

semi-rational giant, struggling to awake some soul in itself,—the world will have much to say, reproachfully, reprovably, admonishingly. But to the Idle Aristocracy, what will the world have to say? Things painful, and not pleasant!

To the man who *works*, who attempts, in never so ungracious barbarous a way, to get forward with some work, you will hasten out with furtherances, with encouragements, corrections; you will say to him: "Welcome; thou art ours; our care shall be of thee." To the Idler, again, never so gracefully going idle, coming forward with never so many parchments, you will not hasten out; you will sit still, and be disinclined to rise. You will say to him: "Not welcome, O complex Anomaly; would thou hadst stayed out of doors: for who of mortals knows what to do with thee? Thy parchments: yes, they are old, of venerable yellowness; and we too honour parchment, old-established settlements, and venerable use-and-wont. Old parchments in very truth:—yet on the whole, if thou wilt remark, they are young to the Granite Rocks, to the Groundplan of God's Universe! We advise thee to put up thy parchments; to go home to thy place, and make no needless noise whatever. Our heart's wish is to save thee: yet there as thou art, hapless Anomaly, with nothing but thy yellow parchments, noisy futilities, and shotbelts and fox-brushes, who of gods or men can avert dark Fate? Be counselled, ascertain if no work exist for thee on God's Earth; if thou find no commanded-duty there but that of going gracefully idle? Ask, inquire earnestly, with a half-frantic earnestness; for the answer means Existence or Annihilation to thee. We apprise thee of the world-old fact, becoming sternly disclosed again in these days, That he who cannot work in this Universe cannot get existed in it: had he parchments to thatch the face of the world, these, combustible fallible sheepskin, cannot avail him. Home, thou unfortunate; and let us have at least no noise from thee!"

Suppose the unfortunate Idle Aristocracy, as the unfortunate Working one has done, were to 'retire three days to *its* bed,' and consider itself there, what o'clock it had become?—

How have we to regret not only that men have 'no religion,' but that they have next to no reflection; and go about with heads full of mere extraneous noises, with eyes wide-open but visionless,—for most part in the somnambulist state!

CHAPTER VIII.

UNWORKING ARISTOCRACY.

It is well said, 'Land is the right basis of an Aristocracy;' whoever possesses the Land, he, more emphatically than any other, is the Governor, Viceking of the people on the Land. It is in these days as it was in those of Henry Plantagenet and Abbot Samson; as it will in all days be. The Land is *Mother* of us all; nourishes, shelters, gladdens, lovingly enriches us all; in how many ways, from our first wakening to our last sleep on her blessed mother-bosom, does she, as with blessed mother-arms, enfold us all!

The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over, when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can divorce me from it? Mystic, deep as the world's centre, are the roots I have struck into my Native Soil; no *tree* that grows is rooted so. From noblest Patriotism to humblest industrial Mechanism; from highest dying for your country, to lowest quarrying and coal-boring for it, a Nation's Life depends upon its Land. Again and again we have to say, there can be no true Aristocracy but must possess the Land.

Men talk of 'selling' Land. Land, it is true, like Epic Poems and even higher things, in such a trading world, has to be presented in the market for what it will bring, and as we say be 'sold:' but the notion of 'selling,' for certain bits of metal, the *Iliad* of Homer, how much more the *Land* of the World-Creator, is a ridiculous impossibility! We buy what is saleable of it; nothing more was ever buyable. Who can or could sell it to us? Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other principle: it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

Again, we hear it said, The soil of England, or of any country, is properly worth nothing, except 'the labour bestowed on it.' This, speaking even in the language of Eastcheap, is not correct. The rudest space of country equal in extent to Eng-

land, could a whole English Nation, with all their habitudes, arrangements, skills, with whatsoever they do carry within the skins of them and cannot be stript of, suddenly take wing and alight on it,—would be worth a very considerable thing! Swiftly, within year and day, this English Nation, with its multiplex talents of ploughing, spinning, hammering, mining, road-making and trafficking, would bring a handsome value out of such a space of country. On the other hand, fancy what an English Nation, once ‘on the wing,’ could have done with itself, had there been simply no soil, not even an inarable one, to alight on? Vain all its talents for ploughing, hammering, and whatever else; there is no Earth-room for this Nation with its talents: this Nation will have to *keep* hovering on the wing, dolefully shrieking to and fro; and perish piecemeal; burying itself, down to the last soul of it, in the waste unfirmamented seas. Ah yes, soil, with or without ploughing, is the gift of God. The soil of all countries belongs evermore, in a very considerable degree, to the Almighty Maker! The last stroke of labour bestowed on it is not the making of its value, but only the increasing thereof.

It is very strange, the degree to which these truisms are forgotten in our days; how, in the ever-whirling chaos of Formulas, we have quietly lost sight of Fact,—which it is so perilous not to keep forever in sight. Fact, if we do not see it, will make us *feel* it by and by!—From much loud controversy, and Corn-Law debating there rises, loud though inarticulate, once more in these years, this very question among others, Who made the Land of England? Who made it, this respectable English Land, wheat-growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand over head for seventy millions or upwards, as it here lies: who did make it?—“We!” answer the much-consuming Aristocracy; “We!” as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray: “It is we that made it; or are the heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did!”—My brothers, You? Everlasting honour to you, then; and Corn-Laws as many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry Enough, or some voice of Human pity for our famine bids you Hold! Ye are as gods, that can create soil. Soil-creating gods there is no withstanding. They have the might to sell wheat at what price they list; and the right, to all lengths, and famine-lengths,—if they be pitiless infernal gods! Celestial

gods, I think, would stop short of the famine-price ; but no infernal nor any kind of god can be bidden stop!—Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England?

I say, you did *not* make the Land of England ; and, by the possession of it, you *are* bound to furnish guidance and governance to England ! That is the law of your position on this God's-Earth ; an everlasting act of Heaven's Parliament, not repealable in St. Stephen's or elsewhere ! True government and guidance ; not no-government and Laissez-faire ; how much less, *mis*-government and Corn-Law ! There is not an imprisoned Worker looking out from these Bastilles but appeals, very audibly in Heaven's High Courts, against you, and me, and every one who is not imprisoned, "Why am I here?" His appeal is audible in Heaven ; and will become audible enough on Earth too, if it remain unheeded here. His appeal is against you, foremost of all ; you stand in the front-rank of the accused ; you, by the very place you hold, have first of all to answer him and Heaven !

What looks maddest, miserablest in these mad and miserable Corn-Laws is independent altogether of their 'effect on wages,' their effect on 'increase of trade,' or any other such effect : it is the continual maddening proof they protrude into the faces of all men, that our Governing Class, called by God and Nature and the inflexible law of Fact, either to do something towards governing, or to die and be abolished,—have not yet learned even to sit still and do no mischief ! For no Anti-Corn-Law League yet asks more of them than this ;—Nature and Fact, very imperatively, asking so much more of them. Anti-Corn-Law League asks not, Do something ; but, Cease your destructive misdoing, Do ye nothing !

Nature's message will have itself obeyed : messages of mere Free-Trade, Anti-Corn-Law League and Laissez-faire, will then need small obeying ! — Ye fools, in name of Heaven, work, work, at the Ark of Deliverance for yourselves and us, while hours are still granted you ! No : instead of working at the Ark, they say, "We cannot get our hands kept rightly warm ;" and *sit obstinately burning the planks*. No madder spectacle at present exhibits itself under this Sun.

The Working Aristocracy ; Mill-owners, Manufacturers,

Commanders of Working Men; alas, against them also much shall be brought in accusation; much,—and the freest Trade in Corn, total abolition of Tariffs, and uttermost ‘Increase of Manufactures’ and ‘Prosperity of Commerce,’ will permanently mend no jot of it. The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man’s success in the world, or of man’s duties to man; and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed. England will not be habitable long, unreformed.

The Working Aristocracy—Yes, but on the threshold of all this, it is again and again to be asked, What of the Idle Aristocracy? Again and again, What shall we say of the Idle Aristocracy, the Owners of the Soil of England; whose recognised function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the partridges of England, and as an agreeable amusement (if the purchase-money and other conveniences serve), dilettante-ing in Parliament and Quarter-Sessions for England? We will say mournfully, in the presence of Heaven and Earth,—that we stand speechless, stupent, and know not what to say! That a class of men entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth; permitted simply, nay entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this Planet. That such a class is transitory, exceptional, and, unless Nature’s Laws fall dead, cannot continue. That it has continued now a moderate while; has, for the last fifty years, been rapidly attaining its state of perfection. That it will have to find its duties and do them; or else that it must and will cease to be seen on the face of this Planet, which is a Working one, not an Idle one.

Alas, alas, the Working Aristocracy, admonished by Trade-unions, Chartist conflagrations, above all by their own shrewd sense kept in perpetual communion with the fact of things, will assuredly reform themselves, and a working world will still be possible:—but the fate of the Idle Aristocracy, as one reads its horoscope hitherto in Corn-Laws and suchlike, is an abyss that fills one with despair. Yes, my rosy fox-hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn-Law Majorities, Sliding-Scales, Protecting-

writing of the Adamant Tablets ; otherwise they are not so venerable ! Benedict the Jew in vain pleaded parchments ; his usuries were too many. The King said, "Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay just debt ; down with thy dust, or observe this tooth-forceps !" Nature, a far juster Sovereign, has far terribler forceps. Aristocracies, actual and imaginary, reach a time when parchment pleading does not avail them. "Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay due debt !" shouts the Universe to them, in an emphatic manner. They refuse to pay, confidently pleading parchment : their best grinder-tooth, with horrible agony, goes out of their jaw. Wilt thou pay now ? A second grinder, again in horrible agony, goes : a second, and a third, and if need be, all the teeth and grinders, and the life itself with them ;—and *then* there is free payment, and an anatomist-subject into the bargain !

Reform Bills, Corn-Law Abrogation Bills, and then Land-Tax Bill, Property-Tax Bill, and still dimmer list of *etceteras* ; grinder after grinder :—my lords and gentlemen, it were better for you to arise and begin doing your work, than sit there and plead parchments !

We write no Chapter on the Corn-Laws, in this place ; the Corn-Laws are too mad to have a Chapter. There is a certain immorality, when there is not a necessity, in speaking about things finished ; in chopping into small pieces the already slashed and slain. When the brains are out, why does not a Solecism die ? It is at its own peril if it refuse to die ; it ought to make all conceivable haste to die, and get itself buried ! The trade of Anti-Corn-Law Lecturer in these days, still an indispensable, is a highly tragic one.

The Corn-Laws will go, and even soon go : would we were all as sure of the Millennium as they are of going ! They go swiftly in these present months ; with an increase of velocity, an ever-deepening, ever-widening sweep of momentum, truly notable. It is at the Aristocracy's own damage and peril, still more than at any other's whatsoever, that the Aristocracy maintains them ;—at a damage, say only, as above computed, of a 'hundred thousand pounds an hour' ! The Corn-Laws keep all the air hot : fostered by their fever-warmth, much that is evil, but much also, how much that is good and indispensable, is rapidly coming to life among us !

CHAPTER IX.

WORKING ARISTOCRACY.

A poor Working Mammonism getting itself 'strangled in the partridge-nets of an Unworking Dilettantism,' and bellowing dreadfully, and already black in the face, is surely a disastrous spectacle ! But of a Midas-eared Mammonism, which indeed at bottom all pure Mammonisms are, what better can you expect ? No better ;—if not this, then something other equally disastrous, if not still more disastrous. Mammonisms, grown asinine, have to become human again, and rational ; they have, on the whole, to cease to be Mammonisms, were it even on compulsion, and pressure of the hemp round their neck !—My friends of the Working Aristocracy, there are now a great many things which you also, in your extreme need, will have to consider.

The Continental people, it would seem, are 'exporting our 'machinery, beginning to spin cotton and manufacture for themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that !' Sad news indeed ; but irremediable ;—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is, that we should find our National Existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other People. A most narrow stand for a great Nation to base itself on ! A stand which, with all the Corn-Law Abrogations conceivable, I do not think will be capable of enduring.

My friends, suppose we quitted that stand ; suppose we came honestly down from it, and said : "This is our minimum of cotton-prices. We care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper. Do you, if it seem so blessed to you, make cotton cheaper. Fill your lungs with cotton-fuzz, your hearts with copperas-fumes, with rage and mutiny ; become ye the general gnomes of Europe, slaves of the lamp !"—I admire a Nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other Nations, to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to *undersell* them ; we will be content to *equal*-sell them ; to be happy selling equally with them ! I do not see the use of underselling them. Cotton-cloth is already two-pence a yard or lower ; and yet bare backs were never more numerous among us. Let in-

ventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper; and try to invent, a little, how cotton at its present cheapness could be somewhat justlier divided among us. Let inventive men consider, Whether the Secret of this Universe, and of Man's Life there, does, after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is One God, just, supreme, almighty: but is Mammon the name of him?—With a Hell which means 'Failing to make money,' I do not think there is any Heaven possible that would suit one well; nor so much as an Earth that can be habitable long! In brief, all this Mammon-Gospel, of Supply-and-demand, Competition, Laissez-faire, and Devil take the hindmost, begins to be one of the shabbiest Gospels ever preached; or altogether the shabbiest. Even with Dilettante partridge-nets, and at a horrible expenditure of pain, who shall regret to see the entirely transient, and at best somewhat despicable life strangled out of *it*? At the best, as we say, a somewhat despicable, unvenerable thing, this same 'Laissez-faire;' and now, at the *worst*, fast growing an altogether detestable one!

"But what is to be done with our manufacturing population, with our agricultural, with our ever-increasing population?" cry many.—Ay, what? Many things can be done with them, a hundred things, and a thousand things,—had we once got a soul, and begun to try. This one thing, of doing for them by 'underselling all people,' and filling our own bursten pockets and appetites by the road; and turning over all care for any 'population,' or human or divine consideration except cash only, to the winds, with a "Laissez-faire" and the rest of it: this is evidently not the thing. Farthing cheaper per yard? No great Nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramid; screwing itself higher and higher; balancing itself on its great-toe! Can England not subsist without being *above* all people in working? England never deliberately purposed such a thing. If England work better than all people, it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis. Laissez-faire and much else being once well dead, how many 'impossibles' will become possible! They are impossible, as cotton-cloth at two-pence an ell was—till men set about making it. The inventive genius of great England will not forever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps and billy-

rollers whirring in the head of it. The inventive genius of England is not a Beaver's, or a Spinner's or Spider's genius : it is a *Man's* genius, I hope, with a God over him !

Laissez-faire, Supply-and-demand,—one begins to be weary of all that. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, of applause :—it is the Gospel of Despair ! Man is a Patent-Digester, then : only give him Free Trade, Free digesting-room ; and each of us digest what he can come at, leaving the rest to Fate ! My unhappy brethren of the Working Mammonism, my unhappier brethren of the Idle Dilettantism, no world was ever held together in that way for long. A world of mere Patent-Digesters will soon have nothing to digest : such world ends, and by Law of Nature must end, in 'over-population ;' in howling universal famine, 'impossibility,' and suicidal madness, as of endless dog-kennels run rabid. Supply-and-demand shall do its full part, and Free Trade shall be free as air ;—thou of the shotbelts, see thou forbid it not, with those paltry, *worse* than Mammonish swindleries and Sliding-scales of thine, which are seen to be swindleries for all thy canting, which in times like ours are very scandalous to see ! And Trade never so well freed, and all Tariffs settled or abolished, and Supply-and-demand in full operation,—let us all know that we have yet done nothing ; that we have merely cleared the ground for doing.

Yes, were the Corn-Laws ended tomorrow, there is nothing yet ended ; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. The Corn-Laws gone, and Trade made free, it is as good as certain this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity ; during which, it is likely, much money will again be made, and all the people may, by the extant methods, still for a space of years, be kept alive and physically fed. The strangling band of Famine will be loosened from our necks ; we shall have room again to breathe ; time to bethink ourselves, to repent and consider ! A precious and thrice-precious space of years ; wherein to struggle as for life in reforming our foul ways ; in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people ; seeking, as for life, that something like spiritual food be imparted them, some real governance and guidance be provided them ! It will be a priceless time. For our new period or paroxysm of commercial prosperity will and can, on the old methods of 'Com-

petition and Devil take the hindmost,' prove but a paroxysm : a new paroxysm,—likely enough, if we do not use it better, to be our *last*. In this, of itself, is no salvation. If our Trade in twenty years, 'flourishing' as never Trade flourished, could double itself; yet then also, by the old Laissez-faire method, our Population is doubled : we shall then be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable !

All this dire misery, therefore ; all this of our poor Work-house Workmen, of our Chartisms, Trades-strikes, Corn-Laws, Toryisms, and the general downbreak of Laissez-faire in these days,—may we not regard it as a voice from the dumb bosom of Nature, saying to us : "Behold ! Supply-and-demand is not the one Law of Nature ; Cash-payment is not the sole nexus of man with man,—how far from it ! Deep, far deeper than Supply-and-demand, are Laws, Obligations sacred as Man's Life itself : these also, if you will continue to do work, you shall now learn and obey. He that will learn them, behold Nature is on his side, he shall yet work and prosper with noble rewards. He that will not learn them, Nature is against him, he shall not be able to do work in Nature's empire,—not in hers. Perpetual mutiny, contention, hatred, isolation, execration shall wait on his footsteps, till all men discern that the thing which he attains, however golden it look or be, is not success, but the want of success."

Supply-and-demand,—alas ! For what noble work was there ever yet any audible 'demand' in that poor sense ? The man of Macedonia, speaking in vision to an Apostle Paul, "Come over and help us," did not specify what rate of wages he would give ! Or was the Christian Religion itself accomplished by Prize-Essays, Bridgwater Bequests, and a 'minimum of Four thousand five hundred a year' ? No demand that I heard of was made then, audible in any Labour-market, Manchester Chamber of Commerce, or other the like emporium and hiring establishment ; silent were all these from any whisper of such demand ;—powerless were all these to 'supply' it, had the demand been in thunder and earthquake, with gold Eldorados and Mahometan Paradises for the reward. Ah me, into what waste latitudes, in this Time-Voyage, have we wandered ; like adventurous Sindbads ;—where the men go about as if by galvanism, with meaningless glaring eyes, and have no soul, but only a

beaver-faculty and stomach ! The haggard despair of Cotton-factory, Coal-mine operatives, Chandos Farm-labourers, in these days, is painful to behold ; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish godforgetting Profit-and-Loss Philosophy and Life-theory, which we hear jangled on all hands of us, in senate-houses, spouting-clubs, leading-articles, pulpits and platforms, everywhere as the Ultimate Gospel and candid Plain-English of Man's Life, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all-but all men !—

Enlightened Philosophies, like Molière Doctors, will tell you : “Enthusiasms, Self-sacrifice, Heaven, Hell and suchlike : yes, all that was true enough for old stupid times ; all that used to be true : but we have changed all that, *nous avons changé tout cela !*” Well ; if the heart be got round now into the right side, and the liver to the left ; if man have no heroism in him deeper than the wish to eat, and in his soul there dwell now no Infinite of Hope and Awe, and no divine Silence can become imperative because it is not Sinai Thunder, and no tie will bind if it be not that of Tyburn gallows-ropes,—then verily you have changed all that ; and for it, and for you, and for me, behold the Abyss and nameless Annihilation is ready. So scandalous a beggarly Universe deserves indeed nothing else ; I cannot say I would save it from Annihilation. Vacuum, and the serene Blue, will be much handsomer ; easier too for all of us. I, for one, decline living as a Patent-Digester Patent-Digester, Spinning-Mule, Mayfair Clothes-Horse : many thanks, but your Chaosships will have the goodness to excuse me !

CHAPTER X.

PLUGSON OF UNDERSHOT.

ONE thing I do know : Never, on this Earth, was the relation of man to man long carried on by Cash-payment alone. If, at any time, a philosophy of Laissez-faire, Competition and Supply-and-demand, start up as the exponent of human relations, expect that it will soon end.

Such philosophies will arise : for man's philosophies are usually the ‘supplement of his practice ;’ some ornamental Logic-varnish, some outer skin of Articulate Intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive Doings pre-

sentable when they are done. Such philosophies will arise; be preached as Mammon-Gospels, the ultimate Evangel of the World; be believed, with what is called belief, with much superficial bluster, and a kind of shallow satisfaction real in its way:—but they are ominous gospels! They are the sure, and even swift, forerunner of great changes. Expect that the old System of Society is done, is dying and fallen into dotage, when it begins to rave in that fashion. Most Systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three thousand years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True and Noble that was in them having faded out, and nothing now remaining but naked Egoism, vulturous Greediness, they cannot live; they are bound and inexorably ordained by the oldest Destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die. Curious enough: they thereupon, as I have pretty generally noticed, devise some light comfortable kind of ‘wine-and-walnuts philosophy’ for themselves, this of Supply-and-demand or another; and keep saying, during hours of mastication and rumination, which they call hours of meditation: “Soul, take thy ease; it is all *well* that thou art a vulture-soul;”—and pangs of dissolution come upon them, oftenest before they are aware!

Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world. I invite his Grace of Castle-Rackrent to reflect on this;—does he think that a Land Aristocracy when it becomes a Land Auctioneership can have long to live? Or that Sliding-scales will increase the vital stamina of it? The indomitable Plugson too, of the respected Firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Under-shot, is invited to reflect on this; for to him also it will be new, perhaps even newer. Book-keeping by double entry is admirable, and records several things in an exact manner. But the Mother-Destinies also keep their Tablets; in Heaven’s Chancery also there goes on a recording; and things, as my Moslem friends say, are ‘written on the iron leaf.’

Your Grace and Plugson, it is like, go to Church occasionally: did you never in vacant moments, with perhaps a dull parson droning to you, glance into your New Testament, and the cash-account stated four times over, by a kind of quadruple entry,—in the Four Gospels there? I consider that a cash-

account, and balance-statement of work done and wages paid, worth attending to. Precisely *such*, though on a smaller scale, go on at all moments under this Sun; and the statement and balance of them in the Plugson Ledgers and on the Tablets of Heaven's Chancery are discrepant exceedingly;—which ought really to teach, and to have long since taught, an indomitable common-sense Plugson of Undershot, much more an unattackable *uncommon-sense* Grace of Rackrent, a thing or two!—In brief, we shall have to dismiss the Cash-Gospel rigorously into its own place: we shall have to know, on the threshold, that either there is some infinitely deeper Gospel, subsidiary, explanatory and daily and hourly corrective, to the Cash one; or else that the Cash one itself and all others are fast travelling!

For all human things do require to have an Ideal in them; to have some Soul in them, as we said, were it only to keep the Body unputrefied. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mould, modify, new-form or reform said ugliest Body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine!—Oh, if you could dethrone that Brute-god Mammon, and put a Spirit-god in his place! One way or other, he must and will have to be dethroned.

Fighting, for example, as I often say to myself, Fighting with steel murder-tools is surely a much uglier operation than Working, take it how you will. Yet even of Fighting, in religious Abbot Samson's days, see what a Feudalism there had grown,—a 'glorious Chivalry,' much besung down to the present day. Was not that one of the 'impossiblest' things? Under the sky is no uglier spectacle than two men with clenched teeth, and hell-fire eyes, hacking one another's flesh; converting precious living bodies, and priceless living souls, into nameless masses of putrescence, useful only for turnip-manure. How did a Chivalry ever come out of that; how anything that was not hideous, scandalous, infernal? It will be a question worth considering by and by.

I remark, for the present, only two things: first, that the Fighting itself was not, as we rashly suppose it, a Fighting without cause, but more or less with cause. Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his

life 'a battle and a march,' under the right General. It is ever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity, with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton;—now also with the hallucinations of his poor fellow Men. Hallucinatory visions rise in the head of my poor fellow man; make him claim over me rights which are not his. All fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths, each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest;—of Might which do in the long-run, and forever will in this just Universe in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into dust: this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

And now let us remark a second thing: how, in these baleful operations, a noble devout-hearted Chevalier will comport himself, and an ignoble godless Bucanier and Chactaw Indian. Victory is the aim of each. But deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible, that as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence; ever-present,—like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body; like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wastest terrestrial Chaos! Blessed divine Influence, traceable even in the horror of Battlefields and garments rolled in blood: how it ennobles even the Battlefield; and, in place of a Chactaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honour! A Battlefield too is great. Considered well, it is a kind of Quintessence of Labour; Labour distilled into its utmost concentration; the significance of years of it compressed into an hour. Here too thou shalt be strong, and not in muscle only, if thou wouldst prevail. Here too thou shalt be strong of heart, noble of soul; thou shalt dread no pain or death, thou shalt not love ease or life; in rage, thou shalt remember mercy, justice;—thou shalt be a Knight and not a Chactaw, if thou wouldst prevail! It is the rule of all battles, against hallucinating fellow Men, against unkempt Cotton, or whatsoever battles they may be, which a man in this world has to fight.

Howel Davies dyes the West-Indian Seas with blood, piles his decks with plunder; approves himself the expertest Seaman, the daringest Seafighter: but he gains no lasting victory,

lasting victory is not possible for him. Not, had he fleets larger than the combined British Navy all united with him in bucaniering. He, once for all, cannot prosper in his duel. He strikes down his man : yes ; but his man, or his man's representative, has no notion to lie struck down ; neither, though slain ten times, will he keep so lying ;—nor has the Universe any notion to keep him so lying ! On the contrary, the Universe and he have, at all moments, all manner of motives to start up again, and desperately fight again. Your Napoleon is flung out, at last, to St. Helena ; the latter end of him sternly compensating the beginning. The Bucanier strikes down a man, a hundred or a million men : but what profits it ? He has one enemy never to be struck down ; nay two enemies : Mankind and the Maker of Men. On the great scale or on the small, in fighting of men or fighting of difficulties, I will not embark my venture with Howel Davies : it is not the Bucanier, it is the Hero only that can gain victory, that can do more than *seem* to succeed. These things will deserve meditating ; for they apply to all battle and soldiership, all struggle and effort whatsoever in this Fight of Life. It is a poor Gospel, Cash-Gospel or whatever name it have, that does not, with clear tone, uncontradictable, carrying conviction to all hearts, forever keep men in mind of these things.

Unhappily, my indomitable friend Plugson of Undershot has, in a great degree, forgotten them ;—as, alas, all the world has ; as, alas, our very Dukes and Soul-Overseers have, whose special trade it was to remember them ! Hence these tears.—Plugson, who has indomitably spun Cotton merely to gain thousands of pounds, I have to call as yet a Bucanier and Chactaw ; till there come something better, still more indomitable from him. His hundred Thousand-pound Notes, if there be nothing other, are to me but as the hundred Scalps in a Chactaw wigwam. The blind Plugson : he was a Captain of Industry, born member of the Ultimate genuine Aristocracy of this Universe, could he have known it ! These thousand men that span and toiled round him, they were a regiment whom he had enlisted, man by man ; to make war on a very genuine enemy : Bareness of back, and disobedient Cotton-fibre, which will not, unless forced to it, consent to cover bare backs. Here is a most genuine enemy ; over whom all creatures will wish him victory. He enlisted his thousand men : said to them,

"Come, brothers, let us have a dash at Cotton!" They follow with cheerful shout; they gain such a victory over Cotton as the Earth has to admire and clap hands at: but, alas, it is yet only of the Bucanier or Chactaw sort,—as good as no victory! Foolish Plugson of St. Dolly Undershot: does he hope to become illustrious by hanging up the scalps in his wigwam, the hundred thousands at his banker's, and saying, Behold my scalps? Why, Plugson, even thy own host is all in mutiny: Cotton is conquered; but the 'bare backs'—are worse covered than ever! Indomitable Plugson, thou must cease to be a Chactaw; thou and others; thou thyself, if no other!

Did William the Norman Bastard, or any of his Taillefers, *Ironcutters*, manage so? Ironcutter, at the end of the campaign, did not turn-off his thousand fighters, but said to them: "Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained; be I Lord in it,—what we will call *Law-ward*, maintainer and *keeper* of Heaven's *Laws*: be I *Law-ward*, or in brief orthoepy *Lord* in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it; and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another!" Plugson, bucanier-like, says to them: "Noble spinners, this is the Hundred Thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards; the hundred thousand is mine, the three and sixpence daily was yours: adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above!" The entirely unjust Captain of Industry, say I; not Chevalier, but Bucanier! 'Commercial Law' does indeed acquit him; asks, with wide eyes, What else? So too Howel Davies asks, Was it not according to the strictest Bucanier Custom? Did I depart in any jot or tittle from the Laws of the Bucaniers?

After all, money, as they say, is miraculous. Plugson wanted victory; as Chevaliers and Bucaniers, and all men alike do. He found money recognised, by the whole world with one assent, as the true symbol, exact equivalent and synonym of victory;—and here we have him, a grimbrowed, indomitable Bucanier, coming home to us with a 'victory,' which the whole world is *ceasing* to clap hands at! The whole world, taught somewhat impressively, is beginning to recognise that such victory is but half a victory; and that now, if it please the Powers, we must—have the other half!

Money is miraculous. What miraculous facilities has it

yielded, will it yield us ; but also what never-imagined confusions, obscurations has it brought in ; down almost to total extinction of the moral-sense in large masses of mankind ! 'Protection of property,' of what is '*mine*,' means with most men protection of money,—the thing which, had I a thousand padlocks over it, is least of all *mine* ; is, in a manner, scarcely worth calling mine ! The symbol shall be held sacred, defended everywhere with tipstaves, ropes and gibbets ; the thing signified shall be composedly cast to the dogs. A human being who has worked with human beings clears all scores with them, cuts himself with triumphant completeness forever loose from them, by paying down certain shillings and pounds. Was it not the wages I promised you ? There they are, to the last sixpence,—according to the Laws of the Bucaniers !—Yes, indeed ;—and, at such times, it becomes imperatively necessary to ask all persons, bucaniers and others, Whether these same respectable Laws of the Bucaniers are written on God's eternal Heavens at all, on the inner Heart of Man at all ; or on the respectable Bucanier Logbook merely, for the convenience of bucaniering merely ? What a question ;—whereat Westminster Hall shudders to its driest parchment ; and on the dead wigs each particular horsehair stands on end !

The Laws of Laissez-faire, O Westminster, the laws of industrial Captain and industrial Soldier, how much more of idle Captain and industrial Soldier, will need to be remodelled, and modified, and rectified in a hundred and a hundred ways,—and *not* in the Sliding-scale direction, but in the totally opposite one ! With two million industrial Soldiers already sitting in Bastilles, and five million pining on potatoes, methinks Westminster cannot begin too soon !—A man has other obligations laid on him, in God's Universe, than the payment of cash : these also Westminster, if it will continue to exist and have board-wages, must contrive to take some charge of :—by Westminster or by another, they must and will be taken charge of ; be, with whatever difficulty, got articulated, got enforced, and to a certain approximate extent put in practice. And, as I say, it cannot be too soon ! For Mammonism, left to itself, has become Midas-eared ; and with all its gold mountains, sits starving for want of bread : and Dilettantism with its partridge-nets, in this extremely earnest Universe of ours, is playing somewhat too high a game. 'A man by the very look of him

promises so much : ' yes ; and by the rent-roll of him does he promise nothing ?—

Alas, what a business will this be, which our Continental friends, groping this long while somewhat absurdly about it and about it, call ' Organisation of Labour ; '—which must be taken out of the hands of absurd windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest and valiant men, to begin with it straightway ; to proceed with it, and succeed in it more and more, if Europe, at any rate if England, is to continue habitable much longer. Looking at the kind of most noble Corn-Law Dukes or Practical *Duces* we have, and also of right reverend Soul-Overseers, Christian Spiritual *Duces* ' on a minimum of four thousand five hundred,' one's hopes are a little chilled. Courage, nevertheless ; there are many brave men in England ! My indomitable Plugson,—nay is there not even in thee some hope ? Thou art hitherto a Bucanier, as it was written and prescribed for thee by an evil world : but in that grim brow, in that indomitable heart which *can* conquer Cotton, do there not perhaps lie other ten-times nobler conquests ?

CHAPTER XI.

LABOUR.

FOR there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works : in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. ' Know thyself : ' long enough has that poor ' self ' of thine tormented thee ; thou wilt never get to ' know ' it, I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual : know what thou canst work at ; and work at it, like a Hercules ! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, ' an endless significance lies in Work ; ' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared

away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities ; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work ! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man : but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame !

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder ; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses ; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve ? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves ; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects ; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older ? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel ; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking ! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin ! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch ; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish ; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour ! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows ;

—draining-off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small ! Labour is Life : from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, ‘self-knowledge’ and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. ‘Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.’

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light ; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time ? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith ; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul’s Cathedral out of all that, yea or no ! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher’s sake and his Cathedral’s ; they are there for their own sake mainly ! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature herself is but partially for him ; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not ! His very money, where is it to come from ? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, “I am here ;”—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods ;

impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near ! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these ; understand all these ; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's-strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice ; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp 'Great Man' impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there !—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent ; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first 'impossible.' In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity ; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent ; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven : and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen !

Work is of a religious nature :—work is of a *brave* nature ; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's : a waste ocean threatens to devour him ; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. 'It is 'so,' says Goethe, 'with all things that man undertakes in this 'world.'

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all ! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf ! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward :—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff

of thine ! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother ; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them : see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defence, the while : valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage : thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself ;—how much wilt thou swallow down ! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep : a Silence unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is : thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills !

CHAPTER XII.

REWARD.

‘RELIGION,’ I said ; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion : and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will ; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monks, ‘*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship.’

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel : Work, and therein have wellbeing. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work ;—and burns like a painfully-smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee ! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable ; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy ; attack him swiftly, subdue him ; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of

Intelligence, Divinity and Thee ! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it ; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, —yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovel-hat, with or without Talfourd-Mahon Copyrights, or were it with mere dungeons and gibbets and crosses, attack it, I say ; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives ; but smite, smite, in the name of God ! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee ; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *unspoken* voice, awfuler than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds ; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee ? The unborn Ages ; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry, —do not these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard ? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called Today. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that ‘Agony of bloody sweat,’ which all men have called divine ! O brother, if this is not ‘worship,’ then I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God’s Eternity ; surviving there, they alone surviving : sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods ; they alone surviving ; peopling, they alone, the un-

measured solitudes of Time ! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind ; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother ; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “ With it, my son, or upon it ! ” Thou too shalt return *home* in honour ; to thy far-distant Home, in honour ; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield ! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien ; thou everywhere art a denizen ! Complain not ; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness ; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages ; sumptuous cushions ; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep ? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil ? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation ; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extraordinary Century or Half-Century alone ! One monster there is in the world : the idle man. What is his ‘ Religion ’ ? That Nature is a Phantasm, where cunning beggary or thievery may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie ; and that Man and his Life are a lie.—Alas, alas, who of us *is* there that can say, I have worked ? The faithfulest of us are unprofitable servants ; the faithfulest of us know that best. The faithfulest of us may say, with sad and true old Samuel, “ Much of my life has been trifled away ! ” But he that has, and except ‘ on public occasions ’ professes to have, no function but that of going idle in a graceful or graceless manner ; and of begetting sons to go idle ; and to address Chief Spinners and Diggers, who at least *are* spinning and digging, “ Ye scandalous persons who produce too much ”—My Corn-Law friends, on what imaginary still richer Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with law of gravitation, are ye rushing !

As to the Wages of Work there might innumerable things be said ; there will and must yet innumerable things be said and spoken, in St. Stephen’s and out of St. Stephen’s ; and gradually not a few things be ascertained and written, on Law-parchment, concerning this very matter :—‘ Fair day’s-wages for a fair day’s-work ’ is the most unrefusable demand ! Money-wages ‘ to the extent of keeping your worker alive that he may

work more ;' these, unless you mean to dismiss him straight-way out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest Worker and to the least noble !

One thing only I will say here, in special reference to the former class, the noble and noblest ; but throwing light on all the other classes and their arrangements of this difficult matter : The 'wages' of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen's Labour-bank, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labour-banks know thee not ; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from 'rewarding,'—all manner of bank-drafts, shop-tills, and Downing-street Exchequers lying very invisible, so far from thee ! Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward ? Was it thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism ; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call 'happy,' in this world, or in any other world ? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, No !

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee ;—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner ? What price, for example, would content thee ? The just price of thy LIFE to thee,—why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold : that is the price which would content thee ; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that ! It is thy all ; and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal ;—or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable ! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart ; let the price be Nothing : thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it ! The heroic man,—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero ?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious : " By

Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value ; I do not need your guineas for them !" It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be 'satisfactory' otherwise ; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can ! Money for my little piece of work 'to the extent that will allow me to keep working ;' yes, this,—unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me : but as to 'wages'—!—

On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work *is* Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen ; a small Poet every Worker is. The idea, were it but of his poor Delf Platter, how much more of his Epic Poem, is as yet 'seen,' half-seen, only by himself ; to all others it is a thing unseen, impossible ; to Nature herself it is a thing unseen, a thing which never hitherto was ;—very 'impossible,' for it is as yet a No-thing ! The Unseen Powers had need to watch over such a man ; he works in and for the Unseen. Alas, if he look to the Seen Powers only, he may as well quit the business ; his No-thing will never rightly issue as a Thing, but as a Deceptivity, a Sham-thing,—which it had better not do !

Thy No-thing of an Intended Poem, O Poet who hast looked merely to reviewers, copyrights, booksellers, popularities, behold it has not yet become a Thing ; for the truth is not in it ! Though printed, hotpressed, reviewed, celebrated, sold to the twentieth edition : what is all that ? The Thing, in philosophical uncommercial language, is still a No-thing, mostly semblance and deception of the sight ;—benign Oblivion incessantly gnawing at it, impatient till Chaos, to which it belongs, do reabsorb it !—

He who takes not counsel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*, to the *Manes*, and Hercules-like long suffer and labour there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war,—for is not this a battle ?—thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life ; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante's, shall 'make thee lean for many years.' The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impedi-

ments, shall be as a waste ocean-flood; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance: thy star alone,—‘*Se tu segui tua stella!*’ Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over Chaos, nay now by fits gone out, disastrously eclipsed: this only shalt thou strive to follow. O, it is a business, as I fancy, that of weltering your way through Chaos and the murk of Hell! Green-eyed dragons watching you, three-headed Cerberuses,—not without sympathy of *their* sort! “*Eccovi l’ uom ch’ è stato all’ Inferno.*” For in fine, as Poet Dryden says, you do walk hand in hand with sheer Madness, all the way,—who is by no means pleasant company! You look fixedly into Madness, and *her* undiscovered, boundless, bottomless Night-empire; that you may extort new Wisdom out of it, as an Eurydice from Tartarus. The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighbourhood and kindred with mere Insanity; literally so;—and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling, observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither!

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane;—truly enough a religious operation; which cannot be carried on without religion. You have not work otherwise; you have eye-service, greedy grasping of wages, swift and ever swifter manufacture of semblances to get hold of wages. Instead of better felt-hats to cover your head, you have bigger lath-and-plaster hats set travelling the streets on wheels. Instead of heavenly and earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have ‘Black or White Surplice’ Controversies, stuffed hair-and-leather Popes;—terrestrial *Law-wards*, Lords and Law-bringers, ‘organising Labour’ in these years, by passing Corn-Laws. With all which, alas, this distracted Earth is now full, nigh to bursting. Semblances most smooth to the touch and eye; most accursed, nevertheless, to body and soul. Semblances, be they of Sham-woven Cloth or of Dilettante Legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance, but Devil’s-dust, accursed of God and man! No man has worked, or can work, except religiously; not even the poor day-labourer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster’s eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.

Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle. Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion ; restless, with convulsive energy, as if driven by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil ; tearing asunder mountains,—to no purpose, for Mammonism is always Midas-eared ! This is sad, on the face of it. Yet courage : the beneficent Destinies, kind in their sternness, are apprising us that this cannot continue. Labour is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism ; Labour is ever an imprisoned god, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism ! Plugson of Undershot, like Taillefer of Normandy, wants victory ; how much happier will even Plugson be to have a Chivalrous victory than a Chactaw one ! The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful People. Show me a People energetically busy ; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel ; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will ;—I show you a People of whom great good is already predicable ; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working, they will learn ; they have, Antæus-like, their foot on Mother Fact : how can they but learn ?

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers, and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men ; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such : all speed to these, they are England's hope at present ! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there ! Not without man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest ; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodst thou suddenly in his shoes ! He has to command a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding ; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish ; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson ! For these his thousand men he has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, houseroom ; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his re

giment; he has to pick his supplies from the confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be dry eyes if he fail to do it!—He exclaims, at present, ‘black in the face,’ near strangled with Dilettante Legislation: “Let me have elbow-room, throat-room, and I will not fail! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant: what ‘sinews of war’ lie in me, untold resources towards the Conquest of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help me!”—My indomitable friend, it is *true*; and thou shalt and must be helped.

This is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn-Laws, even if I could! No, I would fling my Corn-Laws and Shot-belts to the Devil; and try to help this man. I would teach him, by noble precept and law-precept, by noble example most of all, that Mammonism was not the essence of his or of my station in God’s Universe; but the adscititious excrescence of it; the gross, terrene, godless embodiment of it; which would have to become, more or less, a godlike one. By noble *real* legislation, by true *noble’s*-work, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless effort, in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid, constrain, encourage him to effect more or less this blessed change. I should know that it would have to be effected; that unless it were in some measure effected, he and I and all of us, I first and soonest of all, were doomed to perdition!—Effected it will be; unless it were a Demon that made this Universe; which I, for my own part, do at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.

May it please your Serene Highnesses, your Majesties, Lordships and Law-wardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now ‘Arms and the Man;’ how much less, ‘Shirt-frills and the Man:’ no, it is now ‘Tools and the Man:’ that, henceforth to all time, is now our Epic;—and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that!

CHAPTER XIII.

DEMOCRACY.

IF the Serene Highnesses and Majesties do not take note of that, then, as I perceive, *that* will take note of itself! The time for levity, insincerity, and idle babble and play-acting,

in all kinds, is gone by ; it is a serious, grave time. Old long-vexed questions, not yet solved in logical words or parliamentary laws, are fast solving themselves in facts, somewhat unblessed to behold ! This largest of questions, this question of Work and Wages, which ought, had we heeded Heaven's voice, to have begun two generations ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing Earth's voice. 'Labour' will verily need to be somewhat 'organised,' as they say,—God knows with what difficulty. Man will actually need to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man ; which, let Parliaments speak of them or be silent of them, are eternally his due from man, and cannot, without penalty and at length not without death-penalty, be withheld. How much ought to cease among us straightway ; how much ought to begin straightway, while the hours yet are !

Truly they are strange results to which this of leaving all to 'Cash ;' of quietly shutting-up the God's Temple, and gradually opening wide-open the Mammon's Temple, with 'Laissez-faire, and Every man for himself,'—have led us in these days ! We have Upper, speaking Classes, who indeed do 'speak' as never man spake before ; the withered flimsiness, the godless baseness and barrenness of whose Speech might of itself indicate what kind of Doing and practical Governing went on under it ! For Speech is the gaseous element out of which most kinds of Practice and Performance, especially all kinds of moral Performance, condense themselves, and take shape ; as the one is, so will the other be. Descending, accordingly, into the Dumb Class in its Stockport Cellars and Poor-Law Bastilles, have we not to announce that they also are hitherto unexampled in the History of Adam's Posterity ?

Life was never a May-game for men : in all times the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold sufferings, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable ; not play at all, but hard work that made the sinews sore and the heart sore. As bond-slaves, *villani*, *bordarii*, *sochemanni*, nay indeed as dukes, earls and kings, men were oftentimes made weary of their life ; and had to say, in the sweat of their brow and of their soul, Behold, it is not sport, it is grim earnest, and our back can bear no more ! Who knows not what massacres and harryings there have been ; grinding, long-continuing, unbearable injustices,—till the heart had to rise in madness, and

some "*Eu Sachsen, nimith euer sachsen*, You Saxons, out with your gully-knives, then!" You Saxons, some 'arrestment,' partial 'arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards' has become indispensable!—The page of Dryasdust is heavy with such details.

And yet I will venture to believe that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die,—the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal *Laissez-faire*: it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made. Do we wonder at French Revolutions, Chartisms, Revolts of Three Days? The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

Never before did I hear of an Irish Widow reduced to 'prove her sisterhood by dying of typhus-fever and infecting 'seventeen persons,'—saying in such undeniable way, "You see I was your sister!" Sisterhood, brotherhood, was often forgotten; but not till the rise of these ultimate Mammon and Shotbelt Gospels did I ever see it so expressly denied. If no pious Lord or *Law-ward* would remember it, always some pious Lady ('*Hlaf-dig*,' Benefactress, '*Loaf-giveress*,' they say she is, —blessings on her beautiful heart!) was there, with mild mother-voice and hand, to remember it; some pious thoughtful *Elder*, what we now call 'Prester,' *Presbyter* or 'Priest,' was there to put all men in mind of it, in the name of the God who had made all.

Not even in Black Dahomey was it ever, I think, forgotten to the typhus-fever length. Mungo Park, resourceless, had sunk down to die under the Negro Village-Tree, a horrible White object in the eyes of all. But in the poor Black Woman, and her daughter who stood aghast at him, whose earthly wealth and funded capital consisted of one small calabash of rice, there lived a heart richer than *Laissez-faire*: they, with a royal munificence, boiled their rice for him; they sang all night to him, spinning assiduous on their cotton distaffs, as he

lay to sleep : " Let us pity the poor white man ; no mother has he to fetch him milk, no sister to grind him corn ! " Thou poor black Noble One,—thou *Lady* too : did not a God make thee too ; was there not in thee too something of a God !—

Gurth, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, has been greatly pitied by Dryasdust and others. Gurth, with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the glades of the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity : but Gurth, with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted bosage and umbrage round him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home ; Gurth to me seems happy, in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man of these days, not born thrall of anybody ! Gurth's brass collar did not gall him : Cedric *deserved* to be his master. The pigs were Cedric's, but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass-collar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals.—Gurth is now 'emancipated' long since ; has what we call 'Liberty.' Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation' is not so divine !

Liberty? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for ; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same ! That is his true blessedness, honour, 'liberty' and maximum of wellbeing : if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices ; you violate his liberty, you that are wise ; and keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices ! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman : his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O, if thou really art my *Senior*, Seigneur, my *Elder*, Presbyter or Priest,—if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to 'conquer' me, to command

me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called, by all the Newspapers, a 'free man' will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the Newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life!—Liberty requires new definitions.

A conscious abhorrence and intolerance of Folly, of Baseness, Stupidity, Poltroonery and all that brood of things, dwells deep in some men: still deeper in others an *unconscious* abhorrence and intolerance, clothed moreover by the beneficent Supreme Powers in what stout appetites, energies, egoisms so-called, are suitable to it;—these latter are your Conquerors, Romans, Normans, Russians, Indo-English; Founders of what we call Aristocracies. Which indeed have they not the most 'divine right' to found;—being themselves very truly *Ἀριστοί*, BRAVEST, BEST; and conquering generally a confused rabble of WORST, or at lowest, clearly enough, of WORSE? I think their divine right, tried, with affirmatory verdict, in the greatest Law-Court known to me, was good! A class of men who are dreadfully exclaimed against by Dryasdust; of whom nevertheless beneficent Nature has oftentimes had need; and may, alas, again have need.

When, across the hundredfold poor scepticisms, trivialisms and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conqueror, a Tancred of Hauteville or suchlike,—do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made King; whom not the Champion of England cased in tin, but all Nature and the Universe were calling to the throne? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish, of obesity, stupor or other malady, as yet: a stern Ruler and Line of Rulers therefore is called in,—a stern but most beneficent *perpetual House-Surgeon* is by Nature herself called in, and even the appropriate *fees* are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the Fen Counties; fate of Earl Waltheof; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes: all which is undoubtedly lamentable. But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: 'A child, in this William's reign, might

have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England.' My erudite friend, it is a fact which outweighs a thousand ! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental and other cobwebberies ; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard : thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart ;—in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of 'a man of genius' ! Dost thou call that nothing ? I call it an immense thing !—Rage enough was in this Willelmus Conquæstor, rage enough for his occasions ;—and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching *fire*, but shining illuminative *light*. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable ; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most godlike 'elementary substance' in our world : a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element of this Conquæstor is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what *is* really what on this God's-Earth ;—which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom 'Justice,' and 'Virtues' not a few : *Conformity* to what the Maker has seen good to make ; that, I suppose, will mean Justice and a Virtue or two?—

Dost thou think Willelmus Conquæstor would have tolerated ten years' jargon, one hour's jargon, on the propriety of killing Cotton-manufactures by partridge Corn-Laws ? I fancy, this was not the man to knock out of his night's-rest with nothing but a noisy bedlamism in your mouth ! " Assist us still better to bush the partridges ; strangle Plugson who spins the shirts ? " — "*Par la Splendeur de Dieu !*" — — Dost thou think Willelmus Conquæstor, in this new time, with Steamengine Captains of Industry on one hand of him, and Joe-Manton Captains of Idleness on the other, would have doubted which *was* really the BEST ; which did deserve strangling, and which not ?

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquæstor. A resident House-Surgeon, provided by Nature for her beloved English People, and even furnished with the requisite fees, as I said ; for he by no means felt himself doing Nature's work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively ! And his own work withal it was ; informed '*par la Splendeur de Dieu.*'—I say, it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be ! When a world, not yet doomed

for death, is rushing down to ever-deeper Baseness and Confusion, it is a dire necessity of Nature's to bring in her ARISTOCRACIES, her BEST, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to *be* the Best, Nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to Baseness ; and it becomes a dire necessity of Nature's to cast them out. Hence French Revolutions, Five-point Charters, Democracies, and a mournful list of *Etceteras*, in these our afflicted times.

To what extent Democracy has now reached, how it advances irresistible with ominous, ever-increasing speed, he that will open his eyes on any province of human affairs may discern. Democracy is everywhere the inexorable demand of these ages, swiftly fulfilling itself. From the thunder of Napoleon battles, to the jabbering of Open-vestry in St. Mary Axe, all things announce Democracy. A distinguished man, whom some of my readers will hear again with pleasure, thus writes to me what in these days he notes from the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, where our London fashions seem to be in full vogue. Let us hear the Herr Teufelsdröckh again, were it but the smallest word !

' Democracy, which means despair of finding any Heroes
' to govern you, and contented putting-up with the want of
' them, — alas, thou too, *mein Lieber*, seest well how close it
' is of kin to *Atheism*, and other sad *Isms*: he who discovers
' no God whatever, how shall he discover Heroes, the visible
' Temples of God ?—Strange enough meanwhile it is, to ob-
' serve with what thoughtlessness, here in our rigidly Conserva-
' tive Country, men rush into Democracy with full cry. Beyond
' doubt, his Excellenz the Titular-Herr Ritter Kauderwälsch
' von Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, he our distinguished Conserva-
' tive Premier himself, and all but the thicker-headed of his
' Party, discern Democracy to be inevitable as death, and are
' even desperate of delaying it much !

' You cannot walk the streets without beholding Demo-
' cracy announce itself : the very Tailor has become, if not
' properly Sansculottic, which to him would be ruinous, yet a
' Tailor unconsciously symbolising, and prophesying with his
' scissors, the reign of Equality. What now is our fashionable
' coat ? A thing of superfine texture, of deeply meditated
' cut ; with Malines-lace cuffs ; quilted with gold ; so that a

' man can carry, without difficulty, an estate of land on his
 ' back? *Keineswegs*, By no manner of means ! The Sumptu-
 ' ary Laws have fallen into such a state of desuetude as was
 ' never before seen. Our fashionable coat is an amphibium
 ' between barn-sack and drayman's doublet. The cloth of it
 ' is studiously coarse ; the colour a speckled soot-black or rust-
 ' brown gray ; the nearest approach to a Peasant's. And for
 ' shape,—thou shouldst see it ! The last consummation of the
 ' year now passing over us is definable as Three Bags ; a big
 ' bag for the body, two small bags for the arms, and by way
 ' of collar a hem ! The first Antique Cheruscan who, of felt-
 ' cloth or bear's-hide, with bone or metal needle, set about
 ' making himself a coat, before Tailors had yet awakened out
 ' of Nothing,—did not he make it even so ? A loose wide poke
 ' for body, with two holes to let out the arms ; this was his
 ' original coat : to which holes it was soon visible that two
 ' small loose pokes, or sleeves, easily appended, would be an
 ' improvement.

' Thus has the Tailor-art, so to speak, upset itself, like
 ' most other things ; changed its centre-of-gravity ; whirled
 ' suddenly over from zenith to nadir. Your Stulz, with huge
 ' somerset, vaults from his high shopboard down to the depths
 ' of primal savagery,—carrying much along with him ! For I
 ' will invite thee to reflect that the Tailor, as topmost ultimate
 ' froth of Human Society, is indeed swift-passing, evanescent,
 ' slippery to decipher ; yet significant of much, nay of all.
 ' Topmost evanescent froth, he is churned-up from the very
 ' lees, and from all intermediate regions of the liquor. The
 ' general outcome he, visible to the eye, of what men aimed
 ' to do, and were obliged and enabled to do, in this one public
 ' department of symbolising themselves to each other by cover-
 ' ing of their skins. A smack of all Human Life lies in the
 ' Tailor : its wild struggles towards beauty, dignity, freedom,
 ' victory ; and how, hemmed-in by Sedan and Huddersfield, by
 ' Nescience, Dulness, Prurience, and other sad necessities and
 ' laws of Nature, it has attained just to this : Gray savagery of
 ' Three Sacks with a hem !

' When the very Tailor verges towards Sansculottism, is it
 ' not ominous ? The last Divinity of poor mankind dethroning
 ' himself ; sinking *his* taper too, flame downmost, like the Genius
 ' of Sleep or of Death ; admonitory that Tailor time shall be no

‘more!—For, little as one could advise Sumptuary Laws at the present epoch, yet nothing is clearer than that where ranks do actually exist, strict division of costumes will also be enforced; that if we ever have a new Hierarchy and Aristocracy, acknowledged veritably as such, for which I daily pray Heaven, the Tailor will reawaken; and be, by volunteering and appointment, consciously and unconsciously, a safeguard of that same.’—Certain farther observations, from the same invaluable pen, on our never-ending changes of mode, our ‘perpetual nomadic and even ape-like appetite for change and mere change’ in all the equipments of our existence, and the ‘fatal revolutionary character’ thereby manifested, we suppress for the present. It may be admitted that Democracy, in all meanings of the word, is in full career; irresistible by any Ritter Kauderwälsch or other Son of Adam, as times go. ‘Liberty’ is a thing men are determined to have.

But truly, as I had to remark in the mean while, ‘the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow man’ is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of Human Liberty. No man oppresses thee, can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated: but from Thyself and from the Devil—? No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go: but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetites for Money, Windsor Georges and suchlike? No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser: but does not this stupid Porter-pot oppress thee? No Son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd Pot of Heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy ‘liberty’? Thou entire blockhead!

Heavy-wet and gin: alas, these are not the only kinds of thralldom. Thou who walkest in a vain show, looking out with ornamental dilettante sniff and serene supremacy at all Life and all Death; and amblest jauntily; perking up thy poor talk into crotchets, thy poor conduct into fatuous somnambulisms;—and *art* as an ‘enchanted Ape’ under God’s sky, where thou mightest have been a man, had proper Schoolmasters and Conquerors, and Constables with cat-o’-nine tails, been vouchsafed thee; dost thou call that ‘liberty’? Or your

unreposing Mammon-worshipper again, driven, as if by Galvanisms, by Devils and Fixed-Ideas, who rises early and sits late, chasing the impossible; straining every faculty to 'fill himself with the east wind,'—how merciful were it, could you, by mild persuasion, or by the severest tyranny so-called, check him in his mad path, and turn him into a wiser one! All painful tyranny, in that case again, were but mild 'surgery;' the pain of it cheap, as health and life, instead of galvanism and fixed-idea, are cheap at any price.

Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into, there *is*, at any given moment, a *best path* for every man; a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him to do;—which could he be but led or driven to do, he were then doing 'like a man,' as we phrase it; all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well-done to him! His success, in such case, were complete; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to him even in the shape of blows and spurnings, is liberty: whatsoever hinders him, were it wardmotes, open-vestries, pollbooths, tremendous cheers, rivers of heavy-wet, is slavery.

The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, "Behold, now I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver; will not all the gods be good to me?"—is one of the pleasantest! Nature nevertheless is kind at present; and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty especially which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having 'no business with him' but a cash-account: this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw;—as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions a liberty to die by want of food; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such predicament? Earth's Laws are silent; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous life-

philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices ! Dilettantism, Pococurantism, Beau-Brummelism, with perhaps an occasional, half-mad, protesting burst of Byronism, establish themselves : at the end of a certain period,—if you go back to ‘the Dead Sea,’ there is, say our Moslem friends, a very strange ‘Sabbath-day’ transacting itself there !—Brethren, we know but imperfectly yet, after ages of Constitutional Government, what Liberty and Slavery are.

Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full course ; unrestrainable by him of Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, or any of *his* household. The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance ; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them : but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors ; the palpablest, but I say at bottom the smallest. Let him shake-off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet ; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve : That of finding government by your Real-Superiors ! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, godforgetting unfortunates as we are ? It is a work for centuries ; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions ; who knows if not by conflagration and despair ! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons ; the hardest of all lessons to learn.

One thing I do know : Those Apes, chattering on the branches by the Dead Sea, never got it learned ; but chatter there to this day. To them no Moses need come a second time ; a thousand Moseses would be but so many painted Phantasms, interesting Fellow-Apes of new strange aspect,—whom they would ‘invite to dinner,’ be glad to meet with in lion-soirées. To them the voice of Prophecy, of heavenly monition, is quite ended. They chatter there, all Heaven shut to them, to the end of the world. The unfortunates ! Oh, what is dying of hunger, with honest tools in your hand, with a manful purpose in your heart, and much real labour lying round you done, in comparison ? You honestly quit your tools ; quit a most muddy confused coil of sore work, short rations, of sorrows, dispiritments and contradictions, having now honestly

done with it all;—and await, not entirely in a distracted manner, what the Supreme Powers, and the Silences and the Eternities may have to say to you.

A second thing I know: This lesson will have to be learned, —under penalties! England will either learn it, or England also will cease to exist among Nations. England will either learn to reverence its Heroes, and discriminate them from its Sham-Heroes and Valets and gaslighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God's-voice, amid all inane jargons and temporary market-cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty, "Be ye King and Priest, and Gospel and Guidance for us:" or else England will continue to worship new and ever-new forms of Quackhood,—and so, with what resiliences and reboundings matters little, go down to the Father of Quacks! Can I dread such things of England? Wretched, thick-eyed, gross-hearted mortals, why will ye worship lies, and 'Stuffed Clothes-suits created by the ninth-parts of men'! It is not your purses that suffer; your farm-rents, your commerces, your mill-revenues, loud as ye lament over these; no, it is not these alone, but a far deeper than these: it is your souls that lie dead, crushed down under despicable Nightmares, Atheisms, Brain-fumes; and are not souls at all, but mere succedanea for *salt* to keep your bodies and their appetites from putrefying! Your cotton-spinning and thrice-miraculous mechanism, what is this too, by itself, but a larger kind of Animalism? Spiders can spin, Beavers can build and show contrivance; the Ant lays-up accumulation of capital, and has, for aught I know, a Bank of Antland. If there is no soul in man higher than all that, did it reach to sailing on the cloud-rack and spinning seasand; then I say, man is but an animal, a more cunning kind of brute: he has no soul, but only a succedaneum for salt. Whereupon, seeing himself to be truly of the beasts that perish, he ought to admit it, I think;—and also straightway universally to kill himself; and so, in a manlike manner at least *end*, and wave these brute-worlds *his* dignified farewell!—

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR JABESH WINDBAG.

OLIVER CROMWELL, whose body they hung on their Tyburn gallows because he had found the Christian Religion inexecutable in this country, remains to me by far the remarkablest Governor we have had here for the last five centuries or so. For the last five centuries, there has been no Governor among us with anything like similar talent; and for the last two centuries, no Governor, we may say, with the possibility of similar talent,—with an idea in the heart of him capable of inspiring similar talent, capable of co-existing therewith. When you consider that Oliver believed in a God, the difference between Oliver's position and that of any subsequent Governor of this Country becomes, the more you reflect on it, the more immeasurable!

Oliver, no volunteer in Public Life, but plainly a balloted soldier strictly ordered thither, enters upon Public Life; comports himself there like a man who carried his own life in his hand; like a man whose Great Commander's eye was always on him. Not without results. Oliver, well-advanced in years, finds now, by Destiny and his own Deservings, or as he himself better phrased it, by wondrous successive 'Births of Providence,' the Government of England put into his hands. In senate-house and battle-field, in counsel and in action, in private and in public, this man has proved himself a man: England and the voice of God, through waste awful whirlwinds and environments, speaking to his great heart, summon him to assert formally, in the way of solemn Public Fact and as a new piece of English Law, what informally and by Nature's eternal Law needed no asserting, That he, Oliver, was the Ablest Man of England, the King of England; that he, Oliver, would undertake governing England. His way of making this same 'assertion,' the one way he had of making it, has given rise to immense criticism: but the assertion itself, in what way soever 'made,' is it not somewhat of a solemn one, somewhat of a tremendous one!

And now do but contrast this Oliver with my right honourable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Viscount Mealymouth, Earl of Windlestraw, or what other Cag-

liostro, Cagliostro, Cagliostraccio, the course of Fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years ! Windbag, weak in the faith of a God, which he believes only at Church on Sundays, if even then ; strong only in the faith that Paragraphs and Plausibilities bring votes ; that Force of Public Opinion, as he calls it, is the primal Necessity of Things, and highest God we have :—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus minded to sail to the indistinct country of NOWHERE, to the indistinct country of WHITHERWARD, by the *friendship* of those same waste-tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the Winds ; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship of them, when once *they* have made-up their mind ! He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one : he will infallibly *arrive* at that same country of NOWHERE ; his indistinct Whitherward will be a *Thitherward* ! In the Ocean Abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there certainly enough do he and *his* ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgment.

Oliver knew that his America lay THERE, Westward Ho ;—and it was not entirely by *friendship* of the Water-Alps, and yeasty insane Froth-Oceans, that he meant to get thither ! He sailed accordingly ; had compass-card, and Rules of Navigation,—older and greater than these Froth-Oceans, old as the Eternal God ! Or again, do but think of this. Windbag in these his probable five years of office has to prosper and get Paragraphs : the Paragraphs of these five years must be his salvation, or he is a lost man ; redemption nowhere in the Worlds or in the Times discoverable for him. Oliver too would like his Paragraphs ; successes, popularities in these five years are not undesirable to him : but mark, I say, this enormous circumstance : *after* these five years are gone and done, comes an Eternity for Oliver ! Oliver has to appear before the Most High Judge : the utmost flow of Paragraphs, the utmost ebb of them, is now, in strictest arithmetic, verily no matter at all ; its exact value *zero* ; an account altogether erased ! Enormous ;—which a man, in these days, hardly fancies with an effort ! Oliver's Paragraphs are all done, his battles, division-lists, successes all summed : and now in that awful unerring Court of

Review, the real question first rises, Whether he has succeeded at all; whether he has not been defeated miserably forevermore? Let him come with world-wide *Io-Pæans*, these avail him not. Let him come covered over with the world's execrations, gashed with ignominious death-wounds, the gallows-rope about his neck: what avails that? The word is, Come thou brave and faithful; the word is, Depart thou quack and accursed!

O Windbag, my right honourable friend, in very truth I pity thee. I say, these Paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-blockheads of mankind, will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell a pennyworth of tape, on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market; behold, the leather only *seemed* to be tanned; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishy pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible vendible similitudes of shoes,—thou unfortunate, and I! O my right honourable friend, when the Paragraphs flowed in, who was like Sir Jabesh? On the swelling tide he mounted; higher, higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the Paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise Paragraphs needs must: Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and forever sinking in ignominious ooze; the Mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless Oblivion, his portion to eternal time. 'Posterity'? Thou appealest to Posterity, thou? My right honourable friend, what will Posterity do for thee! The voting of Posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favour, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man; nor even seem to do much if the man be not brainsick. Besides, to tell the truth, the bets are a thousand to one, Posterity will not hear of thee, my right honourable friend! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours. Posterity, which has made of Norse Odin a similitude, and of Norman William a brute monster, what will or can it make of English Jabesh? O Heavens, 'Posterity!'—

"These poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters," said I to my inquiring Frenchman, in such stunted French as stood at command, "*ils s'en appelaient à*"—"A la Postérité," interrupted he, helping me out.—"*Ah, Monsieur, non, mille fois non!*"

They appealed to the Eternal God ; not to Posterity at all !
C'était différent."

CHAPTER XV.

MORRISON AGAIN.

NEVERTHELESS, O Advanced-Liberal, one cannot promise thee any 'New Religion,' for some time ; to say truth, I do not think we have the smallest chance of any ! Will the candid reader, by way of closing this Book Third, listen to a few transient remarks on that subject ?

Candid readers have not lately met with any man who had less notion to interfere with their Thirty-Nine or other Church-Articles ; wherewith, very helplessly as is like, they may have struggled to form for themselves some not inconceivable hypothesis about this Universe, and their own Existence there. Superstition, my friend, is far from me ; Fanaticism, for any *Fanum* likely to arise soon on this Earth, is far. A man's Church-Articles are surely articles of price to him ; and in these times one has to be tolerant of many strange 'Articles,' and of many still stranger 'No-articles,' which go about placarding themselves in a very distracted manner,—the numerous long placard-poles, and questionable infirm paste-pots, interfering with one's peaceable thoroughfare sometimes !

Fancy a man, moreover, recommending his fellow men to believe in God, that so Chartism might abate, and the Manchester Operatives be got to spin peaceably ! The idea is more distracted than any placard-pole seen hitherto in a public thoroughfare of men ! My friend, if thou ever do come to believe in God, thou wilt find all Chartism, Manchester riot, Parliamentary incompetence, Ministries of Windbag, and the wildest Social Dissolutions, and the burning-up of this entire Planet, a most small matter in comparison. Brother, this Planet, I find, is but an inconsiderable sand-grain in the continents of Being : this Planet's poor temporary interests, thy interests and my interests there, when I look fixedly into that eternal Light-Sea and Flame-Sea with *its* eternal interests, dwindle literally into Nothing ; my speech of it is—silence for the while. I will as soon think of making Galaxies and Star-Systems to guide little herring-vessels by, as of preaching Religion that the Con-

stable may continue possible. O my Advanced-Liberal friend, this new second progress, of proceeding 'to invent God,' is a very strange one! Jacobinism unfolded into Saint-Simonism bodes innumerable blessed things; but the thing itself might draw tears from a Stoic!—As for me, some twelve or thirteen New Religions, heavy Packets, most of them unfranked, having arrived here from various parts of the world, in a space of six calendar months, I have instructed my invaluable friend the Stamped Postman to introduce no more of them, if the charge exceed one penny.

Henry of Essex, duelling in that Thames Island, 'near to Reading Abbey,' had a religion. But was it in virtue of his seeing armed Phantasms of St. Edmund 'on the rim of the horizon,' looking minatory on him? Had that, intrinsically, anything to do with his religion at all? Henry of Essex's religion was the Inner Light or Moral Conscience of his own soul; such as is vouchsafed still to all souls of men;—which Inner Light shone here 'through such intellectual and other media' as there were; producing 'Phantasms,' Kircherean Visual-Spectra, according to circumstances! It is so with all men. The clearer my Inner Light may shine, through the *less* turbid media, the *fewer* Phantasms it may produce,—the gladder surely shall I be, and not the sorrier! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced-Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present and to come, was this only: To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining;—which certainly the 'Phantasms' and the 'turbid media' were not essential for! All religion was here to remind us, better or worse, of what we already know better or worse, of the quite *infinite* difference there is between a Good man and a Bad; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other,—strive infinitely to *be* the one, and not to be the other. 'All religion issues in due Practical Hero-worship.' He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preach him one.

But indeed, when men and reformers ask for 'a religion,' it is analogous to their asking, 'What would you have us to do?' and suchlike. They fancy that their religion too shall be

a kind of Morrison's Pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well. Resolutely once gulp-down your Religion, your Morrison's Pill, you have it all plain sailing now : you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting, pleasure-hunting, dilettanteing, dangling, and miming and chattering like a Dead-Sea Ape : your Morrison will do your business for you. Men's notions are very strange !—Brother, I say there is not, was not, nor will ever be, in the wide circle of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such ; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison ; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat.* In Created Nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemock the poor inhabitants *there*.

Rituals, Liturgies, Creeds, Hierarchies ; all this is not religion ; all this, were it dead as Odinism, as Fetishism, does not kill religion at all ! It is Stupidity alone, with never so many rituals, that kills religion. Is not this still a World ? Spinning Cotton under Arkwright and Adam Smith ; founding Cities by the Fountain of Juturna, on the Janiculum Mount ; tilling Canaan under Prophet Samuel and Psalmist David, man is ever man ; the missionary of Unseen Powers ; and great and victorious, while he continues true to his mission ; mean, miserable, foiled, and at last annihilated and trodden out of sight and memory, when he proves untrue. Brother, thou art a Man, I think ; thou art not a mere building Beaver, or two-legged Cotton-Spider ; thou hast verily a Soul in thee, asphyxied or otherwise ! Sooty Manchester,—it too is built on the infinite Abysses ; overspanned by the skyey Firmaments ; and there is birth in it, and death in it ;—and it is every whit as wonderful, as fearful, unimaginable, as the oldest Salem or Prophetic City. Go or stand, in what time, in what place we will, are there not Immensities, Eternities over us, around us, in us :

'Solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent !'

Between *these* two great Silences, the hum of all our spinning cylinders, Trades-Unions, Anti-Corn-Law Leagues and Carlton

Clubs goes on. Stupidity itself ought to pause a little and consider that. I tell thee, through all thy Ledgers, Supply-and-demand Philosophies, and daily most modern melancholy Business and Cant, there does shine the presence of a Primeval Unspeakable; and thou wert wise to recognise, not with lips only, that same!

The Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad Time-vortexes, is there not, silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful; sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of Gravitation known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men. He who knows this, it will sink, silent, awful, unspeakable, into his heart. He will say with Faust: "Who *dare* name HIM?" Most rituals or 'namings' he will fall in with at present, are like to be 'namings'—which shall be nameless! In silence, in the Eternal Temple, let him worship, if there be no fit word. Such knowledge, the crown of his whole spiritual being, the life of his life, let him keep and sacredly walk by. He has a religion. Hourly and daily, for himself and for the whole world, a faithful, unspoken, but not ineffectual prayer rises, "Thy will be done." His whole work on Earth is an emblematic spoken or acted prayer, Be the will of God done on Earth,—not the Devil's will, or any of the Devil's servants' wills! He has a religion, this man; an everlasting Load-star that beams the brighter in the Heavens, the darker here on Earth grows the night around him. Thou, if thou know not this, what are all rituals, liturgies, mythologies, mass-chantings, turnings of the rotatory calabash? They are as nothing; in a good many respects they are as *less*. Divorced from this, getting half-divorced from this, they are a thing to fill one with a kind of horror; with a sacred inexpressible pity and fear. The most tragical thing a human eye can look on

It was said to the Prophet, "Behold, I will show thee worse things than these : women weeping to Thammuz." That was the acme of the Prophet's vision,—then as now.

Rituals, Liturgies, Cremos, Sinai Thunder : I know more or less the history of these ; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God's Laws more god-like to me ? Brother, No. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now ; and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer ! Perhaps I am above being frightened ; perhaps it is not Fear, but Reverence alone, that shall now lead me !—Revelations, Inspirations ? Yes : and thy own god-created Soul ; dost thou not call that a 'revelation' ? Who made THEE ? Where didst Thou come from ? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine ! *Thou* art the latest Birth of Nature ; it is 'the Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth *thee* understanding ! My brother, my brother !—

Under baleful Atheisms, Mammonisms, Joe-Manton Dilettantisms, with their appropriate Cants and Idolisms, and whatsoever scandalous rubbish obscures and all but extinguishes the soul of man,—religion now is ; its Laws, written if not on stone tables, yet on the Azure of Infinitude, in the inner heart of God's Creation, certain as Life, certain as Death ! I say the Laws are there, and thou shalt not disobey them. It were better for thee not. Better a hundred deaths than yes. Terrible 'penalties,' withal, if thou still need 'penalties,' are there for disobeying. Dost thou observe, O redtape Politician, that fiery infernal Phenomenon, which men name FRENCH REVOLUTION, sailing, unlooked-for, unbidden ; through thy inane Protocol Dominion :—far-seen, with splendour not of Heaven ? Ten centuries will see it. There were Tanneries at Meudon for human skins. And Hell, very truly Hell, had power over God's upper Earth for a season. The cruelest Portent that has risen into created Space these ten centuries : let us hail it, with awe-struck repentant hearts, as the voice once more of a God, though of one in wrath. Blessed be the God's-voice ; for *it* is true, and Falsehoods have to cease before it ! But for that same preternatural quasi-infernal Portent, one could not know what to make of this wretched world, in these days, at all. The deplorablest quack-ridden, and now hunger-ridden, downtrodden

Despicability and *FleBILE Ludibrium*, of redtape Protocols, rotatory Calabashes, Poor-Law Bastilles : who is there that could think of *its* being fated to continue?—

Penalties enough, my brother ! This penalty inclusive of all : Eternal Death to thy own hapless Self, if thou heed no other. Eternal Death, I say,—with many meanings old and new, of which let this single one suffice us here : The eternal impossibility for thee to be aught but a Chimera, and swift-vanishing deceptive Phantasm, in God's Creation ;—swift-vanishing, never to reappear : why should *it* reappear ! Thou hadst one chance, thou wilt never have another. Everlasting ages will roll on, and no other be given thee. The foolishlest articulate-speaking soul now extant, may not he say to himself : “A whole Eternity I waited to be born ; and now I have a whole Eternity waiting to see what I will do when born !” This is not Theology, this is Arithmetic. And thou but half-discernest this ; thou but half-believest it ? Alas, on the shores of the Dead Sea, on Sabbath, there goes on a Tragedy !—

But we will leave this of ‘Religion ;’ of which, to say truth, it is chiefly profitable in these unspeakable days to keep silence. Thou needest no ‘New Religion ;’ nor art thou like to get any. Thou hast already more ‘religion’ than thou makest use of. This day thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done, for one that thou doest ! *Do* one of them ; this of itself will show thee ten others which can and shall be done. “But my future fate ?” Yes, thy future fate, indeed ! Thy future fate, while thou makest *it* the chief question, seems to me—extremely questionable ! I do not think it can be good. Norse Odin, immemorial centuries ago, did not he, though a poor Heathen, in the dawn of Time, teach us that for the Dastard there was, and could be, no good fate ; no harbour anywhere, save down with Hela, in the pool of Night ! Dastards, Knaves, are they that lust for Pleasure, that tremble at Pain. For this world and for the next Dastards are a class of creatures made to be ‘arrested ;’ they are good for nothing else, can look for nothing else. A greater than Odin has been here. A greater than Odin has taught us—not a greater Dastardism, I hope ! My brother, thou must pray for a *soul* ; struggle, as with life-and-death energy, to get back thy soul ! Know that ‘religion’ is no Morrison's Pill from without, but a reawakening of thy own Self from within :—and, above all,

leave me alone of thy 'religions' and 'new religions' here and elsewhere ! I am weary of this sick croaking for a Morrison's-Pill religion ; for any and for every such. I want none such ; and discern all such to be impossible. The resuscitation of old liturgies fallen dead ; much more, the manufacture of new liturgies that will never be alive : how hopeless ! Stylitisms, eremite fanaticisms and fakeerisms ; spasmodic agonistic posture-makings, and narrow, cramped, morbid, if forever noble wrestlings : all this is not a thing desirable to me. It is a thing the world *has* done once,—when its beard was not grown as now !

And yet there is, at worst, one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable : that of *Praying* (as the old Monks did withal) *by Working*. And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same,—what was it ever good for ? 'Work is Worship : ' yes, in a highly considerable sense,—which, in the present state of all 'worship,' who is there that can unfold ! He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future ; the last Evangel, which has included all others. *Its* cathedral the Dome of Immensity,—hast thou seen it ? coped with the star-galaxies ; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean ; and for altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal ! Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant of the Sons of Men. Its choir-music the ancient Winds and Oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History,—supernal ever as of old. Between two great Silences :

' Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent !'

Between which two great Silences, do not, as we said, all human Noises, in the naturalest times, most *preternaturally* march and roll ?—

I will insert this also, in a lower strain, from Sauerteig's *Æsthetische Springwurzeln*. 'Worship?' says he : 'Before that 'inane tumult of Hearsay filled men's heads, while the world 'lay yet silent, and the heart true and open, many things were 'Worship ! To the primeval man whatsoever good came, descended on him (as, in mere fact, it ever does) direct from

‘ God ; whatsoever duty lay visible for him, this a Supreme
 ‘ God had prescribed. To the present hour I ask thee, Who
 ‘ else ? For the primeval man, in whom dwelt Thought, this
 ‘ Universe was all a Temple ; Life everywhere a Worship.

‘ What Worship, for example, is there not in mere Washing !
 ‘ Perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common
 ‘ cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the
 ‘ bath, or were it into the limpid pool and running brook, and
 ‘ there wash and be clean ; thou wilt step out again a purer
 ‘ and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pure-
 ‘ ness, that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of
 ‘ imperfection, how it radiates in on thee, with cunning sym-
 ‘ bolic influences, to thy very soul ! Thou hast an increase of
 ‘ tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest
 ‘ Eastern Sages, with joy and holy gratitude, had felt it so,—
 ‘ and that it was the Maker’s gift and will. Whose else *is* it ?
 ‘ It remains a religious duty, from oldest times, in the East.—
 ‘ Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question,
 ‘ deny that for us at present it is still such here in the West !
 ‘ To that dingy fuliginous Operative, emerging from his soot-
 ‘ mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help to-
 ‘ wards ? That he clean the skin of him. *Can* he pray, by
 ‘ any ascertained method ? One knows not entirely :—but with
 ‘ soap and a sufficiency of water, he can wash. Even the dull
 ‘ English feel something of this ; they have a saying, “ Clean-
 ‘ liness is near akin to Godliness : ”—yet never, in any country,
 ‘ saw I operative men worse washed, and, in a climate drenched
 ‘ with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths !—Alas,
 ‘ Sauerteig, our ‘operative men’ are at present short even of
 ‘ potatoes : what ‘duty’ can you prescribe to them ?

Or let us give a glance at China. Our new friend, the Em-
 peror there, is Pontiff of three hundred million men ; who do
 all live and work, these many centuries now ; authentically
 patronised by Heaven so far ; and therefore must have some
 ‘religion’ of a kind. This Emperor-Pontiff has, in fact, a re-
 ligious belief of certain Laws of Heaven ; observes, with a re-
 ligious rigour, his ‘three thousand punctualities,’ given out by
 men of insight, some sixty generations since, as a legible tran-
 script of the same,—the Heavens do seem to say, not totally
 an incorrect one. He has not much of a ritual, this Pontiff-
 Emperor ; believes, it is likeliest, with the old Monks, that ‘La-

bour is Worship.' His most public Act of Worship, it appears, is the drawing solemnly at a certain day, on the green bosom of our Mother Earth, when the Heavens, after dead black winter, have again with their vernal radiances awakened her, a distinct red Furrow with the Plough,—signal that all the Ploughs of China are to begin ploughing and worshipping ! It is notable enough. He, in sight of the Seen and Unseen Powers, draws his distinct red Furrow there ; saying, and praying, in mute symbolism, so many most eloquent things !

If you ask this Pontiff, "Who made him ? What is to become of him and us ?" he maintains a dignified reserve ; waves his hand and pontiff-eyes over the unfathomable deep of Heaven, the 'Tsien,' the azure kingdoms of Infinitude ; as if asking, "Is it doubtful that we are right *well* made ? Can aught that is *wrong* become of us ?"—He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief 'punctuality') visit yearly the Tombs of their Fathers ; each man the Tomb of his Father and his Mother : alone there, in silence, with what of 'worship' or of other thought there may be, pauses solemnly each man ; the divine Skies all silent over him ; the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him ; the pulsings of his own soul, if he have any soul, alone audible. Truly it may be a kind of worship ! Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this portal,—through what other need he try it ?

Our friend the Pontiff-Emperor permits cheerfully, though with contempt, all manner of Buddhists, Bonzes, Talapains and suchlike, to build brick Temples, on the voluntary principle ; to worship with what of chantings, paper-lanterns and tumultuous brayings, pleases them ; and make night hideous, since they find some comfort in so doing. Cheerfully, though with contempt. He is a wiser Pontiff than many persons think ! He is as yet the one Chief Potentate or Priest in this Earth who has made a distinct systematic attempt at what we call the ultimate result of all religion, '*Practical* Hero-worship : ' he does incessantly, with true anxiety, in such way as he can, search and sift (it would appear) his whole enormous population for the Wisest born among them ; by which Wisest, as by born Kings, these three hundred million men are governed. The Heavens, to a certain extent, do appear to countenance him. These three hundred millions actually make porcelain, souchong

tea, with innumerable other things ; and fight, under Heaven's flag, against Necessity ;—and have fewer Seven-Years Wars, Thirty-Years Wars, French-Revolution Wars, and infernal fightings with each other, than certain millions elsewhere have !

Nay in our poor distracted Europe itself, in these newest times, have there not religious voices risen,—with a religion new and yet the oldest ; entirely indisputable to all hearts of men ? Some I do know, who did not call or think themselves ' Prophets,' far enough from that ; but who were, in very truth, melodious Voices from the eternal Heart of Nature once again ; souls forever venerable to all that have a soul. A French Revolution is one phenomenon ; as complement and spiritual exponent thereof, a poet Goethe and German Literature is to me another. The old Secular or Practical World, so to speak, having gone up in fire, is not here the prophecy and dawn of a new Spiritual World, parent of far nobler, wider, new Practical Worlds ? A Life of Antique devoutness, Antique veracity and heroism, has again become possible, is again *seen* actual there, for the most modern man. A phenomenon, as quiet as it is, comparable for greatness to no other ! ' The great event for ' the world is, now as always, the arrival in it of a new Wise ' Man.' Touches there are, be the Heavens ever thanked, of new Sphere-melody ; audible once more, in the infinite jargon-ing discords and poor scrannel-pipings of the thing called Literature ;—priceless there, as the voice of new Heavenly Psalms ! Literature, like the old Prayer-Collections of the first centuries, were it ' well selected from and burnt,' contains precious things. For Literature, with all its printing-presses, puffing-engines and shoreless deafening triviality, *is* yet ' the Thought of Thinking Souls.' A sacred ' religion,' if you like the name, does live in the heart of that strange froth-ocean, not wholly froth, which we call Literature ; and will more and more disclose itself therefrom ;—not now as scorching Fire : the red smoky scorching Fire has purified itself into white sunny Light. Is not Light grander than Fire ? It is the same element in a state of purity.

My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe's on our lips ; a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout yet wholly credible and veritable, full of piety yet free of cant ; to me, joy-

fully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German Man, sounds like a stanza in the grand *Road-Song* and *Marching-Song* of our great Teutonic Kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deepes of Time ! He calls it *Mason-Lodge*,—not Psalm or Hymn :

The Mason's ways are
A type of Existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow ;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent !

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,—
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages :
“ Choose well ; your choice is
Brief and yet endless :

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair not.”

BOOK FOURTH.

HOROSCOPE.

CHAPTER I.

ARISTOCRACIES.

To predict the Future, to manage the Present, would not be so impossible, had not the Past been so sacrilegiously mis-handled; effaced, and what is worse, defaced! The Past cannot be seen; the Past, looked at through the medium of 'Philosophical History' in these times, cannot even be *not* seen: it is misseen; affirmed to have existed,—and to have been a godless Impossibility. Your Norman Conquerors, true royal souls, crowned kings as such, were vulturous irrational tyrants: your Becket was a noisy egoist and hypocrite; getting his brains spilt on the floor of Canterbury Cathedral, to secure the main chance,—somewhat uncertain how! 'Policy, Fanaticism;' or say 'Enthusiasm,' even 'honest Enthusiasm,'—ah yes, of course:

'The Dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the Man!'—

For in truth, the eye sees in all things 'what it brought with it the means of seeing.' A godless century, looking back on centuries that were godly, produces portraiture more miraculous than any other. All was inane discord in the Past; brute Force bore rule everywhere; Stupidity, savage Unreason, fitter for Bedlam than for a human World! Whereby indeed it becomes sufficiently natural that the like qualities, in new

sleeker habiliments, should continue in our time to rule. Millions enchanted in Bastille Workhouses; Irish Widows proving their relationship by typhus-fever: what would you have? It was ever so, or worse. Man's History, was it not always even this: The cookery and eating-up of imbecile Dupedom by successful Quackhood; the battle, with various weapons, of vulturous Quack and Tyrant against vulturous Tyrant and Quack? No God was in the Past Time; nothing but Mechanisms and Chaotic Brute-Gods:—how shall the poor 'Philosophic Historian,' to whom his own century is all godless, see any God in other centuries?

Men believe in Bibles, and disbelieve in them: but of all Bibles the frightfullest to disbelieve in is this 'Bible of Universal History.' This is the Eternal Bible and God's-Book, 'which every born man,' till once the soul and eyesight are extinguished in him, 'can and must, with his own eyes, see the God's-Finger writing!' To discredit this, is an *infidelity* like no other. Such infidelity you would punish, if not by fire and faggot, which are difficult to manage in our times, yet by the most peremptory order, To hold its peace till it got something wiser to say. Why should the blessed Silence be broken into noises, to communicate only the like of this? If the Past have no God's-Reason in it, nothing but Devil's-Unreason, let the Past be eternally forgotten: mention *it* no more;—we whose ancestors were all hanged, why should we talk of ropes!

It is, in brief, not true that men ever lived by Delirium, Hypocrisy, Injustice, or any form of Unreason, since they came to inhabit this Planet. It is not true that they ever did, or ever will, live except by the reverse of these. Men will again be taught this. Their acted History will then again be a Heroism; their written History, what it once was, an Epic. Nay, forever it is either such, or else it virtually is—Nothing. Were it written in a thousand volumes, the Unheroic of such volumes hastens incessantly to be forgotten; the net content of an Alexandrian Library of Unheroics is, and will ultimately show itself to be, *zero*. What man is interested to remember *it*; have not all men, at all times, the liveliest interest to forget it?—'Revelations,' if not celestial, then infernal, will teach us that God is; we shall then, if needful, discern without difficulty that He has always been! The Dryasdust Philosophisms and enlightened Scepticisms of the Eighteenth Century, his

torical and other, will have to survive for a while with the Physiologists, as a memorable *Nightmare-Dream*. All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly Doctrines, and death's-head Philosophies 'teaching by example' or otherwise, will one day have become, what to our Moslem friends their godless ages are, 'the Period of Ignorance.'

If the convulsive struggles of the last Half-Century have taught poor struggling convulsed Europe any truth, it may perhaps be this as the essence of innumerable others: That Europe requires a real Aristocracy, a real Priesthood, or it cannot continue to exist. Huge French Revolutions, Napoleonisms, then Bourbonisms with their corollary of Three Days, finishing in very unfinal Louis-Philippisms: all this ought to be didactic! All this may have taught us, That False Aristocracies are insupportable; that No-Aristocracies, Liberty-and-Equalities are impossible; that true Aristocracies are at once indispensable and not easily attained.

Aristocracy and Priesthood, a Governing Class and a Teaching Class: these two, sometimes separate, and endeavouring to harmonise themselves, sometimes conjoined as one, and the King a Pontiff-King:—there did no Society exist without these two vital elements, there will none exist. It lies in the very nature of man: you will visit no remotest village in the most republican country of the world, where virtually or actually you do not find these two powers at work. Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors. He is a social being in virtue of this necessity; nay he could not be gregarious otherwise. He obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver; and will forever obey such; and even be ready and delighted to do it.

The Wiser, Braver: these, a Virtual Aristocracy everywhere and everywhen, do in all Societies that reach any articulate shape, develop themselves into a ruling class, an Actual Aristocracy, with settled modes of operating, what are called laws and even *private-laws* or privileges, and so forth; very notable to look upon in this world.—Aristocracy and Priesthood, we say, are sometimes united. For indeed the Wiser and the Braver are properly but one class; no wise man but needed first of all to be a brave man, or he never had been wise. The noble Priest was always a noble *Aristos* to begin with, and

something more to end with. Your Luther, your Knox, your Anselm, Becket, Abbot Samson, Samuel Johnson, if they had not been brave enough, by what possibility could they ever have been wise?—If, from accident or forethought, this your Actual Aristocracy have got discriminated into Two Classes, there can be no doubt but the Priest Class is the more dignified; supreme over the other, as governing head is over active hand. And yet in practice again, it is likeliest the reverse will be found arranged;—a sign that the arrangement is already vitiated; that a split is introduced into it, which will widen and widen till the whole be rent asunder.

In England, in Europe generally, we may say that these two Virtualities have unfolded themselves into Actualities, in by far the noblest and richest manner any region of the world ever saw. A spiritual Guideship, a practical Governorship, fruit of the grand conscious endeavours, say rather of the immeasurable unconscious instincts and necessities of men, have established themselves; very strange to behold. Everywhere, while so much has been forgotten, you find the King's Palace, and the Viceking's Castle, Mansion, Manorhouse; till there is not an inch of ground from sea to sea but has both its King and Viceking, long due series of Vicekings, its Squire, Earl, Duke or whatever the title of him,—to whom you have given the land, that he may govern you in it.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but, by one means and another, a Church-Apparatus has been got together,—roofed edifice, with revenues and belfries; pulpit, reading-desk, with Books and Methods: possibility, in short, and strict prescription, That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful;—even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifulest, most touching objects one sees on the Earth. This Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point: yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavour, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One; and

stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy ; for there is need of him yet ! The Speaking Function, this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar : this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again,—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, now is ! Original Sin and suchlike are bad enough, I doubt not : but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn-Law, Bastille and Company, what are they ! *Will* he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight ; or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct Satans ; and never see the real one, till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours ? That is a question, for the world ! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

Sorrowful, phantasmal as this same Double Aristocracy of Teachers and Governors now looks, it is worth all men's while to know that the purport of it is and remains noble and most real. Dryasdust, looking merely at the surface, is greatly in error as to those ancient Kings. William Conqueror, William Rufus or Redbeard, Stephen Curthose himself, much more Henry Beauclerc and our brave Plantagenet Henry : the life of these men was not a vulturous Fighting ; it was a valorous Governing,—to which occasionally Fighting did, and alas must yet, though far seldomer now, superadd itself as an accident, a distressing impedimental adjunct. The fighting too was indispensable, for ascertaining who had the might over whom, the right over whom. By much hard fighting, as we once said, ' the unrealities, beaten into dust, flew gradually off ; ' and left the plain reality and fact, "Thou stronger than I ; thou wiser than I ; thou king, and subject I," in a somewhat clearer condition.

Truly we cannot enough admire, in those Abbot-Samson and William-Conqueror times, the arrangement they had made of their Governing Classes. Highly interesting to observe how the sincere insight, on their part, into what did, of primary necessity, behove to be accomplished, had led them to the way of accomplishing it, and in the course of time to get it accomplished ! No imaginary Aristocracy would serve their turn ; and accordingly they attained a real one. The Bravest men, who, it is ever to be repeated and remembered, are also on the whole the Wisest, Strongest, everyway Best, had here, with

a respectable degree of accuracy, been got selected ; seated each on his piece of territory, which was lent him, then gradually given him, that he might govern it. These Vicekings, each on his portion of the common soil of England, with a Head King over all, were a 'Virtuality perfected into an Actuality' really to an astonishing extent.

For those were rugged stalwart ages ; full of earnestness, of a rude God's-truth :—nay, at any rate, their *quilting* was so unspeakably *thinner* than ours ; Fact came swiftly on them, if at any time they had yielded to Phantasm ! 'The Knaves and Dastards' had to be 'arrested' in some measure ; or the world, almost within year and day, found that it could not live. The Knaves and Dastards accordingly were got arrested. Dastards upon the very throne had to be got arrested, and taken off the throne,—by such methods as there were ; by the roughest method, if there chanced to be no smother one ! Doubtless there was much harshness of operation, much severity ; as indeed government and surgery are often somewhat severe. Gurth, born thrall of Cedric, it is like, got cuffs as often as pork-parings, if he misdemeaned himself ; but Gurth did belong to Cedric : no human creature then went about connected with nobody ; left to go his way into Bastilles or worse, under *Laissez-faire* ; reduced to prove his relationship by dying of typhus-fever !—Days come when there is no King in Israel, but every man is his own king, doing that which is right in his own eyes ;—and tarbarrels are burnt to 'Liberty,' 'Ten-pound Franchise' and the like, with considerable effect in various ways !—

That Feudal Aristocracy, I say, was no imaginary one. To a respectable degree, its *Farls*, what we now call Earls, were *Strong-Ones* in fact as well as etymology ; its Dukes *Leaders* ; its Lords *Law-wards*. They did all the Soldiering and Police of the country, all the Judging, Law-making, even the Church-Extension ; whatsoever in the way of Governing, of Guiding and Protecting could be done. It was a Land Aristocracy ; it managed the Governing of this English People, and had the reaping of the Soil of England in return. It is, in many senses, the Law of Nature, this same Law of Feudalism ;—no right Aristocracy but a Land one ! The curious are invited to meditate upon it in these days. Soldiering, Police and Judging, Church-Extension, nay real Government and Guidance, all this

was actually *done* by the Holders of the Land in return for their Land. How much of it is now done by them ; done by anybody ? Good Heavens, "Laissez-faire, Do ye nothing, eat your wages and sleep," is everywhere the passionate half-wise cry of this time ; and they will not so much as do nothing, but must do mere Corn-Laws ! We raise Fifty-two millions, from the general mass of us, to get our Governing done—or, alas, to get ourselves persuaded that it is done : and the 'peculiar burden of the Land' is to pay, not all this, but to pay, as I learn, one twenty-fourth part of all this. Our first Chartist Parliament, or Oliver *Redivivus*, you would say, will know where to lay the new taxes of England !—Or, alas, taxes ? If we made the Holders of the Land pay every shilling still of the expense of Governing the Land, what were all that ? The Land, by mere hired Governors, cannot be got governed. You cannot hire men to govern the Land : it is by a mission not contracted for in the Stock-Exchange, but felt in their own hearts as coming out of Heaven, that men can govern a Land. The mission of a Land Aristocracy is a *sacred* one, in both the senses of that old word. The footing it stands on, at present, might give rise to thoughts other than of Corn-Laws !—

But truly a 'Splendour of God,' as in William Conqueror's rough oath, did dwell in those old rude veracious ages ; did inform, more and more, with a heavenly nobleness, all departments of their work and life. Phantasms could not yet walk abroad in mere Cloth Tailorage ; they were at least Phantasms 'on the rim of the horizon,' pencilled there by an eternal Light-beam from within. A most 'practical' Hero-worship went on, unconsciously or half-consciously, everywhere. A Monk Samson, with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, could, without ballot-box, be made a Viceking of, being seen to be worthy. The difference between a good man and a bad man was as yet felt to be, what it forever is, an immeasurable one. Who *durst* have elected a Pandarus Dogdraught, in those days, to any office, Carlton Club, Senatorship, or place whatsoever ? It was felt that the arch Satanas and no other had a clear right of property in Pandarus ; that it were better for you to have no hand in Pandarus, to keep out of Pandarus his neighbourhood ! Which is, to this hour, the mere fact ; though for the present, alas, the forgotten fact. I think they were comparatively blessed times those, in their way ! 'Violence,' 'war,'

‘disorder :’ well, what is war, and death itself, to such a perpetual life-in-death, and ‘peace, peace, where there is no peace’ ! Unless some Hero-worship, in its new appropriate form, can return, this world does not promise to be very habitable long.

Old Anselm, exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the purest-minded ‘men of genius,’ was travelling to make his appeal to Rome against King Rufus,—a man of rough ways, in whom the ‘inner Lightbeam’ shone very fitfully. It is beautiful to read, in Monk Eadmer, how the Continental populations welcomed and venerated this Anselm, as no French population now venerates Jean-Jacques or giant-killing Voltaire ; as not even an American population now venerates a Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist ! They had, by phantasy and true insight, the intensest conviction that a God’s-Blessing dwelt in this Anselm,—as is my conviction too. They crowded round, with bent knees and enkindled hearts, to receive his blessing, to hear his voice, to see the light of his face. My blessings on them and on him !—But the notablest was a certain necessitous or covetous Duke of Burgundy, in straitened circumstances we shall hope,—who reflected that in all likelihood this English Archbishop, going towards Rome to appeal, must have taken store of cash with him to bribe the Cardinals. Wherefore he of Burgundy, for his part, decided to lie in wait and rob him. ‘In an open space of a wood,’ some ‘wood’ then green and growing, eight centuries ago, in Burgundian Land,—this fierce Duke, with fierce steel followers, shaggy, savage, as the Russian bear, dashes out on the weak old Anselm ; who is riding along there, on his small quiet-going pony ; escorted only by Eadmer and another poor Monk on ponies ; and, except small modicum of roadmoney, not a gold coin in his possession. The steelclad Russian bear emerges, glaring : the old white-bearded man starts not,—paces on unmoved, looking into him with those clear old earnest eyes, with that venerable sorrowful time-worn face ; of whom no man or thing need be afraid, and who also is afraid of no created man or thing. The fire-eyes of his Burgundian Grace meet these clear eye-glances, convey them swift to his heart ; he bethinks him that probably this feeble, fearless, hoary Figure has in it something of the Most High God ; that probably he shall be damned if he meddle with it,—that, on the whole, he had better not. He plunges,

the rough savage, from his war-horse, down to his knees; embraces the feet of old Anselm: he too begs his blessing; orders men to escort him, guard him from being robbed, and under dread penalties see him safe on his way. *Per os Dei*, as his Majesty was wont to ejaculate!

Neither is this quarrel of Rufus and Anselm, of Henry and Becket, un instructive to us. It was, at bottom, a great quarrel. For, admitting that Anselm was full of divine blessing, he by no means included in him all forms of divine blessing:—there were far other forms withal, which he little dreamed of; and William Redbeard was unconsciously the representative and spokesman of these. In truth, could your divine Anselm, your divine Pope Gregory have had their way, the results had been very notable. Our Western World had all become a European Thibet, with one Grand Lama sitting at Rome; our one honourable business that of singing mass, all day and all night. Which would not in the least have suited us. The Supreme Powers willed it not so.

It was as if King Redbeard unconsciously, addressing Anselm, Becket and the others, had said: "Right Reverend, your Theory of the Universe is indisputable by man or devil. To the core of our heart we feel that this divine thing, which you call Mother Church, does fill the whole world hitherto known, and is and shall be all our salvation and all our desire. And yet—and yet—Behold, though it is an unspoken secret, the world is *wider* than any of us think, Right Reverend! Behold, there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses in this that you call Heathenism, Secularity! On the whole, I, in an obscure but most rooted manner, feel that I cannot comply with you. Western Thibet and perpetual mass-chanting,—No. I am, so to speak, in the family-way; with child, of I know not what,—certainly of something far different from this! I have—*Per os Dei*, I have Manchester Cotton-trades, Bromwicham Iron-trades, American Commonwealths, Indian Empires, Steam Mechanisms and Shakspeare Dramas, in my belly; and cannot do it, Right Reverend!"—So accordingly it was decided: and Saxon Becket spilt his life in Canterbury Cathedral, as Scottish Wallace did on Tower-hill, and as generally a noble man and martyr has to do,—not for nothing; no, but for a divine something other than *he* had altogether calculated. We will now quit this of the hard, organic, but limited Feudal

Ages ; and glance timidly into the immense Industrial Ages, as yet all inorganic, and in a quite pulpy condition, requiring desperately to harden themselves into some organism !

Our Epic having now become *Tools and the Man*, it is more than usually impossible to prophesy the Future. The boundless Future does lie there, predestined, nay already extant though unseen ; hiding, in its Continents of Darkness, 'gladness and sorrow : ' but the supremest intelligence of man cannot prefigure much of it :—the united intelligence and effort of All Men in all coming generations, this alone will gradually prefigure it, and figure and form it into a seen fact ! Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering dawn, a little way into its dark enormous Deeps : only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight ; and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires. But may we not say, here as always, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof ! To shape the whole Future is not our problem ; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do : this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours.

One grand 'outline,' or even two, many earnest readers may perhaps, at this stage of the business, be able to prefigure for themselves,—and draw some guidance from. One prediction, or even two, are already possible. For the Life-tree Igdrasil, in all its new developments, is the selfsame world-old Life-tree : having found an element or elements there, running from the very roots of it in Hela's Realms, in the Well of Mimer and of the Three Nornas or TIMES, up to this present hour of it in our own hearts, we conclude that such will have to continue. A man has, in his own soul, an Eternal ; can read something of the Eternal there, if he will look ! He already knows what will continue ; what cannot, by any means or appliance whatsoever, be made to continue !

One wide and widest 'outline' ought really, in all ways, to be becoming clear to us ; this namely : That a 'Splendour of God,' in one form or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our Industrial Ages too ; or they will never get themselves 'organised ;' but continue chaotic, distressed, dis-

tracted evermore, and have to perish in frantic suicidal dissolution. A second 'outline' or prophecy, narrower, but also wide enough, seems not less certain : That there will again *be* a King in Israel ; a system of Order and Government ; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to do that which is right in the King's eyes. This too we may call a sure element of the Future ; for this too is of the Eternal ;—this too is of the Present, though hidden from most ; and without it no fibre of the Past ever was. An actual new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy, real not imaginary Aristocracy, is indispensable and indubitable for us.

But what an Aristocracy ; on what new, far more complex and cunningly devised conditions than that old Feudal fighting one ! For we are to bethink us that the *Epic* verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*,—an infinitely wider kind of Epic. And again we are to bethink us that men cannot now be bound to men by *brass-collars*,—not at all : that this brass-collar method, in all figures of it, has vanished out of Europe forevermore ! Huge Democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its Sack Coat, has asserted so much ; irrevocably, brooking no reply ! True enough, man *is* forever the 'born thrall' of certain men, born master of certain other men, born equal of certain others, let him acknowledge the fact or not. It is unblessed for him when he cannot acknowledge this fact ; he is in the chaotic state, ready to perish, till he do get the fact acknowledged. But no man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man ; you will have to bind him by other, far nobler and cunninger methods. Once for all, he is to be loose of the brass-collar, to have a scope *as* wide as his faculties now are :—will he not be all the usefuler to you in that new state ? Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free one ; and return home to you with rich earnings at night ! Gurth could only tend pigs ; this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds.—How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist : certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to Mankind ! The solution of which is work for long years and centuries. Years and centuries, of one knows not what complexion ;—blessed or unblessed, according as they shall, with earnest valiant effort, make progress therein, or, in slothful unveracity and diletantism, only talk of making progress

For either progress therein, or swift and ever swifter progress towards dissolution, is henceforth a necessity.

It is of importance that this grand reformation were begun; that Corn-Law Debatings and other jargon, little less than delirious in such a time, had fled far away, and left us room to begin! For the evil has grown practical, extremely conspicuous; if it be not seen and provided for, the blindest fool will have to feel it ere long. There is much that can wait; but there is something also that cannot wait. With millions of eager Working Men imprisoned in 'Impossibility' and Poor-Law Bastilles, it is time that some means of dealing with them were trying to become 'possible'! Of the Government of England, of all articulate-speaking functionaries, real and imaginary Aristocracies, of me and of thee, it is imperatively demanded, "How do you mean to manage these men? Where are they to find a supportable existence? What is to become of them,—and of you!"

CHAPTER II.

BRIBERY COMMITTEE.

IN the case of the late Bribery Committee, it seemed to be the conclusion of the soundest practical minds that Bribery could not be put down; that Pure Election was a thing we had seen the last of, and must now go on without, as we best could. A conclusion not a little startling; to which it requires a practical mind of some seasoning to reconcile yourself at once! It seems, then, we are henceforth to get ourselves constituted Legislators not according to what merit we may have, or even what merit we may seem to have, but according to the length of our purse, and our frankness, impudence and dexterity in laying out the contents of the same. Our theory, written down in all books and law-books, spouted forth from all barrel-heads, is perfect purity of Tenpound Franchise, absolute sincerity of question put and answer given;—and our practice is irremediable bribery; irremediable, unpunishable, which you will do more harm than good by attempting to punish! Once more, a very startling conclusion indeed; which, whatever the soundest practical minds in Parliament may think of it, invites all British men to meditations of various kinds.

A Parliament, one would say, which proclaims itself elected and eligible by bribery, tells the Nation that is governed by it a piece of singular news. Bribery : have we reflected what bribery is? Bribery means not only length of purse, which is neither qualification nor the contrary for legislating well ; but it means dishonesty, and even impudent dishonesty ;—brazen insensibility to lying and to making others lie ; total oblivion, and flinging overboard, for the nonce, of any real thing you can call veracity, morality ; with dextrous putting-on the cast-clothes of that real thing, and strutting about in them ! What Legislating can you get out of a man in that fatal situation? None that will profit much, one would think ! A Legislator who has left his veracity lying on the door-threshold, he, why verily *he*—ought to be sent out to seek it again !

Heavens, what an improvement, were there once fairly in Downing-street an Election-Office opened, with a tariff of Boroughs ! Such and such a population, amount of property-tax, ground-rental, extent of trade ; returns two Members, returns one Member, for so much money down : Ipswich so many thousands, Nottingham so many,—as they happened, one by one, to fall into this new Downing-street Schedule A ! An incalculable improvement, in comparison : for now at least you have it fairly by length of purse, and leave the dishonesty, the impudence, the untruthfulness all handsomely aside. Length of purse and desire to be a Legislator ought to get a man into Parliament, not *with*, but if possible *without* the dishonesty, the impudence and the dishonesty ! Length of purse and desire, these are, as intrinsic qualifications, correctly equal to zero ; but they are not yet *less* than zero,—as the smallest addition of that latter sort will make them !

And is it come to this? And does our venerable Parliament announce itself elected and eligible in this manner? Surely such a Parliament promulgates strange horoscopes of itself. What is to become of a Parliament elected or eligible in this manner? Unless Belial and Beelzebub have got possession of the throne of this Universe, such Parliament is preparing itself for new Reform-bills. We shall have to try it by Chartism, or any conceivable *ism*, rather than put-up with this ! There is already in England 'religion' enough to get six hundred and fifty-eight Consulting Men brought together who do *not* begin work with a lie in their mouth. Our poor old Par-

liament, thousands of years old, is still good for something, for several things ;—though many are beginning to ask, with ominous anxiety, in these days : For what thing ? But for whatever thing and things Parliament be good, indisputably it must start with other than a lie in its mouth ! On the whole, a Parliament working with a lie in its mouth, will have to take itself away. To no Parliament or thing, that one has heard of, did this Universe ever long yield harbour on that footing. At all hours of the day and night, some Chartism is advancing, some armed Cromwell is advancing, to apprise such Parliament : “Ye are no Parliament. In the name of God,—go !”

In sad truth, once more, how is our whole existence, in these present days, built on Cant, Speciosity, Falsehood, Diletantism ; with this one serious Veracity in it : Mammonism ! Dig down where you will, through the Parliament-floor or elsewhere, how infallibly do you, at spade’s depth below the service, come upon this universal *Liars-rock* substratum ! Much else is ornamental ; true on barrelheads, in pulpits, hustings, Parliamentary benches ; but this is forever true and truest : “Money does bring money’s worth ; Put money in your purse.” Here, if nowhere else, is the human soul still in thorough earnest ; sincere with a prophet’s sincerity : and ‘the Hell of the English,’ as Sauerteig said, ‘is the infinite terror of Not getting on, especially of Not making money.’ With results !

To many persons the horoscope of Parliament is more interesting than to me : but surely all men with souls must admit that sending members to Parliament by bribery is an infamous sclecism ; an act entirely immoral, which no man can have to do with more or less, but he will soil his fingers more or less. No Carlton Clubs, Reform Clubs, nor any sort of clubs or creatures, or of accredited opinions or practices, can make a Lie Truth, can make Bribery a Propriety. The Parliament should really either punish and put away Bribery, or legalise it by some Office in Downing-street. As I read the Apocalypses, a Parliament that can do neither of these things is not in a good way.—And yet, alas, what of Parliaments and their Elections ? Parliamentary Elections are but the topmost ultimate outcome of an electioneering which goes on at all hours, in all places, in every meeting of two or more men. It is *we* that vote wrong, and teach the poor ragged Freemen of Boroughs