

Scottish birth, save those writing in dialect, are fully naturalised in the British republic of letters.

The Irish have no monopoly of Celtic blood, and are not even mainly Celtic in origin: Gaelic reached Erin with the first Celtic invaders from Britannia; so that even their Celtic tongue is a bond with the greater British island. Much more the tongue that has, save in the remoter districts, superseded it. However much Irish scholars may cherish the Gaelic, it is only as a secondary language, a literary luxury, a patriotic heirloom; spiritually, Irishmen have learnt incomparably more from the great body of English writers than from the ancient Irish bards or story-tellers. Happily there is no risk of Irishmen becoming altogether, or even almost, as Englishmen are; but in their common literary inheritance, in a literature to which they contribute their fair proportion, there is security for a *modus vivendi* not yet fully realised, there is a power working on both sides towards mutual understanding and sympathy. Even now Irishmen glory in the triumphs of their countrymen whether by race or birth, and hardly even an irreconcilable would seriously demand a home-rule in literature that should make Ussher and Berkeley, Burke and Goldsmith, Swift and Sheridan, aliens on Irish soil.

Neither Virginian colonists nor Pilgrim Fathers were keenly interested in literature as such. It was the English temper that led them into the wilderness: and it was the same spirit as had again and again moved their forefathers in the past of English history that led them finally to repudiate the English king and government. But they had no thought of renouncing any essential of their English birthright; Puritan or Cavalier, they clung to the tradition which, over seas as in the mother-land, in literature as in life, makes for freedom, fair play, sanity, reserve, common-sense, steadiness, breadth, depth, strength, and individuality. However far we may fall short of our ideals, we have essentially the same standards of uprightness, honour, dignity, the same delight in 'calm, open-eyed rashness.' With them as with us, the absence of universally binding standards and models makes the attainment of artistic style more difficult; independence tends to lawlessness; what is wanting in grace and polish has to be atoned for by vigour, simplicity, originality, and the free-play of imagination; and substance

must supply the lack of academic or classical form. They too, like us, have their burden of uninspired pseudo-philosophy, feeble fiction, lamentable comicalities. Blood is thicker than water, common lineage is more than geographical collocation or political constitution; of still more account for the true federation of peoples are intellectual and spiritual sympathies, common aspirations, like principles. Erelong American writers attained a distinctive note, ever most welcome in literature. But this is a development from within, not an approximation to foreign models. American humour is different from English humour, but it is vastly more akin to English humour than to any French or Spanish or German type. Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Bacon, Raleigh and Ben Jonson, are theirs by inheritance as much as they are ours; the migration across seas did not make Dryden or Pope, Addison or Steele, Johnson or Gibbon, alien to them; and the change of government at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginnings of their own national literature did nothing to hinder the full appreciation and loving study of Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Scott. *Sartor Resartus* first attained to book form in Massachusetts; and even yet some British authors find in America their most appreciative audience. As the English tradition has remained dominant in the constitution of the nation and the life of the people, our kindred both by lineage and language, so American literature has remained an offshoot, a true branch of English literature. In this work it has from the beginning been treated as an integral and important part of the literature of Greater Britain. We do not look on Longfellow or Poe as foreigners, or read the histories of Prescott, Motley, and Parkman as if written by strangers.

What holds of the United States is still more obviously true of the British dominions beyond seas; in Canada, South Africa, Australasia, our kith and kin have remained true to us and to themselves, and their literature is but a part of ours. Amongst them as in the United States we gladly recognise a growing individuality, a flavour racy of the soil; but the newest growths are but vigorous shoots from the English stem. Many of our most typically English writers, though they have chosen to remain Englishmen in the stricter sense, were not born within our four seas, but in farther Britain or the remoter