abbreviated version of a passage at the beginning of the second paragraph of Dallas's review of the American novel *Marion* by 'Manhattan' [Joseph A. Scoville] in *The Times* (3 June 1864).

[ffff] The lengthy passage of almost three full paragraphs from 'The sage will tell us that true living …' to '…adequate interchange of thought.' is reprinted with only minor variations from the central section of Dallas's review of Sydney Dobell's *Balder* in 'Literature', *Edinburgh Guardian* (11 March 1854), p. 152.

[gggg] The two sentences from 'The most frequent lesson of the fairy tales …' to '… poor Cinderella that weds the prince.' represent a revised and abbreviated version of a passage in Dallas's *Times* review of Dasent's 'Tales from the Norse', p. 10b.

[hhhh] The lengthy passage of from 'It is curious to note how …' to '… a manner previously unexampled.' represents a slightly revised version of well over a paragraph from the first part of Dallas's two-part article 'Popular Literature: The Periodical Press' in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 85:519 (January 1859), pp. 97–98.

[iiii] The remainder of the paragraph from 'The stereotype, the photograph …' to '… the movement of the time.' represents a brief summary of the following argument in the first part of 'Popular Literature: The Periodical Press' in *Blackwood's*, amounting to nearly two full columns of text.

[jjjj] This extremely lengthy section of nearly eight full paragraphs of text (from 'The great intellectual change …' to '… fly thought, and cultivate sensation.', including the long authorial footnote on pp. 212–13), on developments in contemporary public oratory whether in parliament, church or theatre, represents a significantly revised and slightly reduced version of a passage of several pages from the ending of the first part of Dallas's two-part article 'Popular Literature: The Periodical Press' in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 85:519 (January 1859), pp. 107–12. The long authorial footnote ('In proof of this … the decadence of oratory.') is taken *verbatim* from p. 108. Moreover, the first six paragraphs on parliament and pulpit return to views expressed earlier by Dallas in 'Oratory', *Cornhill Magazine* 2 (November 1860), pp. 580–90; pp. 589–90, while the final two paragraphs on the London theatre recycle opinions on the decline of the drama first expressed in Dallas's article on pantomime, 'The Drama', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 79 (February 1856), pp. 209–31; pp. 215–17.

GRAHAM LAW is Honorary Professor of Waseda University, Tokyo, to which he has been affiliated since 1992. He has taught literary and media history at various academic institutions in Japan since 1981. He has authored many articles and books in the field of nineteenth-century studies, including *Serializing Fiction in the Victorian Press* (Palgrave, 2000), *Wilkie Collins: A Literary Life* (Palgrave, 2008; with Andrew Maunder) and, most recently, *The Periodical Press Revolution* (Routledge, 2024). He has also worked on a number of scholarly editions in the same field, most notably *The Collected Letters of Wilkie Collins* (6 vols; Intelex, 2018).

JENNY BOURNE TAYLOR is Professor Emerita in English at the University of Sussex who has been interested in the work of E.S. Dallas since the 1980s. Her publications include: *In the Secret Theatre of Home: Wilkie Collins, Sensation Narrative and Nineteenth-Century Psychology* (Routledge,1988; second edn, Victorian Secrets Press, 2018); ed., with Sally Shuttleworth, *Embodied Selves: An Anthology of Psychological Texts 1830-1890* (OUP, 1998); ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Wilkie Collins* (CUP, 2006); ed. with John Kucich, *The Oxford History of the Novel in English: Vol. 3, The Nineteenth-Century Novel 1820-1880* (OUP, 2011).

Together the two editors have recently completed *E. S. Dallas in 'The Times'*, an edited anthology of Dallas's work as a journalist published by Routledge.