

and Shakspeare. This criticism by Thackeray would show that he is apt to place too much stress on mere outward form of expression, in other words that his literary tastes and tendencies are of the inferior critical class. The peculiarities of their respective types, show themselves in the two men, as satirists. Thackeray pleases only a cynical class who look with contempt on those aping the manners of those above them. He satirizes the humbug and hypocrisy of London Clubs and drawing rooms, the shabby genteel, the vulgar rich, people whose characteristics are produced by the peculiar circumstances under which they live, but are not of a general nature. Dickens, larger in sympathy, more genial in disposition, and more observant of human nature, laid hold on those broad deep principles that are everywhere present; he does not satirize human life to degrade it; he does not attempt to pull down what is high; he satirizes only the selfish, the hard-hearted and the cruel.

Thackeray makes us laugh at the absurdities of those striving to get higher without merit. Dickens makes us sympathize with the oddities and virtues of the unfortunate. Thackeray is more scholarly, and more dramatic and terse in style. Dickens is more diffuse, more luxuriant and passionate; has a higher flight and a wilder song. The first is more penetrating and reflective, the second is more excursive and intuitive. The first exhibits biting satire and scathing irony, the second genial humor, touching pathos and ready wit. The one laughs contemptuously with a cold heartless sneer at his victims, the other has a genial, hearty laugh with his fellow beings whom he intends to aid. Thackeray was read and applauded by a select few, but he never touched the hearts of the people. His novels being mere social satires, will sink into oblivion as the conditions of society change. Dickens' works have become household words; like those of Shakspeare, they are mingled with the proverbs of the people. Thackeray is a subjective

writer, and shows himself in every line of the Dickens is as objective as Shakspeare. In Thackeray we admire the artist, in Dickens we forget the artist in our pity for the poor or our hatred for the oppressor. Thackeray uniformly shows himself to be great intellectually. Everywhere we see sound legitimate art. His pathos is exquisite, but not so deep or natural as that of Dickens. Writing for polite society, he is ashamed to be caught exhibiting any emotion. His men are often stereotyped second editions of himself with grotesque peculiarities tacked on. His women, when good, have virtue without intellect; their only faculty is the faculty of tears; when bad, they have intellect instead of virtue.

These two writers give us a two-fold picture of the evils of an artificial society on human life. The one turns his caustic satire and ironical laughter on those who bring trouble, disgrace and misery on themselves by too great eagerness for the appearance of respectability, the other makes our heart bleed for the genuine griefs of those whose only respectability is that of heart and mind.

These qualities are gathered chiefly from their novels; for it is on their merits as novelists that the relative positions of these writers will be assigned to them. The novel is the most powerful literary agent at work at present. It is also the most artistic prose production and requires a keen criticism, an enquiring eye and a sound judgment. In the creative faculties are uppermost. Primarily and immediately the novel deals with the emotions. No species of composition can search the human heart more deeply or analyze more fully its passions and impulses, or trace more fully its types of character. Criticism, theory and observation of every sort can be woven into the narrative, making its progress instructive and brilliant. The author, besides talking through his characters, is also present himself and chats familiarly with his reader; he may utter the thought that is uppermost at any moment. This personality