

half a century we have grown accustomed to railroads and steamboats, and that the modern rapidity of movement, and also the modern abundance of sensation, have lost their first charm. We have passed, as it were, into a new world, but we find, now that we have had time to look about us, that it is fundamentally much the same as the old world, the same unsatisfactory mixture of good and evil. Everything is on a larger scale, but evil also is larger and more appalling. Every new light has its new shadow. By the side of national wealth we have national debts, reckoned in figures which we might call astronomical, by the side of the great inventions of convenience, portentous engines of destruction. If a nation grows, its army grows in still greater proportion, or its metropolis becomes a prodigious hive reducing philanthropy and political economy to despair. The vastness of everything appals us. We seem threatened by wars and catastrophes for which history affords no precedent. Even good things come in a deluge which threatens to drown us. We are hampered with new ideas which we have not energy to assimilate, new sciences we have no time to learn. There is even too much pleasure. Enjoyment, which used to be associated with idleness, has become now an exhausting industry. The literary sense perishes for want of repose; and all those delicate, sacred things, which ask time, habitude, quietude, discipline, reticence, abstinence, all such things as art, manners, idealism, self-sacrifice, religion, seem to enquire by what new arrangement they may be enabled to live under such new conditions.

This is what we learn from the second *Locksley Hall*. There the poet whose literary career measures out the whole Victorian age, and whose first works were full of the St. Simonian phrases, "the future man," "the

crowning race," "the great race that is to be," acknowledges a certain disappointment. Reality at the best has something about it incurably common; it can never keep pace with poetic imagination. The most prosperous voyage, though it may take us into happy and rich regions, does not after all, as it seemed to promise, take us where earth and heaven meet.

But again does it not strike us that it is an English Jubilee we celebrate, and that all these wonderful changes, improvements, and discoveries belong to the world in general, and not to England in particular—to the nineteenth century, if you will—but not properly to the Victorian age? The movement of civilization in which we live is compounded of a movement which is universal and a movement which is proper to the particular state. We are concerned now with the latter, not with the former. We keep our own Jubilee, not the Jubilee of the world. What, for instance, do we learn by reckoning up the scientific discoveries or the inventions that have been made within this period, even though a good share of them may have been made in England? It seems to me very idle when lists are drawn up of distinguished men who have lived and discoveries that have been made in the Queen's reign, and it is maintained that these lists are longer than any former age, even the most famous, would yield. The advance of science has little to do with any particular state. It moves forward over the whole civilized world at once. It is very slightly dependent upon the healthy condition of the individual state. The scientific discoverers of the Victorian age may be our legitimate boast; they prove that the race furnishes lucid intellects and persevering characters. But they prove little in favour of this particular age of English history, for nothing special to English society at this par-