

ham, of Frederick, Washington, and Turgot; of Wolfe, Clive, and Hastings, Rodney, and Anson; of Gibbon, and Robertson; of Hume and Adam Smith; of Kant, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau; of Richardson and Fielding, Sterne and Smollett, Johnson and Goldsmith; of Cowper and Gray, Thomson and Beattie; of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Hogarth and Garrick; of Cook, Watt, Arkwright, Brindley, Herschel, Black, Priestley, Hunter, Franklin, and Cavendish; of Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart; of Wesley, Whitefield, Howard, and Raikes.

This is the central typical period of the eighteenth century, with a note of its own; some fifty years of energy thought, research, adventure, invention, industry; of good fellowship, a zest for life, and a sense of humanity.

3. Lastly come some twelve years of the Revolution (1789-1801); a mere fragment of a larger movement that cannot be limited to any country or to any century; the passion and the strife, the hope and the foreshadowing of things that were to come and things that are not come. It is the age of Pitt, Fox, Burke and Grattan; of Cornwallis and Nelson; of Bentham and Romilly, Wilberforce and Clarkson; of Goethe and Burns, Coleridge and Wordsworth; of Telford and Stephenson; of Flaxman, Bewick, Romney, and Stothard; the youth of Sir H. Davy, Scott, Beethoven, and Turner; the boyhood of Byron and Shelley.

It is impossible to omit this critical period of the century, though we too often forget that it forms an integral part of it, quite as truly as the age of Pope or the age of Johnson. The century is not intelligible if we cast out of it the mighty crisis in which it ended, to which it was leading all along; or if we talk of that new birth as a bonfire or a suicide. Even in art we are apt to forget that the century

of Pope and Johnson it was that gave us "Faust," the "Ancient Mariner," "The Task," the "Lyrical Ballads," Flaxman, Stothard's and Blake's delicate and weird fancies, Turner's first manner, Beethoven's early sonatas, and Scott's translations from the German. All that we value as specially distinctive of our age lay in embryo in many a quiet home, whilst the struggle raged at its hottest on the banks of the Seine, or on the Rhine, the Po, and the Nile.

When the eighteenth century opened, the supremacy in Europe belonged to England, as it has hardly ever belonged before or since. In William III. she had one of the greatest and most successful of all modern statesmen, the one great ruler she ever had since Cromwell. The Revolution of 1688 had placed her in the van of freedom, industry, and thought. Her armies were led by one of the most consummate soldiers in modern history. Her greatest genius in science, her greatest genius in architecture, and one of her wisest spirits in philosophy, were in full possession of their powers; "glorious John," the recognized chief of the Restoration poets, was but just dead, and his young rival was beginning to unfold his yet more consummate mastery of rhyme. The founders of English prose were equipping our literature with a new arm, the easy and flexible style of modern prose; Swift, Addison, and Defoe were the first to show its boundless resources, nor has any improvement been added to their art. The nation was full of energy, wealth, and ambition; and it still glowed with the sense of freedom, with all that it shook off in the train of the Stuarts.

We should count the last days of William and the whole reign of Anne rather with the Revolution of 1688, of which they were the fruit, than with the Hanoverian period, for which they