

us ; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence Heroes when sent : it shines like a polestar through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration.

Hero-worship would have sounded very strange to those workers and fighters in the French Revolution. Not reverence for Great Men ; not any hope or belief, or even wish, that Great Men could again appear in the world ! Nature, turned into a 'Machine,' was as if effete now ; could not any longer produce Great Men :—I can tell her, she may give-up the trade altogether, then ; we cannot do without Great Men !—But neither have I any quarrel with that of 'Liberty and Equality ;' with the faith that, wise great men being impossible, a level immensity of foolish small men would suffice. It was a natural faith then and there. "Liberty and Equality ; no Authority needed any longer. Hero-worship, reverence for *such* Authorities, has proved false, is itself a falsehood ; no more of it ! We have had such *forgeries*, we will now trust nothing. So many base plated coins passing in the market, the belief has now become common that no gold any longer exists,—and even that we can do very well without gold !" I find this, among other things, in that universal cry of Liberty and Equality ; and find it very natural, as matters then stood.

And yet surely it is but the *transition* from false to true. Considered as the whole truth, it is false altogether ;—the product of entire sceptical blindness, as yet only *struggling* to see. Hero-worship exists forever, and everywhere : not Loyalty alone ; it extends from divine adoration down to the lowest practical regions of life. 'Bending before men,' if it is not to be a mere empty grimace, better dispensed with than practised, is Hero-worship,—a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine ; that every created man, as Novalis said, is a 'revelation in the Flesh.' They were Poets too, that devised all those graceful courtesies which make life noble ! Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace ; it need not be such. And Loyalty, religious Worship itself, are still possible ; nay still inevitable.

May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late Heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that nevertheless every Great Man, every genuine man, is by the nature

of him a son of Order, not of Disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step,—him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is Order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of Order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of Order*? The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of Disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the Great Man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical.

Thus too all human things, maddest French Sansculottisms, do and must work towards Order. I say, there is not a *man* in them, raging in the thickest of the madness, but is impelled withal, at all moments, towards Order. His very life means that; Disorder is dissolution, death. No chaos but it seeks a *centre* to revolve round. While man is man, some Cromwell or Napoleon is the necessary finish of a Sansculottism.—Curious: in those days when Hero-worship was the most incredible thing to every one, how it does come-out nevertheless, and assert itself practically, in a way which all have to credit. Divine *right*, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine *might* withal! While old false Formulas are getting trampled everywhere into destruction, new genuine Substances unexpectedly unfold themselves indestructible. In rebellious ages, when Kingship itself seems dead and abolished, Cromwell, Napoleon step-forth again as Kings. The history of these men is what we have now to look at, as our last phasis of Heroism. The old ages are brought back to us; the manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited in the history of these Two.

We have had many civil-wars in England; wars of Red and White Roses, wars of Simon de Montfort; wars enough, which are not very memorable. But that war of the Puritans has a significance which belongs to no one of the others. Trusting to your candour, which will suggest on the other side what I

have not room to say, I will call it a section once more of that great universal war which alone makes-up the true History of the World,—the war of Belief against Unbelief! The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things. The Puritans, to many, seem mere savage Iconoclasts, fierce destroyers of Forms; but it were more just to call them haters of *untrue* Forms. I hope we know how to respect Laud and his King as well as them. Poor Laud seems to me to have been weak and ill-starred, not dishonest; an unfortunate Pedant rather than anything worse. His 'Dreams' and superstitions, at which they laugh so, have an affectionate, lovable kind of character. He is like a College-Tutor, whose whole world is forms, College-rules; whose notion is that these are the life and safety of the world. He is placed suddenly, with that unalterable luckless notion of his, at the head not of a College but of a Nation, to regulate the most complex deep-reaching interests of men. He thinks they ought to go by the old decent regulations; nay that their salvation will lie in extending and improving these. Like a weak man, he drives with spasmodic vehemence towards his purpose; cramps himself to it, heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity: He will have his College-rules obeyed by his Collegians; that first; and till that, nothing. He is an ill-starred Pedant, as I said. He would have it the world was a College of that kind, and the world *was not* that. Alas, was not his doom stern enough? Whatever wrongs he did, were they not all frightfully avenged on him?

It is meritorious to insist on forms; Religion and all else naturally clothes itself in forms. Everywhere the *formed* world is the only habitable one. The naked formlessness of Puritanism is not the thing I praise in the Puritans; it is the thing I pity,—praising only the spirit which had rendered that inevitable! All substances clothe themselves in forms: but there are suitable true forms, and then there are untrue unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say, Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in

Ceremonial Form, earnest solemnity from empty pageant, in all human things.

There must be a veracity, a natural spontaneity in forms. In the commonest meeting of men, a person making, what we call, 'set speeches,' is not he an offence? In the mere drawing-room, whatsoever courtesies you see to be grimaces, prompted by no spontaneous reality within, are a thing you wish to get away from. But suppose now it were some matter of vital concernment, some transcendent matter (as Divine Worship is), about which your whole soul, struck dumb with its excess of feeling, knew not how to *form* itself into utterance at all, and preferred formless silence to any utterance there possible,—what should we say of a man coming forward to represent or utter it for you in the way of upholsterer-mummery? Such a man,—let him depart swiftly, if he love himself! You have lost your only son; are mute, struck down, without even tears: an importunate man importunately offers to celebrate Funeral Games for him in the manner of the Greeks! Such mummery is not only not to be accepted,—it is hateful, unendurable. It is what the old Prophets called 'Idolatry,' worshipping of hollow *shows*; what all earnest men do and will reject. We can partly understand what those poor Puritans meant. Laud dedicating that St. Catherine Creed's Church, in the manner we have it described; with his multiplied ceremonial bowings, gesticulations, exclamations: surely it is rather the rigorous formal *Pedant*, intent on his 'College-rules,' than the earnest Prophet, intent on the essence of the matter!

Puritanism found *such* forms insupportable; trampled on such forms;—we have to excuse it for saying, No form at all rather than such! It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand. Nay, a man preaching from his earnest *soul* into the earnest *souls* of men: is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever? The nakedest, savagest reality, I say, is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Besides, it will clothe itself with *due* semblance by and by, if it be real. No fear of that; actually no fear at all. Given the living *man*, there will be found *clothes* for him; he will find himself clothes. But the suit-of-clothes pretending that *it* is both clothes and man —!—We cannot 'fight the French'

by three-hundred-thousand red uniforms ; there must be *men* in the inside of them ! Semblance, I assert, must actually *not* divorce itself from Reality. If Semblance do,—why then there must be men found to rebel against Semblance, for it has become a lie ! These two Antagonisms at war here, in the case of Laud and the Puritans, are as old nearly as the world. They went to fierce battle over England in that age ; and fought-out their confused controversy to a certain length, with many results for all of us.

In the age which directly followed that of the Puritans, their cause or themselves were little likely to have justice done them. Charles Second and his Rochesters were not the kind of men you would set to judge what the worth or meaning of such men might have been. That there could be any faith or truth in the life of a man, was what these poor Rochesters, and the age they ushered-in, had forgotten. Puritanism was hung on gibbets,—like the bones of the leading Puritans. Its work nevertheless went on accomplishing itself. All true work of a man, hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself. We have our *Habeas-Corpus*, our free Representation of the People ; acknowledgment, wide as the world, that all men are, or else must, shall, and will become, what we call *free* men ;—men with their life grounded on reality and justice, not on tradition, which has become unjust and a chimera ! This in part, and much besides this, was the work of the Puritans.

And indeed, as these things became gradually manifest, the character of the Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were, one after another, taken *down* from the gibbet ; nay a certain portion of them are now, in these days, as good as canonised. Eliot, Hampden, Pym, nay Ludlow, Hutchinson, Vane himself, are admitted to be a kind of Heroes ; political Conscript Fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England : it would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked now. Few Puritans of note but find their apologists somewhere, and have a certain reverence paid them by earnest men. One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and

find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth : but he betrayed the Cause. Selfish ambition, dishonesty, duplicity ; a fierce, coarse, hypocritical *Tartufe* ; turning all that noble Struggle for constitutional Liberty into a sorry farce played for his own benefit : this and worse is the character they give of Cromwell. And then there come contrasts with Washington and others ; above all, with these noble Pym and Hampdens, whose noble work he stole for himself, and ruined into a futility and deformity.

This view of Cromwell seems to me the not unnatural product of a century like the Eighteenth. As we said of the Valet, so of the Sceptic : He does not know a Hero when he sees him ! The Valet expected purple mantles, gilt sceptres, body-guards and flourishes of trumpets : the Sceptic of the Eighteenth century looks for regulated respectable Formulas, 'Principles,' or what else he may call them ; a style of speech and conduct which has got to seem 'respectable,' which can plead for itself in a handsome articulate manner, and gain the suffrages of an enlightened sceptical Eighteenth century ! It is, at bottom, the same thing that both the Valet and he expect : the garnitures of some *acknowledged* royalty, which *then* they will acknowledge ! The King coming to them in the rugged *unformulistic* state shall be no King.

For my own share, far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym ; whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at ;—with the honestest wish to admire, to love and worship them like Heroes ; but I am sorry to say, if the real truth must be told, with very indifferent success ! At bottom, I found that it would not do. They are very noble men, these ; step along in their stately way, with their measured euphemisms, philosophies, parliamentary eloquences, Ship-moneys, *Monarchies of Man* ; a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. But the heart remains cold before them ; the fancy alone endeavours to get-up some worship of them. What man's heart does, in reality, break-forth into any fire of brotherly love for these men ? They are become

dreadfully dull men! One breaks-down often enough in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy,—heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay; that, in a word, for you there is little or nothing now surviving there! One leaves all these Nobilities standing in their niches of honour: the rugged outcast Cromwell, he is the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The great savage *Baresark*: he could write no euphemistic *Monarchy of Man*; did not speak, did not work with glib regularity; had no straight story to tell for himself anywhere. But he stood bare, not cased in euphemistic coat-of-mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That, after all, is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on!

Neither, on the whole, does this constitutional tolerance of the Eighteenth century for the other happier Puritans seem to be a very great matter. One might say, it is but a piece of Formulism and Scepticism, like the rest. They tell us, It was a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberties should have been laid by 'Superstition.' These Puritans came forward with Calvinistic incredible Creeds, Anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions; demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves: that was the thing they should have demanded! It was Superstition, Fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing!—Liberty to *tax* oneself? Not to pay-out money from your pocket except on reason shown? No century, I think, but a rather barren one would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say, on the contrary, A just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his Government. Ours is a most confused world; in which a good man will be thankful to see any kind of Government maintain itself in a not insupportable manner: and here in England, to this hour, if he is not ready to

pay a great many taxes which *he* can see very small reason in, it will not go well with him, I think ! He must try some other climate than this. Taxgatherer? Money? He will say : " Take my money, since you *can*, and it is so desirable to you ; take it,—and take yourself away with it ; and leave me alone to my work here. *I* am still here ; can still work, after all the money you have taken from me ! " But if they come to him, and say, " Acknowledge a Lie ; pretend to say you are worshipping God, when you are not doing it : believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that *I* find, or pretend to find true ! " He will answer : " No ; by God's help, no ! You may take my purse ; but I cannot have my moral Self annihilated. The purse is any Highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol : but the Self is mine and God my Maker's ; it is not yours ; and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and, on the whole, front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defence of that ! "—

Really, it seems to me the one reason which could justify revolting, this of the Puritans. It has been the soul of all just revolts among men. Not *Hunger* alone produced even the French Revolution ; no, but the feeling of the insupportable all-pervading *Falsehood* which had now embodied itself in Hunger, in universal material Scarcity and Nonentity, and thereby become *indisputably* false in the eyes of all ! We will leave the Eighteenth century with its 'liberty to tax itself.' We will not astonish ourselves that the meaning of such men as the Puritans remained dim to it. To men who believe in no reality at all, how shall a *real* human soul, the intensest of all realities, as it were the Voice of this world's Maker still speaking to *us*,—be intelligible ? What it cannot reduce into constitutional doctrines relative to 'taxing,' or other the like material interest, gross, palpable to the sense, such a century will needs reject as an amorphous heap of rubbish. Hampdens, Pym and Ship-money will be the theme of much constitutional eloquence, striving to be fervid ;—which will glitter, if not as fire does, then as *ice* does : and the irreducible Cromwell will remain a chaotic mass of 'madness,' 'hypocrisy,' and much else.

From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity

has been incredible to me. Nay I cannot believe the like, of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows; we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small?—No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. It is like Pococke asking Grotius, Where is your *proof* of Mahomet's Pigeon? No proof!—Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me, a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness *too* deep for him. Of those stories of 'Spectres;' of the white Spectre in broad daylight, predicting that he should be King of England, we are not bound to believe much;—probably no more than of the other black Spectre, or Devil in person, to whom the Officer *saw* him sell himself before Worcester Fight! But the mournful, over-sensitive, hypochondriac humour of Oliver, in his young years, is otherwise indisputably known. The Huntingdon Physician told Sir Philip Warwick himself, He had often been sent for at midnight; Mr. Cromwell was full of hypochondria, thought himself near dying, and "had fancies about the Town-cross." These things are significant. Such an excitable deep-

feeling nature, in that rugged stubborn strength of his, is not the symptom of falsehood ; it is the symptom and promise of quite other than falsehood !

The young Oliver is sent to study Law ; falls, or is said to have fallen, for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth ; but if so, speedily repents, abandons all this : not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man. ‘ He pays-back what money he had won at gambling,’ says the story ;—he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this ‘ conversion,’ as they well name it ; this awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful *truth* of things ;—to see that Time and its shows all rested on Eternity, and this poor Earth of ours was the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell ! Oliver’s life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man ? He has renounced the world and its ways ; *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth ; he reads his Bible ; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers ; nay can himself preach,—exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what ‘ hypocrisy,’ ‘ ambition,’ ‘ cant,’ or other falsity ? The man’s hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World ; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice : what could notice here do for him ? ‘ Ever in his great Taskmaster’s eye.’

It is striking, too, how he comes-out once into public view ; he, since no other is willing to come : in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in that matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with Authority ; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his Plough. ‘ Gain influence’ ? His influence is the most legitimate ; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty ; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of Death and Eternity ; it was at this point that he suddenly became ‘ ambitious’ ! I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way !

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man ; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him than other men. His prayers to God ; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar ; through the death-hail of so many battles ; mercy after mercy ; to the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester Fight : all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshipping not God but their own 'love-locks,' frivolities and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King ! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there* ; this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him : it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic ; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so ; anxious indeed as for their own existence ; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand* :—whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter ; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather : but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play-off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way,

or put him out of yours ! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable again and again. Not so Cromwell : " For all our fighting," says he, " we are to have a little bit of paper ?" No !—

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical *eye* of this man ; how he drives towards the practical and practicable ; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man : the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediences : the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city-tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose heart was in the work, to be soldiers for them : this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact ! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his ; men fearing God ; and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them ; which was so blamed : " If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not ? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting '*for* the King ;' but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality ; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling-forth of *War* ; horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage,—the *infernal* element in man called forth, to try it by that ! *Do* that therefore ; since that is the thing to be done.—The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing ! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it !—

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Scepticism, into dilettantism, insincerity ; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal ? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use ; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King ? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy ; and can accomplish little. For himself he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all ; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness-box : in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect 'detects' him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this ! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. 'Detect quacks' ? Yes do, for Heaven's sake ; but know withal the men that are to be trusted ! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge ; how shall we even so much as 'detect' ? For the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and 'detects' in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many : but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist ; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist ! First recognise what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false ; and properly never till then.

'Know the men that are to be trusted : ' alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognise sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him ; a world not of *Valets* ;—the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise ! Yes, it is far from us : but it must come ; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we ? Ballot-boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions :—if we are as

Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred-and-fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving world is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks and quackeries! Misery, confusion, unverity are alone possible there. By ballot-boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet-World *has* to be governed by the Sham-Hero, by the King merely *dressed* in King-gear. It is his; he is its! In brief, one of two things: We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be forever governed by the Unheroic;—had we ballot-boxes clattering at every street-corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell,—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *unformed* black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him,—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utter-

ance was not there. He had *lived* silent ; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days ; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough ; —he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicising ; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero-hood*, is not fair-spoken immaculate regularity ; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow-ing* or *Dough-tiness*), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching ; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart : method is not required in them ; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some 'door of hope,' as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be ; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish,—they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them,—how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light ? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more ? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendour in the waste-howling darkness ; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. Was it not such ? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same,—devout

prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light ; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one ? There is no other method. 'Hypocrisy' ? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities ; gathering votes, advices ; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all.—Cromwell's prayers were likely to be 'eloquent,' and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament ; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it ; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid ; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own newspaper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches ! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public ? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's 'lying,' we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him ; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out to have been meaning *that* ! He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man ? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far ! There is no use for any man's taking-up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men ; even to those he would have

work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made : your rule is, to leave the inquirer *uninformed* on that matter ; not, if you can help it, *misinformed*, but precisely as dark as he was ! This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties ; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party ! Was it his blame ? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more ; nay perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one ; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that ? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality ; to him indubitable, to you incredible : break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths ! “ I might have my hand full of truth,” said Fontenelle, “ and open only my little finger.”

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice ! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practise any considerable thing whatever. And we call it ‘ dissimulation,’ all this ? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything ?—Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning ‘ corporals’ rolled confusedly round him through his whole course ; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said ; not one ! Of

what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much?—

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their 'ambition,' 'falsity,' and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out: a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded, with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on,—the hollow, scheming 'Ἰπποκρίτης, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *unwound* skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall-away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view;—but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty; or more than Shakspeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few 'Historians' are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were*; not in the lump, as they are thrown-down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same 'ambition' itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep-out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be 'noticed' by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray; and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went, —he had been content to plough the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech

of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it : this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man 'ambitious,' to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say : "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone ; there is *too much of life* in me already !" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. 'Corsica Boswell' flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat ; but the great old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul wrapt-up in its thoughts, in its sorrows ;—what could parading, and ribbons in the hat, do for it ?

Ah yes, I will say again : The great *silent* men ! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department ; silently thinking, silently working ; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of ! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots* ; which had all turned into leaves and boughs ;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence : higher than the stars ; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death ! It alone is great ; all else is small.—I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots ! Solomon says, There is a time to speak ; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money*, and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak ; promulgate your system, found your sect ?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto ; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all ; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose

of it to me. And then the 'honour'? Alas, yes;—but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?"——

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not:' this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak-out, to act-out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels.—We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness of the man for the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his*; perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation, to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were 'the only man in France that could have done any good there'? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out, and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him.—Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; *too* amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, 'Thy kingdom come,' was at length to be fulfilled! If you had

convinced his judgment of this ; that it was possible, practicable ; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it ! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act ; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small,—the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning ? It were a true ambition this ! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy : all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer ; seeing no remedy on Earth ; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,—that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it ; after twelve years silent waiting, all England stirs itself ; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself : inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of ? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither.

He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there ; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,—on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England,—what of this ? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world ! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a 'devout imagination,' this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realised*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land : in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth ? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do ? The strongest

practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes ! This I call a noble true purpose ; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man ? For a Knox to take it up was something ; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism ; the most heroic phasis that ‘Faith in the Bible’ was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it : that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact !

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in ‘detecting hypocrites,’ seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England ; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen-hundred years ; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten ; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him,—why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land ! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, ‘Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action ;’—how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places ! Till at length, by Heaven’s just anger, but also by Heaven’s great grace, the matter begins to stagnate ; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.—

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes : Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first ; a sincere ‘Fanatic’ at first, but gradually became a ‘Hypocrite’ as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic-Hypocrite is Hume’s theory of it ; extensively applied since, — to Mahomet and many others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it ; not much, not all, very far from all. Sincere hero hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings-forth impurities, gets balefully incrustated with spots ; but it does not quench itself,

and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness ! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell ; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son ; Antæus-like, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother ; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man ; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of 'perfections,' 'immaculate conducts.' He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual true *work*,—doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults daily and hourly : it was too well known to him ; known to God and him ! The Sun was dimmed many a time ; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and this Cause, He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed-out his wild great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite ! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality ; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs ? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray ; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognised unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks ? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape ? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages ; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do ; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship,—away with it !

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism ; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them ; poor tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Argyles and suchlike ;

none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader ; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one : Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers ; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man ; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it ; on the one hand subjects without a King ; on the other a King without subjects ! The subjects without King can do nothing ; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind ; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man ; but he was a man : a million zealous men, but *without* the one ; they against him were powerless ! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide ; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty ;—a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified ; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship, is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England ; Chief Man of the victorious party in England : but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it ? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given-up to your disposal ? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done ?—It was a question which theoretical constitution-builders may find easy to answer ; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon ? It

was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it ! We will not "For all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land !

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer ; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies ; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk ! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there : who or what then is to follow ? 'Free Parliament,' right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other,—the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it ! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament ? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper : there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating in these days. Tell us what we shall do ; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact !

How they did finally answer, remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is, that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not dissolve and disperse ; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it,—and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favourablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament ; the favourablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favourable.

According to this version : At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way ; that in their splenetic envious despair, to

keep-out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the House a kind of Reform Bill,—Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England ; equable electoral division into districts ; free suffrage, and the rest of it ! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen ? Why, the Royalists themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps outnumber us ; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority ! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter, sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea ; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood ? And it is not a likelihood ; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members ; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill ; — ordered them to begone, and talk there no more.—Can we not forgive him ? Can we not understand him ? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him ; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not ? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way ; find some Parliament to support him ; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones's Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence and attachment to the true Cause : these are assembled to shape-out a plan. They sanctioned what was past ; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones's Parliament* : the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but *Barbone*,—a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work ; it was a most serious reality,—a trial on the part of these Puritan Nota-

bles how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality ; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke-down, endeavouring to reform the Court of Chancery ! They dissolved themselves, as incompetent ; delivered-up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.

What *will* he do with it ? The Lord General Cromwell, 'Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised ;' he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it ? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it ; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, " Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it ! " Protectorship, Instrument of Government,—these are the external forms of the thing ; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, ' Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation : ' and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there *was* no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not ; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby !—I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's ; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it!—

Oliver's second Parliament, properly his *first* regular Parliament, chosen by the rule laid-down in the Instrument of Government, did assemble, and worked ;—but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to ' usurpation,' and so forth ; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies. Most rude,

chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fulness of meaning. He talks much about 'births of Providence:' All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a precontrived puppetshow by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were 'births of Providence,' God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organised*, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavillings and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here;—and would send the whole matter in Chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle-whirlwind, for being President among you! That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take you your constitution-formulas in your hand; and I my *informal* struggles, purposes, realities and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!"—

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell are. *Wilfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say

rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, nay into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be : you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken rude tortuous utterances ; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man ! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man ; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow sceptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches. You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the Inane. 'Heats and jealousies,' says Lord Clarendon himself : 'heats and jealousies,' mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets ; these induced slow sober quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and work ; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings ! Try if you can find that true. Scepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts ; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying-down the Laws of Optics.—

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula : How came *you* there ? Show us some Notary parchment ! Blind pedants :—"Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector !" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that ?—

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here ! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home, cherishing true Gospel ministers ; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity ; I, since you will not help me ; I while God leaves me life !—Why did he not give it up ; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him ? cry several. That is where they

mistake. For him there was no giving of it up ! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Pombal, Choiseul ; and their word was a law while it held : but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned*. Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him ; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* no-whither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy ; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell ‘follows him to the door,’ in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style ; begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother in arms ; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old : the rigorous Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes his way.—And the man’s head now white ; his strong arm growing weary with its long work ! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his ; a right brave woman ; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there : if she heard a shot go-off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother ! —What had this man gained ; what had he gained ? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History ? His dead body was hung in chains ; his ‘place in History,’—place in History forsooth !—has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness and disgrace ; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man ! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us ? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life ; step-over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it !—Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men’s* judgment that he appealed ; nor have men judged him very well.

Precisely a century and a year after this of Puritanism had got itself hushed-up into decent composure, and its results made smooth, in 1688, there broke-out a far deeper explosion, much more difficult to hush-up, known to all mortals, and like to be long known, by the name of French Revolution. It is properly the third and final act of Protestantism; the explosive confused return of mankind to Reality and Fact, now that they were perishing of Semblance and Sham. We call our English Puritanism the second act: "Well then, the Bible is true; let us go by the Bible!" "In Church," said Luther; "In Church and State," said Cromwell, "let us go by what actually *is* God's Truth." Men have to return to reality; they cannot live on semblance. The French Revolution, or third act, we may well call the final one; for lower than that savage *Sansculottism* men cannot go. They stand there on the nakedest haggard Fact, undeniable in all seasons and circumstances; and may and must begin again confidently to build-up from that. The French explosion, like the English one, got its King,—who had no Notary parchment to show for himself. We have still to glance for a moment at Napoleon, our second modern King.

Napoleon does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful Unnamable of this Universe; 'walking with God,' as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valour, content to lie latent, then burst out as in blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor Sceptical *Encyclopédies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, everyway articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *inarticulate* Cromwell's. Instead of '*dumb* Prophet struggling to speak,' we have a portentous mixture of the Quack withal! Hume's notion of the

Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to Napoleon than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet or the like,—where indeed taken strictly it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blamable ambition shows itself, from the first, in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

‘False as a bulletin’ became a proverb in Napoleon’s time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep-up his own men’s courage, and so forth. On the whole, there are no excuses. A man in no case has liberty to tell lies. It had been, in the long-run, *better* for Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found-out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A Lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labour into the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manoeuverings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon looking up into the stars, answers, “Very ingenious, Messieurs: but *who made* all that?” The Atheistic logic runs-off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: “Who made all that?” So too in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstration how glorious it was, and

how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipt one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary ; it was not gold but tinsel ! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. “ Why talk and complain ; above all, why quarrel with one another ? There is no *result* in it ; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one can do nothing ! ” He speaks often so, to his poor discontented followers ; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went ? That this new enormous Democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down ; this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it,—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well ? ‘ *La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The implements to him who can handle them : ’ this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth ; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy : the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that Twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by : Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the Tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss ; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in Democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian Campaigns, onwards to the Peace of Leoben, one would say, his inspiration is : ‘ Triumph to the French Revolution ; assertion of ‘ it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it ‘ a Simulacrum ! ’ Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong Authority is ; how the Revolu-

tion cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle-in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution ; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone : is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life ; nay what he actually managed to do ? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes ; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march : “ These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris ; all talk and no work ! What wonder it runs all wrong ? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there ! ” They went, and put him there ; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, Emperorship, victory over Europe ;—till the poor Lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his old faith in Facts, took to believing in Semblances ; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedoms, with the old false Feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false ;—considered that *he* would found “ his Dynasty ” and so forth ; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that ! The man was ‘ given-up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie ; ’ a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them,—the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god : *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patchwork of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel and mummary, had this man wrapt his own great reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby ! His hollow Pope’s-*Concordat*, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, “ *la vaccine de la religion* : ” his ceremonial Coronations, consecrations by the old Italian Chimera in Notre-Dame,—“ wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it,” as Augereau said, “ nothing but the half-million of men who had

died to put an end to all that" ! Cromwell's Inauguration was by the Sword and Bible ; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimaera : were not these the *real* emblems of Puritanism ; its true decoration and insignia ? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now ! But this poor Napoleon mistook : he believed too much in the *Dupeability* of men ; saw no fact deeper in man than Hunger and this ! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud ; his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas, in all of us this charlatan-element exists ; and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. 'Lead us not into temptation' ! But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognisable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory ; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made ? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread ; a blazing-up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole Universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame ; but only for an hour. It goes out : the Universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, To be of courage ; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound-interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German Bookseller, Palm ! It was a palpable tyrannous murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make-out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it ; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it,—waiting their day ! Which day *came* : Germany rose round him.—What Napoleon *did* will in the long-run amount to what he did *justly* ; what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him ; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La*

carrière ouverte aux talens: that great true Message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, a rude-draught never completed; as indeed what great man is other? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung-out on the rock here, and the World is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by Nature only an appendage of France; "another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was *by Nature*, by Napoleon-Nature; and yet look how in fact—HERE AM I! He cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his program of it; that France was not all-great, that he was not France. 'Strong delusion,' that he should believe the thing to be which *is* not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half-dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden-down underfoot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as *he* liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with Reality, he tumbles helpless in Vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die,—this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man!

Our last, in a double sense. For here finally these wide roamings of ours through so many times and places, in search and study of Heroes, are to terminate. I am sorry for it: there was pleasure for me in this business, if also much pain. It is a great subject, and a most grave and wide one, this which, not to be too grave about it, I have named *Hero-worship*. It enters deeply, as I think, into the secret of Mankind's ways and vilest interests in this world, and is well worth explaining at

present. With six months, instead of six days, we might have done better. I promised to break-ground on it; I know not whether I have even managed to do that. I have had to tear it up in the rudest manner in order to get into it at all. Often enough, with these abrupt utterances thrown-out isolated, unexplained, has your tolerance been put to the trial. Tolerance, patient candour, all-hoping favour and kindness, which I will not speak of at present. The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words. With many feelings, I heartily thank you all; and say, Good be with you all!

SUMMARY.

LECTURE I.

THE HERO AS DIVINITY. ODIN. PAGANISM: SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

HEROES: Universal History consists essentially of their united Biographies. Religion not a man's church-creed, but his practical *belief* about himself and the Universe: Both with Men and Nations it is the One fact about them which creatively determines all the rest. Heathenism: Christianity: Modern Scepticism. The Hero as Divinity. Paganism a fact; not Quackery, nor Allegory: Not to be pretentiously 'explained;' to be looked at as old Thought, and with sympathy. (p. 1.)—Nature no more seems divine except to the Prophet or Poet, because men have ceased to *think*: To the Pagan Thinker, as to a child-man, all was either godlike or God. Canopus: Man. Hero-worship the basis of Religion, Loyalty, Society. A Hero not the 'creature of the time:' Hero-worship indestructible. Johnson: Voltaire. (7.)—Scandinavian Paganism the Religion of our Fathers. Iceland, the home of the Norse Poets, described. The *Edda*. The primary characteristic of Norse Paganism, the impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Jötuns and the Gods. Fire: Frost: Thunder: The Sun: Sea-Tempest. Mythus of the Creation: The Life-Tree Igdrasil. The modern '*Machine of the Universe*.' (14.)—The Norse Creed, as recorded, the summation of several successive systems: Originally the shape given to the national thought by their first 'Man of Genius.' Odin: He has no history or date; yet was no mere adjective, but a man of flesh and blood. How deified. The World of Nature, to every man a Fantasy of Himself. (19.)—Odin the inventor of Runes, of Letters and Poetry. His reception as a Hero: the pattern Norse-Man; a God: His shadow over the whole History of his People. (25.)—The essence of Norse Paganism, not so much Morality, as a sincere recognition of Nature: Sincerity better than Gracefulness. The Allegories, the after-creations of the Faith. Main practical Belief: Hall of Odin: Valkyrs: Destiny: Necessity of Valour. Its worth: Their Sea-Kings, Woodcutter Kings, our spiritual

Progenitors. The growth of Odinism. (27.)--The strong simplicity of Norse lore quite unrecognised by Gray. Thor's veritable Norse rage: Balder, the white Sungod. How the old Norse heart loves the Thunder-god, and sports with him: Huge Brobdignag genius, needing only to be tamed-down, into Shakspeares, Goethes. Truth in the Norse Songs: This World a show. Thor's Invasion of Jötunheim. The Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods: The Old must die, that the New and Better may be born. Thor's last appearance. The Norse Creed a Consecration of Valour. It and the whole Past a possession of the Present. (31.)

LECTURE II.

THE HERO AS PROPHET. MAHOMET: ISLAM.

The Hero no longer regarded as a God, but as one god-inspired. All Heroes primarily of the same stuff; differing according to their reception. The welcome of its Heroes, the truest test of an epoch. Odin: Burns. (p. 39.)—Mahomet a true Prophet; not a scheming Impostor. A Great Man, and therefore first of all a sincere man: No man to be judged merely by his faults. David the Hebrew King. Of all acts for man *repentance* the most divine: The deadliest sin, a supercilious consciousness of none. (40.)—Arabia described. The Arabs always a gifted people; of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these. Their Religiosity: Their Star-worship: Their Prophets and inspired men; from Job downwards. Their Holy Places. Mecca, its site, history and government. (44.)—Mahomet. His youth: His fond Grandfather. Had no book-learning: Travels to the Syrian Fairs; and first comes in contact with the Christian Religion. An altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man: A good laugh, and a good flash of anger in him withal. (47.)—Marries Kadijah. Begins his Prophet-career at forty years of age. *Al-lah Akbar*; God is great: *Islam*; we must *submit* to God. Do we not all live in Islam? Mahomet, 'the Prophet of God.' (49.)—The good Kadijah believes in him: Mahomet's gratitude. His slow progress: Among forty of his kindred, young Ali alone joined him. His good Uncle expostulates with him: Mahomet, bursting into tears, persists in his mission. The Hegira. Propagating by the sword: First get your sword: A thing will propagate itself as it can. Nature a just umpire. Mahomet's Creed unspeakably better than the wooden idolatries and jangling Syrian Sects extirpated by it. (53.)—The Koran, the universal standard of Mahometan life: An imperfectly, badly written, but genuine book: Enthusiastic extempore preaching, amid the hot haste of wrestling with flesh-and-blood and spiritual enemies. Its direct poetic insight.

The World, Man, human Compassion ; all wholly miraculous to Mahomet. (59.)—His religion did not succeed by 'being easy:' None can. The sensual part of it not of Mahomet's making. He himself, frugal ; patched his own clothes ; proved a hero in a rough actual trial of twenty-three years. Traits of his generosity and resignation. His total freedom from cant. (64.)—His moral precepts not always of the superfinest sort ; yet is there always a tendency to good in them. His Heaven and Hell sensual, yet not altogether so. Infinite Nature of Duty. The evil of sensuality, in the *slavery* to pleasant things, not in the enjoyment of them. Mahometanism a religion heartily *believed*. To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light : Arabia first became alive by means of it. (67.)

LECTURE III.

THE HERO AS POET. DANTE ; SHAKSPEARE.

The Hero as Divinity or Prophet, inconsistent with the modern progress of science : The Hero Poet, a figure common to all ages. All Heroes at bottom the same ; the different *sphere* constituting the grand distinction : Examples. Varieties of aptitude. (p. 73.)—Poet and Prophet meet in *Vates* : Their Gospel the same, for the Beautiful and the Good are one. All men somewhat of poets ; and the highest Poets far from perfect. Prose, and Poetry or *musical Thought*. Song a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech : All deep things are Song. The Hero as Divinity, as Prophet, and then only as Poet, no indication that our estimate of the Great Man is diminishing : The Poet seems to be losing caste, but it is rather that our notions of God are rising higher. (75.)—Shakspeare and Dante, Saints of Poetry. Dante : His history, in his Book and Portrait. His scholastic education, and its fruit of subtlety. His miseries : Love of Beatrice : His marriage not happy. A banished man : Will never return, if to plead guilty be the condition. His wanderings : "*Come è duro calle.*" At the Court of Della Scala. The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in Eternity. His mystic, unfathomable Song. Death : Buried at Ravenna. (80.)—His *Divina Commedia* a Song : Go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. The sincerest of Poems : It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. Its Intensity, and Pictorial power. The three parts make-up the true Unseen World of the Middle Ages : How the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation. Paganism and Christianity. (84.)—Ten silent centuries found a voice in Dante. The thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a

man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer. The 'uses' of Dante : We will not estimate the Sun by the quantity of gas it saves us. Mahomet and Dante contrasted. Let a man *do* his work ; the *fruit* of it is the care of Another than he. (91.)—As Dante embodies musically the Inner Life of the Middle Ages, so does Shakspeare embody the Outer Life which grew therefrom. The strange outbudding of English Existence which we call 'Elizabethan Era.' Shakspeare the chief of all Poets : His calm, all-seeing Intellect : His marvellous Portrait-painting. (94.)—The Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough, —that he be able to *see*. Intellect the summary of all human gifts : Human intellect and vulpine intellect contrasted. Shakspeare's instinctive unconscious greatness : His works a part of Nature, and partaking of her inexhaustible depth. Shakspeare greater than Dante ; in that he not only sorrowed, but triumphed over his sorrows. His mirthfulness, and genuine overflowing love of laughter. His Historical Plays, a kind of National Epic. The Battle of Agincourt : A noble Patriotism, far other than the 'indifference' sometimes ascribed to him. His works, like so many windows, through which we see glimpses of the world that is in him. (101.) —Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism : Out of this Shakspeare too there rises a kind of Universal Psalm, not unfit to make itself heard among still more sacred Psalms. Shakspeare an 'unconscious Prophet ;' and therein greater and truer than Mahomet. This poor Warwickshire Peasant worth more to us than a whole regiment of highest Dignitaries : Indian Empire, or Shakspeare,—which ? An English King, whom no time or chance can dethrone : A rallying-sign and bond of brotherhood for all Saxondom : Wheresoever English men and women are, they will say to one another, 'Yes, this Shakspeare is *ours* !' (103.)

LECTURE IV.

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER ; REFORMATION : KNOX ; PURITANISM.

The Priest a kind of Prophet ; but more familiar, as the daily enlightener of daily life. A true Reformer he who appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force. The finished Poet often a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection, and finished. Alas, the battling Reformer, too, is at times a needful and inevitable phenomenon : Offences *do* accumulate, till they become insupportable. Forms of Belief, modes of life must perish ; yet the Good of the Past survives, an everlasting possession for us all. (p. 107.)—Idols, or visible recognised Symbols, common to all Religions : Hateful only when insincere : The property of every Hero, that he come back to sincerity,

to reality : Protestantism and 'private judgment.' No living communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The Hero-Teacher, who delivers men out of darkness into light. Not abolition of Hero-worship does Protestantism mean ; but rather a whole World of Heroes, of *sincere*, believing men. (112.)—Luther ; his obscure, seemingly-insignificant birth. His youth schooled in adversity and stern reality. Becomes a Monk. His religious despair : Discovers a Latin Bible : No wonder he should venerate the Bible. He visits Rome. Meets the Pope's fire by fire. At the Diet of Worms : The greatest moment in the modern History of men. (118.)—The Wars that followed are not to be charged to the Reformation. The Old Religion once true : The cry of 'No Popery' foolish enough in these days. Protestantism not dead : German Literature and the French Revolution rather considerable signs of life ! (125.)—How Luther held the sovereignty of the Reformation and kept Peace while he lived. His written Works : Their rugged homely strength : His dialect became the language of all writing. No mortal heart to be called *braver*, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour : Yet a most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as the truly valiant heart ever is : Traits of character from his Table-Talk : His daughter's Deathbed : The miraculous in Nature. His love of Music. His Portrait. (127.)—Puritanism the only phasis of Protestantism that ripened into a living faith : Defective enough, but genuine. Its fruit in the world. The sailing of the Mayflower from Delft Haven the beginning of American Saxondom. In the history of Scotland properly but one epoch of world-interest,—the Reformation by Knox : A 'nation of heroes ;' a *believing* nation. The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. (132.)—Knox 'guilty' of being the bravest of all Scotchmen : Did not seek the post of Prophet. At the siege of St. Andrew's Castle. Emphatically a sincere man. A Galley-slave on the River Loire. An Old-Hebrew Prophet, in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. (134.)—Knox and Queen Mary : 'Who are you, that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?' 'Madam, a subject born within the same.' His intolerance—of falsehoods and knaveries. Not a mean acrid man ; else he had never been virtual President and Sovereign of Scotland. His unexpected vein of drollery : A cheery social man ; practical, cautious-hopeful, patient. His 'devout imagination' of a Theocracy, or Government of God. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy ; Cromwell wished it, fought for it : Mahomet attained it. In one form or other, it is the one thing to be struggled for. (137.)

LECTURE V.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

The Hero as Man of Letters altogether a product of these new ages: A Heroic Soul in very strange guise. Literary men; genuine and spurious. Fichte's 'Divine Idea of the World:' His notion of the True Man of Letters. Goethe, the Pattern Literary Hero. (p. 143.)—The disorganised condition of Literature, the summary of all other modern disorganisations. The Writer of a true Book our true modern Preacher. Miraculous influence of Books: The Hebrew Bible. Books are now our actual University, our Church, our Parliament. With Books, Democracy is inevitable. *Thought* the true thaumaturgic influence, by which man works all things whatsoever. (147.)—Organisation of the 'Literary Guild:' Needful discipline; 'priceless lessons' of Poverty. The Literary Priesthood, and its importance to society. Chinese Literary Governors. Fallen into strange times; and strange things need to be speculated upon. (153.)—An age of Scepticism: The very possibility of Heroism formally abnegated. Benthamism an *eyeless* Heroism. Scepticism, Spiritual Paralysis, Insincerity: Heroes gone-out; Quacks come-in. Our brave Chatham himself lived the strangest mimetic life all along. Violent remedial revulsions: Chartisms, French Revolutions: The Age of Scepticism passing away. Let each Man look to the mending of his own Life. (157.)—Johnson one of our Great English Souls. His miserable Youth and Hypochondria: Stubborn Self-help. His loyal submission to what is really higher than himself. How he stood by the old Formulas: Not less original for that. Formulas; Their Use and Abuse. Johnson's unconscious sincerity. His Twofold Gospel, a kind of Moral Prudence and clear Hatred of Cant. His writings sincere and full of substance. Architectural nobleness of his Dictionary. Boswell, with all his faults, a true hero-worshipper of a true Hero. (164.)—Rousseau a morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; intense rather than strong. Had not the invaluable 'talent of Silence.' His Face, expressive of his character. His Egoism: Hungry for the praises of men. His books: Passionate appeals, which did once more struggle towards Reality: A Prophet to his Time; as he could, and as the Time could. Rosepink, and artificial bedizenment. Fretted, exasperated, till the heart of him went mad: He could be cooped, starving, into garrets; laughed at as a maniac; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. (170.)—Burns a genuine Hero, in a withered, unbelieving, secondhand Century. The largest soul of all the British lands, came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant. His heroic Father and Mother, and their sore struggle through life. His rough untutored dialect: Affectionate joyousness. His writings a poor fragment of him. His conversational gifts: High duchesses and low

ostlers alike fascinated by him. (173.)—Resemblance between Burns and Mirabeau. Official Superiors: The greatest 'thinking-faculty' in this land superciliously dispensed with. Hero-worship under strange conditions. The notablest phasis of Burns's history his visit to Edinburgh. For one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. Literary Lionism. (176.)

LECTURE VI.

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON: MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

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prayer. His speeches unpremeditated and full of meaning, His *reticences*; called 'lying' and 'dissimulation': Not one falsehood proved against him. (199.)—Foolish charge of 'ambition.' The great Empire of Silence: Noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently hoping, silently working. Two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable, inevitable: How it actually was with Cromwell. (204.)—Hume's Fanatic-Hypocrite theory. How indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. Cromwell, as King of Puritanism, of England. Constitutional palaver: Dismissal of the Rump Parliament. Cromwell's Parliaments and Protectorship: Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing for him but the way of Despotism. His closing days: His poor old Mother. It was not to men's judgments that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well. (209.)—The French Revolution, the 'third act' of Protestantism. Napoleon, infected with the quackeries of his age: Had a kind of sincerity,—an instinct towards the *practical*. His *faith*,—'the Tools to him that can handle them,' the whole truth of Democracy. His heart-hatred of Anarchy. Finally, his quackeries got the upper hand: He would found a 'Dynasty': Believed wholly in the dupeability of Men. This Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. (218.)

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Erst ist das Leben.

SCHILLER

THE END.

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PAST AND PRESENT.

BOOK FIRST.

PROEM.

CHAPTER I.

MIDAS.

THE condition of England, on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind ; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows ; waving with yellow harvests ; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest and the willingest our Earth ever had ; these men are here ; the work they have done, the fruit they have realised is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us : and behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, " Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers ; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it ; this is enchanted fruit ! " On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape ; but on the rich master-workers too it falls ; neither can the rich master-idlers, nor any richest or highest