

mingled with banter about fans and monsters something deeper and finer, such as none had touched before, something of which six generations of moralists have never given us the like. "To love her was a liberal education." Is there a nobler or profounder sentence in our language? It is a phrase to dignify a nation, and to purify an age; yet it was flung off by "poor Dick," one of the gayest wits, for one of the lightest hours of a most artificial society. Western, he it never forgotten, was the name not only of a boisterous foxhunter, but of the most lovable woman in English fiction. What a mass of manly stuff does our English soil seem to breed as we call up the creations of Fielding! What homes of sturdy vigour do we enter as we turn over the pages of Defoe, and Swift, and Smollett, and Goldsmith, and Johnson; or again in the songs of Burns, or the monotonous lines of Crabbe; or in such glimpses of English firesides as we catch in the young life of Miss Edgeworth, or in our old friend "Sandford and Merton," or the record of Scott's early years, or the life of Adam Smith, or Bishop Berkeley! What a world of hardihood and patience is there in the lives of Captain Cook, and Watt, Brindley, and Arkwright, Metcalfe, and Wedgwood! What spiritual tenderness in the letters of Cowper, and the memoirs of Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce, and scores of hard workers, just spirits and faithful hearts who were the very breath and pulse of the eighteenth century! What a breeze from the uplands plays round those rustic images in all forms of art; the art often thin and tame itself, but the spirit like the fragrance of new hay; in such paintings as Morland's, or such poems as Thomson's, Beattie's, and Somerville's, or such prose as Fielding's, Goldsmith's, and Smollett's!

How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

If in that mass of toiling, daring, hearty, simple life, we think overmuch of the riot of fashion and the gossip of courts, the fault is, perhaps, with those who look to fashion for the keynote, and care more for crowds than they care for homes.

A century is never, we have said, a really organic whole, but a group of various movements taken up and broken off at two arbitrary points. The eighteenth is as little a whole as any other; but we may group it into parts in some degree thus: The first ten or fifteen years are clearly more akin to the seventeenth century than the eighteenth. Locke, Newton, and Leibnitz, Wallis and Wren; Burnet and Somers; James II., Louis XIV., and William III.; Bossuet and Fénelon, lived into the century, and Dryden lived up to it—but none of these belong to it. As in French history it is best to take the age of Louis by itself, so in English history it is best to take the Whig Revolution by itself; for Anne is not easily parted from her sister, nor is Marlborough to be severed from William and Portland. In every sense the reign of Anne was the issue and crown of the movement of 1688, and not the forerunner of that of 1789. For all practical purposes, the eighteenth century in England means the reigns of the first three Georges. This space we must group into three periods of unequal length:—

1. From the accession of the house of Hanover (1714), down to the fall of Walpole (1742). This is the age of Bolingbroke and Walpole; Swift, Defoe, Pope, Addison, Steele, Bishop Berkeley, and Bishop Butler, Halley, Stephen Gray, and Bradley.

2. From the fall of Walpole (1742) to the opening of the French Revolution (1789). It is the age of Chat-