

his hand, and named NEW PLACE,—by a kind of omen of its destiny, when we regard its new owner, in his wonderful “many-sidedness,” as a type of the colonist also, albeit *he* found within the circuit of the Four Seas, *his* El Dorado—*his* Fountain of Youth. (Note XIII.)

§ 19. *Shakespeare the best Exponent of the British Character.*

In him, as moulded into ideal form out of the pure gold to be gathered in dust and beautiful concretions from his works, the English-speaking world will ever recognize their autochthon-poet, so to speak,—the poet most genuinely sprung of itself. In him, the living compound known as the British race, will ever find their own best exponent.

For is he not seen to have been—even as *it* also is—while essentially ambitious—and nobly so—yet unpretentious, reticent? While boldly adventurous, ready on occasion to tax purse and brain to the utmost, yet thrifty and prudent. Though in potentiality a king, a legislator, a commander, a *man*, in every most manly quality,—yet, in relation to the heart, the affections, and all the sights and sounds of external nature,—a woman, a child. Believing—rejoicing—in a hopeful future, yet making wise use of the present, respecting justly the past. Loyal reverent of law and authority, jealous of infringement on liberty of speech and action. Alive to poesy: impatient of sentimentality. Full of philosophy, with not a spice of mysticism. Deeply religious, yet calmly critical of religion's garb and profession. Scouting with a natural healthfulness the ascetic and the monk. By a kindly ridicule putting an end to everything like cant.

§ 19. “*Orbis Terrarum Britannicarum Genio.*”

In one word: could we bring ourselves to imagine—as used once to be imagined and believed—that there is such an abstraction as the Genius of a Race—an ethereal impersonation of its spirituality—its intellect—as external to itself—we might imagine that the Genius of our composite national race had a temporary avatar in this man—that his Genius was the national Genius, so congenial, as we say, are the two felt to be.

From a work lately published amongst us by a well-known scholar, it is familiar to us all that TO THE GENIUS OF THE LAND OF BRITAIN,—GENIO TERRÆ BRITANNICÆ,—altars were actually raised.

The altars ideally set up this day in a thousand places to the memory of our poet, bear an inscription of wider scope. TO THE GENIUS—not of the land of Britain merely—but—OF THE ORBIS TERRARUM BRITANNICARUM—OF THE WHOLE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. (Note XIV.)

There are not a few to be found of other races and tongues, who would gladly assent to the scope of the epigraph being made wider still. (Notes XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII.)

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