

with pleasure, with approval, with tears even, Moore's fine poem—disfigured though it be by want of simplicity, of which the first verse strikes the keynote:—

O blame not the bard if he fly to the bowers  
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;  
He was born for much more, and in happier hours  
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.

Horace is always talking about death, and the uncertainty of female attachment, and those ladies to whose society he gave his leisure hours, of whose perilous charm and innate treasuries Alphonse Daudet in his "Sapho" makes so terrible an analysis, could not give him a high idea of female character. That there were however in his day true women, and that he could see and approve the good while he followed the worse course is shown by the sigh which concludes one of his odes, where he paints as a Paradise, into which, Epicurean Peri that he was, he could only sadly peep, a home where married love reigned, and the pure and faithful spouse was the sole mistress of its lord.

It is hard for me to believe that this ode to Lydia (i. 13.) is a cry of real misery. He steals in the earlier verses from a Greek lyrist, greater than himself, and beautiful as the rapture at the idea of a life long attachment is, it reads to me, after the description of his jealous torture, like an anti-climax—men trembling and suffering and weeping as he describes himself do not make sage reflections or realize the loveliness of a calm hearth with a sedate lady as a *vis-à-vis*. You might as well expect the disturbed ocean after a storm to reflect the evening star. Whether he writes to Sextius or Dellius, he reminds his friends that death is at hand. Nay, when he sings of love, he sometimes blends the cypress with the roses and laurel. If he visits one of his illustrious circle, *Pallida Mors* accompanies him as surely as the *umbra* accompanied his patron, and when he invites some great man to his country house he generally puts a *memento mori* in his note. If the modern habit of sending cards of invitation had prevailed he would have had a death's head on the top, as a crest.

I doubt very much if Horace was a man of violent passions; but if he was, the *storm and drang* period had passed away before he commenced to write; at least anything which has come down to us. It is probable he wrote much and destroyed much of that kind which appears in the collections of modern poets, as "Pieces written in Early Youth." Horace—all the ancients—were free from the egotism which prompts the preservation of such puerile efforts. So great, so fastidious an artist could not understand publishing anything that was not perfect. The famous ode (iii. 9) translated in this collection with so much success is a playful fancy, exquisite in grace, but it is not the language of passion, nor can I recall an ode that would indicate that Horace ever loved as we know Burns, Byron, Shakespeare, Alfred de Musset, Goethe loved, even though all of these were men of vagrant heart who, the entrancing dream broken, the supreme illusion dispelled,

From beauty passed to beauty,  
Constant to a constant change.

In the next place, he was a man who had failed in his noblest ambition. It is true he has won a higher fame than his first ambition, if successful, would have given him. But it is a common thing to see men place an object which is well within their powers, a career for which nature had worked them out, second to one in the pursuit of which they were baffled, and might under all circumstances have been baffled. Byron, if his vices and sensibility had not driven him from England, would have taken a leading part in the House of Lords—for his maiden speech gave evidence of a real oratorical gift—and won the name of a third-class poet. Congreve set, or affected to set, little store on the dramatic genius for which alone Voltaire visited him (as the blunt Frenchman told him), and the world remembers him to-day. Few men achieve what they aimed at in early life; many fail; that youth is a mistake and age a regret is a common-place. There is no repining in Horace, yet he sympathizes with such people, and he has his gospel, the gospel of his great Master—that all the glory and splendour and success of the world is vanity, that nothing is better than, remote from the sweat and shouting of the battle, to go quietly down the vale of life. It must be confessed that there is something noble, something wonderfully attractive, something at once truly philosophical and manly in the attitude he takes at times, as in that ode to Mæcenas (iii. 16) in which he expresses his contempt for wealth—seeks the camp of those who covet nothing, rates himself happier than those who were poor amid abundance, and places his Sabine farm in the scales against the coveted pro-consulship of "fertile Africa." So grand, so dignified a picture of a farmer is nowhere else found; and we can understand with what pleasure educated men who have left the fashionable world and gone to farm in the North-West would drink in its philosophy:

*Pura rivus aqua silvaque jegerum  
Paucorum et segetis certa fides meæ  
Fulgens imperio fertilis Africa  
Fallit sorte beator.*

Humour is always delightful, and Horace's was of the highest order—a humour full of charity. He is, in his way, a writer of comedies, and sketches the foibles of humanity very much on the same lines as a Molière, but with a larger tolerance, and always in the light of experience.

Add to all this his grace, his balance, his good sense—and surely it is clear why he pleases us more and more as we grow older. I cannot understand a very young man, or a man of very violent impulses, fond of Horace. Byron tells us that he never could take to him. But the

reason he gives is absurd. To suppose that so good a Latin scholar as Byron could not appreciate the flow of Horace's verse, because of the memories of school days, is out of the question. The character of the great Englishman had nothing in common with that of the quiet, careful, philosophical Roman. Horace was quick in temper, rapid to forgive. Byron had the hate of hate, the love of love, the scorn of scorn.

Notwithstanding the noble expression he gives to it, Horace's philosophy would tend to sadness. He ridiculed the contradictions and absurdities of the Stoics, and the extravagances of Zeno and Chrysippus might well move his mirth, though Stoic teaching was destined to bear nobler fruit, consonant with common sense, and forming lives having some of the finest lineaments of the Christian ideal, as we see in Epictetus and Seneca; but the main doctrines of Epicurus are ignoble and hopeless. No one can make a rule to "live hidden"—to stand aside from the struggles and sufferings of his kind, without sinking in the moral scale. Nor is there help any more than there is rational ground for believing in 'gods dwelling apart, taking no interest in human affairs, who neither punish sin nor reward virtue, nor hear prayer and know no pity,—an immortality of selfishness; and with the grave closing all, death the great comforter—for those who love strongly, who side with right when it is down, who battle for the true, the just—there is nothing but despair. That death ends all woes, that death may come at any moment, and close our plans and call us from the feast, whence we are to rise like gentlemen without a murmur and go with our dark sheriff, this—let the character be ever so wanting in earnestness—is no joyful gospel.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

### SONNETS.

TO W. S.

I.

WHAT helps it that I love thee, that my heart,  
Like some poor suitor seen amid the throng,  
That moves about a princess, where sweet song,  
Bright dance, and music blend with ready art  
To blot him from her thought, from any part  
In all that to her soul's sweet needs belong,  
Must sadly stand thy worshippers among,  
Or silently upon my way depart?  
Unknowing thee, and never to be known,  
My love, my tender homage quite in vain,  
Since they can lead no nearer to thy throne,  
Nor find a voice to call through ranks of men,  
And place thee at my side, where all alone  
Thou might'st give love for love, till joy grew pain.

II.

But thou art all, and I, alas, am naught;  
Thou the full sun, poor I the darkened sphere;  
Or if I glimmer in my gloomful year  
'Tis with a splendour from thy radiance caught,  
A wistful planet still unseen, unsought,  
I roll, nor ever come light's fountain near.  
So fair and far, yet to my soul so dear,  
I know thou would'st not scorn my meaner lot.  
But would'st thou love me—could'st thou love me, say?  
I who have given thee worship ask but love.  
If I should meet thee on some distant day  
And show my heart, would'st thou my trust reprove,  
Or sourly pass, without or yea or nay?  
Ah, no, great spirit, thou would'st gentle prove.

GREATNESS.

WHAT most men hunger for, yet none achieves,  
Save him who greatly cares not to be great—  
Who knows the loom of time spins not more state  
Than that small filament a spider weaves:  
Since single barley-straws make piled-up sheaves,  
And atoms diminish the gross earth's weight,  
Nor comes from Sirius earthward rarer freight,  
Than this small taper-beam my page receives.  
No greater is the desert than one sand,  
The mountain than one dust-speck at its base,  
The ocean than one rain-drop on my hand;  
And Shakespeare's self, there in the foremost place,  
Hath but in ampler measure at command  
That thought which shines from rustic Hodge's face.

J. H. BROWN.

DR. JULIUS NELSON, of New York, has published the result of his observations, extending over some 4,000 dreams of his own experience. He states that dreams in the early part of the night follow upon great physical or mental fatigue, and are generally connected with the events of the previous day, which also holds good of dreams that are the result of highly nervous excitement; but the latter are usually of a distressing nature. The most curious and pleasant of dreams occur in the early morning hours after the brain has had time to rally its powers. It is then that imagination takes her wildest flights, and weaves those remarkable wanderings with a clearness of circumstance so well remembered afterwards. An old popular superstition which ascribes special value to visions dreamt during the twelve holy nights from 25th December to 6th January may, he believes, have had its origin in some recognition of the fact that dreams are always very clear and definite during that period.

### TWO VIEWS OF ECONOMIC MONOPOLY.

IT is now nearly two years since Professor Foxwell of Oxford read before the British Association at Bath his striking paper on "The Growth of Monopoly." In the Association's proceedings it appears only by title. The *London Municipal Review* in which it was published is now out of print, so that it may be admissible to present through the columns of THE WEEK a summary of an essay as yet unknown on this side the Atlantic.

It is easy, says Professor Foxwell, to see the historical reasons for Adam Smith's belief that competition would ensure the just equalization of human fortunes. In his time the obvious, conspicuous causes of inequality and monopoly were privilege, corporate and private, and governmental activity by military and fiscal measures. These artificial privileges have been swept away, but so far from banishing monopoly they have simply shifted its basis and afforded it wider play. To-day monopoly rests on ability, opportunity and possessions, and takes the world for its sphere of action. It asserts itself as the inevitable outcome of the freest and widest competition. With the world for a market an initial difference of one per cent. in efficiency is enough to give control of supply. This control once gained, the expansion of a business rapidly increases the advantage until a practical monopoly is secured. Although the tendency to monopolies derived from natural ability is nothing new, it has assumed a new importance since the recent advances in communication. Now manufacturers and merchants in the great cities can compete by express and parcel post with retailers in the smallest places, depriving the latter of any advantage due to neighbourhood. Business expansion stimulated by cheap and free capital has the farther profit which accrues to a thorough subdivision of labour and a large scale of production. The limits to this expansion are the limits of supervisability and of heredity. Local influences and friendships also continue to tell—a little.

Of monopolies, of enterprises so established as to be practically unassailable by competition, there are three kinds. That of efficiency or exceptional natural gifts, that due to combination, and that of local service where competition is impossible or unavailable. Of combinations few so far have been enduring, this, however, does not hold of amalgamation when interests are completely and wholly merged. Of monopolies of local service, of what are also called "natural monopolies," public regulation seems imperative. Mr. Chadwick, a Metropolitan Commissioner, once presented in a report a telling drawing of a London street in section showing a dozen competitive gas and water pipes. There is frightful waste in not frankly accepting the fact of monopoly in gas, water and railway service, and is so legislating as to prevent mischief from it. Monopolies tend to breed after their kind, a great railway calls into existence big traders, manufacturers, workshops, delivering companies and hotels. In one of its phases monopoly affords the modern mind welcome relief from the iron rule and terrible uncertainties of so-called free competition. Much as some of us may feel disposed to dread monopoly, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that it is gaining ground, and Darwin has taught us to be respectful in presence of success. To the inevitable we must needs accommodate ourselves. As with popular government, our wise course is to make the utmost of monopoly's possibilities for good, and exert ourselves to minimize its power of mischief. Its advantages are enormous, it economizes administration, promotes the division of labour, concentrates knowledge and skill, preserves unbroken the traditions of mysteries and crafts, maintains the *esprit de corps* which can only be aroused in establishments really great. The larger a firm the more effective the public opinion of the employed; its chief pays the penalty of greatness in his exposure to criticism and susceptibility to it. Monopolies are dangerous in that they may take an unduly large aggregate of profit though at a low rate. The public may ask that in some way or other they share in a gain partly of their own creation. Then, too, great corporations have it in their power corruptly or oppressively to discriminate against individuals or even towns. They may tyrannize over their employees socially and politically. The West Lancashire Railway allows no liquor to be sold on its premises, and employs no one who has not for some years been a teetotaler. Only teetotalers will be allowed to travel next! Monopolies by their extent and the necessary indirection of their management are specially assailable by corruption from within; and corruption, the bane of business of all kinds, is the most serious of modern offences.

Regulation is the best method by which the State can deal with monopoly. State administration Anglo Saxons are ever unwilling to extend. Yet if competition is to land us in monopoly, *laissez faire* is out of the question. Herbert Spencer and Bastiat have pretended that, by some pre-ordained magic, competition will give us universal harmony of interests and the utmost possible happiness. No one can view the action of monopoly with this happy-go-lucky complacency. Those who to-day oppose some kind of public control for the great individual monopolies are simply playing into the hands of the collectivists. They it is who are the true apostles of socialism. Practically the consensus of competent observers is that regulation should consist, 1st, in publicity leading to the effectiveness of public opinion, and to knowledge as to wherein direct control may be most needful and most wisely applied. 2nd, where control is called for it should, as far as possible, be delegated to local or trade bodies familiar with the