

smith. We must be conscious of it in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The people in the volume do not conduct themselves like the people out of it. They do not speak like country people. They all speak in the same fashion. In fact, the author lends them all his own perfect pointed style. This mistake is felt most strongly when Doctor Primrose narrates his own simplicity with Goldsmith's admirable humor, as if he were conscious of its ludicrousness. The good Doctor is, in truth, made to laugh at himself, in a manner not becoming to the wise man.

The faults I have mentioned as those to which Irish oratory is liable may be observed in most of the Irish orators. We know that Burke often spoke not so much for his audience as himself; his spirit roaming over the subject in all its length and breadth, and taking in kindred subjects in his view for the sake of the lofty pleasure of such a comprehensive survey. His method was that of the digressive poet Ariosto. But is it not that also of Edward Blake? And as Burke at his best was imitable and even unapproachable, so also is Blake. In both cases, when either orator spoke, all the treasures of his knowledge were opened, and the pictures of his imagination displayed, for the pure delight of thus soaring in spirit, while his audience was unmoved, often listless, sometimes weary. The glorious flights of John Philpot Curran, too, were often private excursions of his own spirit for its own satisfaction, sometimes not very intimately connected with the subject, not always well fitted to persuade his hearers. Here somewhat abruptly, it is true, those speculations must be brought to a close.

If I have succeeded in showing a correspondence between the character of a nation's mind and the literature which it produces, perhaps I may be allowed to add two observations before closing. The conclusions of science, when translated into the language of practice, become the rules of art. Therefore any glimpse which we may catch of the genesis of literature must furnish hints as to the way in which its development may be promoted. National literatures must grow in conformity to national minds. Irish literature must grow in conformity to the Irish mind. But national types of mind undergo change

brought about by circumstance and education. The English mind has experienced a great evolution within a few hundred years. Now, unless I am altogether mistaken, the Irish mind is in a state of transition. It is passing from the realm of turmoil to a state of quiet and of contemplation. What the Irish should aim at attaining is independence of thought which would produce originality in letters. Without the former the latter cannot be. Never was there need for originality as now. The preponderating character of English literature is now essentially English, and English genius of the very opposite of Irish genius. Consequently, if the Irish slavishly follow English models, and try to adopt English modes of thought and feeling, they can never attain to real excellence. But, secondly, every day brings the Irish into closer contact with the English people, and subjects them more to English influence; and the Irish need to have the independence of their thought maintained by a countervailing Irish influence. This can be obtained only by the spread of thorough intellectual education and cultivation throughout the entire Irish people at home and abroad, which shall qualify them to appreciate and honor Irish genius as well as to recognise all that is honorable in more materialistic results of the outlay of Irish brain and muscle. Throughout this whole discussion I have striven to bear in mind a pregnant fact too often forgotten by Celt and Saxon alike. We are all children of the same God. The essential man is ever fundamentally a man, be his blood English, Irish or Scotch, or the color of his skin white, or black, or brown. As we have been for sometime discussing the Irish phase of the subject, let me now close this paper with a pertinent and powerful quotation from one of the most philosophic of Irish poets:

"O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through
century, creed and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tem-
pered by sun and place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in
the sheltered seas;
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly
sympathies;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and
Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the
sounding unifies all!