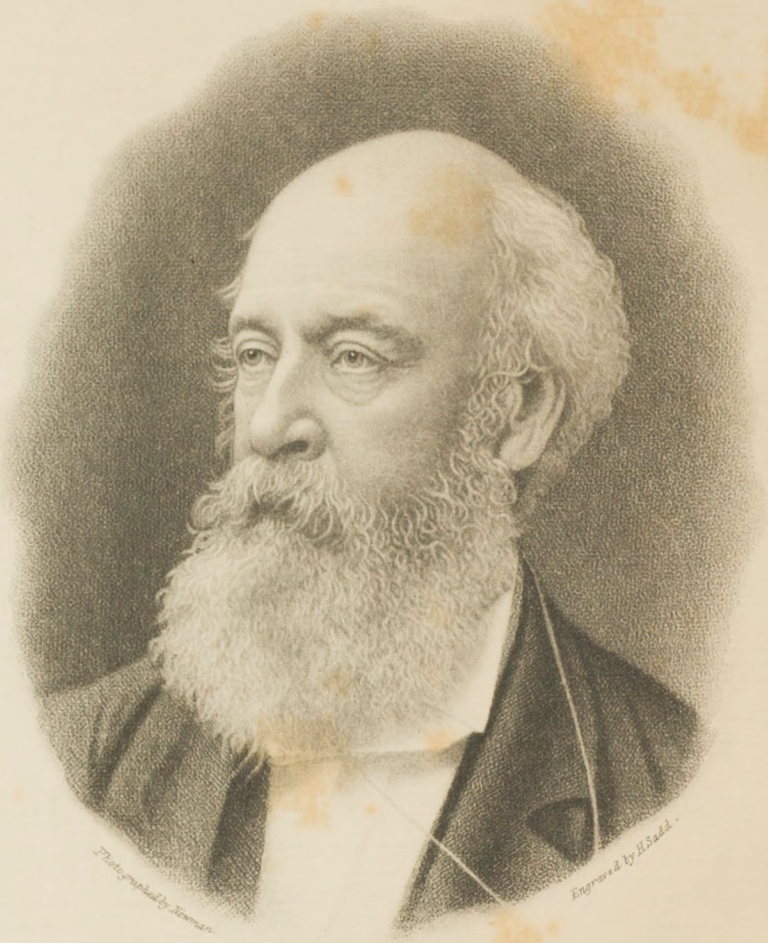
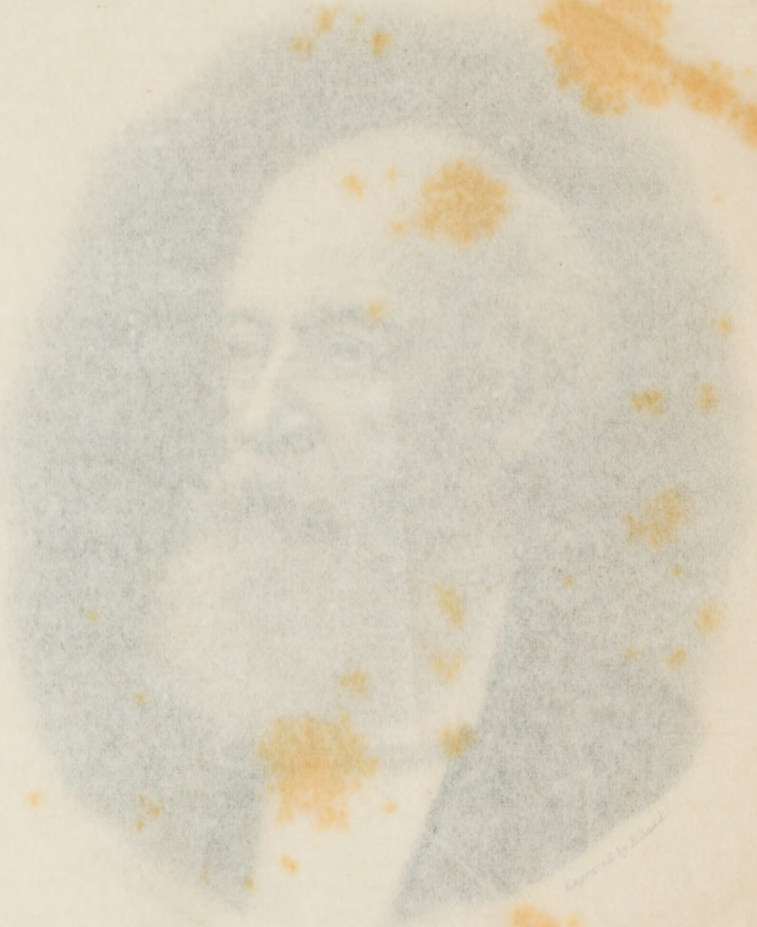
SPEECHES & LECTURES.

PROFESSOR BADHAM.

Dr. Rivers.



Charles Badham



Charles Badham

SPEECHES AND LECTURES

DELIVERED IN AUSTRALIA

BY

THE LATE CHARLES BADHAM, D.D.,

Professor of Classics in Sydney University.

Sydney:
WILLIAM DYMOCK, 142 KING STREET.

1890.

PREFACE.

This volume, containing the speeches and lectures delivered in Australia by the late Professor Badham, has been published by the subscriptions of a number of his old students and other admirers, who desired thus to preserve the words he spoke for their instruction and encouragement, and who hoped that many others in this country would also be glad to possess them. There have been added the Adhortatio ad Iuventutem Academicam Sydneiensem (with the omission of the critical part); a letter to the late Mr. Dalley on Primary Education; and an article on University Studies, which appeared in the too short-lived *University Review*. All the speeches (with the exception of the address to the University Debating Society, which that Society had published in pamphlet form) are printed from the excellent reports of the *Sydney Morning Herald;* the lectures on Dante, from Dr. Badham's manuscript.

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BY THE LATE

PROFESSOR BADHAM.

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Corrigendum, at p. 155. "His seventieth birthday," should be "his seventy-first birthday."

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MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR BADHAM.

Charles Badham was born at Ludlow, in Shropshire, on the 18th of July, 1813. He was the son of Charles Badham, M.D., professor of the practice of physic in the University of Glasgow, and of Margaret Campbell, first cousin of Thomas Campbell, the poet. We are told that his mother was remarkable for her beauty. His father was a man of very considerable talents and accomplishments. He was recommended for the Glasgow Chair by Sir Henry Halford, and is said to have discharged his duties with great ability. He was also an excellent classical scholar, and the author of a translation of Juvenal, which has been highly praised by Professor Mayor, though it was attacked by Gifford in the *Quarterly*. The elder brother of the subject of this memoir, Charles David, born in 1806, was also a very accomplished man. After taking his M.A. at Oxford, he studied medicine and became a Fellow of the College of Physicians, but afterwards he took holy orders. He was a frequent contributor to Blackwood and to Fraser's Magazine, and was the author of three works, one on "Insect Life," another on "The Esculent Funguses of England," and a third entitled "Prose Halieutics, or Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle," a delightful miscellany (according to the Dictionary of National Biography) of zoological anecdotes and classical lore, especially valuable for its lively illustrations of Oppian and Athenæus, derived from the author's personal experience of the Mediterranean coast.

The younger Charles, the subject of this memoir, was, in his early childhood, carried about by his father, who had a passion for travel, over great part of the Continent; and was sent, when about seven years old, to Switzerland to the school of the celebrated Pestalozzi. Nearly half a century after, in his letter to Mr. Dalley on Primary Education, Professor Badham wrote that under that admirable system he was

taught to think, and that the sound of that old German teacher's voice continually repeating to him, "Tink, Patham," was fresher in his recollection than many grander deliverances to which he had been subjected in later years. He tells us in the same letter that he was Pestalozzi's favourite pupil and one of those whom he delighted to exhibit to visitors as an illustration of his system. After some years under Pestalozzi, Badham was sent to Eton, where he gave promise of the great distinction he was afterwards to achieve as a scholar. Lord Lytellton writes of him in 1857, "I remember Dr. Badham at Eton nearly thirty years ago, and have ever since that time believed him to be possessed of very rare abilities as a classical scholar." And Dr. Hawtrey, Provost of Eton, who had been Head Master in Badham's time, writes, also in 1857, "I have known him nearer forty than thirty years, and I can sincerely say that among all I have had to do with in my Eton experience, I have never known a more remarkable scholar." At Eton he had already laid up in his capacious memory abundant stores of material on which his active intellect was afterwards to work. He once told me, that, when he left Eton, he could repeat by heart many thousands of lines from the Greek and Latin authors. It may be of interest to add that, while at Eton, as he once informed me, he was smitten with a strong boyish admiration for Lucan,—whom he used then to pronounce to be far superior to Virgil, and for Pindar, a copy of which latter poet he used constantly to carry about in his pocket, and in whose metres he was fond of composing. The Eton authorities appear to have preserved a high regard for their old pupil, since he acted in 1850 with W. E. Jelf as examiner for the Newcastle scholarship.

In 1830, he gained a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, and in 1836 he took his B.A., with third class honours. I never asked of him the reason of his failure to obtain high honours, but I know he had no admiration for the way in which the classics were then studied and taught at Oxford. This was, too, the time of which Mark Pattison writes that "probably there was no period in our history, during which I do not say science and learning, but the ordinary study of the classics was so profitless, and at so low an ebb, as during the period of the Tractarian controversy."

Dr. Badham's predecessor in the classical chair at Sydney, Dr. Woolley, also took his B.A. degree in 1836, but gained a first class. Mark Pattison was a contemporary of Badham's, and got in this year that second class over which he would seem to have never ceased to fret. He came off better than Badham, however, for he tells us, "I just saved my second—only just, I believe." Dean Church gained a first in the same year, and was at the same college as Badham, though I do not know whether they were intimate. Badham always spoke of Church in terms of the highest regard.

At Oxford he met Frederic Denison Maurice, who was his senior by eight years, and who exercised a powerful influence over young Badham. The latter once told me that he used to go about declaring in his boyish way that Maurice was the deepest thinker in the University. For Maurice he retained to the last the heartiest and most affectionate admiration. In the letter to Mr. Dalley, previously referred to, on Primary Education, he says that he "became the voluntary disciple and constant companion of Frederic Denison Maurice;" and in the letter to Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity, prefixed to his second edition of the Philebus, Badham writes, after alluding to his friendship with that excellent scholar, the late Lord Lyttelton, "There is yet another common friend of ours, who needs my praise as little as the other, and who is equally removed from all human comments; but this is probably the last time I shall ever publish anything, and I will not lose my only chance of glorying in his friendship. Frederic Denison Maurice was, as he informed me many years ago, an enthusiastic admirer of Plato's Philebus. He saw more deeply into it, and indeed into all philosophy, by reason of that devout humility, which made him so accurate an observer of many things, which a man, who is thinking half of his author and half of himself, is sure to overlook. Where other men perplexed themselves with their own ingenuity and love of system, his teachable sympathy with all that he studied, led him into truths which they had neglected as unmeaning. But it is not for me to celebrate that great heart and mind. I merely claim him as one of those friends for whom my affection revived with peculiar vividness, while I was busied with the preparations for this book."

Shortly after he graduated, Badham went to Italy, where he remained for several years, devoting himself chiefly to the study of Greek manuscripts in different Italian libraries, especially the Vatican. It was in the Vatican that he first met that greatest of Greek scholars, C. G. Cobet, with whom he formed a life-long friendship, and he used to relate with great satisfaction how Cobet took him for a Frenchman on account of the purity of his French accent. At Rome he also met Tischendorf, who wrote in 1851 of his pleasant recollections of the time cum in perscrutandis Italiae bibliothecis aliquam studiorum communionem habebamus. Cobet, in his "Miscellanea Critica," writing of two fragments, copied by Tischendorf from a manuscript of the fourth century found by him in the East (which Cobet proved to be fragments of Menander), says "Plus quam triginta et quinque anni sunt ex quo cum Constantino Tischendorf amicitiam et familiaritatem suavissimam contraxi, Parisiis primum, deinde in Italia, ubi tertius nobis accessit sodalis dilectissimus Carolus Badham. Ego et Badham diu in Italia mansimus, Tischendorf interea Syriam, Palaestinam, Ægyptum peragravit." Preller, too, afterwards Professor at Jena, was intimate with Badham at Rome, and testifies, not only to his extraordinary scholarship, but to his morum integritas suavitasque. He also speaks of Badham as "bibliothecae Vaticanæ thesauros manu scriptos indefesso cum labore perscrutantem."

At Rome Badham became acquainted with Thackeray, who was two years his senior, and with Father Mahony, better known as Father Prout. While in Italy he devoted much of his leisure time to his favourite sport of fishing; and it is amusing to find him, in his Adhortatio ad Discipulos Academiæ Sydneiensis, remarking, in support of an emendation on Thucydides, 6,104, where he alters ἐκπνεῖ to ἔπνει, "neque hic ventus semper ibi spirat (mihi credite, cui notissima est inter Siciliam et Italiam navigatio)." As I have mentioned his love of fishing, I may here add that he was also, when a young man, very fond of hunting.

Before he returned to England, Dr Badham spent a considerable time in Germany and acquired an intimate familiarity with the language and literature of that country. Of French and Italian his mastery was perfect, and he learnt Dutch during his frequent visits to his friend Cobet at Leyden.

His rare linguistic accomplishments have been testified to by Lord Houghton, Lord Lyttelton, Dr. Hawtrey and many others. To many in Sydney they need no attestation. I have myself heard Frenchmen, Germans and Italians of high culture speak of them with the warmest admiration.

After his return to England, Badham was, in 1846, incorporated M.A. at Cambridge as a member of St. Peter's College. In 1848 he was ordained priest. In 1851 he was appointed head master of Louth Grammar School. Before he received this appointment he was engaged in private tuition, and the Lord Bishop of Tuam, in recommending him for the post at Louth, bore testimony to his success as a tutor. Dr. Hawtrey, too, writes that "he has been very successful in the tuition of many clever young men." In 1851 he published an edition of the Phaedrus of Plato, with an introduction and emendations of the text, which was very warmly praised by Dr. Donaldson, Schneidewin, K. F. Hermann and other eminent scholars. Soon afterwards he published an edition of the Iphigenia in Tauris and the Helena of Euripides, and in 1853 an edition of the Ion. On the publication of these editions, he was at once acknowledged by the best scholars of the time to be entitled to a place in the very front rank of Greek scholars. In 1852 he took the degree of D.D. at Cambridge. Two years later he was made head master of the proprietary school at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, where he remained till his appointment to the Professorship of Classics in the Sydney University at the end of 1866, having in the meantime applied in vain for the headmastership of the Ipswich Grammar School, and of Christ's Hospital. As a schoolmaster, he appears, judging from the testimony of those best able to speak on the subject, to have been very successful, though, of course, he had not the same material to work upon as head masters of the great public schools. The committee of the Edgbaston School bore witness to his "possessing in a very high degree, rarely equalled in men of his attainments, the power of imparting knowledge to his pupils in an agreeable, intelligent manner which endears him to them." Dr. Dale, the well-known Congregational Minister of Birmingham, writes—"having known some of his pupils, I may add that they have borne enthusiastic testimony to his skill and efficiency as a teacher;" and again,

"he has the rare faculty of creating among his pupils an enthusiastic devotion to their studies." Cardinal Newman, in a letter to the late Archbishop Polding, recommending Dr. Badham for the classical chair at Sydney, writes thus: "Let me assure you of the high esteem in which he is held in this place where he has so long resided, and the general reputation he enjoys for zeal and activity in the performance of his duties, as well as for kindness, liberality, courtesy, and those other endowments which are so necessary for acting happily and successfully with others in the government of a large institution." A former pupil of Dr. Badham's, writing from Cambridge to the Vicar of Louth, says, "his teaching unfolded to my mind a new view of classical literature, so that what was before a task, became a pleasure. This effect was produced not more by the force of his learning, than by his manner of communicating it. Dr. Badham treated us as beings possessing both reason and judgment. He tempered the authority of a master with the freedom of a friend." The writer of the obituary notice of Dr. Badham in the *Saturday Review* says that he was able to impart to his pupils the same zeal and enthusiasm for intellectual things which he himself felt.

To show his views on some questions connected with school teaching, some extracts may here be quoted from an address delivered by him at the annual distribution of prizes at the school in 1864. In that address he protests against "the stupid and inhuman system which has so long prevailed in what are popularly called classical schools, that is to say, in schools where the clever boys learn Latin and Greek, and the many dull ones learn nothing whatever." With regard to the teaching of modern languages, he denounces the folly of "the very common practice of deferring their commencement until some high class has been reached, when two or three hours a week are condescendingly bestowed upon them; those two or three hours are simply so much time wasted, and the consequence is that many a parent, if he has need of an interpreter on his tour, or in entertaining some foreign visitor, finds himself like Oedipus, deserted by his sons and depending upon his daughters for guidance." To make more time for teaching modern languages, he gave up, he says, the teaching of

Latin verse composition. (It may here be mentioned that at Sydney he did not at first make verse composition part of the examination for honours, but he introduced it after he had been here a good number of years). As regards the teaching of Greek, in the case of the large majority of boys who do not go to a University, he recommends the schoolmaster "to husband the little time at his command, and to cause it to be bestowed upon some branch of knowledge suited to the future career of the student, whether it be chemistry or drawing, or one of the applied sciences, rather than upon the declensions and conjugations of a language which the pupil will never read." He also protests against "the miserably insufficient time allowed for mathematics in any of our great schools;" and, in the case of the classics, complains that "clever lads are carried forward into authors and subjects for which their judgment is perfectly unripe, and are invited by examiners to display taste which has been dictated to them, discriminations which are not their own, reflections at second hand, and subtleties which they repeat without caring whether they be false or true." He tells us that, in his school, two hours a week were set apart for drawing, a study which was continued with every pupil until he showed that it was hopeless for him to be kept at it any longer. It is characteristic of the soundness of judgment and breadth of view of this great scholar to find him, in speaking of the idea of the old Grammar School Education, which he says seems to have been to produce as many men as possible in which the elements of the scholar and the gentleman should be blended, maintaining that "scholarship, not only in the limited term in which the word was then used, but taking it in its more philosophical acceptation, as the development of the intellect through the study of language, is very far from being equally suited to all minds. A certain amount of it is of course indispensable on account of the utility, or rather the necessity of the thing taught; but when this has once been attained, I am sure that at least one-half of those under education, will be occupied in a more wholesome and profitable manner in mathematical or physical sciences, or history, or geography."

To encourage the study of modern languages at his school, Dr. Badham,

besides often taking the French and German classes himself, had French plays frequently performed, and took immense pains over training the lads in their parts. He had a great love of acting, and was himself—in the opinion of the late Mr. Dalley, no mean judge, who had often seen him taking part in private theatrical performances—an actor of great power. He certainly had a wonderful command of voice, expression, and gesture. Besides French plays, he often had his favourite Terence acted. Cardinal Newman—who would seem also to be a great admirer of Terence, some of whose plays, as is well known, he adapted for acting at the Oratory School, Edgbaston—used to come to see Dr. Badham's boys act, and Dr. Badham used to return the compliment.

In 1860 he had the honorary degree of Doctor Literarum conferred upon him by the University of Leyden. In 1863 he was appointed one of the classical examiners at London University, and in 1865 and in 1866 he was classical examiner for the Indian Civil Service. These offices brought him into contact with many eminent men, and this is perhaps the suitable place to record the opinions they formed of him. Grote,* in a letter recommending Badham for the Classical Chair in the Sydney University, writes of him: "Dr. Badham has been for several years one of the classical examiners of the University of London, and as Vice-Chancellor of that University I have had good means of appreciating the admirable manner in which he performs the duties of the office. He was originally appointed examiner by the Senate, on the ground of consummate and well-attested Greek Scholarship, being considered the first in a very honourable list of competitors. Indeed, I may say, without any exaggeration, that Dr. Badham stands in the very first line of Greek scholars and philologists in England; and I say this, not only from my own personal knowledge of the editions which he has published of Greek classical works, but also because I know it to be the estimation formed of him by the best philologists of the Continent. I may add that he has had large experience of teaching at a school, and that his powers of conversation, social accomplishments, and

* Shortly before Dr. Badham obtained the Professorship of Classics in Sydney, Grote had endeavoured to get a Canonry for him, of, I think, Bristol Cathedral.

knowledge of the world will render him a valuable acquisition to any body of colleagues and companions among whom he may be placed." Dr. Carpenter, Registrar of London University, bears testimony, "not only to his most punctual and businesslike performance of his very responsible and laborious office, but also to his thoroughly estimable and genial character as a man." He goes on to say that he never met with a man more free from pedantry or professional prejudice.

Professor Huxley wrote to Mr. Hamilton, "I take the liberty of troubling you with a few words in commendation of my friend Dr. Badham. Of his attainments I am, of course, incompetent to speak, but I may say that I have rarely met with a man of larger and more liberal mind, and of greater social faculty, or of more refined and delicate tact. Though not a young man he is full of life and energy."

The following letter, from Dr. William Smith, will enable us to form a good notion of Dr. Badham as he was in 1866, and I therefore quote it at length: "As Dr. Badham's colleague at the University of London, during the last three years, I have had such ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with his temper, judgment and character in general, that I am sure you will excuse my giving you in a few words my impression respecting him. First, then, let me say that I do not know a more genial man. Not only has there never arisen the slightest unpleasantness between us; but though he was personally a stranger to me before his appointment, he gained my entire confidence in a very short time, and I now regard him as a personal friend. I have never seen him angry, never even excited, though our work is of an irritating kind, and would try many tempers. His manners are singularly winning, and his knowledge on all subjects most extensive. He has met at my house many of my friends, who have always said to me, 'what a charming person your friend Badham is.' Among my friends who have met him here, and who have expressed themselves in this way, I may mention Mr. Grote (the historian), Mr. Robert Lowe, Sir Edward Head, Mr. Twistleton, the Dean of Westminster, and Professor Huxley. Next, let me mention another important point. Dr. Badham is a man of good sound

sense, a quality in which so many scholars are miserably deficient. In the examination of candidates for honours, there will, of necessity, be at times a difference of opinion as to their merits, and when such has been the case, I have been particularly struck with the good sense and sound judgment which Dr. Badham has always shown. I say nothing as to his scholarship. He is pre-eminently the best verbal critic in England. It is a great shame and a reproach to us that such a singularly gifted man should be willing to go to the Antipodes."

Here, perhaps, I may go on to cite the opinions expressed by other eminent scholars as to Dr. Badham's scholarship.

W. S. Clark, the then Cambridge public orator, and Editor of Shakespeare, writes: "I am confident that all students of classical literature will agree with me in the opinion that Dr. Badham stands in the very first rank among English scholars, and that he is unsurpassed for the critical acumen and ingenuity which he has employed in the emendation of corrupt, and the explanation of difficult, passages in ancient authors. I may add that Dr. Badham's paper on Shakespeare, published in the Cambridge Essays, shews that he has studied English literature with the same zeal and success as Greek and Latin." E. M. Cope, one of the best Greek scholars Cambridge has produced in the past half-century, writes, in 1853: "Mr. Badham's published work, and particularly the recent edition of the Helena and Iphigenia in Tauris, of Euripides, will afford better evidence than any that I can give of the extent of his learning and the acuteness of his criticism; but I feel bound to state to you my confident opinion that no one could enjoy the pleasure of his conversation without becoming convinced, as I have been, that his ability and scholarship are of so high an order as to reflect credit upon any literary or educational institution with which he may become connected." In the same year, 1853, the tutors and assistant tutors of Trinity College, Cambridge, W. H. Thompson, Munro, Holden and Clark, in recommending him for the position of Head Master of Christ's Hospital, state that "Dr. Badham has the reputation of being one of the best classical scholars in England, and we have every reason to believe that this reputation is fully deserved; he

has given proof of it by his edition of the Ion of Euripides, which we have used as a text-book in our lecture rooms." Dr. Thompson, then Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, wrote, in 1857: "I have, in a higher degree than perhaps any other person, the material for forming a judgment of his classical scholarship, as I have had, and am still carrying on, an active correspondence with him upon the text and interpretation of more than one difficult Greek author. I am also acquainted with his published works including editions of portions of Plato and Euripides, and contributions of great value and originality in Continental journals of high character. I am, therefore, able conscientiously to state that, as a scholar, Dr. Badham has few equals and no superior in England; and that there is no person in England or elsewhere to whose judgment I should be more inclined to defer in the higher departments of Greek criticism. That this opinion is shared by the best Continental scholars, I could produce abundant evidence, if such were needed." Lord Sherbrooke, to whom Dr. Jowett dedicated his translation of Thucydides, as being one of the best Greek scholars in England, writes to Dr. Badham, in 1866: "Permit me to thank you very sincerely for your Plato. I have just read the dialogues in question, and shall have the greatest pleasure in reading them again with the help of the best scholar in England." And Cardinal Newman, in a letter recommending him to Archbishop Polding, after saying that it much grieved him to hear that Dr. Badham was going from Birmingham and England, goes on to say, "as to his classical attainments, others will tell you, who have a better claim to speak than I have, that he is the first Greek scholar of the day in this country. I do not know who would deny this, except, perhaps, some Cambridge men, who might think themselves bound to put Dr. Badham, as being of Oxford, second to a man of their own University; but that his attainments in scholarship are of the first rank, is confessed on all hands." Conington writes in 1853, "having myself been engaged for a considerable time in the critical study of the classics, and especially of the Greek drama, I can safely say that I look upon Dr. Badham's publications as in some respects superior to anything which English scholarship has at present to boast. I refer particularly to his

felicity in textual criticism, a quality in which the great scholars of this country, as compared with those of the Continent, have always been considered pre-eminent, but which has of late years appeared to be rather on the decline among us." From among the opinions of Continental scholars, the following may be taken as specimens. Cobet, himself the first Greek scholar of his time, and one of the very greatest Greek scholars that ever lived, writes thus:—"Multi anni sunt ex quo Carolum Badhamum bibliothecas Italicas mecum explorantem cognovi, cognitumque ita probavi et admiratus sum ut ei omnium qui nostra ætate literas antiquas colunt anteponam neminem, non tantum propter accuratam et sanam doctrinam sed præsertim propter judicii acumen et sagax ingenium, quo tantum valet ut Britanniæ Porsonum suum et Elmsleium reddere videatur." W. Dindorf writes, in 1861, "After the death of R. Porson, P. Elmsley, and P. P. Dobree, my three great masters, you were the first to resuscitate in a few, but valuable publications, chiefly on Euripides—bearing many a splendid testimony of great acuteness and accurate scholarship—the principles of sound criticism so admirably established in this department of literature by the above three great scholars." The classical Professors of the University of Göttingen, Leutsch, E. Curtius, and Sauppe, thus testify in 1868: "Euripidis Iphigenia Taurica et Helena a. 1851, deinde Ione bis a. 1853 et 1861, porro Platonis Phædro a. 1851, et Philebo a. 1855 editis sermonis Græci peritiam accuratissimam, judicii sanitatem et acumen perspicacissimum, ingenii ubertatem atque felicitatem luculentissime comprobavit, ut multis multorum scriptorum locis aut rectissime explicatis aut præclare emendatis de literis antiquis præclare meruisse censendus sit." Schneidewin writes to him: "Nostrates profecto et ex Euripideis tuis et ex Platonicis—quæ magni facere C. F. Hermannum scito—dudum intellexerunt te ex eo esse genere eruditorum, qui spretis vulgaribus ad summa quæque et eximia aspirant. Tu vel unus vel inter paucos non pateris intercidere eam gloriam, qua superiore ætate populares tui enitebant, quos merito harum literarum principibus adnumeres, Porsonus, Elmsleius, Dobræus; quorum tu laudem et præstantiam præter ceteros felicissime æmularis." Similar testimony was borne to his merits by

Meineke, Ritschl (who wrote of him that he was Græcarum literarum peritissimus et judicio in primis valenti) Baiter, Boeckh, Hirschig, Pluygers, Tischendorf, Boissonade, Hase. The opinion of Bernays we learn from a letter of Lord Houghton, who writes thus of Dr. Badham: "Of such scholarship as his I am, of course, neither judge nor critic, but I may mention that I heard the great German Hellenist, Dr. Bernays, say we had only one successor of Porson and Bentley in England, and that was Badham."

Though Dr. Badham threw himself with all his energy into his work at Birmingham, there is no doubt that he was anxious to procure some post which would allow of his devoting more time to his favourite studies. He complains of his lot in a letter addressed to the Academic Senate of Leyden (and prefixed to his edition of Plato's Euthydemus and Laches), in which, after alluding to the splendid rewards which England has the reputation of bestowing on learned men, and of the illustrious personages and distinguished public bodies that have the bestowal of those rewards, he writes, "his tam diversis Maecenatibus nihil indignum videtur me in ludo municipali elementa docentem consenescere. Nimirum (he adds, with keen irony) omnia illa munera, in quibus aliquid otii ad has literas colendas habuissem, a dignioribus occupata sunt." It was, therefore, in one sense, a great satisfaction to him to obtain the classical chair in the Sydney University, though it must have cost him many a pang to leave his old friends and old associations to try whether (contrary to the saying of Grattan, that an oak is too old to be transplanted at fifty) he should be able to strike root in a strange land. After being twelve years in New South Wales, he expresses his gratitude, in the Australian postcript to his second edition of the Philebus, to the country which has enabled him to dedicate himself to his favourite pursuits, and speaks thankfully of the leisure (by which, he says, I mean not only spare time, but health and comparative freedom from care) which he owes to the position that he has had the honor to fill in the colony, great part of which leisure he tells us that he devoted to pursuits of which this edition of the Philebus is a specimen.

Before leaving England for Australia, Dr. Badham was entertained at a farewell supper by the University Graduates' Club at Birmingham, the Rev. G. I. Boyle being in the chair and Dr. Dale one of the vice-chairmen. The chairman said (after speaking of the guest's eminent scholarship, his geniality and delightfulness as a companion) that Dr. Badham was one of the illustrious band, who, in these latter days of English education, enabled men to see that there had been men living in the world greatly devoted to their calling, and determined to do everything they could to inspire those who were under their care with the noble and exalted feelings which animated their own breasts. He further said—a remark the truth of which will come home to many in Australia—that Dr. Badham had also found time to bestow upon the small circle, who really cared to carry into actual life the pursuits of their academic days, the benefit of his most extensive acquaintance with the classics. Dr. Badham, in his speech in response to the toast of his health, said that "when he had parted from them, when those accents of almost overwhelming praise had ceased to resound in his ears, in many a weary moment of his voyage, in many a weary period of after life, in many a time of sickness or disappointment or care, he should feel that at least on that day he had lived, on that day had triumphed, and that, through their kindness, their merciful interpretation of his small labours." Soon afterwards, he went on to say that "the President had spoken of his social qualities, but he knew no place in the world which would lead a man to exhibit the best social qualities more than Birmingham. The credit was due to society rather than to him. He had spent thirteen years in Birmingham, and he had met with such kindness as he had never expected to find in any place in the world. He had met with nothing but disinterested hospitality, with friendly courtesies under every discouragement. Besides these, he had met with instances of such noble generosity as he dared scarcely trust himself to speak about. He had met altogether, throughout the whole time he had been in Birmingham, everything that could win his affection, everything that could make his gratitude permanent, if, indeed, gratitude was capable of being permanent at all."

Very great regret at Dr. Badham's leaving England was expressed by

the *Saturday Review*, *The Athenæum* and others of the leading literary journals, *The Athenæum* in particular expressing "its surprise and regret that an English editor of classical works, whose editions have won for him the continental reputation of being our foremost scholar now living, should have been allowed, after occupying a toilsome position as headmaster of a proprietary school, to leave the country for the purpose of presiding over a colonial University."

Dr. Badham arrived in Sydney with his family in April, 1867. A few weeks afterwards he made, at the annual University commemoration, the first of that series of speeches which were always heard with such delight, and looked forward to as the great treat of the academic year. For, in addition to the originality and freshness of his treatment of his subjects, he had the advantage of a magnificent voice, over which he had a thorough command, and a rare mastery of gesture and expression, and the higher charm of great strength and felicity of diction. He spoke rather slowly, with due emphasis, and his finely turned periods flowed from his lips (so, at least, his younger hearers thought) like choicest music. He was always received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the majority of the public, who had to take his great scholarship on trust, very soon made up their minds that he was the greatest master of English it had ever been their privilege to hear, at least in our quarter of the world. Before his strength began to fail him in the last years of his life, when he thought it necessary to husband it for his own proper duties, he delivered many lectures in various towns in the colony, and always eagerly strove to implant a love of the best literature and the noblest thought.

On May 21st, 1867, the new Professor of Classics was entertained at a banquet, at which a very large company was present, including the most distinguished men in the colony in politics, literature and science. The chair was filled by the late Sir James Martin, who was then Premier, and who, on behalf of those there assembled and of the colony at large, extended a cordial welcome to the great scholar whose fame had preceded him to our shores. Dr. Badham, in response, made one of those partly serious and in great part humorous after-dinner speeches in which he excelled. The

banquet was given in Clark's Assembly Rooms, to which circumstance he makes an amusing reference in his speech at the banquet given him on his seventy-first birthday.

When Dr. Badham began his work at our University, the number of students had not reached forty, and, after about eighteen months' experience of the colony, growing impatient of the narrow circumscription of his sphere of usefulness, he made an endeavour to reach those students throughout the country who were trying to cultivate their minds amidst grievous obstacles, and those who would try to do so if any encouragement were afforded them. He, therefore, sent the following circular letter to the leading newspapers of New South Wales:—

Sir,—I believe that there are many persons in the colony who, while they work hard for their bread, desire to bestow their scanty leisure upon the acquisition of knowledge. Not a few of these would gladly master the French or the Latin language if they had anyone to guide them and to help them over their difficulties, but either the want of means or the remoteness of their dwellings deprives them of any such assistance, and so paralyses their efforts.

To all such, I desire to offer myself as a private tutor, and this is the scheme by which I hope to render myself useful to them.

Let us agree upon two exercise books, one for French the other for Latin. Let each student translate as much as he can, and at the end of each quarter let him send in his work by post, appending to it any question which may have perplexed him. I will then look it over and return it to him with corrections and observations. The dates at which I shall be at leisure to look over these exercises will be as follows:—February 10th, May 10th, August 10th, November 10th. No previous application will be necessary before sending in their work. My offer is to *men* not to *boys*, and I trust that parents will be considerate enough to spare me from a labour which I do not intend to undertake. If the teachers in schools, clerks, mechanics and others avail themselves, as much as I hope they will, of this opportunity, I shall have enough to do, and may perhaps be forced to farm out some portion of the quarterly supplies among my friends.

In furtherance of my plan, I hope about twice or thrice in the year to hold a kind of grammatical assize in one or other of the provincial centres.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

CHARLES BADHAM.

This proposal was warmly welcomed and commended by the press, and for a time seemed to promise great results; but, except in the case of some few zealous students, the enthusiasm soon flagged, and Dr. Badham's friends were wont in after years to speak of his proposal as

Quixotic. But it was the noble and generous Quixotism of a man who, in the words of a writer at the time, "could not endure the thought of being a merely ornamental figure at the University, but was impelled to seek by all means to exert some extensive influence for good throughout the colony." It need hardly be said that Dr. Badham faithfully carried out his part of the engagement. As his friend, Mr. Dalley, wrote after the Professor's death, "it is well known to those who knew him intimately that he spent, years ago, night after night in correcting the exercises of humble correspondents in different and distant parts of the interior, who forwarded to him at regular intervals their crude essays in Greek and Latin, in German and French."

In 1869, Dr. Badham wrote his "Adhortatio ad Iuventutem Academicam Sydneiensem," of which the hortatory part has been printed in this volume. But the larger portion of it, in which are proposed many emendations of the received text of Thucydides, together with some on Herodotus, Plato, Sophocles, and other Greek authors, has been omitted, partly from consideration of the heavy expense that would be involved in the printing of so much Greek in this colony, partly in the hope that it may at some time be reprinted, together with his various similar contributions to the *Mnemosyne* and other philological journals. The emendations on Thucydides are to be found in Stahl's edition published by Tauchnitz.

In 1875, Dr. Badham made another effort to extend the benefits of higher education more widely through the community; this time by endeavouring to procure the foundation of bursaries for poor scholars. He threw himself into the work with his accustomed energy, and travelled over a great part of the colony, holding meetings in various country towns and doing his utmost to persuade the richer men to help those of their poorer fellow-citizens, whose talents gave promise of being useful to the State. These journeys were often accompanied with great personal inconvenience to a man then over sixty years of age, and who had never enjoyed robust health; the mode of travelling, too, at that time, was by no means so comfortable as as it is now. But these inconveniences he bore ungrudgingly, nay, cheerfully. Sir Patrick Jennings, in the speech he delivered at

a meeting held after Dr. Badham's death, to consider the question of raising some memorial of his services, mentioned that the first time he met the Professor was in a hall in a small town in the south of the colony, where he was delivering a stirring address in behalf of his bursary scheme, and from which he had to hurry through a fall of snow to catch his coach. This must have been during "the winter campaign in Riverina," to which Dr. Badham refers in his inaugural Address to the University Debating Society. Though he was not successful in his immediate object, which was to induce the inhabitants of the various country districts to unite in founding a bursary, each for their own district, yet his enthusiasm was caught by several of our richer citizens, with the result that there are now at our University fifteen bursaries of fifty pounds each, for the benefit of students who would otherwise be unable to meet the cost of a University education.

A few months before his death, Dr. Badham made a last effort to extend more widely the benefits of higher education, by the establishment of a system of evening lectures for the advantage of those who were unable to spare time for attendance at the morning classes. On the 1st of September, 1883, he wrote to the *Sydney Morning Herald* the following letter on the subject :—

To the Editor of the S. M. Herald.

Sir,—Will you allow me to make use of your columns in order to propose the outlines of a scheme for rendering the curriculum and the degree in Arts more accessible than it is at present. There are many in Sydney who have no leisure but in the evening, and who would be very glad to make use of that leisure for pursuing University studies and obtaining a degree. These persons cannot attend our lectures, delivered as they are in the morning, nor could the professors be expected to deliver evening lectures in addition to their other work. The time which such students have at their command being shorter, they cannot be expected to make as rapid progress as those who have the whole day at their command, but I do not see why they should not arrive at the same goal at a slower rate of advancement; that is to say, if three years are sufficient for a degree in Arts in the case of those who have no other occupation to distract them, a longer period might be required of those who have fewer hours at their daily disposal. Suppose that we had a five years' course for this latter description of student, I feel pretty certain that many persons would avail themselves of the boon. They might have precisely the same examinations as the other students, and be examined at the same periods, only that with them two years would be taken as equivalent to a first year, two to a second, and one to a third. In order to make this scheme thoroughly useful, it would be necessary to have a lecture in classics and one modern language, and another in mathematics and the little sprinkling of natural science required for the Arts course. As these students are necessarily

resident in Sydney or the neighbourhood, the number of lectures might be considerably greater, so that this proposed new class of student would have plenty of help as well as plenty of time. Should the attendance at these lectures be compulsory? I should say, yes. Should they pay fees? On that subject I have not made up my mind; and, indeed, on several points of detail I have not cared to make a very close investigation. It will be time enough for others as well as myself to do so when once the friends of higher education show themselves in earnest about this or some similar plan. I hope and trust that our fellow-citizens will take this matter seriously to heart, for, of course, one can have no expectation that the University will move in the matter unless it has good reasons to believe that it is providing for a real and deeply felt want. At the same time I wish it to be generally known that I am not authorised by the Senate to make the above proposal, and am alone responsible for it. If it is a mere dream, so much the worse for me; but surely there are many intelligent men in Sydney who will have the spirit to take it up, and make it a real blessing.

I am, &c.,

CHARLES BADHAM.

Three weeks after this letter was published, a largely attended public meeting was held in the hall of the Sydney School of Arts, at which meeting it was resolved that the University Senate be memorialised to take the necessary steps for establishing such lectures. The then Minister of Public Instruction (the Hon. G. H. Reid) who presided, expressed his cordial concurrence in the object which Professor Badham had in view, and engaged to do his part in the matter by asking Parliament to furnish the necessary money. The Senate readily gave its sanction; and there are now more students attending the evening classes than attended the morning course at the time Dr. Badham arrived in the Colony. As early as 1871, he threw out a suggestion, in a speech at commemoration, as to the desirableness of founding such classes, and in his "Adhortatio" he shows his strong desire for the spread of culture among all trades and ranks of labour. I remember the delight he expressed, not long before he died, at coming upon a watch-maker in Sydney who had attended the Latin lectures of that great scholar, Madvig, at Copenhagen; and his eagerness to bring about a like state of things here. He used to maintain too, that the study of the working of democracy in Greece would be of the greatest value to a community like ours.

On August 21st, 1883, Dr. Badham was entertained at a banquet given him by his old students and others of his friends and admirers, to celebrate

the completion of his seventieth year. There was a very large company present, including all that was most distinguished in the Colony in literature, science and politics. The chair was taken by Sir John Hay (President of the Legislative Council) in the unavoidable absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alfred Stephen. Dr. Badham's health was proposed by the Hon. W. B. Dalley, in a speech which was perhaps more laboured and less felicitous than his speeches usually were. Indeed, he was ill at the time. Of Dr. Badham's reply, Mr. Dalley afterwards wrote:—"No one who was present can ever forget the noble and affecting enthusiasm of that distinguished company, nor the pathetic acknowledgment of his gratitude on the part of the eloquent guest. His speech, though unequal in point of merit, was characterised by passages of as much tenderness and power and grace and humour as he ever spoke."

The last words Dr. Badham spoke in public were his wise and eloquent words of exhortation to the pupils at the opening of the Sydney Public High School. He had taken a very strong interest in the foundation of high schools throughout the Colony, and was consulted on all important questions connected therewith by the Minister of Instruction (the Hon. G. H. Reid).

Though Dr. Badham's health was never robust, he was yet able to fulfil his duties at the University with the utmost regularity for well nigh seventeen years, without any leave of absence. But in the early part of 1883, symptoms of a grave disorder presented themselves; and though he struggled bravely on through that year, in December he was fairly overcome. He then went for a short time to his country home in the Blue Mountains, to the pure air and quiet and peacefulness of which he had felt himself indebted for much restoration of strength in his last years. But this time it was unavailing, and he soon came back to the University to die. He lingered on till the 27th of February, 1884, on the night of which he died in his seventy-first year. His illness was accompanied with great pain, which he bore with the utmost fortitude, though he looked forward with longing to the final rest. Almost immediately before his death, he wrote with trembling hand the following letter to his old friend, Professor Cobet:—"Vale, in aeternum vale, omnium amicorum suavissime. Volui te

scire me tui in ipsa morte non immemorem fuisse. Per tres menses cum hoc malo luctavi; pylorum graviter affectum esse medici pronuntiant. Haec ad te non mittentur, nisi postquam obiero. Saluta dilectam filiam, caeterosque.—C. B."

On the 29th of February, he was buried in the Church of England Cemetery at North Shore. His funeral was one of the largest that has ever taken place in Sydney, and was attended by representative men of all classes, professions, and occupations, from the Prime Minister to a member of the police force who had been one of the students whom he had instructed through the post office. His coffin was borne to the grave by a number of bursars who wished thus to show their gratitude to their benefactor. The bursars also united in subscribing to erect a monument over his grave, which is severely simple in accordance with his own desire and that of his widow. His death was sincerely and deeply mourned by all University men who felt that they had lost not only a great teacher, but a wise adviser and a true friend. Many were the acts of kindness that he had done his old students. He was always eager to help them to get settled in life, and generously used his influence and lent them the weight of his name to aid their first efforts. He especially endeavoured to procure places as teachers for such as wished to adopt that profession, and by no means looked with favour on the method then generally pursued of filling all posts, however small, with men educated elsewhere. He always contended that the young men of the Colony should have every proper opportunity afforded them of showing what was in them, and maintained that we should never produce a class of learned men without more encouragement than used to be given them. Happily his views are now becoming generally entertained.

As for Professor Badham's lectures, they were probably in many ways as great an intellectual treat as could be got in any class room in our generation. He was not like Scaliger who, as Mark Pattison tells us, abhorred teaching; but rather like Chaucer's clerk of Oxenforde, for

"Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

To his vast and accurate knowledge of the classical writers, stored up

in a memory, as capacious, perhaps, as any man has ever been endowed with, he added an enthusiasm which old age did not dim, fine taste, sound judgment, brilliant wit, marvellous fertility and felicity of illustration,—and all set off by a blended dignity and charm of manner which held his young hearers captive. To them it was a real revelation to hear the true power and significance of noble and eloquent and pathetic passages brought home to their intellects and their hearts from the lips of one who by "lungo studio e grande amore" seemed to have well nigh incorporated them with his being. No one who has heard him will ever forget the trembling voice and faltering accents with which he read Plato's story of the last hours of Socrates, or the chorus in the "Agamemnon" which tells of the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, or Thucydides' pathetic narrative of the end of the Athenian expedition to Sicily. Nor will they forget the superb scorn and fiery passion with which he hurled forth the invective of Demosthenes, or the last speech of Dido, or the fierce denunciations of Tiresias in the Oedipus Rex: nor again the refined humour with which he would reproduce scenes from Terence (an author whom he knew by heart), or the grand roll with which he poured forth the magnificent periods of Cicero. To a smaller number it was most interesting to witness the rare acumen (to use Dr. Rutherford's expression) with which he discussed the *textus receptus* of Thucydides or Plato, and the masterly skill with which he set about the restoration to those *capitalia ingenia* of the words, or, at least, the sense of which they had been bereft by many successions of ignorant or careless copyists. He used to insist on the necessity of obtaining a proper acquaintance with the true Attic dialect, for the knowledge of which we are so largely indebted to Cobet; and entered with keenness into the discussion of questions of syntax, in connexion with which he would denounce the half-knowledge of many who were considered authorities of some name. It was his habit to illustrate the classical author he had in hand by quotations from Dante, or Goethe, or Burke, or Jeremy Taylor, or Coleridge, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or others of the multitude of great writers, whose works he had stored up in his truly marvellous memory, and passages from which welled up spontaneously as he went along. As the writer in the *Saturday Review* well said of him in

his obituary notice—"through his habit of constantly illustrating one author by another and one literature by another, he taught his pupils to look on letters as a whole." It was also a rare pleasure to hear him turning English into Greek or Latin, discussing the proper force and meaning of words, and displaying wonderful ingenuity in the discovery of ancient equivalents for modern terms. He had a fine ear for Latin rhythm, and was master of Latin style of great force and elegance, as may be seen from the portion of his "Adhortatio" printed in this volume, or from his "Epistola ad Senatum Academicum Lugdunensem Batavorum," prefixed to his edition of Plato's Euthydemus and Laches.*

Dr. Badham's lectures were always enlivened by keen wit and racy humour, and occasionally by a storm of invective that burst upon the head of some unhappy student who had shown more than ordinary ignorance, or idleness, or perverseness. His temper was indeed quick, but we may truly apply to him Horace's words where he describes himself as being

"Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem."

To the backward, however, Dr. Badham was most considerate, if they made any proper effort to improve, and he freely gave of his spare time to helping them. He was always anxious that too great burdens should not be imposed on students, and used to denounce the notion, which he considered that some who were then in authority entertained, that the

* As a beautiful specimen of his Latin, I have thought it right here to preserve the inscription which he wrote to be placed on the golden salver presented to Dr. Newman by his Australian admirers on his elevation to the Cardinalate. The inscription is as follows:—

Iohanni Henrico Newman,
Qui omnia,
Quæ a Deo acceperat
Singulare ingenium miram subtilitatem
Inventionem in paucis felicem
Doctrinam quam nihil effugiebat
Quod ad humanam vitam pertineret,
Ad veritatis cognitionem et ad fratrum
Salutem sibi concessa ratus, spreta volgari
Facundia, Divinæ caritatis lampada
Tanquam unicæ ducis et magistræ secutus,
Adeo alte in hominum mentes descendit
Ut multos opinionum fallaciis obcæcatos
Et per incertas vias anxie trepidantes in luce
Et tranquillitate civitatis Dei collocaverit;
Pro tantis meritis et ob Principatus in Ecclesia
Dignitatem a Summo Pontifice
Plaudente orbe terrarum collatam
Fideles Sydneienses,
Ut sua quoque civitas
Communi gaudio intersit,
Simul et gratias agunt
Et gratulantur.

best mode of educating youth was to load their minds with a multiplicity of subjects, with the result that they were thus prevented from rightly using their reasoning faculty upon any. As he had found from long experience that the larger number of students did not learn enough Greek to make the study of that language profitable for them, he exerted himself, shortly after he came to our Colony, to have Greek made an optional subject at the University, and after some years he succeeded in effecting this.

His striking personality, the force of his character, the genuineness of his sympathy and the, I might almost say, fatherliness of his regard for his students made a deep impression on them, and his death was as keenly deplored by many of those whose strong point was football or cricket, as by those who devoted themselves to his own favourite studies. I should not omit to mention that, as became such a master of English, he was zealous for the preservation of the purity of our mother tongue, and steadily denounced the new-fangled expressions which were constantly cropping up, and which were marked neither by beauty nor by utility. He also set himself to try to preserve amongst us propriety in the pronunciation of English, and occasionally brought a blush to the cheek of his scholars by imitating their barbarous pronunciations, especially of the letter *i* and the diphthong *ow*.

He was always zealous for the promotion of education in the Colony, and the Hon. G. H. Reid, the Minister of Public Instruction who established our High Schools, acknowledged in a speech he made at the banquet to Dr. Badham his great indebtedness to the latter for his ever ready and wise advice in the matter. Not long after his arrival here, he made a vigorous attack on the method of teaching English in our public schools, maintaining that far too much time was spent upon the needless and sometimes false subtleties of analysis, and far too little in implanting in the children a taste and love for good literature.

Another instance of his zeal for the spread of knowledge and the cultivation of sound thought in our community is the patient industry and energy with which he discharged the duties of Chairman of Trustees of the Sydney Free Public Library from its foundation till his death.

As regards his own philological work, Dr. Badham, during his life in New South Wales, devoted himself mainly to Thucydides and Plato. In 1874 he sent to Cobet's journal, the *Mnemosyne*, a series of papers in which he proposed a large number of emendations upon the text of Thucydides, most of which are to be found in the edition of that author, by that distinguished scholar and disciple of Cobet, Herwerden. In 1878 he brought out a second edition of Plato's Philebus, of which his first edition had appeared in 1855. To this second edition is prefixed a critical letter on the Laws of Plato,* addressed to his friend Dr. Thompson, then Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the beginning of this letter he speaks of the second edition as "an attempt to redeem a hasty and crude performance by something which I shall be content to leave behind me." In 1883, the year before he died, he sent to the *Mnemosyne*, a number of papers upon the Laws of Plato, in which he shows all his old acumen and sagacity in dealing with the difficulties presented by the very corrupt text of that treatise. Some of his restorations appear to me to be as certain as any that have been made in the text of Plato. He had been labouring on the Laws for many years, as may be learnt from a letter to him by the Zurich Editor, Baiter, who wrote to Badham in 1855, "My edition of the unfortunate Laws has been finished, and your observations to them have not remained unprofited by, nor did they fail of being justly appreciated, not only by me, but also in Germany, and the enclosed notice of one of our Reviews (the 'Central Blatt') will give you proof of it." Most of his emendations on that author are to be found, with those of other scholars, at the foot of Schantz's edition. While in Australia, Dr. Badham also contributed a number of emendations on Æschylus, Sophocles, and some other Greek authors to the *Mnemosyne*. While speaking of his philological work, I may mention that the earliest reference I have been able to find to any emendation of his is by Burges, who, in two or three of his notes to his translation of Plato's "Politicus," alludes to an article of C. Badham in the *Surplice*,†

* A letter proposing a large number of emendations on the same treatise of Plato is prefixed to Dr. Badham's edition of Plato's *Convivium*, published in 1866.

† I may here add that Dr. Badham wrote a series of essays on the text of Shakspere in the *Surplice*, which were partially reprinted in 1846, with the title, "Criticism applied to Shakspere." He wrote an article on the "Text of Shakspere," in the Cambridge Essays of 1856.

of July 4, 1846, in which he proposed some emendations on the text of that dialogue. Professor Jebb, in his edition of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," refers to a volume of critical miscellanea, published by Badham in 1855. Stahl, in the "Adnotatio Critica" to his edition of the text of Thucydides, mentions emendations on that author, proposed by Badham, in the twenty-eighth volume of the "Rheinisches Museum." From one of Dr. Thompson's letters it appears that Badham also contributed to other Continental journals, but I have not been able to discover which they were. The Tragics, as he once said to me, were his early loves, and he devoted much time to them, especially to Euripides, in the earlier part of his life. As for the emendation of Æschylus and Sophocles, he agreed with his friend Cobet, who says, Æschylum et Sophoclem emendare ut volo, non possum; ut possum nolo. So the number of his emendations on these poets is comparatively small, though some of them appear to me to be very highly probable. Dr. Thompson, in a letter to Professor Lewis Campbell, written after Dr. Badham's death, alludes to a number of "bold but brilliant" emendations of Badham's upon Aristophanes, which he communicated to Thompson, at Ely, in 1857. These appear, unfortunately, to have been lost. Some of Badham's most probable restorations of the true texts of ancient authors may be found in his "Epistola ad Senatum Lugdunensem Batavorum," prefixed to his edition of Plato's "Euthydemus and Laches." His emendations cover a wide range of Greek authors, from Æschylus down to Synesius. One of his earliest was made on a hymn of Synesius, and on his showing it to Cobet, the latter exclaimed, "Si c' eût été quelque bon auteur!" He had assiduously studied the works of his great predecessors in criticism, and had a high admiration, in particular, of Scaliger, Bentley, Porson, Valcknaer, Ruhnken, Tyrwhitt, Elmsley, and Dobree; and, among his own contemporaries, of Cobet, and (for his work on the Latin authors) of Madvig. In recommending to a young disciple Bast's letter to Schæfer, on Palæography, he wrote, "It is a book I read diligently in early days." With regard to verbal criticism he remarks at the end of the introduction to to his second edition of the "Philebus," "I have known critics to be charged with making difficulties and fancying faults for the pleasure of displaying

their ingenuity in conjecture. The charge shows a thorough ignorance of the very frame of mind in which a critical scholar is obliged to work. Such an one well knows that if he durst so tamper with his own sense of truth, he would most certainly and speedily injure the one instrument on which he relies for success—his judgment. Others there are who treat all conjecturing as at best an effort of wit, and a pretty pastime. Such persons seem not to have considered that, if the ἄπειρον of verbal criticism consists of changes of similar letters and compendia, transpositions, bracketings, and indications of hiatus, the πέρας which is to bring these elements to a γένεσις is, not a dithyrambic ecstasy which exults in its own contortions, and tosses about wildly whatever it picks up, but a cold, severe, watchful calculation of probabilities, which shuns all outbreaks of fancy as interruptions of its work." As for Badham's own labours on the great Greek authors, we may well apply to him Cobet's words used of himself, "Non inanem mihi ex his studiis gloriolam capto. Animus mihi pascitur illa quotidiana cum capitalibus ingeniis familiaritate et consuetudine unde ad præclara omnia erigimur et incendimur."

In his friendships, Dr. Badham was fortunate in Australia as in the old world. There he had the friendship of men like Cobet, Dr. Thompson, F. D. Maurice, Cardinal Newman, Thackeray, Sir Theodore Martin, Lord Houghton, Lord Lyttellton. Among his friends here were Mr. Dalley (of his friendship with whom Dr. Badham spoke in such touching and beautiful words at his banquet), Sir James Martin, Mr. William Forster, Sir William Macleay, and Professor Stephens.

Dr. Badham was a man of lofty character, actuated by a high sense of duty, full of scorn (which some thought he too freely expressed) for meanness, trickery, and every form of dishonesty; generous in a very great degree, candid, quick to take offence, but most placable. He was, too, a man of brilliant wit, rare command of language, varied knowledge of life and art, of the most polished and refined manners. Mr. Dalley speaks, in the notice I have already referred to, of his "marvellous gifts as a brilliant member of society. No one (he adds) was more fitted to adorn and delight the most cultivated circles; and no one

more keenly appreciated the pleasures of refined social intercourse." Sir Theodore Martin, in the dedication of his translation of Catullus to Dr. Badham, has happily described

> "The lightning gleam that lit
> His eye before each burst of wit,"

and his talk so rich

> "With fancy, feeling, thought, and lore,
> Where learning graced with playful art
> The higher wisdom of the heart."

Dr. Badham was of middle height, and of his appearance in later life a good notion may be formed from the excellent engraving after a photograph by J. H. Newman, prefixed to this book. There is also a full length portrait of him, painted by S. Anivitti, in the great hall of the University, which was presented by a number of his friends, some years before his death. He was twice married, and was the father of nine children, six of whom now survive him.

A few months after his death, a large public meeting was held in Sydney, at which it was decided that some memorial of Dr. Badham should be created. The sum of over fifteen hundred pounds was subscribed, five hundred pounds of which were given to his widow, and it was resolved that she should enjoy during her life the interest of the remaining thousand, and that that sum should thereafter be devoted to the founding of a bursary, in aid of poor scholars, to be called the Badham Bursary.

His memory is, and long will be, cherished by many who learnt from him to admire and love all that is noble and honorable in literature and in life.

THOMAS BUTLER.

COMMEMORATION, 1867.

Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of the Senate, Graduates and Students of this University—I rejoice at this opportunity of expressing to you, in the presence of this large and distinguished assembly, the deep acknowledgments I feel for the honour conferred upon me by your representatives in England, and for the generous welcome whereby you have ratified their choice. If this were an occasion of personal display, I might, indeed, instead of rejoicing, have risen full of misgiving and fear. I feel, however, that this is not an occasion of the intellect, but of the heart. I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to you, and that you have a right to receive my assurance, which I now give, that I regard all these honours and praises which have been so lavishly poured upon me in no spirit of vainglorious triumph, but with a deeper conviction of the solemn importance of that office of which I have to perform the duties, when I see in what estimation it is held among you. It is, indeed, to no ordinary post that I have been called, and your estimation of it makes me feel more than ever how worthy of unceasing labour and vigilance and devotion it is to be a Professor in the University of Sydney. This University itself is a monument of extraordinary wisdom and public spirit. In the contemplation of such a monument we cease to wonder that in the times of ancient Greece the man who achieved the proudest title of all—the man who would secure to himself the affections of his fellow-men while living, and divine honours after death—was he that should acquire the august title of a founder. And if to found a city be a great and noble work, much more is it a great and noble work to found that which gives to civil society its dignity, its permanence. If this be true in all cases, much more is it true in the case of a colony gradually growing to the proportions and expanding into the conditions of a great nation. I have said that to give civil society its dignity and its permanence is the peculiar function of a university. Although industry and the spirit of adventure may bring civilization to unknown shores—as in this particular instance it was brought here—the spirit of industry and the spirit of adventure cannot create civilization; neither can they arrest its inevitable decay if the conditions of its existence are not carefully maintained. By the same arts, by the same studies, by the same devotion of the higher principles and faculties in man which created it must it always and for ever be maintained.

This, then, is the great and peculiar function of the University of Sydney; and it is more especially and more emphatically true in this country than in any other, if, indeed, I have not been grossly misinformed since my arrival in this place. A man need not have been many days in this colony without having heard from persons of all parties two complaints as to the constitution of our society—first, that we are too fluctuating a population; and, secondly, that our youth are so entirely wedded to those pursuits which develop the physical energies that they have little taste or time for intellectual acquirements. The remedy for these evils is precisely in the foundation and in the active and conscientious working of such an institution as the University of Sydney. If we do our duty conscientiously —we who are called to be the governors of this institution—not only to impart knowledge to those who attend our lectures here, but also to provide for proper subjects and proper tutors throughout the length and breadth of the land, fathers of families, instead of looking upon this colony as a mere place of temporary resort during the accumulation of their wealth, will be more disposed to look upon it as the home of their final adoption; and the youth who have under the shades of this academy found all their highest tastes and faculties expand—who have formed here their academic friendships—who have experienced here all the fever of academic competition—who have obtained here the rewards of academic industry—cannot but look upon the land which owns this University as their country and their home. If, moreover, we steadily keep in view (as I hope I shall do, and as I know the members of the Senate generally do) that this is the University of the people of New South Wales—not a place for the glorification of particular individuals, but a university for that which will one day be a great nation—and if we work conscientiously towards this end, we shall spread a spirit of emulation throughout the youth of the colony which will gradually, as I hope, sever them from those more physical pursuits to which they are now said to be pretty exclusively addicted.

But I am not only called to bear a part in the government of the University: I am called to be the Professor of Classics and Logic. Mr. Chancellor and Gentlemen—You will not expect me before such an assembly as this—before the assembly of a learned body—to defend the cause of classical studies. They are much more easily defended in practice, if taught aright, than they can be defended in words if taught amiss; for it is quite possible so to teach Latin and Greek as to justify all the bitter things that have been said against them. If they are taught in a proper spirit, then I say that no one who looks upon the utility which they confer can for a moment gainsay the propriety of maintaining them in this place. If it be useful to give clearness to young men's intelligence; if it be useful to elevate their

taste, to teach them discrimination in the use of words, to accustom them to weigh the force of expressions, to give them a tact for evidence, to encourage their sagacity in the detection of error, and at the same time their common sense in not allowing an overweening sagacity to carry them out of their depth; if along with all this we can transmit to them those great moral and historical truths which are the heirlooms of antiquity, and which the men of every age are bound to hand down to their successors—

"Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt;"

if all this is useful, and if all this is what we profess, surely there is no defence needed for such pursuits as these; and no man will despise them but he who has learned to despise everything except sensual pleasure and the art of procuring the means by which it is to be compassed.

Mr. Chancellor—You alluded to the great neglect that prevailed among the students of this colony of the English Language: at least, you implied that there was a certain defect, in announcing the remedies that had been taken to prevent it in future. I scarcely think it can be considered a consolation when I inform you that in England I have noticed, from year to year, the steady decline of the same pursuit—the steady increase of the same kind of ignorance—in proportion as the rank fertility of what are called "works of fiction" has developed amongst us. In my youthful days not only the more apt scholars among us, but pretty nearly every schoolboy, knew something of Shakspere and Pope and Dryden and Gray and Goldsmith, besides the interest he felt in what were then the recent works of Byron and Wordsworth. But now all this is changed. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is a thing unknown to modern youthful literati. The study of Spenser and Milton and Shakspere and Dryden and Pope has gone down; but it has not gone down through any over-devotion to classical studies, for they have most certainly gone down too. And I may be permitted to observe that so long as a man teaches classics not in the spirit of a dull mechanical pedant, but in the spirit of an enthusiastic professor—(and what professor is worth the name if he be not enthusiastic?)—it is quite certain that those in whom he kindles a love of the ancient literature will not be long before they seek out for themselves all that is admirable in the masters of thought and diction in our own language. I spoke of being an enthusiastic professor, and of the great things that might be done by kindling enthusiasm in the hearts of my hearers; but all this I feel would be a vain and idle boast if I were contented to look upon the close of the lecture-room as a sign that my professorial duties had ceased. A professor, especially a Professor of Classics, to justify his appointment and fulfil his mission, must learn to look upon his leisure as no longer his own. He must learn cheer-

fully to consecrate many of his evenings and much of his vacation to his hearers. He must be ready at all times; he must be accessible at every moment to those who desire either to consult him in the choice of their books, or to ask his advice in the solution of their difficulties; he must, as it were, admit them to his philological privacy, and exercise the modest hospitality of a scholar amongst them. It is only by familiar conversation with their professor they can learn that his devotion to the muse is no mere lip-service for public occasions, but that it is the most cherished motive of his life.

My great, accomplished, and illustrious predecessor was not only a sound scholar, but, as you are all aware, he was a most accomplished metaphysician and logician; and this combination of logic and classics I believe he owed to the University in which he early distinguished himself as one of its most talented members. Oxford has always considered those two branches as studies which ought to be pursued together. But the combination is due to far older days than those of the commencement of Oxford. It is as old as the Greek dialecticians. It is older than even Plato and Aristotle. Indeed, it is founded on the very nature of the thing, for what can be more just or reasonable than that the science of language should be considered as introductory to the science of the laws of thought—that Grammar should be the handmaid of Logic? Anybody who will take the trouble to study carefully the writings of Immanuel Kant—I mention him as one of the most striking examples, though it is true universally—will see that it is most certain that by the investigation of all that is permanent and essential in language, and by the careful distinction of that from what is merely accidental and particular, we arrive at last at an insight into the laws of thought. So it is equally true, on the other hand, that it is by going back to the living realities of language that we learn to disenthral ourselves from the sorcery of mere dialectical abstractions. But whilst I entirely and cordially agree with those who consider that logic and classics ought to be studied in combination, I am equally zealous that logic should not be divorced from its other sisters. I think that while we teach the laws of thought—that is to say, the science which tells us of the operations of the mind—we should also be careful in teaching that science which speaks of its faculties and its powers. And while we speak of the laws of thought, we should also be able to tell our students something of the objects of thought—that is to say, the great truths of ethical and political philosophy. I shall be very glad if the day ever presents itself—and the sooner the better—when we shall place logic not at the end of the curriculum in the third year of academical study, but in the first, to serve successively as an introduction to metaphysical and to ethical science.

I have received that which I would now gladly exchange for some-

thing far better suited to my condition. I have received many undeserved praises, which are not only unsuited to me because they are undeserved, but they are even unfavourable to me, because they raise expectations which I know can never be fulfilled. How gladly would I purchase, at the price of all these commendations and all these generous beliefs in my capacity, a little assurance of forbearance and indulgence to my efforts! You have been generous in one instance, and I trust and believe that you will be generous throughout. If I am very patient of advice, if I always endeavour to show myself amenable to correction, you will not be extreme to mark my errors, and I shall endeavour to make myself more and more able in the discharge of my duty, more and more capable of pleasing you, so long as it is my lot to live and labour amongst you. Once more, and from the bottom of my heart, I thank you.

COMMEMORATION, 1868.

Mr. Chancellor—I do not seize upon this opportunity, but it seizes upon me, and carries me away with it, whether I will or no, impelling me to speak before His Excellency and this distinguished audience, of things which concern the interests of this colony as well as the honour of the University to which I belong. The topic to which I wish to draw the attention of my fellow-citizens more especially is one which really requires something like an authoritative declaration from ourselves. It is a topic of immense importance; and I wish now, once for all, with the permission of yourself and the Senate, to lay down the standard of proficiency which we require from our students at all the successive stages of their career: and in order to do so intelligibly and compendiously, I propose to speak of the standard of admission to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Measuring backward from that, it will be very easy for any intelligent person to ascertain what the standard should be for matriculation and for each successive year of study. My reason for wishing to do so now is because I am afraid that the University may be exposed to a twofold suspicion. There may be some who will say—"This University is only a *colonial* institution!" Then, with that unhappy tendency to depreciate everything that is colonial, they will assume that we admit all to degrees upon a lower standard than any European University would consider itself entitled to do. Again, there are others who may perhaps have heard that certain of the professors are great enthusiasts in their own particular branch. These persons will say—"Oh, these enthusiastic men think there is nothing like that to which they have dedicated their whole lives!" and they will immediately fly to the conclusion that the standard is likely to be a great deal too severe, and that the University will end by frightening off all the students who would otherwise gladly have profited by its services. In order to meet these two suspicions by one single and sufficient declaration, I wish now to state what I consider, and what I know the Senate to consider, to be the proper standard of proficiency for admission to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. We need not go far. We have not to build up any ideal standard of our own. In this, as in all other cases, it is a very good thing indeed to measure our duty by our privilege. Now, the privilege to which you alluded, and which Her Most

Gracious Majesty the Queen was pleased to grant us in our charter—(that our degrees should take an equal rank with those of the Universities in the United Kingdom)—that very privilege is the measure of our duty. If our degrees are to be reckoned equal in public estimation to the degrees of Oxford and Cambridge, all we have to do is to take care that the degree shall not be given except to an equal amount of proficiency. It is no very high standard, after all; and it has the great advantage of being uniform. I will speak of the uniformity first. Nothing could be more mischievous, nothing more unjust to the students of successive years, than that they should not know precisely the measure of proficiency that will be required of them. Now, our measure of proficiency, if we follow the standard of the English Universities, will never change: we shall always require, I will not say precisely the same books, but precisely the same amount of previous training. In order to make this a little more intelligible, I would fain speak of that which has been so often spoken of already, but in a way that has never yet perfectly satisfied me—I mean of the true nature of classical education. We do not want to teach our youth the contents of certain Greek and Latin books merely. We do not teach Latin and Greek because it is Latin and Greek; we teach those things because they are the means of an intellectual culture which is afforded in no other study. Take a youth, and train him to think in a foreign language, and immediately his ideas are enlarged. He immediately begins to analyse the conceptions of his mind. That which was formerly familiar to him, and seemed to be obvious, now undergoes a fresh analysis. He becomes more conscious of his own mental operations by the continual comparison of his own language with that of others, and begins to distinguish between what is accidental in thought and what is essential. Why do we choose the ancient languages for this? Because, simply, in their very form and in the composition of their words, they invite this analysis; they provoke it; indeed, they are unintelligible without it. So much for the uniformity of the standard which we require. We require that there should be the same amount of mental training. The mere facts are nothing. It is as old a truth as Heraclitus, and (I will answer for it) a great deal older, that mere multiplicity of knowledge does not inform the understanding. The material of knowledge is a material to be wrought upon by the mind, and it is in the exercise or working up of that material that the true secret of education consists. As long as we hold to this—as long as we believe that the excellency of these things is not in having read a certain amount of authors, in having managed to guess or to feel one's way through a certain amount of classical writers, but that it consists in acquiring a kind of Greek and Latin conception—(I had almost said a Greek and Latin grammatical conscience)—as long as we mean this by classical education, so long will

there be no kind of caprice, no kind of variableness or fluctuation in our standard, because we shall teach that which is sufficient for our purpose. We shall not care so much for the amount of matter which has been exhausted by the student, as for the amount of mental ability he has acquired in the practice. In the next place, I think that in following the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge we shall not only have a uniform standard, but also one easy of access. I know very well there is a great demand in the present day for modern languages, and I should be the last in the world to complain of such a study being encouraged. I know that there is a great deal said for physics, and I, as an old schoolmaster, have tried the experiment of physical science over and over again when I saw an incapacity for grammar; but I confess I have found the same incapacity for grammar reproduce itself as an incapacity for physics when these were made a study. I believe much in chemistry, but I do not believe in chemistry as it is taught at schools. I believe a History of England, or a little "Robinson Crusoe," and a few catherine-wheels would answer all the purposes of a chemical lecture. There are the words—mere words they are. There are the fireworks, and mere fireworks they are to any but the intelligent student; but the intelligent student was intelligent in grammar already. Now I think if we maintain the old Oxford and Cambridge standard no impartial man can say that we are setting up that which is unattainable by ordinary diligence or by ordinary ability. Combine these two, and anyone may aspire to a degree in our University. Of course, for those who are formed of better clay, who have something of the divine touch of scholarship about them—or for those who are cast in a more gigantic mould, and are capable in early years of devouring folios,—for all those Apollos and Herculeses we shall have something more. We invite them to honours, medals, prizes and such other things as you have seen distributed to-day. But for the ordinary useful citizen, or one intended to be so, that amount of Greek or Latin which is sufficient for the development of thought is all-sufficient, and that is not difficult of attainment. It requires simply ordinary capacity, and a certain amount of conscientious application. We are not going to place this prize at the top of a ladder, to be mounted by mere mechanical gradation. We are going to put it, as we have put it already, at the top of a pole. The pole will be a low one, but we shall take good care that it is always well greased in order to develop the logical and grammatical tenacity of those who aspire to the leg of mutton on the top. I hope I have said enough in defence of this University as regards its requirements of those who come to its courses.

But now I must take off the character of a defendant, and assume for a while the character of a plaintiff. Mr. Chancellor—I think that this

occasion is both solemn enough and appropriate enough to justify me in making an additional appeal to that which you have already made to this colony—at the same time conveying a modest but firm complaint that they have not supported this University as they should do. This is a day of commemoration. We commemorate the wise and public-spirited men who caused the colony to found this University; we commemorate the wisdom of the colony itself in founding it; we commemorate the generosity of our benefactors. I above all have reason to thank those persons. They have put me in a place of emolument and dignity. That emolument is secured to me by their own act, and that dignity is ratified to me by the kindness of my fellow-citizens. But I want another and a greater honour, and that is the honour I claim from my fellow-citizens now. I, speaking in my own name and in the name of my brother professors, claim something more than money and something more than mere social position, namely, the honour of being useful. I claim that our influence should hereafter be felt in your Houses of Parliament, at your Bar, and in the practice of your medical men; nay, that its influence should be felt in the home of every squatter, and in the council chamber of even the smallest municipality. I claim that the common sense, that the temperance which is begot by study, should reappear, as coming from this source, in the character of our citizens of hereafter. And above all, I claim in the common interests of the whole land, that the ministry of the different religious denominations of this colony should undergo the same training as the rest of your youth. This, I say, has not been done in a manner which has perfectly satisfied us. We regret that among our benefactors whom we have to commemorate this day, our fellow-citizens, the parents in this colony, are not entitled to a prominent place. I must make an exception, especially in that which is of all things most important —and the exception I will make is with regard to one of the religious denominations, whose support we have received from the very commencement—I mean the Presbyterian body of Christians. By far the largest contribution of our students is from them. They are Scotchmen; that is to say, they are men who, by hereditary right, are cautious, prudent, and temperate. They are men who, by the conservation of wholesome traditions of domestic simplicity, yet maintain the character of a God-fearing community. They are men who, by right of conquest and by priority of occupation, may consider themselves pre-eminent in the knowledge of the human mind. Their eminence in psychology dates before that of any other nation in the world. As cautious and prudent men, they know very well that if they pretended to despise classical learning the contempt would rebound upon themselves. They know very well that persons would immediately be found to say, you hate all that is classical because you have

no tincture of it. They are familar enough with it, and therefore they will not undergo the unmerited opprobrium. They are God-fearing men; they walk in the ways of Providence, and they know it is no mere pagan truth, although the pagans themselves were acquainted with it—

"Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit."

They know that it is the will of the Almighty that every human means shall be employed to spread His truth, though His truth is able to spread itself independently of man's effort. They know also as metaphysicians and psychologists, and men who are always observing the human heart, that intellectual ignorance is no sort of specific against intellectual pride; that the cultivated garden is less likely to be infested with the weeds of arrogance and self-sufficiency than the fallow field. They know that if you would get rid of all that mounded-up rubbish and rank luxuriance of an untaught and untrained intellect you must have the courage to drive the ploughshare of education across it, and reduce it to its level by education. Therefore they send their youth to us to take out of them all the conceit of ignorance—

"Cumulosque ruunt male pinguis arenae."

When I say that the Presbyterians do this, I mean exceptionally, of course, and only in degree. I am glad to say that many other religious bodies have extended to us some portion at least of their confidence. Oh that I could say in regard to the Church of England—the Church of Bull, of Barrow, of Jeremy Taylor, of Saunderson, and Pearson, and Waterland (the Church to which I belong and which I venerate)—that it was entitled to a conspicuous place among them for this! But it is a painful subject. I look now for that *pax et concordia* which seems to be reviving among us for fair judgment and reconsideration of all the grounds that may concern the spiritual chiefs of our Church and this University respectively—for a fair and open and manly reconsideration of the questions between them, and am content to dwell in hope. I dare not trust myself with this subject any longer: it is the accumulated pain and the accumulated fear of having an ignorant clergy thrust upon us which has wrung from me these few involuntary words.

Mr. Chancellor—I pass from this subject to another, and assume again the character of a defendant. Perhaps I may mention what are the causes of the prejudices which will always arise against all public bodies, and of which we have had an ample share. There is misapprehension such as that I have dealt with already. Then, again, there is the very large item of wounded vanity; and, last of all, there is simple misinformation, and the misinformation itself of course very often springs out of the wounded vanity. There is a tremendous calumny hanging over our heads, which seems ready, by mere dint of its cubic weight, to crush us into atoms. But then, a little honest

inquiry, just slightly piercing into the circle of this gigantic balloon, lets out all the unwholesome gases of egotism and envy, and the calumny collapses. How do these falsehoods spring? They are "tentative falsehoods," to use an expression of Paley. "I do not know what the practice of the University is about such matters," says one, "but I will soon ascertain; I will make a statement at haphazard!" It is a very original way of moving for returns; but I am very sure, as far as I have been able to study the temper and character of the Senate, and as far as I know myself, these returns are not likely to be elicited in this manner. But on this occasion I will condescend to inform my fellow-citizens how grossly they have been abused in one or two particulars, and they will judge by them of the rest. It is said, for instance, that we are very aristocratic, and try, as far as possible, to keep our University exclusively for those of a certain social rank. My friends in Birmingham would be very much astonished indeed to hear that I was charged with any participation in any aristocratic plot. They would immediately think I had become not only one of the physical, but also one of the moral antipodes to those with whom it was my privilege to work. But on behalf of the whole Senate, on behalf of my brother Professors and myself, I disclaim and repudiate such a charge. Our most anxious considerations have been, What can we concede without injuring education? This has been the whole and sole motive of every exclusion we have been obliged to make. The exclusions are of this kind: Men apply to us for degrees. They are men in mature life; they want the title, the honour. But we are not put here to give titles or honours; we are put here to give certificates of proficiency and to encourage education. We are not put here as a mere Heralds' College, to give blazons of personal vanity to those who apply for them. Still we have no objection to give any gentleman, reverend or otherwise, an M.A. or B.A., or anything else we can, only we must not be in the meanwhile undermining the great cause of education committed to us. Then there are younger men, who say they want to be exempt from lectures. We are very willing, as far as we are concerned, to exempt them from lectures. That we have no cupidity about these lectures is evident, because when men are too poor to pay they come gratuitously. We are not avaricious. Ambitious we may be, perhaps, but avarice does not belong to any one of the Professors. When these men want to be exempt from lectures, we are obliged to look and see what sort of examinations men excused from lectures are likely to pass; and then come up before my mind's eye the dreary reminiscences of my office in the University of London. I believe I was obliged to pluck about one-third of the candidates who presented themselves. It was inexplicable, until you came to look at the lists where the college, or whatever it was, was opposite

the name. Then in a list of three hundred candidates you would see one-third "private study." The private study was the whole explanation of it; and if we were to encourage what is called "private study," we should get nothing but cram—men coming to disgorge so much "Bohn" upon us, or so much "Giles," or whatever names the precious cribs might have—no knowledge of the language, no proof of exercised thought or of training whatsoever. We are obliged, in common compassion for these men, to say—"No! the interests of education in the colony and the paucity of masters able to teach you are such that, unless you can bring forward proof that you are under some *status pupillaris*, you must come to the Professors' lectures." Supposing these men could pass the B.A. degree—that is to say, we could frame such an examination as would let them through—what becomes of the professions I made just now, that we do not care for the *matter* of knowledge except so far as it is a vehicle for the *spirit*, that Greek and Latin are not taught for the sake of Greek and Latin, much less for the sake of those wretched traducers of the ancient wits who call themselves translators? It is not for the sake of such study as that, but for the sake of the development of thought. What development of thought would it be if we left men without anyone to guide them in their study? Therefore I say, with all my sympathies for the people, which have been long known and tried—with all my sympathies for poor students—I still join that band which resolutely rejects anything like a suicidal application of this sort. Prove to me first that you have some one to guide you, and that you are really too far from the University, either by distance or by the nature of your occupation—prove this to me, and you are admitted as a student, and can take your degree at the proper time; but let me not hear of your coming up once a year to give me the result of your private and unassisted lucubrations. There is one University I have the greatest respect for that has tried this experiment: I mean that of Dublin. I do not consider the French University is at all in point. It looks at first as if the French University conferred degrees upon every one who came; but if you look a little more closely into it you see that throughout all the Lycées of France there are the same things studied; professors in all great institutions are teaching the same lessons, and with the same object—that of preparation for what is called the "*Baccalauréat-ès-Lettres.*" So far do the Lycées correspond to the body that grant degrees, that there is an old story told of M. de Falloux, who, pulling out his watch, said, "At this moment every professor in France is teaching the geography of Asia Minor." Well, I do not think we are at all liable to the charge of exclusiveness on that ground.

But we are exclusive, I am told, because we do not confer all kinds of *ad eundem* degrees. If there is one thing the Senate has been anxious

to do, it has been to reconcile the just claims of the old graduates of this University, who have borne the burden and heat of the day here, with proper respect to gentlemen residing in Sydney who are graduates of other universities. I would gladly admit all such to the degree they had from their own academic body; but we do something pretty nearly analogous. We say—"You have taken a Bachelor's degree elsewhere. Come up to us for the Master's degree; we will grant you the same status, although we cannot grant you the same gradus. Undergo an examination for the Mastership of Arts, and then you are a member of our University, and will share in all its privileges; but if you claim to be a Master merely out of compliment, just consider what a labyrinth you put us into." We take Oxford men and Cambridge men; then come Dublin and Edinburgh men; then there are the other Scotch Universities and the Continental Universities, and we know not where to stop. What are we to do? Are we to swamp those who have gone through a regular course here in expectation that one day they will be able to sway the destinies of their Alma Mater—swamp them with persons from different parts of the world, so that at last those who belong to Sydney University by right of birth are outvoted by the rest? This would be altogether unjust. What I was willing to see done—what the Chancellor has already alluded to—has, I am sorry to say, been frustrated by some persons in the Legislative Assembly, who, no doubt, are wiser in this matter than ourselves. We wished to confer the privilege of M.A. upon all those who have in any way become entitled to it by their standing in other universities, but not the privilege of voting. Even this was denied to us. We were refused the privilege of conferring a complimentary degree upon any distinguished visitor who happened to be amongst us. There are men in this colony now to whom I would gladly give the degree of Doctor or Master of Arts, by way of compliment to them, but especially as it would honour ourselves, as showing that we can discern great merit. There are men (I dare not mention their names) now resident in Sydney, but of European reputation in their several branches, who are ignored by this University because we are powerless to pay them such a compliment. Other universities have associated the names of the greatest scholars with their annals by this means, but it seems the Senate of the University of Sydney is not to be trusted with such important functions. This, I fear, lies at the bottom of everything. Instead of *pax et concordia*, which I just now exacted of students, there is nothing but suspicion and mean motives, and every kind of low investigation into every kind of possible and impossible corruption. I am sure the Senate of the University of Sydney had a full right to be entrusted with such functions, and I hope for better days.

I wish now to pass to a livelier subject. One gentleman, one very curious specimen indeed of a newspaper correspondent, whom I think it would be worth while to lay hold of, in case we take the census of all the mosquitoes in the colony, after minute investigation, in the stealthiest possible manner, has attacked us from behind, and he wounded us in one of our tenderest parts—he wounded us in our hoods. He said, "That hood is the hood of the University of Dublin, and you have no business with it: you are sailing under false colours—you try to make students mistaken for graduates of the University of Dublin." It seems to me, Mr. Chancellor, that if you or I were engaged in a certain species of merchandise which is much patronised in this colony, and wanted a brand or label for the utterance of our swipy wares, we should certainly fly at the very highest trade-mark we could get. We should take Bass's or Allsopp's—in other words, the University of Oxford and Cambridge, and not something of inferior value. Not that I wish to speak with disrespect of the University of Dublin; but still, if we were trading upon public credulity, of course we should consult public taste, and there can be no doubt that in public taste a degree of the University of Dublin is much smaller beer than a degree of the University of Oxford or Cambridge; and therefore I say, in that case, we should have usurped the Oxford hood or the Cambridge hood. I do not exactly know what our hood is; I know we are limited to a very small sphere of colours. All the mauves and magentas are appropriated to us who are in advanced life, and therefore stand more in need of ornament; and we leave the sober colours for those in youth who need to have their beauty toned down. I do not know how we could honestly choose a hood without impinging upon the choice of some other university. We cannot give them an opossum skin or an emu's tail. They might be more appropriate, but then they are not academical. Our choice alternates from black to brown, or from brown to black, with so many lines of russet intervening.

Mr. Chancellor—All that I have said has been torn from me by circumstances. I would gladly have been mute on this occasion, as you well know. I have greatly trespassed on the time of this audience, and on the time of His Excellency and of the Senate; but before I sit down I would fain record my deep gratitude for the attention which has been lent to me by His Excellency the Governor and by the distinguished company that have come to witness these proceedings.

COMMEMORATION, 1869.

MR. CHANCELLOR—I believe there are many persons in this hall who will consider that the address which we have just listened to with so much interest would be an appropriate conclusion to this solemnity. Such persons will probably look with considerable objection on anything like a volunteered addition to the proceedings, in the shape of a speech from one of the Professors; and that objection will perhaps have tenfold strength in some minds when they find that the Professor who thus volunteers his comment to that clear and satisfactory text is myself. I know one person who would have left no protest untried—who would have resorted to any machination, however complex, in order to prevent me from uttering my sentiments upon this occasion. This conspirator against my freedom of utterance, this lier-in-wait to prevent my enjoying the publicity which I am supposed so much to thirst after, is no other than—myself. But there was one consideration which I found it impossible to overcome. I felt that, just as this large assemblage has been listening with great interest to the historical account of the past academic year from your lips as Chancellor, and just as the rest of the community will read with great interest that address when it is published—so there will be many who will feel great disappointment if the teaching body of this University (who may be supposed to be not unintelligent observers of the course which education is taking in this colony) should appear utterly unconscious of the world without them. Now, as the Professor of Classics and of Logic—two things which are supposed to have some remote connection, at least, with the faculty of speech—I consider that this task naturally devolves upon me; and again, as the last arrived Professor, all extra work would naturally be allotted to my portion. Upon these two grounds it is that I wish now to make a very few remarks. It is only upon one condition that I was able to extort this much from myself. I had many very painful reasons indeed for wishing at this time to remain silent. But I obtained my own consent upon the distinct understanding and promise that I should be at once brief and specific. I know that in order to keep this resolution—in order to offend no one—I must remember that there is a class in this, as in every other community, who insist upon the same dragging, even pace through all subjects, and who would resent the slightest introduction of anything in the way of playfulness. Gentlemen unaccus-

tomed to horse exercise are apt to consider all the playful curvettings of the animal they bestride as so many malicious intentions to deposit them and their dignity in the mud. And so the smallest freak of fancy or playfulness on the part of a speaker—the slightest gambado of pleasantry by which a speaker loves to enliven his own paces in plodding through a weary theme —is apt to provoke certain persons, as though they were threatened with the loss of their dignity and self-importance. But on this occasion I am on my guard. I will not be pleasant, and I will provoke no one, unless it be by intense dulness.

The point of view at which I have lately been considering the University is this: many persons may consider that if not an unnecessary, it is at least a premature institution. I think that the strongest answer I can give to that is to bid them remember what an influence such a body as this must needs exercise upon the classical schoolmasters of the colony. Let such persons only ask themselves how great and how salutary such an influence must be; or, rather, let them ask the good schoolmasters of New South Wales—and I am thankful to say there are a great many of them—whether they do not admit that our influence is for good, and that they need their hands to be strengthened by some institution like this? The battle of schoolmasters—of good schoolmasters—throughout the world is twofold. They have to fight against competing impostors, and they have to fight against parental prejudice. It is of the latter that I intend now to speak as briefly as I can. I wish to speak it with all tenderness, because I believe that this parental prejudice is itself the result of want of education, and feel that parents should least of all be reproached when they are endeavouring to rectify, in the case of their sons, that which was missing in their own. Still, is it not prejudice for one inexperienced in education to go to a schoolmaster to whom he is about to confide his son, and prescribe to him what is or is not an essential element in the training of the mind, what is or is not useful in education?—as if indeed the measure of usefulness were its immediate conversion into money. Of that kind of utility they are probably far better judges than any schoolmasters, who are generally a disinterested class. But, is the tact for evidence not useful? Is the power of persuading and influencing others not useful? Is it not useful for a young man to have gained habits of observation and reflection? Is it not useful for a young man to choose his pleasures with taste and elegance? And yet all these are the very things which the conscientious schoolmaster is aiming at, and towards these ends it is that he is shaping that which he calls education, and that which the parent is so very anxious to eliminate. I could give many instances of the peculiar formula with which young gentlemen are sent to school, both in this colony and elsewhere. "I do not wish my son to learn Euclid and Algebra; plain,

common arithmetic will be enough for him." "I don't want my son to have a high education; a plain, good education is all that he will need." But the formula above all which to me seems the most offensive (perhaps on account of some egotistical sympathies) is this—"I don't want my son to learn Greek!"

I would fain spend a few moments in protesting against this blind prejudice evinced towards the noblest language that ever was bestowed upon mankind. All that constitutes our modern civilization, the models of all that is excellent in art and in invention, the models of epic and lyrical poetry, of tragedy and comedy, of history, philosophical and descriptive, of eloquence and philosophy, are to be found in the writers in that language. But then, it may be answered—"Let anyone who is anxious to find them, seek for them in translations! Why not read Homer, or Plato, or Sophocles, or Thucydides in a translation? The facts are facts in whatever words they are stated; and even real beauties will not cease to be beauties when they are divested of their accidental garb and assume some other!" To all which I answer, that it presupposes a very highly exercised perception, and a very exquisite taste indeed, for a person to discern the real beauties through the mist of a translation. It presupposes the very qualities which the student cannot have; for it is for the sake of acquiring them that he undertakes that labour. Surely, it would be a very strange kind of choice in some artist, for instance, if he should content himself with a wretched copy of "The Transfiguration" or of "The Madonna della Seggiola," when by a slightly fatiguing journey he might contemplate the authentic touches of Raphael's own pencil. But it is not so much of the works as of the language itself that I wish to speak, because I believe that language, as language, is a very great instrument indeed in instilling refinement into the mind. It is the language itself, and not the material worked up in it, for which I would now claim a high place in the attainment of the end which no State or body politic can neglect with impunity—the education of the taste. We all know Gibbon's celebrated antithesis, where he speaks of the Greek language as one which could give a soul to the perceptions of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy. But I am not very fond of these antithetical and epigrammatic appraisements. Let us analyse the thing, and then we shall see its real value. Now there is in that language the purity which is the result of a perfect temper and an exquisite harmony of opposites. Just as in the sky which arches over that ancient sanctuary of freedom and beauty, the air is so finely mingled as to render the climate of Athens at once genial and bracing; so in the combination of the sounds of its language, there is neither the morbid softness of the Italian nor the coarse vehemence of the German, but a

blending of elegance and strength, of power without effort, and repose without languor. It reminds us of nothing so much as the sculptures of that same marvellous people—always graceful, so as to give the impression of repose, and yet always powerful, so as to give the impression of activity. The same harmony of opposites in perfect unison is to be found in the formation of its words. It is at once sensuous and subtle, graphic and thoughtful. Every half-note in the perception of the same object, every shifting of the logical point of view, has a corresponding and distinct exponent, not contrived for the occasion, but foreseen in the very germ of the language, and developed according to uniform rule. The same temper, the same symmetry, may be observed in its infinite variety of styles. Its neatness never degenerates into foppery—its sublimity does not consist in vagueness. Let it be ever so simple, it is never mean; let it be ever so adorned, it is never meretricious. And, to escape at any price from this divine language, from such an instrument of thought, and from such a source of refinement, what is it that pedants have contrived? What is it that parents insist upon? What is it that schoolmasters are too often bound to submit to? Complements of subjects and extensions of predicates, and copulative and antithetical co-ordinations, and all the dreary and barbarous lore of grammatical analysis—a crowd of words, before whose portentous size and sound Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus himself begins to doubt his empire. When we have exercised our functions effectually (as I hope we shall), when the teaching body of this University shall have exploded all false substitutes for real mental training, then the Genius of Education, which seems to have retired with inverted torch to bewail the destiny of the youth whom it may no longer guide, will reappear in that jovial brightness which education ought always to wear: and be sure that when it does so, the foremost figure in the jubilant train will be the Attic Muse, stoled in majestic simplicity, and with the smile of conscious power on her immortal brow. All this sounds like enthusiasm. Indeed it is enthusiasm. When I first came here I told you I was an enthusiast, that I was troubled with that disorder. I know that there are some poor shrivelled souls to whom enthusiasm is but another word for delusion; but if I am spared, I will endeavour to show that enthusiasm can cope with facts, and that practical wisdom is not the exclusive possession of the dull plodders who set up for sages, not on the ground of what they have, but of what they have not; not through the presence of intellectual strength, but through the absence of intellectual fire.

I would fain, Mr. Chancellor, have gone into one or two more points to show you how strongly I feel that we must fight the battle of the genuine schoolmaster against the parent who is misled. I was going to

advert, for instance, to one very evil practice which I have often noticed here—that many boys are sent to school at about fifteen or sixteen years of age, who could boast that this was their first appearance at any place of instruction! Sometimes this does not proceed from parental neglect, but it arises simply because some private tutor has been trusted who is utterly unworthy of the name. Schoolmasters have often complained to me that lads sixteen years of age have been brought to them in consequence of a recent discovery that after eight or nine years' "study" they had been learning nothing whatever! This, of course, is not the fault of the parents; except that I think parents ought to consider, in choosing the persons to whom they commit the education of their children, that they are exercising one of the most important parental trusts. Again, I was anxious to say a few words about our public examinations, because I am firmly persuaded that the matter is not well understood in this colony. Just when I arrived here you were finishing the last details of the regulations concerning these public examinations, which were intended for all youths who did not purpose to come to the University, and who had been brought up at the so-called classical schools. They were intended, like the middle-class examinations in England, to be at once tests of the capacity and diligence of the master, stimulants to the application of the scholars whilst at school, and rewards of that application when they presented themselves. Yet these public examinations have hitherto been lamentably a failure. So that we may well ask ourselves, what can parents be about when they (not the schoolmasters) thus neglect to give to their children that which will both stimulate their industry at school, and send them out into life with a stamp of proficiency no one will dare to gainsay?

There is one point to which, before I sit down, I would fain make some allusion. I am not encouraged to do so by hearing any mention of it in your address, Mr. Chancellor; but at the same time I have a particular reason for adverting to it upon this occasion. I think I am justified in so doing, because it bears very directly indeed upon education, and not very indirectly upon the University itself. As long as the scheme* which has been associated with my name was merely a plan proposed, I was silent upon it. What I had to say to the public I said through the newspapers; what I have had to say about it since I have said in lectures. But it is now no longer on its trial; it is an offer which many persons have availed themselves of for some time past. Indeed, it has been very

* Dr. Badham here alludes to his scheme for giving instruction to persons living in country districts by means of correspondence carried on through the post office, of which scheme mention has been made in the introductory memoir.

et, quæ ipsi non haberent, elevando aliis persuadere velle, ne sequerentur. Verum eadem opinio viros etiam eruditos et satis elegantes invasit; inter alios acutissimum virum, civem olim nostrum, nunc regiorum vectigalium in Britannia dispensatorem, cujus quum in omni re tum præsertim in civium institutione auctoritas ibi plurimum potest. Atque hic quidem ad liberalem disciplinam linguas recentes antiquis multum præferendas censet, easque ab unoquoque ita ediscendas esse præcipit, ut possit cum Gallis, Italis, Germanis in ipsorum vernaculo sermone libere confabulari. Rem sane peregrinantibus utilem atque jucundam; sed quid ad mentes juvenum corroborandas acuendumque judicium prosit equidem non intelligo. Nimirum vir sagacissimus, postquam suffragii jus ad pauperiores delatum est, nescio quid nobis, qui liberaliter enutriti sumus, certamen ineundum putavit, ne forte a vulgo obtereremur. Quid ergo suasit? Nolim dicere, ut vulgaria studia sectemur, sed ut ne nimia scilicet humanitate minus idonei fiamus, qui cum asperis et incultis adversariis congrediamur. Colendas igitur esse artes quas ipsa multitudo miretur: ita futurum ut se sponte sua melioribus docendam dirigendamque tradat.

Et sane, si de certamine cum plebecula futuro ageretur, non dissimulandum est alias artes aliaque consilia requiri, quam quæ a literis sive antiquis, sive recentibus hauriuntur; sed pace tanti viri, cujus ego singularem humanitatem plus semel expertus famam dignitatemque minuere velle nefas esse duco, sed tamen nihil me movet ista suspitio. Concessa rogantibus civitate, non certaminis initium sed omnium discordiarum finem factum esse contendo, nec metuendos esse novos judices, utpote coram quibus vel Pericles ab isiciario victus discedat. Non adeo crassum est nostratium pectus, nec insita ferocia ad omnem humanitatem respuendam impelluntur; indocti sane sunt, sed habent tamen sensum quendam naturalem veritatis, quo adjutore facile ad sententiam illam adducentur, quam a doctis et prudentibus sincere commendari videbunt.

Sed de his infra dicendum erit; nunc instant alii, qui nos admonent, nulla alia in re nostram ætatem plus profecisse, quam in arcanis Naturæ pervestigandis atque ad usus humanos convertendis. Hi quum vident in viris summis qui huic labori se dederunt quanta vis rationis eluceat, nihil melius esse clamant, quo discipuli a prima pueritia imbuantur. Sed, nisi fallor, qui hoc suadent, res diversissimas confundunt; vim nempe cogitationis, qua inventores ad veritatem perducti sunt, et ipsa miracula quæ his interpretantibus didicimus. Nam esto ut de luce, de vi electrica, de vaporibus cæterisque elementis, qua quæque ratione componantur aut dissolvantur, denique de omnibus quæ in terra cæloque fiant, ab aliis inventa ac tradita memoria teneamus, nihil opinor profecerimus nisi ratiocinandi et concludendi viam ab ipsis auctoribus initam diligenter persequamur. Hoc

autem quid aliud est quam dialecticam callere? Atqui una atque eadem dialectica in quæstionibus naturalibus quæ in linguarum investigatione, hoc est in Arte Grammatica et Critica dominatur. Ita πάλιν εἰς ταὐτὸν περιφέρονται et quod in manibus habebant, laboriose quæsivisse reperiuntur, dum ex remotissimis studiis illud efflagitant quod antiqua disciplina jamdiu unicuique per tot sæcula porrexit. Videtis perinde esse qua in re ratione utamur; illud tantummodo tenendum, ut rationem ipsam, non rerum acervos, alienæ cogitationis fructus, nobis sequendos proponamus. At non perinde erit juventuti, quæ ad hos magistros delata erit. Vos, adolescentes, vos, inquam, testes facio, quippe qui sciatis, quæ in pueritia neglecta sunt, quanto labore postmodum recuperentur; unde conjecturam facere potestis, qui provecta ætate ad literas accedit, quam iniquo Marte et quam exigua cum spe prædæ labores inassuetos subeat. Contra rerum naturalium studium quovis vitæ tempore suscipi potest, atque eodem cum fructu coli. Unde etiam necessario sequi videtur, quod et experientia docet, res naturales etiam sine dialectica quamvis male disci posse; in grammatica ne unus quidem passus unquam a quoquam sine judicio et ratione factus est.

Verum enimvero altius in quæstionem descendendum est, et liberius vobiscum agendum dum harum opinionum causam sine ullis ambagibus aperio. Tum primum scilicet exortæ sunt, quum summa rerum ad populum traduci cœpta est. Cum illa mutatione mutata est gravis illa et diuturna consuetudo, quæ his literis suum honorem tribuebat. Et hic et in vetere illa patria, vobis propter ossa quæ continet veneranda, mihi propter aliquos superstites etiam cara, ex quo respublica non dicam eversa, sed plane altera facta est, et reipublicæ gerendæ ratio a multitudinis arbitrio fere tota pendet, omnes fere de omni re disputare cœperunt, unde placitorum infinita multitudo, ut fit novo reipublicæ statu, exorta est. Quæ antea penes peritos relinquebantur, de illis omnes sententiam expromere certant. Ex quo factum est, ut multa immature, multa prodigiose ab hoc atque illo excogitata levioribus ingeniis causæ fuerint, cur antiquis fundamentis diffiderent. Quid igitur? Num ego illam mutationem factam queror? Minime gentium! Credo populorum haud minus quam singulorum hominum res inexorabili fato esse subjectas, cujus nonnunquam impetum regere aut vehementiam mitigare et possimus et debeamus; sed non est viri prudentis eas, quas natura rerum imperat, mutationes aut instantes dolere aut formidare venturas. Illud tantum cavendum est, ne nos multorum ad prava ruentium impetu abripi patiamur; quin immo enitendum est ut horum imperitiæ prudentiam, temeritati constantiam, libidini severitatem opponamus. Eripere populo jus opinandi dicendique quæ velit, nemo sanus audebit, nemo bonus vel posse cupiet. "At enim, si causam non improbas, cur de rebus causam necessario secutis quereris?" Audio; sed hoc ipsum ambigo,

utrum necessario sequantur. Hoc ipsum, inquam, ante multos annos quærere solitus sum; quidni ipsa plebs, domina rerum facta, iisdem se artibus erudiendam præbeat, quibus illi quorum potentiam exceperit. Ad hoc nescio quem clamantem audire videor: Rem ridiculam et jocosam! Quis ex foro vitaque communi tale consilium suaderet, ut, qui in mercibus vendendis aut in opera locanda se victuros sciunt, literis antiquis incumbant? Ego vero aio, hanc ipsam opinionem, a perfecta civitate alienam, forum invasisse. Optimatium est illud præceptum, cui nos stulte cum nostro certissimo damno obtemperamus. Etenim si omnis quæstus per se et suapte natura illiberalis esset, ridendus essem qui liberalem disciplinam hujusmodi hominibus suaderem. Sed eam opinionem optimatium adulatoribus relinquere audeamus, confiteamurque nihil præter otium et ingenium requiri, ut a quovis cive hæ literæ, utpote quæ aliis facem præferant, assidue colantur. Ceterum non id quæritur, ut probe intelligitis, possitne aliquis ex humili loco ortus ingenuas artes ediscere, et in celsiorem ordinem emoveri: hoc jam tum probatum est, quum nobilium omnia erant; sed illud contendo, etiam qui in quæstu mansuri sint pariter esse instituendos.

Sartor quis futurus est, aut caupo, aut etiam, si vis, salsamentarius; quid ad rem? Si habet otium, (et habebit quidem, nam popularia illa de mature claudendis tabernis et de diurno labore recidendo sodalitia, atque hæ opificum inter se initæ societates pro certis indiciis habendæ sunt, hanc inhumanam in cives nostros crudelitatem aliquando desituram) sed si habebit otium cur non postquam literis ornatus ad quæstum accessit, in iisdem colendis subseciva tempora consumat? Vidimus nobilium, eorumque qui nobiles imitantur, animos magis magisque in dies fieri plebeios. Quid impedit, quominus hic atque ille civis, qui nunc propter quæstum ex plebe esse censetur, ita ab teneris annis usque ad civilem ætatem in bonis artibus addiscendis perseveret, ut orationis nitore, pulcherrimorum operum æstimatione, diligentia in judicando, sagacitate in conjectando vere patricius evadat. Et tamen quæstum sequetur. O præclarum humano generi diem! O admirabilem rempublicam! in qua nullum jam natalium neque ordinum neque aliud commenticium discrimen inter homines erit, sed tanti quisque habebitur, quantum cæteris vel ingenio vel doctrina prodesse poterit. Quod si falsa opinio tolletur, quæ nunc solos generosos, ut vocantur, vel natos vel tales futuros, Græce et Latine scire patitur, et si populi illa pars quæ nunc merito vulgus vocatur, pro vulgari illa commentorum ac cantilenarum congerie liberalem disciplinam fuerit consecuta, quam digne quamque suaviter in illa civitate vivetur! Nam qui ipsi a republica abstinebunt, tamen non ut nunc in quibusdam locis fieri videmus, spurcissimo cuique et linguæ impotentissimo rem suam committent; sed ad sui similes beneficia deferent, et omnia oratorum suorum dicta factaque severe et apte discernent. Sin ipsi

ad rempublicam malent accedere, quis curis civitatis aptior, quis summis honoribus dignior erit, quam qui vitæ simplicitate populum, judicandi severitate antiquos proceres continget? Fac autem me somnia narrare, nec in fatis esse ut bonæ literæ sanaque disciplina ita ad populum transeant, ut eruditorum civium copia ad cæteros docendos continendosque sufficiat. Tum quidem id solum restat, cujus indicia aliquando videre videor, præsertim ubi populari dementia abusi nebulones triumphant, altera barbaries, illi similis, quæ olim Romano imperio tanquam veternus obrepsit. Hæc si fatis debetur, per aliquod tempus fortasse sisti poterit, sed nequaquam prorsus evitari. Æternis legibus parendum erit, quæ sicut in corporibus senium mortemque efficiunt, ut horum elementa novas species vitamque induant florentiorem, ita civitatem nullam sempiternam esse voluerunt, sed singulas subinde damnant, ut ex effetis atque corruptis aliquando novæ et meliores reviviscant. Quod si me rogabitis, quid tum de his literis faciendum esse censeam; eo avidius retinendas esse dicam. Fuerit quamtumvis diuturna barbaries, erunt certe post aliqua sæcula posteri, qui, quæ hodie contemni cœpta sunt, denuo amplectentur et fovebunt. Renascentur iterum literæ, et forsitan simul cum literis eorum nomina, qui sanctissimum ignem in mediis tenebris fotum ad feliciora tempora servaverunt.

Hoc est officium nostrum, commilitones, hæc præclara provincia, ut sive æqualium sive serorum nepotum causa laborabimus, semper et ubique veterum illorum, qui nobis pulcherrimam humanitatis hæreditatem legaverunt, causam defendamus. Possem multa de tranquillitate, multa de dignitate vitæ disserere, quo hanc disciplinam vel in pessimis temporibus amplectendam credatis; sed malo vos hoc civium causa facere, quam vestra. Nolite credere quidquam penitus interiturum, quod humani generis interest ut supersit. Nolite Musas deserere, quia fortasse inter surdos vivendum erit. Si publica templa deerunt, restabit unicuique, qui turpem senectam reformidat, in mente et animo fanum, cujus ipse sacra faciat, et quo ab vulgi levitate et loquacitate refugiat. Nescio quomodo dum hæc contemplor evectus sum, haud quidem a proposito nostro, sed ab illa lenitate orationis, qua in hac epistola uti decreveram. Quare nunc libentissime ad alteram muneris partem et leviora argumenta transeo.

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Præstigias omnes deprompsi. Nunc tempus est ut honestum exitum sibi quærat oratio. Quæ libenter ad vos iterum hortandos confugeret, sed

veretur ne ipso argumento concitata vulgares musicos referre videatur, qui, ut sibi mox desinendum esse senserunt, strepitum ingeminant, tanquam cavəntes ne inulti moriantur. Potius Beethoveni mirabilem artem, si liceret, imitarer, cujus concentus quum ad finem appropinquant, modo quasi ab auribus sensim recedentes leni suspirio clauduntur, modo repentino impetu elati in cœlum videntur evolare. Sed quoniam neutrum ingenio meo concessum est, simpliciter vos valere jubebo, et, ut animo quoque valeatis, cavere ne quidquam quod hic scriptum est mea auctoritate moti inconsulto arripiatis. Nihil in his literis nisi judicio et diligenti cogitatione concluditur. Ponderate igitur omnia. Nolo quidquam meum a discipulis statim et sponte probari, præter magistri industriam ac fidem.

COMMEMORATION, 1870.

Mr. Chancellor—If, in spite of much moral and physical discouragement, I rise on this occasion once more to speak in the cause of education, I think I have a right to claim credit for sincerity for the depth and strength of my convictions. No mere rhetorical free-selector would have pitched upon such a subject as education as one to make an occasion of intellectual display. It resents all novel ornament; it offers no field for originality, except to such as have a mind to theorise in vacuo—in a pure region unencumbered with facts. But I do not aspire to the originality of ignorance. I propose to use the same language, to utter the same thoughts, upon the same subject; and probably I shall be tempted to utter them in the very same words. And if all this produces a sense of weariness in those whom I have the honour to address, what must be my sense of weariness, who, like an itinerant organ-grinder, have to listen to the never-varying and never-ending strains of my own music? Nothing would induce any man to make himself thus tiresome and monotonous—conscious that he was fatiguing others, and still more fatiguing himself—except the certainty and assurance that beyond the present discomfort there may be the satisfaction of a good work accomplished. Once more, then, let me appeal to the common sense and candour of parents; once more let me invite them to reconsider the grounds of their dislike to classical studies. Can they deny that the knowledge of one's own tongue is very much promoted by a knowledge of the languages from which it is derived? Can they deny that clearness of thought is attained by reflection on the force of words, by contemplating the different forms that the same thought assumes in different idioms? Can they deny that the study of the rules of grammar, and the continual application of those rules to practice, must exercise the reasoning faculties? Or, if we pass from the lower to the higher stages of these studies, is it not as evident that the power of conversing with, and the duty of paying close and constant attention to, the minds of men who lived in a different world—such minds, such men, and such a world—that the power and habit of following their thoughts, of reading the character of each man in his writings—that all these must have a very great effect in developing both the imagination and the judgment? And again, can it be denied that the effort so to identify ourselves with the drift of any writer as to be able

to seize his point of view, and so to assimilate to ourselves all his opinions and feelings, that we can with certainty restore the real words he has uttered when time and transcribers have heaped their rubbish upon them,—that all this must develop the sagacity, the tact for evidence, upon which, before I had been one month in the colony, I most particularly enlarged? I should be very sorry indeed to think so meanly of the capacity of anyone as to suppose that he would ask me for proof of these assertions. Surely they are axioms derived from the very nature of mind itself. But if we dismiss all abstract reasoning, and simply fall back upon experience, I would ask, Why should not schoolmasters be trusted in their own art just in the same way as any other professional authority, which, when there is unanimity amongst its members, we never think of contradicting?

The fact is, reasoning is all very well, but we must resort to something more than reasoning: we must endeavour to detect the source of the prejudice, for prejudice it certainly is. At the same time it would be a very great mistake to suppose that it is the prejudice of a large party at home. If ever there was an institution which sprang from what is called the party of progress, which represented modern ideas, it is that of the University of London—distinct from University College of London, although that is a very respectable institution—with which I was for several years most agreeably connected: not that the office of examiner is one which occasions pleasurable sensations at all, but it brought me into contact with some of the foremost men in every branch of knowledge. Now, in that foundation of yesterday—of which Lord Granville was Chancellor, George Grote (a persistent advocate of the ballot) was Vice-Chancellor, and of which one of the most conspicuous members was Mr. Robert Lowe—in that University, where I had the honour of sitting at the same board with Huxley, Williamson, Stokes, and many other illustrious persons, the first place, not in mere dignity, but in essential importance, was given to classical studies. Why should that position be reversed here? Because it is thought consistent with liberal opinions to do so; because it is considered as the badge of that party. And yet there are opinions upon other subjects seized upon here with a rapidity of intelligence, whenever they arise in the old country, which astonishes every stranger. There is one particular art which I will specify, in which scarcely has a new conception emanated from some London or Parisian brain, but it seems to outstrip the mail and is naturalised in Sydney. I am alluding to the art which deals with male and female habiliments. It is an art which reminds me somewhat of the last phase of German metaphysics—this continual self-development of the great idea of dress precisely follows the order of that system. There is the self-asserting, then the self-contradicting, then the self-resuming—in

fact, all the *momenta* of development according to the true Hegelian philosophy; and not a bit of that Hegelian rhythm but is faithfully responded to in New South Wales. But when we come to intellectual clothing, when we come to current opinions in which men attire themselves in order to be in conformity with their neighbours, then I must confess that any member of the party of progress who comes here to see his professional brethren, or to see the opinions in which they are attired, would presume that Sydney was the last refuge of old clothes. This hatred of Latin and Greek is a thing which would surprise those whom your professing liberal here thinks he is following by cherishing all those fantastical and absurd notions which have long ago been discarded by that party at home, thanks to the more enlightened chiefs that lead it. Therefore I must take the liberty of telling any self-styled liberal who founds his liberality upon his hatred of Latin and Greek, and thinks that by inveighing against all classical studies he is wearing some sacred uniform, that if he were to go home and present himself in that garb to his brethren, instead of recognising him as one of themselves, they would simply look upon him as some fantastical maniac, or perhaps turn him out as one who was imitating by grotesque mimicry their sacred rites.

So much I have said by way of appeal to parents, and by way of protest against those who pander to their prejudices. But we must not forget —and I am sure, Mr. Chancellor, you do not forget—that we educate not for parents, nor do they educate their children for themselves; but we have a right to appeal to parents to educate their children for the State. We are a State institution; and, as the servants of the State, we are bound to educate them into the citizens of hereafter. In the days when no one ever thought of looking upon education as other than a State object, one of the most profound thinkers of antiquity saw that it was not only necessary to educate youth so as to fit them for habits of business—that it was not only necessary to develop their capacities for active life, but that it was a prime necessity that they should be taught the true employment of their leisure, and that one great branch of their education was the means of employing that leisure wholesomely and profitably to the community. When we consider of what immense importance it is, how much the happiness of thousands who have scarcely any leisure at all—alas! too little leisure to be consistent with our boasted civilization—when we consider how the happiness of these thousands depends upon the nature of the pursuits in which that leisure is spent by the few who possess it in abundance, then, I say, the art of employing leisure, which is the education of the taste, assumes an importance which does not concern a few individuals only, whether parents or children, but it is an object of interest to the whole State. It is an object which is well worthy of the energies of the young, of the counsels of the old, and of the

prayers of all. Educate the taste, and you educate the feeling of reverence. I have often heard it remarked that the notorious want of reverence that has been observed in our Australian youth was owing to the want of antiquity in the architecture of our buildings. But I take the liberty of believing that there is an antiquity far more imposing than mediæval architecture, or any architecture in the world, except the architecture of the universe itself. Those great ideas, those great spiritual patterns which presided at the creation of the world—if you will allow me to platonise so far—are, all but one, invisible to mortal sense, and it is one alone which in the form of material beauty presents itself to man, in order to invite him by a regular gradation to ascend from the contemplation of the material to the intellectual, and from the contemplation of the intellectual to that of moral and divine perfection. Educate the idea of the beautiful, educate the taste in that direction, and you educate the sense of reverence; because it is in the beautiful that you have realised that continual commerce and that constant communion between the world of sense and the world of spirit which is the true source of all reverential feeling. Again, educate the taste, and you educate humanity. When we consider how controversies are carried on amongst us, when we consider all the bad passions that are thus engendered, I think that we shall admit that the education of humanity is not an unnecessary thing. Do we in our necessary, in our unavoidable though lamentable, controversy, find that the combat is one according to the rules of chivalry? Is it carried on within the lists of courtesy and honour? Are the weapons those of elegance and wit, or is it the fierce encounter of savages with yells and clubs and poisoned missiles? These are bitter words, but they are necessary words to utter; and, as Heaven is my witness, I have not a single person in my mind whilst I utter them. Therefore I say it is one of the highest interests of the State, and one of the solemn duties of its servants, to see that our future citizens shall be trained to the great intellectual warfare necessary for the progress of all States, in a fashion worthy of the race from which we sprang; to combats, not of ferocity, but of skill—not of brutal malignity, but of generous antagonism. Educate the taste, and you educate candour, forbearance, gentleness, compassion—all the feelings that make one citizen a blessing to another, and the commonwealth a blessing to us all. It may be said that in all this I have been ascribing to the education of taste that which belongs properly to religion. Far be it from me to set up taste, or any other feeling whatever, above the higher sanctions of piety and morality. But as I propose this education not only for those who live in towns, but also for those who live in the country, who will second the efforts of the clergy in the towns and in the country better than those who from their very education have been imbued with the feelings of gentleness and benevolence?

The life of the bush is a life of toil, and privation, and endurance; and even commercial life in our towns is a very absorbing life, far too absorbing in general to admit of much self-improvement. But then the sentiments I inculcate ought to precede all this; and of all vulgar errors it is the most vulgar to suppose that refinement at all unfits a man for endurance or drudgery. These, then, are the men—men who have been qualified by their education, and who have received this special education of taste as well as of judgment in this our University—these are the men who will go forth into our country as the future possessors of its soil, to diffuse the blessings of civilization around them, to arrest the encroachments of a barbarism that is visibly coming upon us; and, though they may have small leisure there for anything like the cultivation of their taste, they will have acquired here, and they will carry that within them, and diffuse that around them, which they can derive from no other source. It is for this reason that I feel my heart unusually gladdened with that event to which you, Mr. Chancellor, have already alluded;* and I believe that my brother professors share in that gladness of heart when they contemplate the results of this year's matriculation. I wish to say nothing in disparagement of previous years; but we have now a class of students who, without any single exception, are all worthy of the University to which they have been sent. (Cheers.) I wonder that any one should applaud at that, for I was going to say something far more complimentary: they are worthy not only of this University, but any university might envy us such a class. They are well grounded, well disciplined. They are attentive, they are quick and ready, and yet thoughtful in the midst of their eagerness; and altogether they are a class which reflect the very greatest honour upon those that educate them. I say it is this which gives me hopes for the future. It gives me the belief that the parents of this country are at last becoming aware of the great blessing which is offered to them in this place. All thanks to the schoolmasters who have thus energetically responded to the call of this University; and all thanks and honour to the persons of the living and the memory of the dead, who, with a far-seeing patriotism, have established this palladium of humanity—this monument to serve as a witness to all the generations of our descendants of that indefeasible, everlasting truth—

"That by the soul
Only the nations shall be great and free."

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* The Chancellor (the Hon. E. Deas-Thomson) had said, in his address:—"The number of students who matriculated at the commencement of the present academic year was eighteen. This is a somewhat greater average than usual; but, what is more important, according to the report of the examiners they have shown themselves much more proficient in the several branches of study required for this examination than the candidates of former years."

COMMEMORATION, 1871.

Mr. Chancellor—First let me congratulate the Senate, the graduates, and all other members of the University, together with all its friends and supporters, upon seeing you once more presiding over this solemnity. Next, I would fain congratulate you, as I am sure you congratulate yourself, upon being able to illustrate this, your third chancellorship, by an act which is full of grace and full of promise. The fair tree that was planted in your first period of office has borne a yet fairer fruit in your third. When I first arrived in this colony I found you far advanced in the scheme of public examinations; but few years have passed, and you are now ready to extend that scheme to female candidates. The stir that prevails in the world about the education of women ought not to be left out of sight by those envious and foreboding speculators about the future, who sometimes seem to hint that we are upon the eve of another period of barbarism like that (though less in degree) in which the Roman Empire was involved. But let a man only remember that universal consent, in which all now join, for upholding the dignity of woman, a dignity both moral and intellectual, and he will presently take heart of grace and say—"A nobler chivalry than that which softened the darkness of the middle ages will prevent the return of that darkness upon mankind." As an academical body, we shall be called upon one day or other to deal still more closely with the question of the academical rights of the ladies. Whether ladies should be admitted to degrees is a question which will be viewed differently according to men's different notions about the meaning and purpose of a degree. The old intention in conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts was to certify the fitness of that kind of graduate to undertake the teaching of others. Viewed in this way, there is no reason why they should not partake of the privilege, and the apparent anomaly of the word bachelor melts away before the focus of etymology: for an academic bachelor is but a copy of the feudal title of baschevalier, or knight of low degree; and if Spenser saw no impropriety in placing Britomartis alongside of the Red Cross Knight and Sir Guyon and Sir Calidore, amid the chivalry of Fairyland, why should we not dub ladies with our academic knighthood? But leaving this problem to be solved in your next chancellorship, it may be as well to inform the

ladies that there is nothing in our statutes to prevent their attendance at University lectures; and I am sure that we shall all be glad of the opportunity of repaying them in kind for those many lectures, chiefly upon moral subjects, for which we remain their thankful debtors.

I speak thus lightly upon these subjects because they do not immediately concern us; but the measure which you have officially announced is one upon which no person would be tempted to think or speak lightly who thinks of the place in which he stands, of the audience which he is addressing, or the interests involved in his subject. The institution of public examinations was a proof that the University of Sydney did not confine its efforts to the education of its own matriculated members, but was ready to help and encourage all the youth of this colony. And now it avows its sympathy with the young women of this colony, who, hearing of the noble fields of labour which the female mind has opened for itself in Europe, are animated with the desire of following the example of their sisters; with the struggling governess, who desires some better testimonial of her own fitness than the paltry certificates of employers, perhaps her inferiors in knowledge, and who would be glad to overawe the criticism of vulgar gossip by an appeal to the judgment of a University; with the frank-hearted and bright-eyed native schoolgirl, whether her parents be rich or poor, whether born in a Sydney mansion or in the hut of a free-selector. And we shall not only enable women to improve themselves, but to be the cause of improvement in others. The painstaking sister will rouse the emulation of her brother; the governess with well-attested acquirements will influence the lukewarm parents; the educated mothers of hereafter will prize the boon of education which this colony offers in her University and her public schools. As for the public examinations, not only will the candidates increase in number through the addition of the other sex, but the false shame and the timidity which have deterred so many youths from presenting themselves, and so many parents from exposing their boys to the risks and buffets of the ordeal, will be shamed away by the gentle courage of more tender competitors. Who can doubt that by the offer which you have just now proclaimed, the Senate has shown that it is resolutely bent upon being useful, and has proved to the public that it is intent upon extending the advantages of the University to all; and that by acting thus it has deepened the moral foundations of this University, and adorned it with an architecture of public spirit more august and more imperishable than the building in which we are assembled? The Senate of the University has shown that perfect intelligence of its proper functions which gives me encouragement to believe that it sees how much yet remains to be done in this direction.

character of Desdemona. It soon came out that he did not remember who she was. The professor then tried Imogen, and with the same result; then he began to ply him with other personages and with the plots of various plays, but it was to no purpose. In vain did the inquirer press the siege: the candidate remained impregnable in his ignorance, whereupon there ensued a parley. Had he ever read Shakspere? Oh, yes; he had read him from beginning to end, but he had studied him entirely with a view to the archaic words in that author. Now, if we make this worthy a present of his *archaic*, which he would be doubtless sorry to lose, we may keep the remainder as a valuable caution not to fritter away time over curiosities, while we neglect the living thoughts embodied in living words, which alone make an author worth reading. Then again, a learner may bestow a great deal of time upon what is called grammatical analysis, and go through page after page of prose and verse, with no other object than that of extracting the subject and predicate; or he may be inured to the operation of naming every part of speech, and spend many an hour in muttering over each sentence in succession that dismal incantation called parsing —or he may be taught still higher flights, and know how to ticket with would-be scientific names every species of adverb and conjuction, as if they were so many beetles in a collection. Now I am very far from denying that boys and girls should know their parts of speech, and should be able to point them out as occurring in any given sentence. It is also essential that they should distinguish the subject in a sentence from that which is said of it. But when this is once learnt (and in how few lessons it may be acquired!) it is a loss of power and a waste of time to insist upon the continual humdrum repetition of that which is already known, when there is something yet behind requiring all the teacher's energy and all the teacher's attention — namely, the English language itself. The knowledge of the force and propriety of words can only be gained by observation of them *in situ*— that is, by continual and well-directed reading. The choice of suitable expressions, clearness of arrangement, method in statement, must all be gained by practice. You learn to play upon a language as you learn to play upon an instrument. To touch the right note, to observe the right intervals and the right accents, are matters of "slow endeavouring art;" and to play upon that marvellous instrument, which has been hallowed by the fingers of many hundred masters and mellowed by centuries of success, is a thing only granted to continual exercise. Our youth should be made to write their own thoughts, to express what they have been reading or what they have been told, to fill up the blanks purposely left here and there in some good English composition, and, after they have acquired readiness of inditing, they should be exercised in

readiness of spelling. When classical schoolmasters are put upon defending their vocation, they say, and say truly, that teaching Latin is an excellent mode of teaching English. But do they always remember that defence when they are busied about that which they have defended? Do they prove the sincerity of their championship by making every Latin lesson a means of progress in the mother-tongue? Do they always remember that there is a dog English as well as a dog Latin—nay, that the former is the more dangerous beast of the two, as we should not care so much to avoid a dead dog as a living dingo? Well, in our public examinations we shall give due credit for etymology and for grammar, but we shall not rest satisfied with these, especially where honours are concerned, unless they are crowned by sensible and careful English composition.

There is a subject upon which I feel it my duty to touch before I sit down; but I approach it with the utmost reluctance. Let me see if I can sweeten it with a classical allusion. When Homer made one of his heroes compare the number of the Greeks with the number of the Trojans, he makes him say that if the Greeks were divided into so many troops of banqueters, and the several Trojans were told off to be cupbearers at the rate of one to each company, many of the Greeks would be without any cupbearer at all. The cupbearers are the students of the University of Sydney; the banqueters are the students of the University of Melbourne. We may console ourselves with saying that we examine as many for degrees in arts as they do; and the students will of course say, that one New South Welshman is worth ever so many Victorians—not as cricketers, of course, but as critics; but here is the painful fact that, for every one that is brought in contact with university teaching here, there are ten at Melbourne. I will not shut my eyes to this fact, nor shrink from pointing it out, through any fear of being thought indiscreet or disloyal. The real folly—a folly almost amounting to treason in such a case as this—is silence; for it is only through a wholesome sense of shame that we shall be moved to do away with this reproach. But the remedy is in our own hands. In Melbourne the State created and endowed a University, and now makes that University the avenue to public employment. With us the University is an avenue to little or nothing. In Melbourne, what was formerly Government patronage has become the storehouse of prizes for industry and knowledge; and when I ask why should it not be so here, I do it without the presumption of offering political advice, or indeed of dealing with a political question. I look at the matter solely as it regards education. As an old Examiner for the Indian Civil Service I can bear witness that that experiment, which has now been applied to other services, was in the opinion of all concerned—Com-

missioners and Secretaries and Examiners, year after year—perfectly successful. Even the old Indians who were so bitterly opposed to it were at last forced to confess that the men who went out were just the same kind of men as to manners and character, but with more culture, and with more information. But if the Government cannot see its way to downright competitive examinations, I can only hope that the test to be introduced may be as near to the competitive one as possible; that the placing of the candidate by the examiners, if it is not everything, may be yet something towards the placing the applicant for office; that the Government will not be satisfied with a low test—with such a test as will do for a copying clerk; for a youth that is only fit to be a copying clerk, and aspires no further, is not fit to be that; and more especially I would beg and pray that the engine may be so contrived that, if in process of time the competitive system in its integrity (I use the word integrity almost with the intuition of a pun) shall be thought desirable, just a turn or two will suffice to adapt the old machinery to its new purpose. For the highest or competitive standard, there are our University lectures by way of preparation, and our B.A. examination by way of test. For any other standard, our public examinations will, I feel confident, be found fair and suitable. The introduction of studious habits will have the same good effect upon the youth of Sydney at large as we find that it has on the junior members of this University. And whoever sneers at the possibility of introducing a taste for culture amongst them is simply sneering away one of the most important means of Australian advancement, and either betrays his ignorance of what is going on in the most civilized nations of Europe, or undervalues the capacity of our own youth, for which I leave them to deal with him. That prevailing humour, or sentiment, or opinion, which is described in modern language as a "tone," is the cause of much evil or of much good among the youth of a country; and to improve this, it is not necessary that we should gain the greater number to the right side. A small nucleus of serious and energetic young men, who shall be strong enough to raise themselves above the prevailing cant without taking refuge in cant of another description, will soon influence the rest. Many of us may have witnessed the manner in which a taste for athletic sports and vigorous training has superseded indolence and luxury; and in the same manner the habit of thoughtful reading and rational conversation, beginning with a few, may in time leaven the greater number.

There were two famous Grecian colonies which flourished within a short distance of each other, called Sybaris and Crotona. In the former they were wholly given to pleasure, in the latter they worshipped nothing so much as strength. The Sybarites, of course, fell before the Crotonians,

and left nothing behind them but a name which became proverbial for sloth and weakness; but their conquerors did nothing very considerable for history to record. And yet they had once an opportunity, if old tales are to be trusted, of becoming the greatest republic that the world has seen. They had a senate of philosophers, at once a parliament and a university, their ministers were professors, and their chief magistrate and chancellor in one was Pythagoras himself. Now, I do not propose that constitution here, because it might be attended with some inconvenience. But if our young men, after having discovered that vigour and endurance are more dignified than self-indulgence, would make the further discovery that strength of intellect is a nobler thing than strength of limb, if they made this an intellectual commonwealth, they would abolish all those causes of weakness and disunion which will never decay of themselves till they have destroyed the body which they infect. What we have to contend against is not merely dissipation or idleness, but it is the cynical spirit which chuckles at the sight of any earnest pursuit as a delusion from which itself is free. And when this cynical spirit is united to wealth and to social position, it becomes quite aristocratic in its imperturbable calmness, and is not ashamed to look even upon genius itself as something created for the amusement of its dainty leisure. Would to God that out of the young men of Sydney who are untainted with this conceit it were possible to form a chosen band who should meet this vulgar contempt with a disdain that is not vulgar, and present to the world the contrast between the dignity of a student and the insolence of those who ape the refuse of European manners! Sooner or later we must have evening classes for this purpose; but a great step will be the encouragement of our public examinations, greater a hundredfold now that the sex whose privilege it is, by their trust and reliance upon us, to call forth the sense of what is worthiest in us, are now invited to share in our intellectual efforts and our intellectual triumphs. When I look round upon this colony and consider what it wants, though it may not be always duly conscious of the want, I feel that this University was not founded one day too soon. We want schoolmasters for the primary and secondary schools, and my friend, Dr. Smith, is deeply sensible of the advantage of having graduates to fill those higher places in the public schools from which he desires that future inspectors should be chosen; and if we want graduate teachers, why should we import them at a risk, when we can make them with a certainty? We cannot expect that all who would fain do so will be able to come from the distant parts of this colony to attend our lectures; but why should not some of our most distinguished students do the same work in distant centres which we are doing here? Nay, what should hinder some native scholar,

perhaps one of those who are now listening to me, from setting before himself as the object of his ambition and the end of his studies that chair which at no distant day I must cease to fill? Lest you should be tempted to wish that the day were already come, I will cease to importune this brilliant assembly with my longings They are all summed up in one wish —that this great national monument may continue to grow in the affections of the people that raised it, and in usefulness to them and their children.

ART SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

August 8, 1871.

Under the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., and before Mr. Murray's handbooks had appeared, the visitors of Rome were accustomed to draw their information from a work of which I have forgotten the title, but I remember the name of its author. It was on Mrs. Starke that the uninitiated tourist relied for the information that was necessary in order to find out the various galleries of Rome, and, having found them, to demean himself as an intelligent traveller. That excellent lady had a contrivance for conveying knowledge to us, for which I still feel grateful, and which I continue to admire for its humane brevity and simplicity. She did not bewilder us with chiaroscuro and aerial perspective, and other mysterious terms, but she at once conveyed the degree of admiration to which every statue or picture was entitled, and which the beholder was to summon up from the general stock of his enthusiasm, by the common and unmistakable symbol invented by grammarians for that purpose. Thus the "Transfiguration" was commended to our attention by five marks of exclamation, the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino was only entitled to three, and other works of inferior renown had two or perhaps only one decoration of the same kind. They were like so many orders of artistic knighthood, worn to let the spectator understand the relative merits of their wearers, and the degree of wonderment which it was his duty and privilege to bestow upon them. Now, I would ask you to conceive of a person whose mind had faithfully taken in all these marks of exclamation and nothing more, whose intellectual relation to art was represented by an endless series of these suggested raptures, and I would further beg you to imagine such a person in the decline of his life requested to make use of these stores of his experience, in order by such means to inaugurate an "Academy of Art." If he were not the most presumptuous of mankind, he would say: "Gentlemen, I am full of enthusiasm, but the less expression I give to it, the less I shall compromise both myself and you. You want an intelligent guide, and not an ignorant well-wisher." If after that they persisted in their request, finding himself, not like Hercules between Vice and Virtue, but between the appearance of two vices, vanity on one side and indolence on the other, I cannot say which he ought to choose; but I have chosen anything rather than the imputation of slothful in-

difference, and so I have meekly accepted the prominence to which you have thought proper to call me, and have resolved to brave all the exposure to which it must necessarily lead.

As your success depends upon the public, my simplest and safest course will be to enumerate the different pleas which an institution of this kind has a right to urge in its own favour as the grounds of the recognition and support which it desires to obtain. I think we may say in the first place that an academy of art, whose professed aim it is to encourage the study of painting, and perhaps also of sculpture, will commend itself to all who understand the great value of *harmless* pursuits; for certainly not only the life of each individual, but our aggregate and social life, is greatly influenced for good or evil by the pursuits to which men and women dedicate their leisure. But if these pursuits are not only harmless but ennobling, if the study of scientific principles applied to practice of any sort gives vigour to the intellect, and if the study of art in an especial manner refines the taste, quickens the sensibility, and exalts the imagination, we may reasonably hope that our fellow-citizens, who see all this, will not allow the task which you have undertaken to fail through want of help, and your generous hopes to pine and to perish under the shade of their indifference. I rather dwell upon these topics than on those of commercial utility; and yet I see nothing, either in our climate or in the character of our youth, which should discourage the hope that you may be doing something more than introducing a pursuit, that you may be even creating a profession. And even if this expectation should appear to be far distant, there are several trades in this colony, and I trust that ere long there will be many more, to which a knowledge of the principles of design or of colour may impart an additional value, by adding the charms of elegance to the achievements of industry.

But I return to the consideration of taste, and I say without fear of contradiction (though not without a painful consciousness of uttering a truism), that all taste humanizes, that it was intended for that purpose, that the development of taste is a part of education; and here at last I feel myself at home, or at all events in its neighbourhood. I do not mean that the power of imitating that which we see is entitled to the name of education, but mere imitation is not art in its highest sense. Music I presume is one of the fine arts; but surely the imitation of natural sounds would be a very strange definition of music. And when we consider what a wonderful analogy there is between painting and music, an analogy so strong that sometimes in reading a critique we scarcely know whether the thing criticised is a picture or a musical composition, we may reasonably doubt whether that element in painting, which is common to it and music,

is not more of the essence of the thing, more the thing itself, whereas the mere imitative part is its body, its vehicle, its medium, call it what you will. I know well that the immediate effect of the fine arts is to give pleasure, and that the pleasure produced by imitation, according to Aristotle, is the pleasure of being able to say that this is that; in other words, the comparison of the image produced with its original. But this leaves us only a little further than where it found us; for why is it that such acts of comparison are productive of pleasure at all? or how can we receive this as an adequate explanation of the keen sense of enjoyment which art produces? These are the reflections which have led me to a different theory, which I would fain keep to myself, but as you have invited me to weary you, I must do it.

Everyone is conscious of a faculty within him which recalls and represents to the mind the image of those objects which in the first instance were brought before it through sensuous impressions. "My eyes make pictures" is the happy expression of Coleridge in describing one of the operations of this faculty, which the Greeks called the fantastic power, or fantasy, and the later Latins translated literally by the word imagination. Now, although we have received this name through two channels, the one coming directly from the Greek and the other passing through the Latin, and the possession of these two words has enabled us to make still further distinctions between operations of the same kind under different conditions, we may yet trace in both these words the notion of that original phantasm or image which the mind produces for itself. But in the same way as the judgment strives to give outwardness and permanence to its several acts by the invention of words, so this inward sense seeks for an outward expression, seeks to relieve itself by projecting into space, and embodying in a tangible form, whatever it from time to time conceives. The first rude scribblings of a child, or the scratches of a savage upon a stone or a tree, are efforts of this kind; there is no thought of imitation, no striving after likeness, but merely the creation of the rudest symbol, which is bidden to stand for and represent the image, so that by fixing our attention upon it we may be able to keep that image before us for a longer time. By-and-by, this arbitrary and outward sign is found insufficient to meet the inward demand. We find that we want details, that we want something more vivid; and so the symbol gradually becomes a copy, and we learn to imitate so well that there is no longer the same need of sustained activity on the part of the fancy, because the hand has entered into its functions.

But I must draw your attention to another process which has been going on in the meanwhile, and which must be taken into account in the

history of the origin of art. Not only does the mind love to repeat what the eye has seen, but in the changes of visible nature it discerns some permanent and invisible being, and the very changes themselves it ascribes to invisible agencies, and it strives to conceive of this being and these operating powers, and seeks for some outward forms that shall correspond to its inward efforts at conception. This being must be something much greater than any individual creature; and hence it betakes itself to forms of colossal size. These powers also produce endless varieties and combinations, and therefore it is by combination of all kinds of living creatures that the mind contemplates them, and teaches the hand to shape them. There is the want of something above sense, and the effort to make it appreciable by sense. To reconcile these two, is, was, and ever will be, the great æsthetical problem. It is the highest province of art at this day, and therefore it is not a task in which we could expect the men of that early period to succeed, for their very notion of the supernatural was gross, elementary, in a word, childish. Their idea of supernatural power was only the exaggeration of physical strength, and their only possible embodiment of it was size. The divine attributes were physical; and, therefore, the combination of them could only be represented by the blending of different creatures whom they held to be distinguished for one or other of these physical perfections. And hence arose all those fantastic forms of chimeras and sphinxes and hippogryphs and dog-headed men and human-headed bulls, which mark the period of Egyptian and Assyrian art, and of that which has left its remains on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. But when the darkness was dispelled in which these uncouth and gigantic shapes were engendered, the wholesome realities of the dawn succeeded to the spectral terrors of the night. This was when the idea of beauty was revealed to the Hellenic mind. They themselves looked upon it as a revelation; the idea of beauty, according to Plato, was one of those eternal patterns after which the world was created; but while the other ideas—the good, the true, the immutable—were discernible by the mind alone, beauty was also revealed to the corporeal sense. Thus, when the Sorceress of Mantinea pointed out to Socrates the way upward, this was her reckoning of the steps to be mounted; from individual beauty to the beauty of the class, and from the material beauty of the class to intellectual beauty, and from intellectual to moral, as it appears in law and order, and from thence to that absolute beauty which is in and for itself, and capable of holding the soul in beatific contemplation and never-ending rapture. With Greece, then, began that period of art which has lasted down to our time, through more than one declension and revival. For although

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,"

are no longer associated with our religious feelings, yet these two elements, the beautiful and the human, which then made their appearance for the first time, are still the objects of the sculptor and the painter. For nothing is more historically certain than that humanity and beauty, like the twin stars, rose upon the world together. A sense of the dignity of man manifested itself first in the heroic, and then in the dramatic poetry of the Greeks; it lay at the root of all their civic institutions; it transformed their philosophy from barren and self-bewildering logic to moral and practical inquiries. No wonder, then, if it was in the human form that beauty was first discovered, or if the first attempts to realise it were made in representations of that form. This is why sculpture preceded painting, and why the painting of figures attained its perfection much earlier than the painting of landscapes. It has long been observed that the sense of the picturesque in scenery shows itself very seldom and very imperfectly in the poetry of the Greeks. Men and their actions, grace blended with strength, dignity prevailing over grief, love overmastering fear, such were their themes; and it was not till a later period, and so to say after the subsidence of the first vehemence of manhood, that the artist sought for that power of which he was the priest and the interpreter, in the sunset or the waterfall, in the smiling hillside or the rugged mountain pass. But from the very first the sculptor knew that his aim was not the imitation of individual objects. Say that it was his business to please, and to please by imitation, yet he observed that the eye dwells longer and with more satisfaction upon the forms which are not copies of this or that, but of the more perfect type of which this and that are the embodiments. Thus began the search for the rules upon which beauty depends, and, as the Greeks were great geometricians, they naturally sought for the principle of beauty in proportion; nay, they were such believers in proportion as the principle of beauty, that even within the last few years scholars have discovered that strict measurements are applicable to parts of their dramatic composition, where, according to our habits of thought, it would be a needless precision and formality to observe any measurement at all. But they were not only exact measurers; they likewise sought, through measurement, for the perfect type. It is from them that we have learned the ideal, that ideal which is the soul of art, and from the first discovery of which the arts now in question became fine arts as contradistinguished from mechanical. From this time forth the artist perceives that Nature herself is an artist; that there is a certain magic in her lines, her colours, her lights and shadows, her effects of nearness and distance; that contrast

produces strength; but that, seeking after something more than strength, she tempers her objects to the eye by subtle harmonies and insensible gradations. I will endeavour to explain what is uppermost in my mind in making this last observation. Everything that pleases the intellectual taste appears to consist of two opposite qualities, of which the one or the other may be predominant, but both must be there: I mean force and grace. Now each of these is produced by an agency proper to itself, and these two agencies are opposites just in the same manner as the effects which are produced by them. That which produces force is contrast, that which produces grace is combination. It is scarcely necessary to give examples in which the force of any object of sense is brought out by being placed in the immediate neighbourhood of its opposite; such as that we feel heat more vividly when it rapidly alternates with cold, or taste what is sweet more fully after tasting what is bitter. In like manner our intellectual apprehensions are more clear and definite when any notion is presented to us along with its opposite. Thus the forcible in art is produced by contrast; but we all know that the forcible alone cannot give satisfaction. It was known to none so well, and the thought has been conveyed by none so clearly, as by Shakspere; for not only "in the heat and tempest of passion" as exhibited by the actor, but in all imitation whatsoever, we must beget a *temperance* which shall give smoothness to our performance. Temperance, both etymologically and practically, is mixture, but mixture according to proportions, and whoever aims at what is graceful must know how to soothe us by the imperceptible blending of opposite qualities, by the graduated transition which reconciles discordant elements. This is the mode in which Nature diffuses a charm over all her works, and therefore every student of nature has endeavoured to unravel these great secrets. "What combinations are neither monotonous on the one hand, nor jarring on the other?" "How are the transitions of light and shade tempered to the eye by nature itself?" "In what proportion and how adjusted are the primitive colours interwoven into a thousand harmonious hues?" And this reminds us of the other great problems which are concerned with the witcheries and illusions of distance: not only by what laws magnitude is affected by distance; but how light itself and colour vary as they recede from the eye.

When we look back from such a vantage-ground as the knowledge of all this, which art by slow and anxious study was able to attain to, upon that early beginning of it, we see that imitation, which we thought its very substance, is only its body, and that body must needs be instinct with a soul. "Howbeit, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual." You may still call it

imitation if you will, but it is not the servile copy of that which is immediately seen, but an imitative creation. Furthermore, when our thoughts dwell upon a piece of sculpture or painting, we seek for repose to our self-consciousness: if the work challenges us, appeals to us, seems as if it were there that we might see it, instead of absorbing our thoughts, it throws them back upon ourselves; and this, as it seems to me, is the reason why we dislike what is theatrical in composition, or formal in expression, or exceptional in landscape, or didactic in telling its story—in short, all in which art betrays itself; for it is obvious that art endeavours to pass for that which it is not, namely, nature, and therefore ought not to waken us to a consciousness of that which it is. Not that we ever really mistake, unless it is by some curious accident, and for a very brief moment, a work of art for a work of nature. I should be sorry if you thought I meant anything so paradoxical as that; but just as in witnessing a play we place ourselves under a voluntary and conscious illusion, and resent anything as a fault in the performance which, by overtaxing our credulity or jarring against the train of our associations, disturbs or weakens the illusion, so it is with the creations of the sculptor or the painter: it must be there in and for itself, and appearing to have no reference to any possible observer. It is by the attainment of this excellence that sometimes the poorest little fragment of bronze or marble, or the merest sketch of a great master in drawing, has a *feeling* in it (for such is the expression which great critics have taught us to use) that gives to it a perpetual freshness, so that it never palls upon the taste. These are a few elements of the growth of painting and sculpture, but I would fain go further, and speak of one of the sources of their decay. Again I remind you that the intention of art is to please: unless it give pleasure, it cannot exist for a moment, and it must seek to instil this pleasure through the representation of natural objects; but we all know very well that there is a different class of pleasure with which art, as such, has nothing to do, but to which, nevertheless, it may be made subservient. From the very first men have only been too prone to seek in it the means of a spurious delight through being reminded of other and baser gratifications; but when it is reduced to this kind of bondage, it soon falls sick, the brightness of its eye is quenched, the sense of its native dignity disappears, its communion with nature, from which it derived all its strength and glory, is cut off. So that if any one supposes that by encouraging art we are encouraging that which is intended to "feed voluptuous thought," he charges us with the very opposite tendency to that which we claim on behalf of this pursuit. That "honest haughtiness" of which Milton speaks, and to which, among other things, he ascribes his youthful purity, is produced and maintained by the contemplation of the beautiful in itself

and for itself, without reference to appetite or passion. We may therefore claim a share in public education when we promote taste, for taste is a restraining power, and gives strength to our moral resolutions. And what Wordsworth says of poetry may be said of its sisters, just as what he admits to be the decay of poetry is also their decay :

> " For deathless powers to verse belong,
> And they like demigods are strong
> On whom the Muses smile.
> But some their function have disclaimed,
> Best pleased with what is fitliest framed
> To enervate and defile."

If then it can be shown that the growth of art is a process of natural education, that art itself is something that Providence has intended for men to learn, and of which the stages are fore-appointed and are attained in a prescribed succession—if it has been as much developed as law, as the science of government, as commerce, or any other part of human civilization—it is not for us to challenge what Providence has arranged, but, believing that there is an end in it suited to the wants of mankind, to follow whither we are led and to co-operate in the manifest design. And yet it is easy enough to see some part of the effects which it was intended that the pursuit should bring forth. I have already remarked that it is the province of taste to humanize; I will now venture to point out one particular kind of humanizing influence which the study of all that is beautiful in nature is wont to exercise. In scenes of savage grandeur, where force predominates over grace, in monotonous and dreary swamps, in the heart of manufacturing towns, where one is surrounded with nothing but scenes of evermore deformity and vulgarity, the mind is gradually robbed of that cheerful tone which, as it is a blessing in itself, is likewise the medium of sane and wholesome judgment. Through the want of this healthy tone men fall into moroseness and anon into fanaticism; but if the estrangement from nature produces this great moral plague and social curse, that which enables us to relish nature when we see it, and even to realise it when it is away, must be no unimportant remedy. What, then, should be the language of this institution in claiming public support? That it is an excellent thing to give to such of our youth as have an aptitude for it the requisite skill in handling the pencil or the brush? or should we not be justified in regarding such professions as poor and vulgar in comparison with the proper aim of our Academy? for I presume that you will not be content with the promotion of an innocent recreation or a graceful accomplishment, but that you wish to teach the possessors of such accomplishments not to remain content with the manual acquirement, but to aspire to the ideal. I have already remarked on a previous occasion that, however rich this society may become, we cannot create art by means

of mere money; we cannot create art by offering prizes; it is a traditional study, and must be learnt by tradition; it is, indeed, equally true that it is an original study, and must be learned by original observation of the outward world; but both these conditions are alike requisite: we have a better insight into nature through the interpreters that have gone before us, that is, the great masters, and we can better understand their commentary by reference to the original text of nature itself, and we shall do both better if we have one to guide us to this reciprocal illustration—one who has gone through the same lesson. We ought, then, I think, to appeal to the public for funds sufficient to secure the services of an artist of established reputation, a believer in the old masters, but still more a believer in nature; not a man to admire or aim at striking novelties or sentimental conceits, such as art has been groaning under for the last fifty years, but one who from a sober student has ripened into a competent teacher. In the next place, we want a good collection of the drawings of the great masters, and all the other treasures which the autotype process has brought within the reach of every one. And last of all, we must have casts of some of the ancient statues, and a few pictures which shall adequately represent the different schools. And here I might launch out into talks about Venice and Bologna, and the colouring of Titian, and the light and shade of Mazzuoli, called Il Parmigianino, but it would be all pseudo-learning, fragments of Mrs. Starke and her notes of exclamation. The sum of all this is, that you should convince this colony, and especially this city, that you intend to effect the introduction of Taste in its highest sense, and of Art in its truest form, amongst our people. Call upon them to help you in this behalf, and you will inaugurate yourselves far better than I can do by any words or theories of mine.

COMMEMORATION, 1872.

Mr. Chancellor—I venture to think, Sir, that not the least interesting part of the address to which we have been listening is that in which you speak of certain proposed changes in the course of the studies pursued in this University. For the honour of the University itself, no less than for the guidance of the public, it is of great importance that the nature of those changes should be distinctly understood. For, as it would be a heavy forfeiture of her dignity if this University endeavoured to attract youthful votaries within its pale by the offer of meretricious facilities, and of conditions incompatible with sound education, so it will be a matter of just pride if she takes the lead in lightening the burden of students, not by diminishing its bulk, but by adjusting it more wisely; if by adapting their labours to their opportunities she succeeds in at once assisting their progress and maintaining her own position. It is not with the intention of outbidding other universities, but in the hope that all will, sooner or later, enter upon the same path, that we would fain see her setting the example of dealing with the study of Greek, not under the guidance of traditional prejudice, but in the spirit of temperate improvement. There is not a single member of this Senate, there is not a friend of academical institutions in this hall, but reverently looks upon the Greek language as the goodliest and stateliest tree in the grand avenue of learning. It is not by any one of us that a sacrilegious hand would be raised to destroy its fair proportions, or to leave an unsightly waste to mark the spot wherein it has flourished for so many generations. Such havoc would be discreditable to any one of us, but upon me it would redound with more than usual infamy. But that reform to which you have alluded is one which I have openly advocated since I came to this colony, and, indeed, for several years before, because I have always thought that it would tend, not to diminish Greek scholarship, but to increase it; and the two authorities* whom you have cited in its favour, being both eminent as Greek scholars, can have spoken with no other conviction.

It may be as well to look at those universities whose standard is similar to our own, and to ascertain what amount of proficiency in this language is necessary for the attainment of an ordinary degree. And let it be remembered that the standard of two universities may be the same in a given

* The two authorities cited by the Chancellor were Sir Alexander Grant and Lord Lyttleton.

branch, and yet that the two may differ widely in the number of subjects required. For instance, our classical standard is certainly not lower than that of Oxford; but while Oxford is, with the exception of a little logic and divinity, exclusively classical, our subjects are as numerous as in the University of London, where the classical standard is lower. Take, then, a newly created graduate of Oxford, and ascertain what proportion his Greek bears to the other matters which are demanded of him: in more than half the instances of this kind the result that you will meet with is this. In the very acme of his proficiency, on the very day when all the accumulations of his patient and plodding memory are brought to light, he would not be able to express the most simple and elementary wants, he could not ask you to lend him a book, or to bid the bedell fetch him a glass of water, or make or answer the commonest observations upon the weather, if you gave him his choice of doing so either in the Attic or the Ionic dialect. Six months after this period of flowering, if you came to look again at the interesting plant, you would find that the caterpillar of oblivion had devoured every leaf, every petal, every receptacle of the poorest germ that might have attested the drudgery of more than half a dozen years. Can we call this scholarship? Is it to enforce such scholarship as this that we uphold a system which declares that a man may be ever so great a mathematician, ever so great a Latinist—nay, that he may add to these accomplishments a sound knowledge of chemical and physical science—yet that if Greek be wanting, all the rest is vain—the omission of the Attic salt spoils the whole dish of his attainments? It seems to me that if all the time which, in the case of our young Oxonian, has produced such meagre and perishable fruit, had been bestowed upon some other branch—I do not mean upon some new branch of knowledge, but upon some other of the recognised academical branches—it would have been far better for him, and far more creditable to his teachers. Say that it had been bestowed upon Latin, is it not obvious that in place of professing two languages, whereof the one was very sickly and the other plainly moribund, he might have given such vitality and strength to his Latin that it would have become in him a study capable of supporting and maintaining itself during his lifetime?

Now, what I have said of Oxford may be said with equal truth of Cambridge, and with even more truth of the University of London. And what is there in the circumstances of this colony which can in any way deaden the force of this remark? One of the peculiar features of education in New South Wales is extreme deliberation. Parents look upon education with such awe that they are in no hurry to submit their children to its influence: the mind is allowed to grow up and develop all its faculties as far as it can

without being prematurely cramped by spelling and syntax and other odious technicalities. It is to this extreme deliberation that we owe the lateness of that particular training by which lads are prepared for college, so that many things are begun at fifteen which your precipitate parents in England expect to be fairly mastered at twelve. And if in addition to this we consider the extreme mildness of fathers and mothers on the one hand in enforcing their rights, and the extreme severity of children in the maintenance of theirs, it is no wonder if in many instances that which should have been done at the school or with the private tutor is left to be done in the lecture-room. What are we to do in such cases? Are we to let the students pass on from year to year, abiding below the mark, until we turn them out upon the public as a batch of counterfeit graduates? Or are we to lower the standard, and so make our degree inferior in value, because inferior in reputation, to those of any other university? Neither the one nor the other, and the latter quite as little as the former. We ought to say, as we do say, to students of this kind —"If you are not in earnest, go. If you are in earnest, stay, and see whether by three years' close application you can, without trenching on the time to be given to chemistry and physics, make up your deficiency in classical and mathematical knowledge. If you cannot, then you must see what a fourth year's application will do for you." Surely we could say this with far more effect if we had not to encounter the objection—"Sir, they neglected my Greek so long, and I have so many other arrears to make up, that I feel it to be hopeless to contend against such odds."

But there is another disadvantage which every university ought to take into account—I mean that under which even very superior minds often labour, the want of a verbal memory. A man of good reasoning powers, and therefore fitted to be a good grammarian and a good mathematician, will prove a good mathematician *in esse*, because there are no words to remember, whilst his grammatical excellence will always remain *potential*, because the raw material on which grammar operates is not at his command. Well, then, are the backward through neglect, or the backward from defect of an inferior faculty, to be turned away from this institution when they are able and willing, by increased diligence, to make up for that which has been denied them by nature or by their parents? I hope the public of New South Wales does not suppose that every B.A. whom we send forth for its inspection has attained to that degree by scholarship. The statutes allow a young man in his second year, after he has attained a place in classics, to give up his classics altogether, and to concentrate his mind upon mathematics and physics. Many will say this is a great pity—that a young man ought at least to acquire as much Latin as he can during his residence at the University.

It will be said there are the Roman historians, who deal with such events as continually reproduce themselves in all civil communities; there is the Roman law, which is the foundation of our own jurisprudence; there are the Roman poets, by whose alchemy the meanest objects are ennobled; the moralists, by whose inimitable neatness and elegance all the bitter-sweet experiences of civilization and all the maxims of common life are consigned to us in words that have become the heirlooms of Christendom; and, last of all, there is the Latin language itself, *simplex munditiis*, despite its natural poverty, by natural purity of taste in the folds of its drapery rivalling the effects of many a language that boasts a more splendid array of gems and apparel. What can we say in answer to all this but that we heartily agree with it? But to render this possible, to enable us to impose Latin upon all students of the third year alike, we must not distract their attention to too many subjects at once—we must not tell every one who wishes to know more Latin that he must also know more Greek, for so, in place of getting both, we shall get neither. But if we leave the Greek language to the option of students, what security have we that those will not avail themselves of the exemption for whom it was never intended, and whom, on account of their previous attainments and their general aptness, we ought rather to encourage to perseverance? You, Sir, will think very little of such an objection, for you know too well what the disposition of young men is, to suppose that when they are conscious of intellectual power, and see an additional opportunity of intellectual distinction, they will rather throw away all the time which it has taken them to arrive at a certain degree of knowledge than, by bestowing additional labour upon it, to end their career with additional honour. A sordid acquiescence in the minimum of attainment requisite for a degree is a condition of mind which I should be very sorry to impute to our students, and which I should be very sorry if I thought they believed me capable of imputing to them. The most backward amongst them, while he wishes to pass, wishes also to pass with credit; and we may be sure that, as a general rule, no one will give up that which he is likely to do well, merely for the sake of lightening his burden. And as I have full trust in the students, so I have also full trust in the attractiveness of the language itself; and I do not believe that any one who has once set his foot within the magic circle wherein he can call up the glories of the Attic stage, or the burning harangues of those who "wielded at will that fierce democraty;" when he can bid Homer to be his minstrel and Aristophanes his jester; when he can confer with Plato on all the questions presented by man, by nature, and by Deity, will skulk away into some by-path because it offers an easier access to his degree.

Our students are—as they ought to be—something above the common standard of the youth of this colony, and they learn here not merely the properties of triangles and the pathology of aorists, but they learn to think and to feel otherwise than the vulgar think and feel. They know that it is their privilege to strengthen themselves here for the conflict which it will be their greater privilege to pursue hereafter—the conflict with that hateful vulgarity, the vulgarity of soul which, like a huge devil-fish, is spreading forth its obscene feelers towards all that is generous and refined, that it may strangle it in its slimy embraces. Mere coarseness of manner may be derived from the working classes, but the real vulgarity which sneers at learning, which calls itself practical and thinks itself wise because it can conceive no other aim or purpose in life but the satisfaction of the grossest material wants, this vulgarity is bred out of the opulent class; it is in that middle class that it finds its audience, and it is from this place that the spirit must go forth to protest against these mischievous and degrading notions, and to confound the ignorant impostors who preach them. Young men who so understand their mission may be trusted, as not capable of abusing an exemption which is not intended for them. It is therefore not as an additional precaution, but rather as the affirmation of a principle, the justice of which the students themselves will recognize, that we who are anxious for this measure do yet propose to declare the study of Greek indispensable for every kind and degree of University distinction except the mere B.A., and perhaps where a special prize has been given to encourage proficiency in some particular subject. Even with larger concessions I should have no fear for the result. Every religious body will be glad to have plenty of doctors within its pale who possess the key to the sacred writings, to the Greek fathers, and the philosophy of the Hellenistic Jews. Those who aspire to the learned professions, though they know that a man may be a very good doctor and a very good lawyer without knowing a word of Greek, will also know that, as the candidates for a profession recruited from many sources, they will be consulting their own dignity by showing that in their case, at least, it is an intellectual profession, and by studying that tongue which of all the tongues in the world has always kept its hold on the affections of those who are most prominent for intellectual gifts. But above all, those who understand that education has a twofold object, that it is to fit us not only for business, but for leisure, and who believe that literary leisure is the sweetest as well as the noblest of all, will persevere in the school of classics in all its integrity. Therefore not as undervaluing Greek, not as a concession to any cry, not as though we dreamt of lowering the standard of this place, but in fair consideration to the circumstances of

many promising and industrious young men, I propose this measure to the favourable attention of our friends, in the conviction that every one of the subjects here taught will be taught more efficaciously, and that a higher standard in each will be rendered attainable, when they shall cease to impede each other by thronging together for simultaneous entrance into the mind of the bewildered student.

ON SCHOLARSHIP, AT HOBART, 1872.

[This speech was delivered by Dr. Badham when presenting his report as an Examiner for the Tasmanian quasi-academical degree of Associate of Arts, in September, 1872.]

May it please your Excellency, Mr. President and Members of the Council of Education,—Before I read the document which I hold in my hand, I would fain crave your permission to address a few words to my fellow-Australians here assembled in such large numbers, and through them to the still larger numbers whom they may be considered to represent, upon the import of this solemnity. I am not intending, ladies and gentlemen, to read you a lecture upon education. Education is perfectly able to take care of itself without any championship of mine. Indeed, when I see what a throng of defenders are always ready to flock around her, and with what unhesitating ardour they will say anything in her behalf, I am sometimes afraid that she will be crushed under the shields of her own supporters or stifled by the ebullitions of their zeal. According to these persons, education is omnipotent, and omnipotent only for good. Intemperance and all manner of vice, strikes and all manner of turbulence, wars and fightings throughout the world, must all eventually feel her influence, and cease to be. But when I ask those who seem best acquainted with it to give me some very distinct conception of this mysterious power, in favour of which the fear of God and the fear of the civil magistrate are to forego their time-honoured functions, I find a very blurred and confused image, which finally settles down into a cheerless array of so much geography, so many facts in history, and so much dexterity in manipulating the figures of arithmetic and the letters of the alphabet. I stand here for scholarship, something older and something far more intelligible than all your modern education: the scholarship which our forefathers believed in as of immense social importance, but which your advanced and rapid philosopher now-a-days would scarce condescend to attack as a thing so nearly superseded. I stand here for scholarship, not as that which is to crown the individual who professes it with honour—not as that which is to amuse his leisure or to gild his retirement, but as a civil power; as having in its hands a large share of the destinies of any community where it has found entrance. And into what community, pray, has it not found entrance from one end of Europe to the other, and that from the dawn of modern history? Is it conceivable that

mighty kings, powerful ministers, princes of the Church, energetic republics have founded and fostered universities as the temples of scholarship for any other reason but because they believed in it as a civil power? But you will ask me, What is this which makes you so enthusiastic that you would fain communicate your enthusiasm to us? You believe in scholarship, but why do you believe in it? I believe in it for the same reason for which not only all those great founders and benefactors of universities whom I have just now mentioned believed in it, but because I see that the very same motives which influenced them have influenced every European community which has settled itself in every part of the world on their side and on our side of the equator. I myself am the representative here of that which owes its existence to a noble popular conviction and popular effort, the University of Sydney. But why mention instances where every country is an instance? or why mention them here on the very southern limits of European civilization, where your Council of Education is performing the noblest office of a university as a standing witness that scholarship is a State matter—a matter of deep social significance?

That you may see why it is so, I would invite you to consider its nature and aims. It began in a spirit of reverence for antiquity—in a desire to master the tongues, and thereby to enter most intimately into the thoughts of those who are to all intents and purposes our intellectual ancestors, whose civil life has been transfused into our life, the very form and feature of whose thoughts and feelings may be recognized in our thoughts and feelings, whose richest traditions we have received in trust to transmit to our descendants. Of such an ancestry anyone may be justly proud; and a most righteous ambition it is which prompts anyone to burst through the isolation of the petty present and its miserable strivings, to claim the past as that to which he belongs, as that which confers dignity upon him, as that which gives him a sympathy with the ages which are yet to come. Look at these ancestors, the two nations which fill the front and the centre of the great historic scene—the Greek nation, to whom was revealed in a more especial and abundant manner the idea of the beautiful in form and in language—the Roman people, whose wisdom in civil government and insight into the genius of law have survived the great empire which was founded upon them. "Well," you will say, "it is a great privilege for a man to be conversant with the works of these nations who first civilized us, and who have given us in a great measure the framework of our mother tongue. It is a blessing for a man to be a scholar. But how does he impart that blessing to us? Or what good does his scholarship confer upon his fellow-citizens at large?" I have partly answered that question,

though indirectly, in saying that scholarship began in a spirit of reverence —for this reverence implies the renunciation of all that is sordid, of all that is arrogant, of all that tends to prevent a master-mind from exercising a wholesome influence on the world that surrounds it, and therefore drives it into paltry arts, into chicane and imposture and corruption. What! Is it nothing that citizens should learn in their dealings with each other forbearance of manner, tact in the choice of occasions, gentleness in the assertion of right and authority? And who has such a chance of learning these as the man who from his earliest boyhood has been conversant with the refinement of expression and of sentiment? But, above all, I would beg you to consider the condition of the uneducated man. What is his principal defect? He may arrive at right conclusions, but he does not know how he got to them. He is possessed with some great truth, but he can neither distinguish it from the exaggerations which beset it, nor from the admixture of accidental notions which are injurious to the truth itself. The curse of the uneducated man, if left to himself, is the twilight of consciousness; for, depend upon it, he who cannot express to others what he thinks or what he means, cannot express it to himself; and why multiply words when we all know that the uneducated man is unconscious of his real wants, even while he is most fanatical in asserting them? Well, the opposite state to this—a clear consciousness—is derived from the study of language, from the comparison of our thought with the thoughts of others—of our mode of uttering what is in the depths of our mind with the modes in which it was uttered of yore. But the scholar is not only full of reverence, refinement, and clear-headedness; he is also by the very conditions of his discipline temperate in opinion, temperate in measures, temperate in demeanour. When, therefore, I bid you claim as yours such an ancestry, I do it in the belief that you will form a better body politic, that your social life will be sweetened, that your laws will be better framed, better administered, and better observed. What we want in this and in every Australian colony is reverence and refinement. Who is to introduce it amongst us? Who but the scholar and the gentleman—that old combination which is at once the most aristocratic and the most democratic of expressions. Make your sons scholars, and you will make them capable of influencing the community in which they live, and of providing in a far greater degree those wonderful effects which are so commonly attributed to education. Let all classes be educated, with all my heart, but let everyone who aspires to lead his fellow-men receive the education of a scholar.

I spoke just now of temperance, and I greatly fear that I shall seem to you to be transgressing the very thing which I praised so highly, by an

intemperate abuse of your patience. Let me then conclude with this single appeal. If you wish that the professions should not degenerate into trades, if you wish to have sermons that you can listen to without disgust, physic that you can swallow with some hopes of amendment, law to which you can have recourse with some chance of being righted; or if you (like us in New South Wales) have that daily yearning for a Legislative body that shall deserve the august name of a Parliament, and for legislators alive to the dignity of their office, and not the mere expounders of the politics of a mob, make your sons scholars, and let your daughters help them in the endeavour. You are poor, and so are we. You have to make sacrifices for this cause, and so have we. But I speak to business men. Even for the sake of more money hereafter you know how to sacrifice a little money for the present. But this is a sacrifice of money for the present, in order to obtain hereafter that which no money can purchase, that of which no money can represent the value. It is upon unselfish sacrifices like these that the heavens themselves rain incense.

COMMEMORATION, 1873.

NOTHING can equal, Mr. Chancellor, the hardheartedness and cruelty of a real friend. My cruel friends have just robbed me of the repose in which I was indulging, of the magnificent luxury and sovereignty of a mere spectator, which I had promised myself to enjoy to the end of this ceremonial. For some weeks past, on account of failing health, I had promised myself that I would fling away every care, and, giving myself up to the superintendence of my own person, leave the University to be represented by those who are far more able to do it justice than I am. But we live, I am sorry to say, under a severe despotism. I could no more resist the nod of His Excellency than I could have resisted the nod of the Sultan, attended by those who bear the bowstring as the alternative of disobedience. If I had only to speak the language of praise, that language, of course, would come readily enough. Everyone will listen readily to flattery, and not be too critical as to the words in which it is conveyed. But all who have been accustomed to hear me in this place know that I generally manage to fling down one or two gauntlets to gainsayers, and that the whole of my mission in this University has been a knight-errantry against all sorts of foes, real or imaginary, to education. On this occasion I rise utterly unprepared with anything to offend anybody withal. Yet I must say something offensive before I sit down, otherwise all my influence will be gone. I shall have no more enemies, and consequently no more importance in the world.

One thing which has occurred to me several times during the past six months I may venture, perhaps, to touch upon, as a matter upon which I disagree with many of my fellow-citizens. Unless I very much misunderstand the tone of certain remarks which I hear continually made, I think that some of my fellow-citizens and myself are of opposite opinions. I have heard much about the prosperity of this colony. I have heard many prophecies about the increase of its commercial wealth, and of the enormous fortune which mining operations will bring to us. I am not so wholly unacquainted with the history of the world as to suppose that material prosperity is not among the things for which any nation or any people ought to be thankful I am indeed thankful that we have arisen out of the stagnation in which we were so long involved. Perhaps I may be thankful for it on personal grounds; for, no doubt, the prosperity of the country will involve an ability on the

part of many parents to send their sons to the University, who otherwise would have sent them into other occupations. But I cannot conceal from myself the tendency which I see manifesting itself in more than one quarter —I mean the tendency to turn this University straightway to account; to adopt it as a means of helping on those mining operations, and to turn that which was intended by William Charles Wentworth and all his compeers to be an establishment for education, into a mere machinery for bringing out of the bowels of the earth the riches they contain, and turning them into marketable cash. That, I may say, is not the mission of the University. And when people talk to me about schools of mines, and lectures upon metallurgy and the means of extracting various riches from the soil, of course I have nothing to say against it. But I always feel an uneasy suspicion arising in my mind that something more is meant than is actually expressed. It seems to me as if a great number were at last finding out that the University might after all become of some little use if it could be a college for chemistry, a college for mechanics—especially for mechanics as applied to mining. And then indeed we shall bless the memories of its founders; and then we shall find that our University, instead of pestering us with Latin, Greek, mathematics, and a heap of things we cannot understand, has at last condescended to make itself useful in a way we can appreciate. This appears to me to be the under-song of a great deal that has been said and written concerning the task which the University should undertake in educating those who are hereafter to be engaged as chemists or miners. Many, of course, are more candid and more enlightened than these recent discoverers of a new purpose to justify our existence. Many, of course, will agree with me that the University ought to teach chemistry, as it teaches everything else, as a really scientific subject. But the moment you drop from the scientific character of anything, you fall into mere routine; the moment you begin to handle it mechanically, that moment you cease to educate at all. I bear no grudge against any science. I covet the comprehension of all, and I wish I had a little leisure to dip into one or other of them. I admire the chemist and metallurgist as well as the mathematician. I wish them God speed, for I believe that all knowledge is intended for the improvement of man. Still, I say that knowledge is one thing, and the mere conveyance of so many facts is another. There is the gage that I fling down, and let them take it up who list.

I have nothing more to say; and yet I feel that some few here, whose hearts throb in unison with mine, will almost expect that I shall on this occasion again record that which I have recorded already elsewhere—the great loss scholarship has sustained by the decease of my valued friend Nichol

Drysdale Stenhouse. He was a member of the Senate—a man who heartily sympathised in every word I have just uttered. He was a man who believed that

> By the soul
> Only the nations shall be great and free,

and who believed that there was nothing next to religion so capable of enlarging the soul and expanding the sympathies as a classical education. His habits were those of extreme modesty, of extreme love of retirement; and he was unable to do that which it is my province and duty to do—that is, to endeavour to knead those truths into the mass of my fellow-citizens. But for sincere love of truth, for deep research, for thorough appreciation of the great works of antiquity, it will be very long before the colony will find an equal to him.

This very loose and disjointed discourse is entirely due to the frown of His Excellency, which extorted it from me. Although I ought not to feel very grateful at this moment for having been brought forward to make this exposure of the very weak artillery, which I am able to bring up on the summons of a moment, I do feel, and before I sit down, would gladly express that feeling, that in the selection which Her Majesty has made for our Governor* she has been most fortunate for herself and most beneficent to us.

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*Sir Hercules Robinson first presided at Commemoration, in his capacity of Visitor, in 1873.

COMMEMORATION, 1874.

Mr. Chancellor.—Something far more insidious than either the Oidium Tuckerii or the Phylloxera vastatrix, I think it is called, has been preying on the flowers of my rhetoric, and upon all the leaves of promise that may have been putting forth during the past year, to terminate in something like an academic speech. A certain sensation of languor and oppression, a certain feeling, also, that there was not one to refute me, and altogether a disinclination to bore the public with any further observations of mine upon the same everlasting theme, made me very early resolve, as my health was failing, and as I had many other occupations to distract me, that I would disencumber myself of this terrible prospect, and that, at least, if I had to speak, I should speak under compulsion, and that I should promise myself up to the very last hour not to utter a single word. The best advocate is he who knows best when to hold his tongue, and the most effectual champion is he who does not enter into the lists for the mere pleasure of fighting, but only deals a blow when the blow is likely to promote the cause he has espoused. Now, this University requires not only no championship of mine, not only no advocacy of mine, but it is its own champion and its own advocate. It can rely now upon those whom it sends out into the world to defend its character for usefulness. It can rely upon itself, upon the justice of its own measures, to obtain that which I believe it has already secured—the approbation of the people who founded it. I will not say that the University is is not on its trial. Every institution that is worth anything at all is on its trial, and will be always on its trial. Every institution that has to minister to the wants of an intelligent and free population must be perpetually on its trial. Is not even constitutional monarchy upon its trial at this very moment? And it will be so long as we have the blessing of constitutional monarchy existing in the world. So it is with this University here, and with every institution of the kind. It will be watched with jealousy both by those who love it and by those who, from mere constitutional infirmity, can love nothing as long as it exists—who reserve all their charity to be displayed in tears for that which is defunct.

As the University, then, does not require that I should say anything on its behalf, and as it would be excessively unwise in me to offer any remarks concerning it, which might only wake up sleeping opponents, and irritate

enemies who, apparently, are sorry for what they have done and are anxious not to repeat the offence, what am I to say? I suppose the only topic which it is possible for me to choose is that which has been left by the regretted absence of his Excellency the Governor. You know what excellent service he did in this place last year, and I have no doubt whatever that he will render us the same service as often as he is called upon. But, unfortunately for us, on this occasion the quadrupeds overtook the bipeds. They were the first in the field; and, before he could receive any proposals from us, his Excellency was engaged to preside for some agricultural institution, or, I believe, show—I don't know exactly what it is, only that it is one of the most important and hopeful institutions of the country. I am quite certain that it is not from any abstract preference of quadrupeds over bipeds that his Excellency is away. I am quite certain, however, that, as Governor of this colony, he is bound to look to the interest of everything that crawls upon the face of it—whether upon two legs, four legs, or any number of legs. On the last occasion his Excellency closed the proceedings by a few words of wholesome advice to his young friends immediately below. They often hear my advice variously tinctured and compounded, but it has been pretty nearly always to the same effect. At the same time I may now manage to give them in about half-a-dozen sentences, that kind of advice which will not only benefit them, but will go further and benefit any student, and perhaps some teachers in this colony. What I have observed in comparing my early school days at Eton with the school days of those who are now growing up around me, is that we were required to exercise our memory a great deal more than modern schoolmasters seem to think at all necessary. We had very little to do in the way of mastering passages of different authors. We were confined to a small portion at each time, but everything we learnt to translate we also learnt by heart. There is no learning by heart in modern education, or so little that it does not yield much fruit. This may appear a very mechanical exercise—and you all know how much I am opposed to anything in education which is merely mechanical; but it is not so when you come to think of it, because the effort to commit to memory certain passages day by day is really a means of drawing the learner's own attention to the condition of his memory and to the operations of his own mind. It causes him to resort to all kinds of combination, whether of contrast or of similitude, to make all kinds of comparisons, and in fact to manufacture for himself every kind of tenter-hook that he can, whereupon that which he wishes to remember may hang. Now you see there is something which is much more than merely putting so many words into a box with a view to let them out again; there is, in the act of trying to remember, a very considerable exercise of a far higher

faculty,—the judgment. The reason why I recommend this continual learning by heart at schools and even at college, is because I find that one of the great difficulties with which I have to contend in my teaching of the classics, and also in the case of those who come up to me for examination in classical subjects in the public examinations, is the want of a stock-in-trade of words. The Greek, for instance, would be a most inviting language to many who fancy it would not be so, were it not for the extreme difficulty of acquiring the words. The perpetual necessity of looking to indices for the meaning of mere words is, of course, a disheartening occupation. If our schoolmasters of the present day would begin with their pupils as those schoolmasters of old began with us—if they would insist very much more on having passages committed to memory—that difficulty would be considerably obviated. But no, they must immediately rush into all kinds of *recherché* idioms, all kinds of exquisite grammatical niceties, all sorts of metaphysical distinctions, so that the poor lad has really no time to look his author in the face, to con him over, to commune with him in a confidential way; but he is obliged to lexicon him and grammar him according to the wise and learned notes at the foot of his author. All this is terrible. We had a book without any notes at all; and after we had exercised our faculties upon the lesson, it was explained to us almost *ex cathedra;* and then we were told to go and learn it by heart. Though I am insisting upon the great importance of having this stock of words in order to facilitate learning, so that you may not be obstructed when young to the real science of grammar by a want of material, yet do not let me be understood to say that I depreciate the study of grammar. The study of grammar is really the thing for which you come here. Hence, if you were to ask me what is the nature and purpose of a university, whether here or elsewhere, in the briefest formula I could sum up the purpose and nature of a university, I should say it was to secure trained thought in the citizens of hereafter. It is for the training of thought. It is not simply that you shall learn so many authors, shall hear a professor expound so many authors, or that you shall repeat so much to him; it is in order that, having exercised your judgment to the very best of your ability upon all that is put before you, you may then have the benefit of his matured and more enlarged judgment. To attend lectures for any other purpose than this appears to me a most absurd waste of time. You may learn the meanings of words, their grammatical relations in different sentences, or you may learn all the wise and unwise things said upon any controverted passage from the notes upon notes of almost all authors. But what you come here for is, after having made the best use of your own judgment—not in presumptuous reliance on it, but simply as a humble duty that you owe to your judgment to exercise it thus early—having exercised your

own judgment as far as you can, you then come to the professors to show you where you have erred, where you have overstepped the bounds of evidence, or where you have fallen short of some conclusion which, with a little more analysis, you might have drawn. The training of thought is that which you should all have before you as the be-all and end-all of your university course. And then, as a matter of course, every one of you will drop that miserable notion which has recourse to translations—the hurry-skurry way of running through your author three or four times with well-pencilled margins, and everything committed to memory which should properly be the fruit of mature reflection; you will get rid of the notion that this is either what will satisfy the professor or do you any good when you enter the world. True scholarship is a very much easier thing. It causes less fatigue of the mind, it can be accomplished in a shorter time by working in a legitimate and proper way, whereas false scholarship—what is popularly known as cram—takes a much longer time, fatigues the mind as well as blunts its perceptions, distorts the judgment, and ends by turning you out into the world just as—no, I will not say just as wise as when you came to the University—but it will turn you out into the world a far easier prey to all sorts of follies, and all sorts of dreams. Because, during the three years in which the faculty of discerning the true from the false, of sifting good evidence from bad, has been lying dormant, in the place of it the mind has become accustomed to such mere plodding, to such mere mechanical labour, that it afterwards shrinks from anything in the shape of intellectual effort. That is what I have to tell my young friends in place of what his Excellency would have told them, and which would have come with far greater weight from his lips. But there is one little advantage in its coming from my lips—and that is this—I hope to be able to enforce it during the rest of the year.

COMMEMORATION, 1875.

In rising to speak, I was adroit enough to seize just the moment before the final enthusiasm in favour of the Chancellor's address had died away. I am quite certain that all must feel most enthusiastically glad to see the Chancellor in such perfect health and vigour, performing his functions with great zeal and with comparatively little fatigue. I shall not detain you many minutes. I have to speak on one very important subject; and when I have told my tale I shall feel only too glad to commit one of the most important interests of this University into the hands of your Excellency to deal with as you think proper. For this one day in the year the University comes forth from the shade and the silence in which it pursues its unobtrusive labours, and strives to make itself conspicuous in the eyes of the world. We seek for a few hours of publicity, and when these are over, we shall be quite content to return to our lecture-rooms, and, for another twelvemonth, to affect no other audience than that of our own students; and yet it is in no spirit of ostentation that we draw around us such a brilliant assemblage as this. We can invite them to no music; and, as for our pictures, the greater number of them brings to mind that temple of the Eumenides of which the Attic poet speaks, when he makes his chorus thus describe the awe with which it inspired them—

> "Whom we tremble to name as we hasten by
> With thoughts unuttered and downcast eye."

And this magnificent hall, which we had hoped to display in all the new glories of a marble pavement, is, alas! still paved with good intentions. The ceremonial which we have to offer them is not such that any grown-up person would care to witness it a second time for its own sake; and the art of conferring degrees is no mystery like that of glass-blowing or electrotyping, which men are curious to inspect because of the ingenuity of the process. Of all the titles bestowed by the Chancellor this day, not one would have lost any of its academical aroma and specific virtues if it had been conveyed through the profane hands of a postman. But we give to all these acts of ours the benefit of that publicity which we seek for purposes altogether distinct from these acts. One of our purposes is, that year by year, following a natural custom, we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of this institution, and we bid the public to this festival in recognition that the institution is theirs—that we never forget that we are

trustees for public interests, and seek in every honest way to gain the public approbation. But there is another end that we pursue in surrounding ourselves with this company—or, to use the quaint old Oxford phrase, this *celebrity*. My thoughts have been so busy of late with this purpose, and my heast is so charged with it, that I almost fear to give it utterance, lest I should seem to any to exaggerate its importance. And yet, surely, the very name of this day justifies me in saying that we have a purpose in this meeting than which none can be more graceful in the actors, none more touching to the audience, none which is so much commended to us alike by nature and reason; that, in the great concourse of our fellow citizens, in the eyes of the brilliant gathering of the matrons and damsels of Sydney, in the presence of the learned professions and of the spiritual guides of the people, with the sanction of the Judicial Bench, and of the Ministers of the Crown, and under the presidency of the Queen's representative, we should commemorate the great and wise act of our foundation, and the services of our benefactors. All that shall ever be said or done, as often as this day returns, will be but a part of the scaffolding of that august and ample stage on which we bid men behold, as they pass one after the other, the silent and revered forms of those who have looked on the after age, not as that which was to supplant them, but as that which was to perpetuate them, who have felt posterity to be part of their own being, who have worn their descendants in their very vitals, who have believed in learning because they worshipped truth, who have foregone ephemeral toys and perishable delights that they might lay the richer offering on the altar of education. Again, I feel myself checked by this phantom of exaggeration, and fancy I hear some one saying, "these benefactors may have been prompted by personal vanity." I recognise in this objection that baser part of our nature which has erewhile prompted men to bring down all that is noble, whether in themselves or others, to the level of its low calculations. What, has personal vanity so few objects in which it may secure immediate applause combined with present comfort? What has such a sickly thing as vanity to do with praise after death and the well-being of future generations? But if anyone chooses to say that the love of praise, of whatever kind, and however earned, is vanity, I shall not stay to argue with the metaphysical clock-makers who propose to make the world move more simply without such important adjuncts as weights or mainsprings. Can we say that this is too splendid a requital of their deserts? Is it too much that, while they have endeavoured in their pious care to descend to later generations, posterity should strive to ascend towards them in thoughts of affectionate remembrance? Benefaction is a part of natural piety. It is a part of natural piety that science and literature should desire to transfer the wreath from their

own immortal brows, and to adorn with it the brows of those who have acknowledged their divine mission and made sacrifices to further it. Piously and truly has Virgil, when he describes the seats of the blessed, and peopled them with heroes and priests, and poets and discoverers, added to their band all those who, by good service, have made others to remember them—

> "Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
> Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
> Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

And as our own feelings tell us of the justice of this annual record, so a single example will suffice to show its expediency. A very few years ago, a man, whose kindness of heart, and blameless life have endeared him to many in this colony, was sitting in this hall by the side of a beloved daughter. He witnessed all our solemnities, and heard all that we had to say, and I do not know what effect it had produced upon him, but I know that in the mind of his companion, every other impression was effaced by the simple words in which our Registrar annually gives an account of the donations bestowed upon us, together with the names of their authors. A few words addressed to her father, after the ceremonial was over, were treasured up, as generous men know how to treasure up generous suggestions. I do not mention his name, for I am thankful to say he is still living: but you heard it this day, for it is now added to the list; and, as the prize which he founded is due to the good examples of those who went before, so it will be perpetually operating as an example for those who are to come. And as every deed of goodness is at once fruit and seed, and every doer of good is beholden to him that did good before him, by a kind of reflex action the followers require their predecessors by awakening us to a fuller sense of their merits. Every additional benefactor not only does direct and intentional service to the recipients of the gift, and to the public body which is made the channel of its conveyance, but he does service to all preceding benefactors by reviving our recollection of them. A new star in the heavens not only draws to itself the gaze of innumerable spectators, but the eyes which are once attracted thither will also be led to look upon the whole sky with greater interest and closer attention. Need I say what is the drift of this observation? You, Sir, will understand that the cause of my dwelling long upon those whose acts we profess to commemorate is that the subject has received a new splendour from the hands of Mrs. Maurice Alexander. Whether we look at the greatness of the donation,* or the wise uses to which it is applied, or the sentiment of which it is the expression, we must feel that her name

* Mrs. Maurice Alexander, in 1874, gave the sum of £1,000 to the University, for the endowment of a Bursary in memory of her deceased husband. This was the first Bursary founded for the benefit of poor scholars.

is no small addition to this roll of honour. The donation is not only great, but it will answer a great purpose. Those who were instrumental in the foundation of this University intended that it should be for the whole colony, and Mrs. Alexander has shown us how this idea may be carried out more completely than heretofore. And as he is the greatest musician who carries out the deepest thought of the composer, and he is the greatest actor who perceives and brings into life the latent intention of his poet, so are those the greatest benefactors who do not merely add to the material provisions of a design, but who help to develop it in new directions, intended, but not attained, by the author, and who make their bounty to flow in channels which their own ingenuity has constructed. Our founders had provided that there should be a perpetually running stream of scientific and classical knowledge at which all the sons of New South Wales should be free to drink. By the effect of this new donation, the bank of this stream is made accessible to many who heretofore have despaired of reaching it, and will ere long be covered with resting places, to welcome the weary pilgrim of learning from the remotest parts of the colony to three years of studious repose and preparation for a life of public usefulness. All honour to her—and all honour to the man to whom his widow can offer such a memorial, in the belief that he will look upon it with greater satisfaction than all the mausoleums that wealth could rear. You have suggested, I believe, that in order to carry out this principle yet further, each district should raise a little more than £1000, in order to form a Bursary, to be held by a student selected from one of the schools contained within its limits. Some effort in this direction has already been made at Grafton, and in the affiliated colleges (if I may speak in this place of denominational good deeds) there is a spirit of liberality abroad, which is working in the same direction. I have no doubt but that when your address is circulated throughout the country, the proposal contained in it will be enthusiastically received, but as people in the country are very busy, and do not meet very spontaneously upon matters which lie somewhat out of the sphere of their occupation, it would, perhaps, be as well if a person were deputed to visit various local centres, and endeavour to bring the inhabitants of the district around him, and then to pledge them to perseverance, by giving them certain resolutions to move and second. If I could find a man who had a hankering affection for platforms, and a love of public speaking, and who preferred even abuse to obscurity, and who had shown in previous years a love of rambling about the country and lecturing as he went, I should recommend such a person, with a suitable keeper, to be sent to exercise his gift of itinerant harangues on behalf of this mission; but, as it is, I fear I must take the office upon myself, and in the first vacation after this, endeavour to put my hand to this

work of promoting the establishment of Bursaries, a work as momentous as any that has ever been proposed to this University.

My impatience to know what his Excellency the Governor intends to say about your Bursary scheme, impels me to hurry over another topic, on which I would fain have dwelt—I mean the classical preparation of those who are to be sent up from the country schools to the University. It is not absolutely necessary that we should have grammar schools in addition to those already paid by the State. It would be cheaper, easier, and, in some respects, even better, that the Government should engraft the classics upon some of our leading public schools. A clever boy, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, has very often acquired enough mathematics at one of these institutions to qualify him for passing in that branch of the subjects required at matriculation. Now, if a special classical master were added to the staff of some of the leading schools throughout the country—and we could easily find competent teachers from among our own graduates—the more promising pupils might, at sixteen years of age, be transferred from the general department to a special class, and these might, in two years time—remember I am speaking of boys of good abilities—acquire that classical groundwork which, in addition to their previous mathematical attainments, would entitle them to matriculate. For what do we require at matriculation? Simply this, that they should be able to follow the professors' lectures. Now a thorough knowledge of Latin syntax, not the gabbling of rules, but the power of discerning and applying each rule, when presented to him in an English example—in short the power of writing correct Latin exercises, and a thorough familiarity with some 200 pages of a good Latin author, would be quite enough to fit any youth for attendance at the first year's lectures. And then it would be expedient that he should be able to follow the intricacies of that beautiful but somewhat erratic creature, the Greek verb, in all its "wanton wreathings intricate," and in all the bewildering grace of its seemingly capricious but really harmonious evolutions; and, in order that he may have a sufficient stock-in-trade of Greek words, he should master so as almost to know by heart one of the Gospels, or a book of the Anabasis, or a couple of cantos of Homer; in so doing he would have attained the necessary perfection at the end of two years. Of course, the sentences of two years' Latin and two years' Greek would be concurrent, and so he would join us at eighteen years of age, and at the end of three more the friends of the fortunate Bursar would celebrate, in one and the same festival, his coming of age as a citizen and his coming of age as a scholar. Oh! that I could show how perfectly sincere I am in this recommendation! For I do not hesitate to say that, if it were possible, I should not have the slightest objection to try the experiment in my own person. But you and I, Sir,

have reached that period of life in which we must be content with reflected enjoyment and reflected ambition. We can only be young by our sympathies with the young. Our energy and our enthusiasm are but a faint emanation from theirs. It is in the youth of this country, and especially the academic youth, when we see them following the same traditions, and animated by the same principles by which our young hearts were warmed and strengthened and guided, that we are still youthful, and evermore triumphant.

ADDRESS TO THE UNIVERSITY DEBATING SOCIETY, 1875.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—You little know how much that simple commencement appears to me fraught with terror and dismay; a terror and dismay which are increased tenfold by what I see before me. I am not accustomed to quail before audiences, nor indeed do I now feel my heart sinking within me through the ordinary causes which produce that disagreeable sensation. It is not because I am unprepared but because I am prepared too well, that I look upon this large concourse with the utmost trepidation. Shall I confess it to you, for at present I am speaking in riddles, not only I never expected to say *ladies* and gentlemen, but I never expected to encounter an audience which has almost swelled to the dimensions of a public meeting. I thought that I should be provided with the easiest chair of a commodious apartment, and that I should be surrounded with a few friends of my own sex who would be willing to listen to some desultory observations of mine with more or less interest as suited them, but certainly not with that eagerness which is the most dangerous humour for an audience to be in, for as sure as digestion waits on appetite, so sure is criticism the inevitable follower of eager attention. I am still witholding my confession, because it is expedient that before you learn what I have done, you should know how I was brought to do it. When I was invited to deliver an address before this society, I was in the midst of all manner of occupations. I am not alluding to my ordinary duties, but to the preparations which I had to make for a future labour of no ordinary kind. These bursaries, in which the members of the society, as University men, must needs take the same interest as I do, are not things to be managed by sleight of hand. The preparation for their establishment compelled me to make certain geographical studies, to ascertain local peculiarities, to consult with leading persons in the North, and South, and West, and to plan a winter campaign in the Riverina, and the outlines of a September raid upon New England; and in the midst of all this I was to deliver a discourse upon a perfectly different subject! But believing that it would be more of a family gathering of the sons of Alma Mater, and not feeling sure that I should have sufficient time to think over the heads of a suitable discourse, I took refuge where others had done before me. I took refuge in *scribbling*. It is not always easy to think, but a man can always write; and (I cannot conceal it) I wrote my address. A

when a man has a sweet little box in the country, and has prepared a dinner for six homely neighbours, if the train brings him down an unexpected shoal of distinguished guests he must straightway extemporise a tent on his front lawn, with any material that comes to his hand, so I am building up at this moment this pavilion of shreds and patches to welcome you all; but to welcome you to what? To this poor manuscript fare, which I hold in my hand, not as intended for you, not as worthy of you, but as all which I had by me when you honoured me with this unexpected visit.

Like a great historical personage who was much embarrassed as to his mode of proceeding with a famous debating society, I have besought my conscience thrice, that it would not put me on this work of interfering with this mimic Parliament of yours! but when I remembered that I was invited to do so, and when I thought who the persons were that invited me, it became at last impossible to resist any longer; and here I am, though for what purpose I am here, and what possible service I can render you, I am up to this moment unable to discover. I know very well that I have to deliver an Address, because those are the very terms of the invitation, but it seems almost necessary that an address should be upon some topic: I know there are exceptions to this rule, and that some men have become such perfect masters of language that they can speak about nothing; but I am content to rank myself with that inferior class of men, who, even when they have something to say, find it very difficult to embody that something in the forms of speech. Let any one of you put himself into this position and ask himself, how would he behave in it; I suppose he would congratulate the society upon its formation, and augur for it a happy continuance, and endeavour to speak very rapturously of the good which it is likely to do if it works upon sound principles and steadily pursues its proper aim. Well, all this I am thankful to say I can do with perfect sincerity, and with a warmth of heart which I must beg you to accept in place of eloquent periods and exquisitely finished laudations.

I rejoice to see the members of our University combining as such, whatever the purpose of their combination may be; every bond which knits the students together—every pursuit in which the students of former times have fellowship with the students of to-day, are signs of that natural sympathy and union of spirit which is a guarantee of the strength and permanence of the body which it pervades. If this were a combination only for some common pastime, it would deserve to be welcomed as a proof of this public spirit; but an association for the purpose of intellectual culture, as it is a means of a closer union than any club for the promotion of bodily strength and skill, so is it more appropriate to an institution whose sole business is to guide and train the intellect by the discipline of thought and

reason. We were lately told by a person* whose position entitles him to every respect, that students were apt to neglect the claims of bodily health, and more than one species of exercise was recommended to us with a view to the preservation of that blessing; but I hope no one so far misunderstood the meaning of this advice, as to suppose that it implies any depreciation of hard intellectual labour.

One of the noblest passages in Jeremy Taylor is that in which, speaking of the education of the young, he contrasts the parents of old times who rejoiced to see their youth striking the lion with his hunting spear, or doing battle with some other lord of the forest, or bruised and battered with the fierce contentions of the wrestling ground, with those parents of the present day, who are proud to see their offspring pale with study and worn with deep research. How unlike the shallow prattle of your small modern wits, who think that nothing is manly save that which is muscular; who know nothing of the dogged courage which refuses to be beaten by some intricate problem, or, to speak with Plato, which never faints till it has tracked the question, like some wily and mischievous beast, into its inmost lair, and dragged it into the light of day. It is manly not to shrink from this mental fatigue which is so different from mere plodding. The latter is certainly injurious to the health of the body, but it is quite as certainly injurious to that of the mind; whereas intellectual efforts need never be carried so far as to undermine the vigour of the frame, and they are absolutely necessary to that mental vigour which is the privilege of man. The person who invented that charming anecdote about Dean Gaisford, which was adopted by the Governor to illustrate some remarks which he made before the University, seems to have fallen into the vulgar error of confounding the scholar with the pedant or the hireling—the scholar who makes his mind to undergo labours by which its strength is developed, with the pedant who plods for mere ostentation, that he may be quoted as an authority because he knows what others do not care to know; or the hireling, who measures learning by the pelf which it will bring in. Such objects may be suited to the ambition of the pedant or the hireling; and the toil which they impose upon themselves is as low as the ambition which prompts it. But there are other pedantries, besides that which apes scholarship, and other hirelings besides those who plod through books for the sake of money. For instance, there are political pedants, who never aspire beyond the repetition of hackneyed phrases; and political hirelings who work by the piece or by the journey; and even in the sporting world there are men who give themselves to the pursuit for no generous aims; and if I were to ask one of these latter

* Dr. Badham alludes to some remarks on this topic made by Sir Hercules Robinson (the then Governor), in a speech at the previous Annual Commemoration.

pedants what were the advantages of sport, he would no doubt tell me first, that it would help me into the society of the great, from whence I could look down upon all non-sporting men ; secondly, that it would enable me to read the pedigrees of horses with great interest; and thirdly, that it sometimes led to considerable emoluments upon the turf. And as we may presume that his Excellency would look upon such reasons for sport with disapprobation, so have we a right to look upon similar reasons for learning and intellectual labour as wholly unworthy of us and inapplicable to us. But enough of this.

I have assumed that the object of this Debating Society, inasmuch as it is composed of University men, is the improvement of the mind. It is true that not all members of all debating societies view the matter in this light; there are some, no doubt, who wish to acquire a certain glibness of speech, without caring about the quality of the speech which they employ. Now, I do not deny that, in some cases, it is a very good thing to overcome natural timidity by practice, or as the Greeks call it, μελέτη ; and the best μελέτη or rather the only one that is worthy of the name, is what Thucydides calls μελέτη μετὰ κινδύνων. To call up the right word from the depths of your consciousness, or indeed to have any internal consciousness at all, while you are standing up to be looked at by an innumerable throng of faces, is a power which scarcely comes by nature, even to those whom nature intended for public speakers. But of the men who undergo this ordeal and acquire this artificial courage, how many become fluent whose fluency is a sore burden to others, so sore a burden as to provoke the homicidal part of our nature; and, just as when a promising boy has, by study, initiated himself in the principles of the squirt, we inconsiderately wish that that useful implement had never been invented, so the hateful and unabashed readiness of talkers who have nothing to say, tempts us, though very unjustly, to regard all meetings for the exercise of disputation as conspiracies against sweet and wholesome silence. Sometimes while listening to performers on musical instruments we are tempted to wish that the ingenious Jubal had died in infancy; and after hearing certain fluent speakers we are sorry that they ever found means of getting over their original diffidence, supposing always that there was ever such a stage in their lives.

A friend of mine is constructing a Model Republic in case New South Wales should ever need one; and, being a Graduate in Arts, he has of course put the University at the head of all things, and subordinated the House of Legislature to it; and this is one of his provisions: There is to be universal suffrage, of course; but after the representatives have been chosen, they will have to undergo an examination by the Sydney University Senate, and they will be drafted into three classes, according to their proficiency. First-class members will have a right of voting and speaking; second-class, of

voting but certainly not of speaking; and those who fall into the third-class will form the chorus of the House, whose province it will be, when told off into strophe and antistrophe, to do the Loud cheering and Oh! oh! business, and all such inarticulate expressions of public opinion. This will in some degree modify the evil which may arise from excessive facility of speech, derived from improper use of debating societies. But an Academical Society like yours, will, I trust, be something better than a mere palestra of the tongue; you will never lose sight of the excellent order according to which the tongue (let the profane ears of punsters be absent!) is but the lictor of those first consuls, the brain and the heart. You will value the opportunity of exercise, because it releases you from the trammels of inexperience, and enables you to do justice to the researches and the reflections which call for utterance within you.

If so, you will be led to see the great importance of making a wise choice of subjects for discussion. Those who wish to train themselves to the art of unravelling an intricate question, and expressing it with clearness, will naturally avoid subjects which do not demand much reasoning power or the balancing of many details,—they will especially avoid questions which have been recently debated on in another place, and chewed over again by those lordly ruminators who repose in unrefuted majesty in the fields of journalism. There can be little left for the exercise of perspicacity and ingenuity in the tailings which remain after so many rockings and washings of these professional gold-finders. Besides, the subjects themselves often owe their apparent greatness to their excessive nearness to the spectator. With the whole realms of ancient and modern history before us, why should we narrow down our souls to the consideration whether Sir A. B. was justified in sending for Sir C. D., and make battle-fields out of these little heaps of litter which, in less than a year, will be swept into the darkest and most forgotten corner of colonial history. But, if even the subjects were of ever so much importance, how difficult it must be, in following others who have discussed them before, not to copy their language as well as their arguments; but whoever does this defeats his own purpose and aim, which is, to express his own thoughts or the thoughts which he has made his own in words chosen and adapted by himself. It is scarcely necessary to remind you that no man who copies the phrases of a debate or of a leading article, nay, no man who studies such matters to the exclusion of good English writers, can ever hope to attain to anything like purity of language. I need scarcely remind you of such barbarisms as *available* and *reliable*. When it is good English to say that a stick is *leanable*, or a chair is *sitable*, but not till then are you likely to tolerate such a phrase as "*reliable evidence*." Until that time, it would be as well to put up with the old-fashioned *trust-*

worthy. When a gentleman wishes to say that certain materials were turned to account, but prefers to tell us that they were *availed* of, you would doubtless like to ask him, seeing that *I avail myself* is a reflective verb, whether he means that the materials availed themselves of themselves without the intervention of an intelligent agent. When you hear a man speaking of *trivial offences* or *trivial expenses*, you are Latinists enough to laugh at his confusion between *trivial* and *trifling*; or when he speaks of *eliminating* the good from the bad, or tells you that "but for the Chinese a great deal of gold would have remained *unearthed*," you may smile at the ambition which has caused him in one case to confound the choice parts with the refuse, and, in the other, the earth with the open air. But what are we to do with that large number of words which, without being ungrammatical, are none the less foreign to the language? Old Dryden growls, in the surliest and most sterling English, at those of his time who, in place of telling you, "*You are in the right*," must fetch over a compliment from France, and tell you that "*You have reason*:" "which is all one," says glorious John, "as if they should say to me you are not a beast." What would he have said, nay, what would Macaulay have said, to "*postal*," and "*governmental*," and "*utilising*," and "*regretable*," and such other French commodities? It is difficult, in some cases, to determine whether it is silly ambition or absurd attempts at compression, which lead to many of these innovations. No doubt the former is answerable for the banishment of such plebeian words as *because* and *before* and *eating* and *drinking*; for now a man must take his umbrella *owing to the fact that* it rains, he must brush his hat *previous* to going out, and he must *partake* of a glass of wine. But I will not fatigue you with a recital of the ravages made by the unlettered in this stately park of the English language; the genteel promenaders therein are also guilty of strewing it with the broken bottles and the greasy fragments of newspapers as the record of their day's diversion. A Right Reverend Prelate who passed for a great orator in his day, informs us that somebody "*was given* the king's daughter in marriage"; that the little boys did not say to Elijah, "Go up, bald-head!" but "Go up, *hair-cropped!*"; and, because we say indulgence and effulgence, he thinks himself justified in calling the act of divulging a *divulgence*; following, I suppose, the reasoning of the philosophical youth who asked: if Satrapes is the Greek for a satrap, why should not Ratrapes be the Greek for a rat-trap?

I will not presume to direct the studies of the gentlemen here present; but if I could lay hold of one of the younger members of this society and withdraw him into some corner where I might offer him a little private advice, I should beseech him, above all things, to take care that he learnt not only to speak, but to speak English. I should say to him, "the best

means of learning good English is to confine yourself to good English models; and the best mode of acquiring readiness in English composition is that which the University provides for you. Translate the good authors of other languages, and never be satisfied till the translation reads as much as possible like an original; try to be clear and simple before you attempt to be flowery, or impassioned, or sublime; do not study any man's style for the purpose of imitating that style; believe that nothing but clearness of thought can give you clearness of diction; do not attempt to divide a subject according to some arbitrary framework, but think it over till it resolves itself into its own natural parts,—the knowledge of the relation of the parts to the whole is method, and method will teach you to arrange every part in its natural order; and when things are in their natural order they illustrate and explain each other." If I found my pupil contented with the plan traced out for him, well and good; but, if he had a soul above such ordinary things as purity of diction and clearness of argument, and aspired to gay and brilliant effects, it would be necessary to adapt one's style somewhat to his humour, and to introduce a few touches of fancy into the remainder of the lecture. "The history of language, sir, is faithfully reflected in the history of the old alphabets; the first species of writing was nothing more than a series of pictures; it represented nothing but the immediate objects of sense. But when men found that they needed to convey something more than visible objects were capable of portraying, such as inward feeling or metaphysical notions, the old picture alphabet gradually ripened into an alphabet of sounds, or some new contrivance was adopted for that purpose. In the same manner, the language of a civilized people is more picturesque in its early stages, speaks more to the fancy, and deals more largely in metaphor. But, as it grows with the growth of the people's mind, and has to deal more and more with abstractions, it seeks less the aid of imagery, and makes a freer use of arbitrary symbols of thought." Now, there is no doubt a very great charm in figurative language, because it places objects more vividly before the mind's eye; at the same time there is greater convenience and greater rapidity of communication in the exchange of those intellectual counters which stand for the more complex results of our mental operations. But people often, in this rapid interchange, take these counters as a matter of course, without pondering their exact value, and the result is vagueness and confusion, and a belief in phrases, instead of an appreciation of things. The great masters of language, while they strive at once to quicken the minds which they undertake to teach, and to convey the thing taught in all its completeness, employ both these properties of language, and, in their highest passages, they contrive so to blend them together, so to play at once the part of painters and of logicians, that while they give

the fancy some palpable reality to dwell on, they enable the imagination to expand into wider regions of thought. Poetry is, as Milton defines it, simple, sensuous, passionate; eloquence admits the sensuous element, but does not suffer it to predominate over the logical; in mere declamation the sensuous entirely disappears; it offers nothing but vehement generalities, because it is unreal, is no true reflex of a mind possessed mainly by one thought, and therefore does not represent the real conditions of such a mind alternating between general notions and particular images, now thinking in the abstract, and now realising its own thoughts through the intervention of the fancy, by presenting to itself a particular image. When Macbeth is made to say—

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The *multitudinous seas incarnadine*
> *Making the green one red*"—

we are bidden to observe the contrast between the vague grandeur of the first expression and the definite strength of the second, as illustrating the difference between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon elements of our language. But it is wrong to look upon this as a mere trick of words. Our language, indeed, as is well known, owes its more vivid words, that is, those which address themselves to the senses, to one source, and the more artificial words to another; but the contrast is not intended as a contrast of the words as such, but as a contrast of the states of mind of which those words are the natural embodiment. I quote the following passage from Jeremy Taylor to shew another instance of this contrast which occurs between two single words, but the whole passage is so noble that I dare not mutilate it, and, indeed, when looked at closely, it will be found to contain more than one example of the thing in question:—"But if we could, from one of the battlements of Heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their fathers by whose lives they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, or are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of constant infelicity: in all reason we should be glad to be out of the *noise* and *participation* of so many evils."

When Burke is describing the sufferings of the fugitives from the Carnatic, and speaks of the many hundreds who perished by famine in the granary of India, he adds:—"I was going to awaken your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the

circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is. But I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions." Here he awakens the curiosity of the inward sense, but refuses to gratify it by any distinct image; our mental eye knows that there is something beneath that pall too hideous to look upon, and a stronger effect is produced than if by glutting it with horrors he had impelled the mind to disenthral itself by refusing to entertain any thought at all of the thing described.

I wish I could remember or lay my hands upon that remarkable commencement of a sermon by John Henry Newman, in which he observes that when the mind is called to the contemplation of some terrible calamity, it will often seem benumbed and incapable of taking in the description offered to it, till the mention of some little incident connected with the event brings the whole scene in all its reality before us. Here again we see the operation of this painter within us—to speak with Plato—which by presenting some single image gives life and meaning to the whole conception. I will not tire you with further illustrations, but I will only exhort you, if you desire to emulate these great heroes of speech, to husband and keep ready in your memory, and to combine in judicious proportions, these two elements —the sensuous and the metaphysical. It will only need a brilliant fancy, a rich mine of observation, a temperate judgment, a subtle wit, and profound reflection. Do not imagine I am laughing at you, I am laughing at the hopeless difficulties into which my own enthusiasm has betrayed me. Let us take it in another way—you want to know something about metaphors, and apostrophes, and accumulations, and climax—where to find them, and how to use them? My answer is,—Don't find them at all, but let them come when they like. Not that you must always admit them when they do come; for they are seductive-looking things, and may persuade you to employ them at times when they will give you more plague than profit. For example, if you wish to fly a metaphorical kite, take care that the backbone is sufficiently substantial to bear the strain, and yet that the whole framework is not so heavy as to be incapable of soaring. You don't like my figure, so I will put it in another way. Let your comet's tail be as long and as fiery as you can make it, but let it have a nucleus, lest when the telescope of the critic is directed right upon its centre, he should declare it to be all incandescent *gas*. For language, again, has its three

temperatures, and three conditions corresponding to them; when I say the day is fine, I give you a cold and solid statement, but the moment I import anything of a wish, or a passion, or a sympathy with nature into the thought, and say,—

> "Sweet day—so cool, so calm, so bright—
> The bridal of the earth and sky,"

you perceive that the language has reached the melting mood; that it has acquired warmth and mobility. Intensify the fervour by fixing your imagination on the everlasting day, such as glows in the pages of some inspired seer, and you see that the language is expanded and rarefied, as though it were striving to transcend the bounds of matter. Now, whatever other people may do, my young friend, never become so gaseous but that you shall leave some solid residuum, lest the vulgar, who are somewhat given to materialism, and judge of the reality of a thing by its solidity, should tax you as an unsubstantial talker."

But, while I am thus giving instructions to some imaginary novice, you are waiting to hear something addressed to yourselves,—but here the old difficulty returns; for what can a man say, when he possesses no more information than his hearers, and when he addresses those whom it would be impertinent to advise? You see the blunder that has been committed, and the embarrassment to which it leads. You wanted not a speech but an address: when a man has to make an ordinary speech, he has to communicate some thought of his own, which his hearers may adopt or not, as they think fit; but when a man is called upon to make an address, his business is to divine the thoughts which are already present in the minds of the assembly—to interpret to every member the sentiments of all the rest—to speak not only to all, but for all, so that every one may at once recognize his own sentiment, and find that it is in harmony with the sentiment of others. But, if it is difficult to present one's own thoughts in such a way as to make them acceptable to the minds of others, it is far more difficult to set before a number of intelligent men such a transcript of their own ideas as they shall be willing to recognize as true, and to ratify as adequately expressed. But, alas; it is too late to attempt this now, for indeed, it is probable that there is but one thought remaining in the whole of this audience—"Oh, that he would make an effort at a decent peroration, and let us depart in peace!" I am not good at perorations, but I am quite willing to let you depart, after I have performed the solemn ceremony of inaugurating this Society. Gentlemen, there are two kinds of augurs known to the English language, with a slight difference in the spelling; an augur is a kind of prophet, and an auger also an instrument for making holes, or, more briefly, a bore. Having sufficiently performed the functions of the latter, I will now assume the office

of the former, and without telling you by what signs this insight is acquired, I will present you with the augury of your future career. As a body you will not influence, in any perceptible degree, the legislation of the country; you will not seek to attract the public eye to the results of your deliberations; but, in after years, when men shall remark the great change that has come over the tone of our Legislative Assembly, and shall ask, Why is there no longer the same slip-shod English, the same vapid iteration of ill-stated and confused argument? Why is there so much of that candour which strives to occupy the point of view from which an opponent is speaking, and of that courtesy which strives to refute without insulting or degrading the holders of opposite opinions? Why are there such broader views, and so much more exalted a sense of the high duties of legislation? Some man, who has quietly observed the course of events from the watch-tower upon Grose's Farm, will step in, as the interpreter, and say,—"The men who have produced these changes were old students of ours, who learnt those principles with us, and perfected them by practice in the University Debating Society.

PRIMARY EDUCATION.

[Upon the introduction by the Robertson Government, in the early part of 1876, of a Bill to amend the Public Instruction Act of 1866, Dr. Badham wrote to the Premier, Mr. (now Sir John) Robertson, the following letter, which that gentlemen read to the House of Assembly, when moving the second reading of the Bill :—

"My Dear Sir,—I hope you will acquit me of presumption in addressing you upon a subject which will probably become the theme of vehement discussion between the political parties in this colony. I have never taken any part in politics, much less have I ever ventured to offer any advice to a Minister of the Crown upon any measure of public importance ; but there is one subject upon which it would be disgraceful for me to be silent, or even to wait to be consulted, because I can speak upon it with at least as much authority as any man in New South Wales ; and because, if I fail to speak, I shall hereafter hold myself answerable for the continuance of a very serious evil. I wish to offer you a few remarks upon the system of primary education in this colony. I have never taken any side in the question between the advocates of secular education and their opponents ; but as a man whose whole life has been spent in teaching and a great part of it in teaching the merest rudiments of language, I was naturally led to inquire what was the quality of education imparted in our Public Schools, and especially how the English language was taught. The mode in which I endeavoured to ascertain this was twofold. I inspected their class books, and I paid particular attention to the manner in which the candidates from Public Schools acquitted themselves in the English section of the public examination conducted by the University. I found books full of blunders, full of false subtleties and repulsive technical terms, and offering very little to develop the intellect of children or to set them thinking. I have endeavoured more than once to draw public attention to the cruelty and folly of this kind of instruction ; and, whenever I have found, as an examiner, that the results were just such as might have been anticipated, I have spoken unreservedly in the examiners' reports to the Senate of the University. Nevertheless, the Council of Education has never taken the least notice of these complaints, and the system has continued unchanged. I have not one word to say against the schoolmasters, many of whom, being painstaking and intelligent men, must have seen that their efforts and wishes were defeated by the machinery which they were obliged to employ. They were bound by the books prescribed to them ; the inspectors, upon whose report their bread depended, were perhaps bound by the same books in testing the proficiency of the scholars ; and more than one of these gentlemen—together with other high officers under the Council—have made no secret of their admiration of that which scores of highly educated men in this country have unhesitatingly condemned. As the schoolmasters could not please both parties, they have naturally sought rather to please those on whom it depended whether they should prosper or starve. I will not trouble you with the details of a controversy for which you have no leisure ; but I will, in proper time and place, put before the public such extracts of the Class Books to which I have alluded as will enable any intelligent and unprejudiced parent to judge for himself. It was a source of the greatest satisfaction to me to learn that the Council of Education, which had so steadily refused to interfere in this matter, was to be dissolved, and that a Minister of the Crown was hereafter to undertake its duties, but I am now informed that it is the intention of some persons to oppose the appointment of a Minister, and to recommend a new constitution of the Council, with this distinguishing feature, that the members of it shall be paid. If I may take such a liberty, I would implore you in the name of the children of New South Wales, never for one moment to listen to any such compromise. If the members of the old Council had been indolent or negligent, it is not impossible that the stimulus of pay would obviate the defect, by quickening the activity of the new Council as proposed ; but the Council has not shown any want of activity ; as men of business, they have dealt with the material part of their duties, and the disbursement of public money, energetically, and, I dare say, conscientiously ; but that part of their functions which has to do with the substance of teaching and its results, they have from the first left to their

subordinates, and that not from indolence, but because from their very constitution they thought themselves unfit to cope with it. It is notorious that some of them had no literary pretensions whatsoever—others were so appointed that it was impossible to say whether they were appointed as men of letters or as men representing certain denominations; and it was very natural that they should prefer the latter theory to the former—the whole Council was, notwithstanding, considered as a literary body, and as such, it was jealous of any one who should offer any suggestions, and would think it derogatory to itself to seek advice or counsel from those without; and thus it left the most vital part of its duties to be discharged by gentlemen not appointed for any such purpose, and possessing no public credentials which could give them a title to be heard on questions affecting the the system of education. While a paid Council would do the very same work as the unpaid Council has done, it would be prevented by the same miscellaneous character of its members from dealing with any purely intellectual question, and from inquiring into or studying the methods or the matter of teaching; and it would be deterred by jealousy for its own dignity and reputation from depending upon the information or opinions of others. A Minister will have no such scruples or repugnances; he will have it in his power to consult whom he pleases, to compare the opinions of those whom he consults, and to determine according to his belief in the competence of his advisers; one thing only he will not have it in his power to do; he will not be able to remain deaf to all remonstrances, and indifferent to all proposals of reform; nor will he be content to rely upon the mere experience of a staff of gentlemen whose ideas are products of a single system, and who can scarcely be expected to see beyond the routine in which their own minds have been trained.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) CHARLES BADHAM.

1st March, 1876.

The Honorable John Robertson, &c., &c.

This letter having been made the subject of adverse criticism in the Legislative Assembly, Dr. Badham then wrote the following letter to the Hon. W. B. Dalley, which was published in pamphlet form.]

MY DEAR MR. DALLEY,—"Our purple is ever tied with a rougher cord" says one of the old English writers; and here is a new example of it. Just when we were thinking that I should gain a little renown by Theodore Martin's Dedication,* up gets an honourable member and demolishes the frail ark of my ambition! It is too plain; I am, and am to be nobody. If you ask the cause of all this despondency, look at the Parliamentary report in the newspapers. Some of the debaters on the new Education Bill are doubtful about my authority being worth much in the matter of primary instruction. Others have no doubt at all; but on their own authority declare mine to be perfectly worthless. It is the old story—nothing but authority! No matter how simple, or how purely local a proposition may be, we are never to think for ourselves, because we have the European writers to think for us. The exercise of common sense, or the attempt to form conclusions of our own from the evidence before us, is an invasion of the rights of Herbert Spencer, or John Stuart Mill, or some other of those renowned authors, who have become implements of terror and torture in the hands of these oracles

* Sir Theodore Martin dedicated his translation of Catullus to Dr. Badham in some verses in which he expressed hearty affection and admiration.

of our country, whose only argument is quotation. As for myself, I will save all doubters about my jurisdiction the trouble of pushing their enquiries any further, by saying that I claim none. My position is one as simple and unpretending as it is possible for the holder of any opinion whatever upon any subject to assume. I tell my fellow-citizens that the quality of the education which is given to their children under the sanction of the Council is bad; that if they will only take the trouble to look into the books which are put into their children's hands, and to ask themselves whether this is the kind of instruction which they wish their children to receive, they will come to the same conclusion as myself.

And yet I owe it to the classical studies with which my name is associated to interpose this remark: that even supposing the evidence on which my assertions are supported were not, as it is, open to all the world; if the credibility of what is alleged depended, in this case, upon the competence and trustworthiness of the person alleging it; I am not acquainted with any gentleman in this colony whose right to an opinion on a matter of education I should very readily grant to be superior to my own. You will remember that Mr. Max Müller in a recent address claimed one Basedow as his maternal ancestor, and that, after mentioning his labours and sufferings in the cause of education, he summed up all his merits by speaking of him as the precursor of the great Pestalozzi. Now Pestalozzi was my dear and honoured master; and no silly fear of appearing vainglorious shall prevent me from adding that I was his favorite pupil, and one of those whom he delighted to exhibit to visitors as an illustration of his system. I was a slovenly child, much afflicted with chilblains, which I was not sorry to have, for it gave me command of larger quantities of turpentine than a child is generally entitled to. But I mention this circumstance to make you see that I was not a show boy on account of any personal beauty. But under that admirable system I was taught to *think*. I was not crammed with technical terms, and left to imagine what real distinction, if any, they were intended to represent. Our teachers taught us to think, and so to distinguish; and when we had seized the distinction, and therefore wanted a name to give it, then came the term to meet our need; and it was readily apprehended and retained without effort, because it came, not as an incubus of the memory, but as the satisfaction of a previous want. I am speaking of a time now far distant; but the sound of that old German teacher's voice continually repeating to me "Tink Patham" is fresher in my recollection than many grander deliverances to which I have been subjected in later years. You will readily understand, my dear friend, that when I afterwards became the voluntary disciple, and constant companion of Frederick Denison Maurice, and heard him maintain in his fervent and unaffected style, that "God was

man's teacher, and that His whole teaching might be summed up in this: "that He taught man first to understand his own real wants, and next that "He alone was capable of supplying them," I again recognised this Pestalozzian theory of want and supply, and my heart was carried back to that old castle of Yverdun, and to "Tink Patham," and the turpentine and the chilblains, and that happy expansion of a free mind in a free atmosphere. When I became a schoolmaster (and I was one for some twenty years) I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to apply to others the same mode of culture under which my own mind had grown. From first to last my maxim was, "The business of a schoolmaster is not to hear lessons, but to teach"; and I was almost fanatical enough to sympathise with Plato when he laments over the discovery of the alphabet, as a mechanical contrivance for learning all about everything, puffing up men with a semblance of knowledge, and superseding that true wisdom which can only be brought out of a man by oral teaching, and the checks upon presumption, which nothing save question and answer conducted by a living teacher can supply.

And yet my voice is not to be heard when the quality of instruction is in question. "Aye, but you only taught Latin and Greek!" To this objection I have two answers: first, that it is quite untrue; and, secondly, that, if it were ever so true, there is no force in it. And as this is really a very important matter, and I see that even thinking men are walking in a mist and seeing all objects inverted and out of proportion, and all for the want of a little reflection upon the subject, I crave leave to trouble you with an argument with which you, at least, are sufficiently familiar. We talk of primary and secondary education as if they were two distinct things—as if there were two educations, two arts of teaching depending on different principles, and as if the professor of the one were as distinct from the professor of the other as a pastrycook is from a doctor. But as the mind only learns in one way whatever it learns, so the principles of the art of teaching are one, whether the thing to be taught be the Hornbook or Homer; whether the mind to be informed belong to the son of a glazier, or to the child of the lordly mansion over which the glazier casts his protecting aegis of glass and putty.

A man who can make a child understand the English syntax (such as it is) can make him understand anything else in the world, provided always that he knows it himself; and, on the other side, if he can handle the implement of his craft on a complex subject, he will surely betray no clumsiness in his operation on a simpler material.

The proposition that because a man is a scholar (meaning thereby a Greek or Latin scholar) he cannot judge of primary education, is not a whit less monstrous than if you were to say that a man cannot carve a shoulder

of mutton because his blade can with magic precision and rapidity dissever the ligaments and commissures of a hare or an ortolan. I use this homely and Socratic illustration because I am most anxious to strip this question of any appearance or pretence of abstruseness such as questions are sometimes apt to assume. You well know the saucy air which controversies are ready to give themselves; how they amble disdainfully past such ignoramuses as you and me, as who should say: "Don't pretend to touch me, sir! I am a controversy for your betters," But this question at least is one for all the world, from the squatter who is richer in sheep than Esterhazy (yet never bestows a penny upon Bursaries) to the poorest free selector who tries his wits against him in the intricate and amusing game of double dummy.

Every man is capable of appreciating this humble piece of logic which I here offer to one and all for adoption. "If a man has had experience in teaching children, whether he has taught them Chinese or English (unless he has utterly wasted his time) he must have studied the minds of children and if such a man tells me, as this old schoolmaster does, that my boys are being taught a parcel of rubbish, I say he is worth listening to; and I will try and find out whether he is in the right, for all that may be said by Mr. This and Mr. That. Of course they try to put him out of court because he stands there as a witness of their negligence."

As if I were the only witness! How many schoolmasters, how many educated men have you and I heard vehemently denouncing the pedantry of this newfangled scholastic science of Analysis? How many serious and thoughtful parents, of all professions, have ridiculed the notion of making the English language a sort of horse on which to hang a whole shopful of technical terms? And yet here am I hunted and driven into egotism, forced to mount a platform to hold forth upon self-evident propositions, because forsooth others like their ease! As if I did not also like it, if truth would only suffer me to be silent. You know well that we have a legion at our back: but hitherto (alas!) it has been a mute and immovable legion. You also know, and can testify, that I am not the man to want any one of them in order that they may derive away from me some portion of the abuse which I provoke; for I have a scorn within me, which is seldom shewn, but which can bear me above the assaults of men who from time to time delight to disfigure our language in the effort to say something that shall sting me to the quick. But though I feel nothing that they can say I feel most keenly the necessity which is laid upon me, that I must speak of myself. I have this consolation, that I will speak of no one else to his dispraise, either by name, or by inuendo, except when the very nature of my proof compels me.

One of the ancients has observed that there would be no stupider race in the world than that of grammarians if it were not for the philosophers;

another, who thought more highly of the latter class, looks upon the grammarian as a sort of *steekit* metaphysician, and compares the tribe to the suitors of Penelope, who, finding the lady of the house inexorable, consoled themselves by philandering with her waiting-maids. Certainly more than half the critical scholarship of modern times is engaged in undoing the mischief wrought by pedantic grammarians; but if we are to have leaden philosophy and leaden grammar amalgamated together, and if the proficients of this heavy lore are to form the heart and understanding of our rising youth, just consider what the effect will be upon this City of Sydney. Have we such mines of wit, such a perennial spring of humour, or such treasures of fancy to spare, that we can afford to risk this saturnine experiment? Does anybody suppose, that the vulgarities and personalities with which public speaking and public writing in this place are fraught, proceed from innate love of baseness, and mere malignity; and not rather from the dearth of something better, from the Australian drought which has visited our wells of imagination, so that they can yield little more than mud and refuse? What then is the remedy? Do not imagine, Messrs. Bradley, Headstone, and Co., that I am going to propose some splendid scheme of literary instruction which is to call out the spark of genius wherever it is latent, or to fan the youthful fancy into a genial flame; *but let the poor lads alone:* fling away your abominable forceps, and leave the intellectual birth to the kindly efforts of nature, and to the fostering care of those who understand her operations, and second them with reverential hands.

It is unnecessary to trouble you with a reproduction of the passages which have already been adduced elsewhere to illustrate the kind of teaching against which it is our duty to protest. You will have seen the Report of the Public Examiners to the Senate, and the hints to candidates in Section II, which are appended to the new edition of our Manual. But there is one topic which we have often discussed together, and to which you will expect that some allusion should be made. Many a time have you asked, "How can anyone explain why this scholastic staff shows such a terrible addiction to geography? Not to physical geography, which is an admirable exercise of the thinking power, or to a knowledge of the great divisions of the world, and the nations contained in them, which is altogether to be commended, as necessarily embodying some little of the general history of mankind; but to that dreary row of names in all the languages under the sun, indicating places in which it is impossible for anyone to take the slightest interest except as the theatres of events, and the Book of those events is unfortunately a sealed volume in our Public Schools." And then one of us has exclaimed, "Oh, that these town engulphing heroes could only be sent to dwell in the scenes of their achievements! If we could despatch

one to Stettin, another to Astracan, and another to the banks of what they euphoniously call the "*Gwoddelquiver*," or, with a letter of introduction from Dr. Vaughan, to the derelict See of Nazianzus!" But why certain persons are so addicted to this sort of geography is easily explained. "We love facts, Sir." "Give us plenty of facts." "The learned man is the man whose mind is well stored with facts." This is the language of those who think (as Plato expresses it), that to teach is to put something into the mind and not to bring something out of it; in the eyes of this gentry a well-crammed auction mart is a "palatial residence."

But it is high time, my dear friend, that this part of my observations should be brought to a close. This, then, is the sum of the reflections which every parent in this colony is invited to make for himself,—I want my boy to know his own language; to know it, as things only can be known, by a process of thinking. This analysis of sentences, and all these curious pigeon-holes into which all the classes of each part of speech, after being duly labelled, are thrust (like galley slaves with their crimes on their backs are poked into their appropriate cells) and all this "gabblery" of proper names, which you call "geography," will neither teach him to speak, nor to write, nor to think. What does Mr. Robertson know about "relational adjectives"? Ask Mr. Parkes to analyse one of his own sentences! And yet I suppose Mr. Robertson knows what adjectives to use; and when Mr. Parkes has a subject in hand, you may be pretty sure that the predicate will follow, to the delight of some and the amazement of others.

A certain member of the Assembly either feels, or affects to feel, some curiosity about my correspondence. He wishes to know what letters I have addressed to the Council of Education. It seems to me that a little reflection would have saved him the trouble of the enquiry. Was it for me to lecture that Board (or any Board) on its public functions? Was I to tell them through their secretary that they were leaving a power in their secretary's hands which they were bound to wield themselves; and to wait for a "Sir, I have the honour to inform you," signed by my "obedient humble servant, William Wilkins"? I have said all along, as you well know, that I believe Mr. Wilkins to be a conscientious industrious man, loving children and with his heart in his work. But I say that this hierarchy of Secretary and Inspectors is fraught with latent despotism to the unfortunate schoolmaster; and that this potential tyranny may at any moment become actual, unless we have some one Minister of State who shall govern in person when personal interference is necessary; who will be able to learn more than merely what his satellites choose to tell him; who will not be hindered by jealousy from asking the advice of thinking men, and whose every act will be in the eye of the House and of the country. But let not anyone suppose that the

Council of Education was ignorant of these complaints. More than seven years ago, in a lecture at Bathurst, I read to an appreciating audience some specimens out of a popular English grammar. I did not mention the name of the author; my business was with his work, and not with himself. But the book was not Morell's; nevertheless, some persons thought proper to jump at the conclusion that it was. Forthwith a scholastic magazine, long since dead, attacked me, and reproved the Rev. Dr. Geekie for presuming to endorse my opinion. The conductors of that journal then sent all the pieces necessary for securing my conviction to Dr. Morell himself; and I shall never forget the jubilation with which they published his answer when it arrived. The tone of it was mild and courteous enough, somewhat patronizing perhaps; but then you must remember that Dr. Morell was an inspector. But, as far as I can remember, the argument was of this kind,—that scientific terms were necessary; that their uncouthness was a family failing, and that familiarity would soon reconcile you to their ugliness, and furthermore that his book had been adopted as a class book in England, and that his book, or his method (I forget which) was largely used in several continental nations. This was notoriety enough by way of commencement. Since that time, year after year, I have complained to several members of the Council about the continuance of this nuisance. Four years ago I spoke in presence of Dr. Smith,* at the University commemoration, and my chief subject was the English language with a special reference to Public Schools. Three years ago the public examiners, in their report to the Senate, drew their attention to the evil in the following words:—

"We regret to say that the results of this part of the Examination were upon the whole far from satisfactory, and that the candidates generally showed much more aptness in naming the parts of speech and their grammatical connection in sentences given for that purpose, than in their knowledge of the English language; and it is our opinion that this deficiency arises from a too exclusive attention to the technicalities of grammar, and the comparative neglect of sound English reading, accompanied by suitable explanations and exercises thereon. It is to the same cause that we attribute the many instances of very defective spelling which we have met with in the papers of many candidates, some of whom could not even spell correctly the technical terms of grammar which they had been taught to employ."

And after all this a gentleman who lately told his hearers that your Government could claim no merit for suppressing the Council of Education, because it was already tumbling to pieces of itself, has the Herculean generosity to thrust his shoulders under the crumbling edifice, and is preparing to ask questions whereby they may convict me of treacherously undermining it.

* Dr. Smith was then Professor of Chemistry and Physics at the Sydney University, and President of the Council of Education of New South Wales.

But enough of this. And now shall I venture to say anything of the general character of the Bill? Why not? Why am I to subscribe to the self-complacent magnates who say in their hearts, "We are members, and can pass censure on everything human and divine. You had better hold your tongue; because a Professor of Greek cannot possibly know anything of politics, and if he opens his mouth we shall ask questions about the University in 'Our Places.'" I should never have offered any opinion upon the Bill as a whole, if certain members of the Assembly had not questioned my right of having an opinion at all. But I will now speak in the simple assertion of that right; and as this is merely done *pro forma* a very few words will suffice:—

There are two kinds of Denominationalists—those who, like Mr. Stuart and Mr. Butler, sincerely believe in the efficacy of what is called religious education in schools, and those who, though they would rather that religion were taught elsewhere, regard the compromise offered by Mr. Parkes' Act as wise and statesmanlike. These persons cannot close their eyes to the fact that, if we shut up Denominational Schools altogether, we are practically depriving the Roman Catholics, and perhaps the Anglicans, for all time to come, of a great and signal benefit, which all the rest of their fellow citizens will continue to enjoy. Of this number I am one. It is all very well to call this opposition on the part of priest or people *wilful*: but could they by any efforts will otherwise? or is a man to turn himself inside out, because we don't like the colour of his creed? "But, Sir, it is rank bigotry." Yes, the same sort of bigotry which makes a limpet stick to its rock—because upon the whole he thinks he is safer there than where you propose to put him. "But it is an absurd error." Absurd? Damnable, if it will relieve you to say so; but, suppose he cannot help it; suppose it is of that class of errors for which the Church, in her charity, expressly contrived the name of *invincible*; and will you punish for all ages to come and for no nobler motive than that of economising on your taxes, the men who help you to pay those taxes, for a necessity which they cannot unwill, for an instinct which is part of their being, for an error which is not their fault but their misfortune? You, too, who are fervid apostles of education, who talk of the thousands that are ready to perish for the want of it; for the sake of these thousands on paper will you disfranchise and proscribe, and that for ever, the living and real thousands of the poorest sect in Australia? Strange economy! strange statesmanship!

You know that my sympathy with your co-religionists is mainly founded on the observation of the insolent tone which every Muggletonian Pope thinks himself at liberty to assume towards them. But you must have seen more than once how that sympathy has changed to a very different feeling when priestly organizations have made themselves felt on the hustings, and

the "Catholic vote" has sent into Parliament men whom they neither trusted nor loved; and we, forsooth, were to have the benefit of their legislation in all other matters, because they had been chosen in order to secure a preponderance of denominational votes. This is not a state of things that any country can be expected to tolerate for a long time, and yet as long as there is the standing menace of the League*—or, at least, as long as the League is at all formidable—it is quite certain that there will be a Catholic party in politics, which, of course, by the law of reaction will produce a Protestant party, and we (the greater number) who would fain invoke a blessing upon both their Houses, if they would but leave the State alone, must suffer, whilst your controversies are raging, delay of legislation, which is so far worse than delay of justice in that the latter falls on individuals, while the former affects the people at large. To put an end to this disreputable confusion, it was necessary that there should be some binding compromise, such as the general public would accept, and so to let the League die out of inanition for want of new supporters, and tranquillize those whose privileges were in jeopardy, on the condition of a small surrender of their claims. It was necessary, I say, to re-enact the principle on which the Denominational schools are based, but to curtail its operation so that men should no longer have a case against it, as interfering with the growth of Public Schools. It is in the very nature of a compromise that neither of the litigating parties should be satisfied therewith; but there is a far larger party than either that is sick of the contest, and if this party is united it will be strong enough to insist upon the acceptance of such fair and honourable terms.

No good citizen can love the League, for it is altogether an unconstitutional movement. The Anti-Corn Law League in England was itself unconstitutional, but it was justified by the defective representation of the country. Men did not see why the accident of their not having votes should lead to the further accident of their not having bread. But here, where every man has a vote, we can surely carry on the legislation of the country without forming into clubs to bully and dictate to the Parliament. I am not Quixotic enough to run a tilt at that terrible Statistical Windmill,† who is the only man of power that I recognise amongst them. But, admitting the truth of all his figures, it does not follow that the thousands who are not being taught to read and write, are perishing for want of education. Perhaps the education of being useful to their parents may be doing them more good than spelling or arithmetic, when administered by compulsion. It does not follow that, because ignorance is in proportion to crime, ignorance

* Dr. Badham here refers to a League which was formed to agitate for "Free, Secular and Compulsory Education."

† The allusion is to the late Rev. James Greenwood.

(I mean of school learning) leads to crime. It is at least as likely that excessive poverty leads to both at once.

Nevertheless, I rejoice that we have Mr. Greenwood amongst us; and I hope that, ere long, his flock will see its way to letting him sit in the Legislative Assembly. But, in the meanwhile, though we cannot help detesting the half-bullying, half-propogandist tone of many of his followers, we cannot afford to despise them until, by the passing of this Act, the people shall acquire the right to say—"This matter is now ended. The compromise, which was offered for the sake of peace and quietness, has become law; and we will not stultify ourselves by joining in the demand to tear a leaf out of the statute book when the ink is scarcely dry."

You know, my dear friend, with what reluctance I write all this. The psalter of my years has nearly come to "Exaudi Deus," and, ever since the X got onto the wrong side of the L, the units have been clustering after it so rapidly, that my life becomes alarmed at its own speed, and seeks to slacken its course by tranquillity and retirement. To have broken through these habits in a cause, the success or failure of which cannot possibly affect me personally, ought surely to prove that I have written these hurried lines with conviction, and in the service of Truth.

CHARLES BADHAM.

COMMEMORATION, 1876.

Your Excellency, Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have risen with unusual alacrity, not because I am in haste to make a speech, but because I am eager to reassure all those who may be apprehending any such event. When there has been an occasion for an effort of this kind, I have been forward enough, and perhaps more than enough. My mouth, like the Temple of Janus, has ever been open in the time of war. But we have now reached that which, I trust, will prove to be the beginning of long-continued peace and prosperity; and therefore I may say, without any fear of being taxed with sloth or cowardice, that, from henceforth, I intend to enjoy these occasions in perfect silence.

Indeed, Sir, this is no humdrum anniversary or forced festival, by order of the calendar, but it is the inauguration of a new Academic era. From this time forth the Chancellor, the Senate, and the teaching body of the University, may rest assured that we are so well founded upon the rock of public opinion that we may look upon all the petty comments of individuals with a kind of indulgent curiosity. Whether it be a man of high station, who desires to exhibit his zeal or intelligence by criticising what we do, or whether some person, impatient of the obscurity for which nature has fitted and prepared him, shall seek to be conspicuous by assailing what wiser men are content to treat with respect—we have no answer to make to either. We have simply to appeal to a court of which we have secured the approval beforehand; for our court of appeal is the public conscience of this colony. No, Sir, I repeat it, this is no common anniversary; and I confess that it is for me, as I believe it is for many hundreds in this hall, a genuine festival of the heart to see our Chancellor—fresh as a bridegroom, and arrayed in all the magnificence of a Doge—performing his espousals of something far fairer than the Adriatic, namely, learning herself: espousing her who is to be the fruitful mother of public wisdom and public usefulness, of taste and of manners, in whole generations to come.

On such a day, and before such an audience, you, Mr. Chancellor, have been pleased to mention my name with honour. I would fain receive that honour as one receives the honour of knighthood—upon bended knee—in order to convince this assembly how unreservedly I accept, and how submissively I cherish, every word you have said in my favour. But, while I am delighted with this gratification of my vanity, there is enough of the

Scotchman in me to make me value your praise for some ulterior purpose. I hope to turn it to account, for I believe that, in more ways than one, this compliment of yours will prove useful to the University itself. But, to speak seriously, I receive most of your praise (as expectants have before now received inheritances) in trust. I receive it in trust for re-distribution among those to whom it properly belongs. It is to these generous benefactors who have been mentioned this day that I am indebted for something far more important than even your commendation; for they delivered me from embarrassment—nay, from downright disaster. I had pledged myself to the attainment of these bursaries, and month after month had rolled away, and there were but a few promises, and those very vague and scanty; or, when they were magnificent, they were made for somebody else. I can only compare my position with that of another professor, far more learned in his art than I am in mine (the art is one of which at present we have no chair in this place). I mean the great Vatel, professor of cookery in the court of Louis XIV. He had to prepare the dinner for the most august of masters, and, as the hour was approaching with royal punctuality, he had neither turbot nor lobster for the greatest monarch in Christendom. I can laugh at my perplexities now, but I well remember how much they cost me when all of a sudden these noble benefactors came forward. Shall I name them? No, it is needless. Their names* are from henceforth "familiar in our mouths as household words"—names that are become historical in the colony that is, and in the nation that shall be. Shall I praise them? Why seize upon every fugitive occasion to sound their praise, as though one feared that the opportunity should slip, and ere another came the theme itself should pass away? To praise what is permanent is as though one should go into public ecstacies over Homer or Shakespeare, or the Torso of the Vatican, or the Transfiguration. All great works carry their own praise with them, and that praise is always a silent praise, which it is an impertinence to embody in words, because whoever attempts to do so only interrupts the unexpressed enthusiasm of others.

Ever since I came as a stranger to this colony, I have assumed a somewhat hazardous prominence, which, but for the consciousness of the intention for which I assumed it, I should have certainly shrunk from. You will understand that I am speaking of my addresses in this place, and in various parts of the colony, of the controversies which I have undertaken, and of that scheme for bush education, which some, I dare say, suppose to be dead, but which I know to be alive, and only waiting for these bursaries to quicken into renewed vigour. Now, by making me the channel of their generosity,

* These benefactors were Mrs. Burdekin, Mrs. Hunter-Baillie, the Hon. John Frazer, and Fitz-William Wentworth, Esq.

these benefactors have justified my forwardness, and have given me this opportunity of telling the public the secret of my behaviour. My secret is this: I wished to convince my fellow-citizens that this University was no inaccessible shrine for the glorification of a few, and no sullen fortress, in which a certain privileged band was to batten on the public revenues; but that we were a beneficent guild—a corporation of thoughtful and patriotic men, yearning for opportunities of usefulness, exhibiting every inducement that we could devise to allure the youth of this colony, sending forth our invitations to him that was near and to him that was far off. These persons have turned my seeming presumption into success—have transmuted the dreams of an enthusiast into practical wisdom. From the bottom of my heart I thank them, and I thank you, Mr. Chancellor, for associating my name with theirs. One word about local bursaries. I have no intention of releasing those towns which publicly pledged themselves to the furtherance of local endowments from the obligations which they undertook. Indeed, I have no right to suppose that they wish to be so released; but we know what country towns are—we know, for instance, that in Albury there are other things fermenting besides wine. And, indeed, in all those towns it is difficult to get people to act at all, and most difficult to get them to act together. But if we do not release them, still less can we release the squatter, for he has obligations antecedent to any proposal of ours, arising from the very nature of his position, inherent in the very tenure of the soil. Every landed proprietor is bound to all his poorer neighbours as his natural clients. No doubt, Sir, democracy is a very convenient thing, up to a certain point, for relieving wealth of its obligations, for, where there is no nobility to oblige, men may plead exemption from many a generous service. But the soil of our land, while it is a source of wealth, conveys to every one who presumes to hold it, a character which he cannot presume to throw off, and clients whom he cannot disown. And who are these clients? The sons of hard-working, but ill-paid medical men or lawyers, the son of the poor minister of religion, of the schoolmaster, of the public servant, and, above all, of the widow of any such person. Local bursaries, for the encouragement of local scholars, and to be awarded after local competition, are things of such undoubted utility that no rich man whatsoever can dare to reason against them, or to philosophize about people remaining in their sphere, without incurring the charge that his scepticism is nothing more than a mask of his avarice, and that, whilst others seek the consolations of philosophy that they may bear their poverty with contentment, he invokes them to strengthen the grasp with which he clutches his money. The man who refuses to recognize these obligations may be as rich as you please, and as long as Providence chooses to make use of him for teaching the rest of us contempt of riches,

but all his lands and all his four-footed beasts can never make him anything more than a thriving churl; they can never enable him to aspire to the rank of a country gentleman. But, Sir, I must leave these local bursaries to the consciences of those whom they concern. It cannot be expected that, at my age, I should go travelling about the country like a clock-setter upon contract, winding up the zeal or oiling the torpid machinery of their benevolence in one electorate after another. I must leave all this to good and earnest men in every district: or, if everything else fails, I must leave it to my successor. And now I must conclude, by calling the earnest attention of the people of Sydney to a statement which I have to make, and, indeed, for the sake of making which I changed my first purpose of not speaking at all.

Some time ago a friendly critic, in defence of some matter connected with the University, spoke as if he supposed that students might sometimes be excluded from the University because they were unable to pay the lecture fees. For the sake of clearness let me suppose that a young man comes to me and says, "If I had been resident in the country I should have had some chance of a bursary; or, if I had been brought up in a school under the Council of Education, I might have partaken of Mr. Watt's endowment; or, if I had been one of the three best scholars and mathematicians of my year, I should have gained a University Scholarship. But my parents are living in Sydney, I was sent to a private school, and my place in the matriculation was somewhere between the fourth and ninth. My father can only pay for one first-rate education at a time, and the sacrifice he made for me is now transferred to a younger brother." Now, what is the answer of the University? "We don't want your fees—pay attention to your studies, and you will have paid all we demand." "What," says my young aspirant, "am I to come as a beggar—am I to sit among my fellow-students, who know that I am the recipient of a boon?" "No," says the University, "you are no beggar, it is no boon, it is your right. Has not poverty its rights as well as riches have, and is not this one of the rights for the assertion of which the public endowment of this place was intended? As for your fellow-students, they will know nothing about it; your very professors will know nothing about it. There is but one man in the whole University who need know of your claim, and that is the Chancellor. You can surely confide in such a man as our Chancellor?" Pray, ladies and gentlemen, remember this, and pray let it be known among all those whom it concerns, that our very position as a teaching body, endowed by the State, not only enables us, but commands us to exercise this peculiar discretion. We do not want fees, but we do want members. We are not looking for petty emoluments, but we are looking for more and more material whereon to exercise all the patient skill, all the adaptive ingenuity, and all the plodding perseverance with which the sight

of young and confiding listeners can inspire us. We want more material, because, the more abundant it is, the greater will be the monument we shall raise out of it—and, the greater the monument, the sooner shall we convince the world, as I hope we have already convinced those present, that this foundation and these endowments were not in vain.

COMMEMORATION, 1879.

Mr. Chancellor,—I know full well that, as a general rule, matters of technical detail are not offered to large and brilliant assemblies for their entertainment upon festive occasions, but the one which I shall offer to your notice concerns the welfare of the University, and therein of the public, so intimately, and has so effectually excluded from my thoughts every other academical topic, that I will venture to try your patience with it for a very few minutes. The subject that I mean is, that of the standard of proficiency required for our degrees. A heavy subject to plump in the midst of a cheerful gathering, and, oh, that I could drop it with such dexterity that it may neither bruise the toes of any man's self-esteem, nor press upon the corns and excrescences of prejudice. It will be known to all those who take an interest in the proceedings of our Senate, that that "*stupid and sleepy*" body (for so some one of that tribe which is ever labouring to bring the Press down to its own disreputable level has called it) has sat for weary hours in close chambers, discussing the best mode of regulating the contending claims of the three interesting allegorical personages whom we call by the several names of Classics, Mathematics, and Natural Science. It has endeavoured to make them appear as sisters, rival sisters, indeed, decked out in all the diversity of their charms, as only professors know how to deck them, and competing for the choice of the hesitating novice, but no longer as contending harpies clawing him in pieces when he has scarce felt the student's gown upon his shoulders. The Senate has shown its desire to harmonise the two opposite conditions, namely, that its graduates shall be men imbued with all that knowledge which constitutes the man of education, and, at the same time, that each shall be free to cultivate special excellence in that branch for which he is more particularly fitted. Two out of the three schools to which I have alluded will henceforth be sufficient for enabling a man to pass the several examinations which are so many steps to the degree of B.A. And while the Senate has thus settled the conditions of the Pass degree upon a humane and rational basis, it has enabled the Professors to carry their standard of honours to a much higher point than before, and to make honours depend, not merely upon a greater degree of accuracy in subjects wherein all are examined, but also in the mastering of further subjects to which the ordinary candidate is not expected to aspire. I can well remember when this important change, upon its first announcement, filled me with unmixed

joy. But in all these cases the *surgit amari aliquid* is sure to come sooner or later; and now I am full of solicitude lest that which is good in itself shall encounter some medium to pervert its consequences to evil. I therefore make bold to usurp a few more minutes of your time while I describe the grounds of my anxiety.

The standard for the B.A. degree is not left to the choice of the governing body of this University; it is prescribed for us in our charter. Charters are not an exhilarating kind of literature, and I am not tempted to display any powers of elocution in reciting ours to the ladies and gentlemen here assembled. But when her Majesty the Queen willed that the degrees of the University of Sydney should pass current in all parts of her dominions as equivalent to degrees granted in British Universities, it was upon the ground of a certain "whereas," and the "whereas" simply amounts to this, that we are pledged not to allow our standard of attainments to fall short of that which has been established in our Universities at home. Now, I firmly believe that it has been from the first the honest endeavour of all the professors to regulate their notions of proficiency accordingly. And here I must observe with much pain that while our gracious Queen has deigned to set the stamp of universal currency upon Sydney degrees, there is another fountain of honour which has proved to be not quite so accessible, and which I, for my part, do not look upon as quite so authentic, which tells the graduate student of Sydney that if he would receive any recognition from this new Court he must earn it by beginning again from the very commencement as a page in its august precincts. The institution which makes this demand is a sister University, and—will you believe it?—it is the University of Melbourne. The Melbourne professors are in no way answerable for this, for they are not members of the Council which has thus thought proper to set at nought the charter of the Sovereign; and, indeed, I can scarcely believe that the Council itself can have retained such a law through anything but mere inadvertence. I should be very loth to think ill of gentlemen and men of education, who, when I was at Melbourne, treated me with the utmost kindness, and with an hospitality almost cruel to a man of feeble digestion. Some blundering upstart must have led them into this mess, in which they are now unconsciously abiding. Be this as it may, we have steadily kept in view the prevailing standard in British Universities. We have felt that to lower this standard ever so little would be an act of dishonesty, while to raise it for the sake of making ourselves conspicuous would be an act of pedantry, and of that which commonly accompanies pedantry, cruelty. But the changes of our ancient seats of learning render this endeavour, every day, more difficult. The tendency of modern education has been more and more in favour of what is called bifurcation. The time bestowed upon what

the Germans call propædeutic, that is the intellectual preparation, which many of us believe to be an essential preliminary to special professional studies, seems everywhere to be diminishing, and all that training which reigned so long in Europe, as the substitute for the old *trivium* and *quadrivium*, is looked upon as unnecessarily retarding the acquisition of practical knowledge. The very professional chairs of law and medicine, and the lectureship on engineering, for which you, Mr. Chancellor, have so wisely and earnestly pleaded to-day, will bring this question under discussion here, and there will not be wanting those who will fain hurry over the period of general education in order to make the commencement of professional acquirements as early as possible. Even as it is, the several professors, in their desire to uphold the utility of their several chairs, are likely to disagree as to the amount of knowledge, in any given branch, which is essential to ordinary culture. Well, it will be said, all this must be regulated by the Senate. But alas! the Senate is modest to a fault, and will probably say to us, the professors—Really, gentlemen, this is much more within your province than ours, settle it among you. Settle it among us! I believe, Mr. Chancellor, that when the Senate is called upon to fill any vacant professorial chair, the spirit of your instructions is—Find us a man who has made the subject his especial study, who believes in it; do not not send us a plodder, rather send us an enthusiast. Now imagine four or five enthusiasts shut up in a room to settle among them what share each subject shall have in a mixed education. Why, it would kindle such fanaticism that the spirit of one of the Anabaptists of old would be tameness by the side of it. And what would be the issue? The survival of the strongest, or a result like that of the famous Kilkenny combat, with a single hood to tell of the internecine encounter. I therefore recommend that each professor should be invited to send in a report of his own views touching the best possible combination or compromise; that these reports, and a clear statement of our resources and aims, should be sent to England, to be laid before a commission of eminent men, who shall adjudicate between the different schemes and recommend the best regulations they can devise for the adoption of our Senate. The Senate, like many other public bodies, though not competent to deal with technical details, will be able to form an estimate of the comparative clearness and consistency of its advisers when they shall chance to differ from each other.

I have but one other observation to make, and I shall make it with all briefness. For several years, and three times in the year, I have taken part in the dismal burlesque which is called the examination for the Civil service. It was intended as a concession, but if it is to remain as it is, it will have no other effect than that of establishing a hierarchy of ignorance and incapacity in all our Government offices; and when I look upon those young men whom

I have presented to you for degrees this day, or upon that large band of matriculating students whose parents have dedicated three of the best years of their sons' lives to the discipline of thought and studious attention, I cannot help saying to myself—What if one of these young men, after the completion of that sacrifice, should turn round upon me and say, I have laboured hard for all this time, what will you have me do next? Some, we know, will go into professions, some will become teachers, some will have private means; but this University is not only for those who have private means or professional connections to start them; it is founded for the people, and thus the thought of all these Government places, into which uneducated youths are being continually drafted, recurs with a peculiar bitterness. If that great and good man* had retained the reins of power a few years longer, if, in place of retiring from the public, which he had served so well, to the University which he cherished to the end of his life, he had been able to serve both together, would there have been no provision made out of the Government patronage for those who, by three years' assiduity and self-control, as well as by three years' acquisition of knowledge, had given proof of their trustworthiness and their capacity? That true public man, for he had a public soul, was not like what sometimes passes current for a public man in these days; he did not think the public made for him, or consider it as his chattel, but he believed himself to be made for the public, and for it he lived and laboured. If Edward Deas-Thomson had held within his own hands the control of the public to which he was devoted, and of the University which he loved so well, he would at one and the same time have turned our University honours into substantial State rewards, and enriched the Public service with men of solid education. Surely, sir, the Government of this country is as much bound to foster this public institution in the way which I have pointed out as in the endowment of chairs, or the completion of the building, or in making its exterior aspect more worthy of its character. Some portion at least of that patronage might be reserved for the scholar and the man of sense, which is now entirely the prey of the venal importunity of men—but I will not characterize them.

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* Here Dr. Badham pointed to the portrait of Sir Edward Deas-Thomson, the late Chancellor of the University, who had been Colonial Secretary of New South Wales before the granting of Responsible Government.

UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

[The following article was contributed by Dr. Badham to the *University Review* in 1882.]

THE chief conditions of a wisely ordered university course are, that it shall consist of such studies as will render a man useful to the public, and, at the same time, repay him for the time and labour which he has bestowed upon them; that these studies shall be so arranged as not to interfere with each other, and that no one of them shall be allowed to make such excessive demands upon his time as to interfere with the leisure necessary for thinking and observing and reading for himself in any other field into which a liberal curiosity may lead him. With regard to the first condition, it is obvious that if the public is to derive no benefit from the education which it confers there will have been a foolish waste of public money, and, in like manner, if the individual is set to learn what will do him no good, he will soon come to hate both the drudgery itself and the institution which inflicts it upon him. As to the second and third conditions, they follow necessarily the other. For if a student who might learn one thing well is compelled, instead, to learn two things insufficiently, or if the standard of acquirement is such that the mind is robbed of its natural freedom and elasticity, both the public and the individual will be the losers thereby.

Although these propositions may seem almost too simple to need enunciation, it is wonderful to think how often men lose sight of them when they enter into controversy upon this question. We continually hear it observed that, in fixing a curriculum, we ought to pay deference to public opinion, as though public opinion were something more entitled to respect than public utility, or as though the public had expressed any opinion on the subject, or there were any means of defining what portion of the public has a right to be consulted, or, when that was done, of ascertaining the views of the majority. Very few people have had the same opportunities as myself of knowing what our fellow citizens, both young and old, think and feel about the University. Those who have had no such opportunities form their judgment upon the letters written to newspapers, and often to such newspapers that the very choice of their medium affords a strong presumption against their title to be heard. But, as a general rule, this propensity to write letters to newspapers in place of addressing the authorities of an institution, is no mark of superior judgment or more extensive range of information.

A friend, who is well affected towards higher education and has no hostile feeling towards the Governors of the University, lately observed to me, "It is painful to see how sensitive some of your most active senators are to every little puff of discontent of a parent or a citizen in the columns of the journals; they imagine that there is a whole host of malcontents ready to assemble at the call of every malevolent little anonymous squeak, and even without these warlike indications, many of them seem to have made up their minds that everything must be popular just in proportion as it is vulgar. Some vulgar men decidedly prefer chemistry to Greek, therefore, the public prefers chemistry to Greek; it is strange that they do not see to what this reasoning must lead. For every man of this description who cries up science and denounces literature, I will find them at least ten who believe neither in the one nor in the other, and only in the three R's as a necessary evil." It is certainly a very great injustice to the intelligent citizens of New South Wales, to impute to them judgments which they have never uttered because you choose to imagine that it is only your superlatively fine folk who have either the intelligence or the taste to appreciate culture, or to see that the attainment of it is best promoted by going back to the times and the languages from which our modern world has inherited it. If, therefore, my friend is right, and if among those who are elected to preside over the higher education of the Colony you can find any one or more who holds the opinions which excited my friend's discontent, I beg leave to tell him or them—in the name of many a Civil Servant, of many a professional man, and of many a tradesman who have been sighing all their lives for the want of those opportunities which they intend that their children shall enjoy—that their sigh is not for lost chemistry or interdicted mineralogy, but for that classic discipline of the mind, for the want of which they use their own language as as if they were afraid of it, because they find their utterance to be inadequate to their thoughts, and in the midst of voluble impostors condemn themselves to silence for want of the powers of self-interpretation. These men are at least a real public, and if anybody should be consulted, it is rather they than the imaginary public, which any cowardly soul thinks that he sees springing up from the dragon's teeth of a few envious or malignant scribblers.

Now, I wish to deal quite dispassionately with the conditions with which this article commenced, and, following these and no other guides, to show that, in by far the greatest number of instances, the curriculum which will best repay the Colony for its endowments and the student for his exertions, is that group of studies which belongs more or less directly to the classical chair. This country now presents what, to European eyes, are strange phenomena—(1) an enormous amount of wealth in the hands of men utterly illiterate; (2) the learned professions, including the Church, with very little

learning to divide amongst them; (3) the mercantile classes of all grades very much below the standard of their congeners in Western Europe in literary and intellectual tastes. Such a condition of society is not one in which any thinking person would be disposed to acquiesce, and least of all would any believer in education, who sees what a simple and effectual remedy is offered by University teaching, reconcile it to his conscience to sit down under this condition of things as a necessary evil. We are to all intents and purposes a democracy, and, whether we like it or not, we shall become more emphatically and unavoidably democratic as time advances. We cannot alter the logic of history or arrest the course of natural development. Aristocracies are not such charming things in themselves, even where they are the result of spontaneous growth, that we need waste our time in yearning for them, much less in brooding over schemes for producing spurious imitations of them. But, if we desire to make that which is good in democracy as operative as we can, if we would have our people at once proud of their equality of rights and yet submissive to fixed principles and laws, we must offer them, along with the liberty which they cherish, some other object which shall claim their reverence, and so habituate them to self-control. That object cannot be birth or title, and heaven forbid that it ever should be money. We have, indeed, that other object already amongst us, for we are daily witnesses to the powerful influence which great talents, or what are believed to be such, exercise over all classes in this Colony. But supposing that this admiration for a powerful intellect, exhibiting itself here or there, should become a fixed confidence in the trained and tried intellect of a whole class, not an exclusive class, but one to which anybody may belong (if nature has endowed him for the purpose, and the opportunities of mental discipline have been open to him), in the first place the people would possess a safeguard against their own too credulous acceptance of the pretensions of ready-witted impostors, and real talents would be restrained from attempts to delude the public by false glitter and exorbitant professions of their own merit. A highly educated class is a check upon charlatans by simply withholding its belief in them, and so setting to others an example of the like caution. But in order to raise up such a class, what machinery is to be employed? The mere possession of knowledge on any subject will only act as a restraint on imposture in that particular subject. For the half-dozen weather prophets that we now have we should have many hundreds but for one Russell at the Observatory. One good analyst like Professor Liversidge keeps in check a great many unauthorised but enterprising persons who would be glad to undertake the same office for a trifling consideration. But the more serious social impostors, the loud and fluent declaimers on all subjects human and divine, whose politics are a

contradiction of history, whose language is a burlesque upon eloquence, whose arguments slap logic in the face, can only be kept down by men whose minds have been taught by long experience how easily error may creep in upon the unwary or impetuous reasoner, how readily falsehood may assume the garb of truth, how grandly-sounding principles have often proved to be only nonsense in masquerade. The study of language is the study of thought; the study of history is the study of political truth; the study of great authors is the study of the development of mind through the different phases of civilization. When we see the same feelings, aims, affections, anxious doubts, and topics of consolation in the literature of bygone times, the thought of our permanent humanity and of the ineffaceable identity between the soul of the past and the soul of the present, makes us thoughtful, reverent, social, patriotic. I do not much admire words of modern coinage, or old words used in modern applications, but the word *culture* corresponds to such a real thing, and fits it with such exactness, that I will venture to use it, as embodying all that has been mentioned above, and to declare that the larger the class which partakes of this *culture*, and the more deeply they are penetrated with it, the better for the country of which they are citizens. And, furthermore, that the more steadily the University adheres to the traditional functions of a University, by making classical study the instrument of culture, the more fully will it answer the purpose for which the people has instituted and endowed it. I know of no other object of education, whether primary or secondary, except to teach men and women to think; I do not say that you should teach nothing else, teach girls cookery if you please, and teach lads chemistry or geology,—we shall want cooks, chemists, geologists,—but do not omit to educate them as well, that is, make them conscious of every operation of their mind, and able to distinguish and express every thought and sentiment that rises within them.

It would be a waste of time to shew that, if language and literature are the best instruments of education, the ancient languages and literatures, when taken as factors along with our own, are preferable to French, or German, or Italian. I have so often proclaimed this truth, it has been so often both proclaimed and exemplified by men of infinitely greater authority, its opponents are so notoriously those who never tried it and so often betray, as W. M. Thackeray once observed to me, such strong symptoms of envy in their abuse of it, that I will take the thing for granted as to all practical purposes.

Some time ago, the persons who love to reason *a priori*, and to describe things unknown to them, bandied about the doctrine *that mathematics taught you to think, but that language developed your taste.* Certainly you cannot learn mathematics without thinking, and, no doubt, the intense thought bestowed

upon the properties of number and form has brought mathematics to be the glorious science which it is. But the moment you go out of number and form mathematics cease, and yet I presume that there are some few thousand objects in this concrete and working-day world, and not a few within the very mind itself, which every man may or even must think upon. And as language aspires, with more or less success, to the representation of all these, it offers a boundless dominion of thought into which mathematics can only enter as a humble auxiliary. Let not anyone think me inconsistent, if, after this, I state my belief that a University cannot teach too many special subjects. The habit of thinking, for which I have contended, should be free to exercise itself upon any part of the great region of knowledge. Once assure yourself of a cultured class, and then let everyone seek to be useful in his day and generation, in the exercise of his skill upon any calling to which he feels himself impelled.

The legislation necessary to effect this must rest with the Senate, and the Senate alone. The public will not accept any plea of delicacy about interfering with professors; nothing can be more indelicate than to assume the dignity of a position and to shrink from the most painful but most necessary part of its duties. It has been said, till the very repetition of it becomes wearisome, that the tendency of every teacher is to magnify his subject, and so far to encroach on the time that is necessary for the acquisition of other branches. You cannot reasonably expect that if a person is set to teach the flute, he will lower his standard or limit his demands from a consideration that his pupils are likewise at the same time expected to learn the violin. If a professor does not distinctly say "let my colleagues look out for themselves," he will certainly act on that principle, and, if every teacher is full of the same admiration for his own particular craft, who will suffer? The unfortunate men who fail, because more is required of them than average abilities can compass. It is the Senate, and the Senate alone, that can control these exorbitances by taking care that, while they appoint a certain number of subjects, or what are technically called *schools*, they shall also fix the limit of compulsory attainment. I should be very sorry if the governing body of the University were formally to declare that they were inadequate to the task, for it would be tantamount to a declaration that they were unfit for the functions to which they were appointed, for which they are responsible, and in which the public has, all this while, supposed them to be engaged. Not many years past it was proposed to them to lighten their labours by following the guidance of some trustworthy commissioners at home, just as Lord Macaulay and other eminent men were requested to fix the relative values of classics, mathematics, and all other branches in the Indian Civil Service Examinations. Of this proposal no notice was taken, except that I

recollect one member of the Senate condescending to allude to it, but at the same time observing that if such a thing were attempted it would seem like a distrust of the professors. Of course it would—and a very wholesome distrust too. And, though the chairs of all Universities certainly seem to resemble the Delphic tripod in this respect, that they are apt to fill their occupants with certain fumes (though, indeed, those fumes produce rather the *flatus* of self-sufficiency than the *afflatus* of divine enthusiasm) none of us have reached that degree of intolerable arrogance as to resent the Senate's action in asking for external guidance in the performance of a task to which they are bound in honour and conscience. And do not let it be supposed that the mere fixing of the number of lectures which a student shall attend in any school affords a sufficient protection to him against over-exaction in the subjects of that school. Supposing that I had a great fancy for the Æolic dialect, or for Greek lyrical metres, and that I carried the absurdity so far as to insist upon them from all comers: the Senate could not stop this by saying that I should give only a certain number of lectures, for I could easily contrive to pack each of these topics into a very few hours and so confer on myself the right of asking what number of questions I pleased upon them at the yearly examination. As long as the professors have the power of setting what questions they please, as examiners, the students run a very great risk of more matter being imported into a single lecture than a single lecture will enable them to master, and so by close compression obtain that wider range which the limitation of the number of lectures was intended to coerce between reasonable bounds. Though I have supposed an extreme case, I am not reasoning against an imaginary danger; it is already more than a danger—it is an actual evil, and has been so for years past. And here I can imagine one of that deplorable class, so common amongst us, who has been reading all this for the noble purpose of picking holes in it, shouting out "*Eureka, Eureka*! Here we have an accuser of the brethren in true substance and undisguised form; he dares to assert that his colleagues would resort to an unworthy piece of leger-de-main and try to overstep their landmark by enlarging the field of operations against the spirit and intention of the instructions given to them." But I insinuate nothing of the kind; I mean only to speak of unconscious encroachments founded upon unavoidable ignorance. A man may be most eminent in his own line and, nevertheless, or rather the more for this very reason, be quite unable to calculate the amount of labour required, in ordinary cases, to reach a certain standard. To him things seem wonderfully easy which, to a beginner, require the profoundest attention and prolonged toil; and, if in his own subject he labours under this disadvantage, that he judges of the condition of younger and, perhaps, slower minds from the analogy of his own, what are his

opportunities of judging if he attempts, out of a generous sympathy with the student, to consider the demands of a whole curriculum, and to determine how much time he can reasonably claim for his own department after making a due allowance for other studies equally imperative? What can be more natural than that he should say "two hours a day is sufficient for this subject and two hours for that, so that it is only fair that the student should bestow two hours a day on this other subject which belongs to me." Why, even if we conceded, which I for one will never concede, that every branch of study is entitled to an equal amount of time, who shall undertake to say that any one part of this threefold calculation is correct? I think that this representation of the case is sufficient to show—(1st.) That a limitation of the numbers of lectures is not sufficient for preventing exaggeration and injustice in our demands as regards the amount of knowledge; and (2nd.) that I have a right to apprehend this exaggeration and injustice, or even to affirm that they already exist, without the slightest imputation on the honesty and good faith of any single person. No! if the members of the teaching body possess the capacity of imposing fair limits to themselves, individually and as a whole, there is no meaning in a Senate such as ours; the professors in that case ought to be their own all-sufficient senate. But this is not so. If we were not governed by a board, elected by members of a Convocation, we should need some other control, and the only other conceivable control would be officers of the State. No well-wisher to our Institution can think of such an alternative without horror and disgust. But after all it is not so very difficult a thing, even if a man should know little or nothing of academical studies, to determine a proper curriculum. Without consulting any one at home, the Senate has only to take the calendars of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and with the help of a little common sense, to compare the several compulsory courses of study contained in those documents, and it will be able to make such a scheme as will give us a character of general conformity to British Universities. The regulations of those learned bodies are not very unlike each other in essential points; the leading principle of all alike is—Culture first, the means of which are obligatory on all, and special sciences afterwards, which are left to the option of the student. Who are we that we should attempt to be original and to challenge the admiration of the world by innovations "in advance of the age"? If we insisted upon everybody learning everything it would look, no doubt, very brilliant, but it is a brilliance that would scare away every single aspirant for matriculation; and, by parity of reasoning, if in the desire of showing a braver front we demand more than is humane and reasonable, the more imposing we try to be, the more effectually shall we empty our class rooms, and that which was intended to be a tower of

strength to the people will become a laughing stock to that very people as a monument of presumptuous folly.

It is of all things the most difficult to give to those who are not scholars themselves, some general notion of what classical teaching is, or at least ought to be. If this could only be done, everybody might be left to draw his own inference, and that inference would infallibly be that a mind brought under this training must necessarily acquire both suppleness and strength. But if you fail in the attempt because your illustrations are too pedantic or because your eagerness leads you into too much subtility the risk that you run is something far more serious than that of not proving your point. It is quite possible that you will convey just the opposite impression to that which you proposed. Add to this, that there are many would-be defenders of classical literature who, not understanding its main advantages, rest its utility upon some miserable grounds of which men endowed with ordinary discernment perceive the insufficiency, and so the cause suffers from the weakness of its advocate. Much of what is called scholarship now-a-days is quite consistent with a positive ignorance of the laws and idioms of the classic languages, and this ignorance leads these so-called scholars to tolerate all kinds of blunders due to blundering transcribers, or rather to welcome them as means of exercising a perverse ingenuity which blunts the very faculty which it is the office of a scholar to keep in its utmost keeness and polish. For forty years past many hundreds of students have attended every year, from all parts of the world, the lectures of such men as Madvig and Cobet; and what has been the substance of their teaching? To mark every turn of expression, every mode of thought in every author, to discern differences of dialect, and differences of epoch, and when all is done to exercise the utmost rigour of criticism in determining what shall or shall not pass for the genuine text of the author. The Germans profess to follow no other school but this, and even France has had its revival of the old spirit of the Scaligers and the Casaubons. And what have we in England? What have we in Oxford, which by some unaccountable tradition is accepted in New South Wales as the classical university *par excellence*—so much so that, at this moment, if they wanted a Greek professor, *public opinion* would immediately say, "By all means let us send to Oxford"? But I will not trust myself any further with this topic than to remark that, in teaching my students the value of textual criticism, I am supported by the sympathy of every great Continental University; and even if it were not so I should be supported by the conviction that I am developing the intellects of our youth, and imparting to them the habit of weighing words in themselves and in their contexts, instead of being satisfied with the loose flummery which now passes current for elegant rendering. But, after all,

the great organ of mental training is in the authors themselves. Yes, but do you not take up the time which might be given to our own authors? Certainly not, and is certainly the contrary. I have never yet known a man more ready to read or better able to appreciate the English wits from Bacon to Macaulay because he knew nothing of Plato or Demosthenes. Men who have not had their taste cultivated in the austerer forms of the ancient languages will either have no taste at all for reading good English works or they will have a vicious taste and exercise a vicious preference. Even Shakespeare, with his wonderful power of charming all sorts and conditions of men, is very little read amongst us; and for the simple reason that very few amongst us have a genuine taste for reading; and if a genuine taste for reading is worth implanting, it can only be implanted by the gentle compulsion of academical discipline; and of all the books in the world which academical discipline can employ for its purpose, there are no works like those written by the ancient masters to impart a relish to the masterpieces in our own language.

DANTE.

[The two following lectures on Dante were delivered in 1882 by Dr. Badham, in aid of a fund towards providing for the support of the widow and children of H. C. Kendall, the poet.]

Before I speak of Dante's immortal work, it may be as well to say something of his character and opinions—a strongly marked character, and opinions extraordinary in themselves, and maintained with an energy that shewed very deep convictions. But again, in order to do this, we must study the historical medium in which he lived and moved, the political condition of Italy, and especially of his native Florence. At the same time, it is not my intention to trouble you with many historical details, although there are few epochs in the annals of the world so full of interest and instruction as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries throughout the Italian peninsula. Consider what a motley group of inhabitants were more or less blended together with the tribes who had at first disputed the supremacy of Rome, and had afterwards joined her in the conquest of the world—Goths, who had been long ago absorbed into the general population; Lombards, who had maintained, through the greater part of the peninsula, settled and constitutional rule for several centuries, and then had fallen before the power of the Frank. These Goths, Lombards, and Franks are so many admixtures of what we call the German element. Then we have towns and districts of Greeks, in more or less dependence upon the Emperor of Constantinople. As we go further south we meet with the remnants of the Saracenic invaders, who, like the Moors in Spain, had attained the rank of a civilized state, and in Sicily had made themselves famous by two most useful arts, those of architecture and horticulture. But these had submitted in their turn to that most chivalrous and romantic race, the Normans, who, starting from Scandinavia, had gained themselves renown and sovereignty in Gaul, in Sicily, in Southern Italy, and in the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. I say that it is very interesting to study all the successive changes by which so many varieties of the human species were brought together, and one after another assimilated to the general mass.

Nor is the study of the rise of the great commercial republics—Pisa, Genoa, and Venice—less heart-stirring or less instructive. But all this, and all that befell the inland towns from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, is beyond the scope of my lecture; so that, in place of entering into details,

which, if scanty, would be insufficient, and, if copious, would lead us altogether away from our main subject, we must content ourselves with considering what were the great historical factors at work during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the condition of affairs to which they led in Dante's time.

First, we have this pair of opposites—the country and the towns. The country is in the hands partly of great feudatory chiefs, descendants mainly of the last successful invaders, who maintain their rights by the help of smaller dependent chieftains, and the men-at-arms whom they can afford to keep. The villages are, of course, at their mercy, but for a long time past the towns have acquired a right of fortifying themselves. They have charters, according to which they carry on municipal government as they list. You would naturally infer that they were independent of all feudal lords, both small and great; but, unfortunately, it is not so. The noble families have also taken a fancy to town life, and in many an Italian city we may see yet standing, not mere palaces, but the fortresses of those powerful families, with whose ways Shakespeare has made us familiar in the types of the Montagues and the Capulets. So that when we hear of wars between one city and another (and we hear of them continually), or heroic resistances to some German Emperor or some Vicar of the Empire, we must not imagine that these are honest citizens, fired with democratic virtue, and preferring death to slavery. To a considerable extent, and for a long period, the magistrates, the chiefs of Guilds, and members of the Council are noble, having no sympathy whatever with the common people, but claiming the precedence even in civic matters in right of their nobility. Such is the commencement of these municipal bodies; but, by degrees, the people learn to assert themselves, as they learn the virtue of combination. But they derive a still greater purchase over their antagonists from the factions which break out among the nobility itself, and so, in a few instances, a way is made to municipal and civil freedom,—I mean, of course, in those few instances where social development has perfect play, and a scope which no evil destiny cuts short. But, alas! faction is a contagious disease, and not only will contending sides catch the pestilence from each other, but the very rank and file of citizens will become inoculated from their leaders, and thus we shall find the hopes of liberty blasted abruptly by some successful tyrant, as at Verona, or the burgess will ape the aristocracy which he has displaced, and the old struggle between privilege and natural right will begin again, with ever-decreasing likelihood of any settlement, except by the introduction of an absolute master. But there is this to be said against this development, even in its best type,—that though it may promote municipal freedom, it will also tend to municipal

isolation; and that very isolation itself will exercise a counteracting power, by endangering the freedom from which it springs. Free and independent is a very pretty combination, but if it were possible to be free and yet not independent, it would be the rose without the thorn. The free and independent communities of Italy were too weak, singly, to resist the avarice of powerful neighbours, and this led (as weakness always does lead) to cunning and intrigue. And so you find the policy of Machiavelli become almost the natural atmosphere for states to breathe in, until at last foreign support enables some influential house to turn its own republic into a tyranny, and Italy ends by presenting that aspect which drew from Filicaia that great sonnet* of tears and indignation :—

"Land of Italia, whom the fates endow
With baneful gifts of beauty, whence the dower
Thou hast of sorrows infinite, that shower
Their woeful traces on thy dolorous brow;
Wert thou less fair, or haddest force enow,
That men had either trembled at thy power,
Or less had feigned to woo thee in thy bower,
And soon to deadly menace made thee bow,
We had not seen invading armies burst
Down from the Alps, nor in the ensanguined wave
Of Po the Gallic horses quench their thirst;
Nor thee the arm of stranger nations crave,
Nor girt with alien steel,—forever curst,
Victor or vanquished, to remain a slave."

But now let us pass from the consideration of country against town, and nobles against commoners, to that other pair of factors, the Emperor and the Pope, and their respective adherents, the Ghibellines and the Guelphs. I am not going to praise or blame any individual Pope or any individual Emperor. The antagonism of the Pope and the Emperor is a thing of the past, and even interference of the spiritual with the temporal power survives only in efforts which will have no permanent effect upon history. In place of the interdict which convulsed the world, we have Sabbatarian deputation which ruffle an unfortunate minister. But still we have small declamations against the audacious Hildebrand, the first great assertor of spiritual control over civil rulers, who seems to be a kind of popinjay, on which every historical essayist of a certain type tries the range of his invectives. And, again, we have another artillery of equal calibre, which launches big words against the brutal German, and speaks of Gregory II., and of the church generally, as champions of popular rights, and the levers by which feudalism was overthrown. But I shall only deal with Popes and Emperors as factors, agents, historical forces, or whatever you will. Look at them according to the idea, and the one is the Civil and the other the Spiritual government of mankind. Look at them as they are

* The translation of this sonnet, and of all the passages from Dante, except those quoted from Carey's version, is by Dr. Badham.

in action, and you will find that the representative of civil law and order is often nothing but an agent of bloodshed and spoliation and an abettor of the tyranny of his subordinates; while the other, instead of being the spiritual check of the imperial power, becomes his carnal antagonist, and, too often, engages in the very carnal pursuit of aggrandizing his own family. For my part, I should like to contemplate barefooted Emperors doing penitence in the snow, or excommunicated Emperors trembling for the defection of their subjects, and driven to all imaginable shifts to baulk that meddling old man at the Vatican, setting up an anti-Pope to thwart him, and presently dismayed upon finding that in the recipe for making Pontiffs there are certain ingredients which are not to be found in the still-room even of an Emperor. I rejoice over the baffled men of iron, and should applaud those whose words were stronger than squadrons, and whose shepherd's staff could make sceptres, if I could believe that men who chastened others did so to restrain the exorbitance of worldly authority, and not for the extension of their own temporal power. But apart from feelings and apart from motives, was the theory correct?—or, in other words, had they the right? That I must leave to those who assume to know the origin of the right to rule at all. But I am getting on dangerous ground; so, without further reflections, I will merely bid you note that the party of the Emperors is the Ghibelline, and the party of the Popes is the Guelph. It is strange that these two words should have been so employed, for they properly designate two rival German houses. From the house of Bavaria the name of Guelph has descended, through the line of the d'Estes of Ferrara, to both the houses of Brunswick, and so to her Majesty the Queen. The castle of Wiebeling belonged to the imperial house of Swabia, and when that house was in the ascendant, it is natural enough that the Pope, or any other power that was jealous of their sway, should espouse the cause of the Bavarian Guelphs. Through this connection they adopted, or had imputed to them, the name of the house which they favoured.

You will read in Sismondi what he quotes from the annalists, of a certain Buondelmonte marriage, which embittered the quarrel between the Ghibellines and the Guelphs, in Florence; but we must not confound symptoms with causes. If that unfortunate bridegroom had never jilted the Ghibelline lady, to marry a Guelph beauty; if his snow-white palfrey had not carried him on that Easter Sunday across the Ponte Vecchio of Florence to the Ghibelline daggers that awaited him, there would have been plenty of occasions for the wrath of those two parties, and the unnumbered woes of Italy which resulted from it.

I have led you through a rather toilsome march, in order to bring you to this point. The one political idea which marks Dante's life, which is ever

present with his thoughts, and which may be traced throughout his whole poem, is that he is a profoundly convinced Ghibelline. He had begun life as a Guelph, for the Ghibelline party had long been banished out of Florence. As a Guelph, he had fought against the Ghibellines at the battle of Campaldino. But in that democracy, more jealous than ever was that of Athens, where a citizen was never trusted in office for more than a few months, and where this very jealousy itself led to continual intrigues and counter-intrigues, he had been called upon, as one of the magistrates, to banish two contending parties from the town, and soon after paid the penalty of doing his duty. That penalty was utter ruin and perpetual exile. What that exile was, we may judge from the prophecy which he puts into the mouth of one of his ancestors, whom he meets in Paradise:—

"From all thou holdest dear thou must depart—
The bow of cruel banishment shall send
This, the first arrow, to impierce thy heart—
And thou shalt find what bitter brine doth blend
With strangers' bread, and what a thorny road
A stranger's stair to mount and to descend;
And that which thou shalt find the hardest load
Shall be the wicked company and vile
That share with thee that comfortless abode."

How this wrought upon him to abhor the dominant party in Florence, and to invoke the Emperor as the power to whom Heaven had committed the task of restoring peace to Italy, by quelling license and faction, you may see in the passage which I shall now read to you. Sordello, the poet of Mantua, meets Dante as he is conducted by Virgil through Purgatory, and at first he seems too proud to take notice of either; but he has no sooner heard that Dante's companion is a native of the same city as himself, than his pride falls at the tidings, and he hastens to embrace his fellow-townsman. At the sight of this example of patriotic affection, Dante first apostrophizes Italy, reproaching her with her civil feuds and factions, and then turns to Albert to come and take the office appointed him by Heaven; and lastly, with bitter irony, pretends to praise Florence as alone exempt from the disorders which the German is to rectify:—

"O land of slaves! thou inn of lamentations!
Ship without pilot, through the storm careering!
Thou mart of sin, not mistress of the nations!
How ready was this gentle ghost, on hearing
His native Mantua's name so sweetly sounded,
To clasp his townsman with a joy endearing:
Whereas thy living sons are aye confounded
In cursed strife, and mangle each his brother,
Within the walls by which ye are surrounded.
Tell o'er the sea-washed towns that call thee mother;
Search in thy bosom, and survey the border,
And say, where have they peace with one another?
Vainly was forged the curb of law and order;

The saddle vacant, whereto serves the bit!
Thy laws give double shame to thy disorder.
O nation! hadst thou minded Holy Writ,
How reverently hadst thou to Cæsar given
The seat where he alone is called to sit.
Albert! thy hand was laid on her by Heaven,—
But, for the want of sharp indenting steel,
The beast of her own fury hath been driven.
O German! it was thine to make her feel,
E'en till her rage was by thy might o'erpowered,
The chastisement of thy unswerving heel.
Just judgment from above will soon be showered
Upon thy seed, that men shall mark and tremble,
Till thy successor fear to play the coward,
And thy weak father's guilt and thine resemble.
The garden of your realm ye leave to waste,
For pelf and power, which yonder ye assemble.
Man without care! arise and hither haste;
Monaldi, Filippeschi, suffering see;
See Capulet and Montague disgraced;
See thine own Rome, which day and night to thee,
Loud in her lonely widowhood, complaineth,
'My Cæsar, why hast thou forsaken me?'
Come! see what love this people yet retaineth.
Come yet for shame, and thine own honour spare,
Although for us no ruth in thee remaineth.
And thou, great Jove!—if on thy name I dare
To call—who sufferedst for us on earth,
Say, hast thou turned thy righteous eyes elsewhere?
Or is the abyss of wisdom giving birth
To something sever'd from our mortal ken,
That shall convert our mourning into mirth?
The towns of Italy are full of men
Of blood; and whoso heads the factious crowd,
And conquers, is a foremost citizen.
Florence! my country! thou mayest well be proud,
For thou by this digression art not stung;
Thanks to thy sons with wisdom so endowed!
Some fear to err, and, though the bow be strung,
Shoot not, but in their hearts that justice hide
Which thou hast ever readiest on thy tongue.
Many from public charges turn aside;
Whereas thy people stoop and cry, unbidden,
Upon my shoulder let the burden ride!
Rich, peaceful, wise, in triumph hast thou ridden;
Thou hast good cause for thy prosperity!
And of this truth the effect hath not been hidden.
The antique laws and civil polity,
Whereby the Athenian or the Spartan sought
The public welfare, when compared with thee,
Were puny steps; for of such subtle thought
Thy counsels are, that scarcely through November
Lasts the fine tissue in October wrought.
How oft, through all the time thou canst remember,
Hast thou made laws, coins, offices, anew;
Hast thou transformed thyself in every member!
Bethink thee, look upon the light and view
In the sick wretch thine image written plain,
Whose limbs upon the down no rest ensue,
But, ever shifting, seek to mask their pain."

But it is not very difficult to see, through this taunting language and ingenious bitterness, the intense affection which the poet had to the place of his birth. It is a wrath which springs out of tortured love. He reviles Florence because she has robbed him of Florence; and we must remember

that it was with our poet as it was with every Athenian and with every Roman. It is not the native *country*, but the native *city*, for which they are ready to sacrifice all that makes life pleasant or splendid—much more, life itself. Their patriotism is not a sentimental tradition, but a sensuous appreciation of something on which the eye has dwelt from infancy. They love that with which they have been familiar from childhood; and the more beautiful the city is, and the more they have reason to be proud of it, the stronger hold will it take upon their hearts. At all events, the man who first uttered this sentiment was no fool, although he was an enthusiast, and a true patriot, although he was a politician. Pericles, in his funeral oration, does not scruple to set before his hearers the splendour of the Athenian architecture and the tasteful gaiety of its pageants as one of the motives that should make every citizen enamoured of his native town, and, therefore, ready to offer up himself for its preservation.

For the sake of giving a hint to the future "Gonfalonieri" of Sydney, I have wandered from my subject; for we are not now considering Dante the patriot, but Dante the Ghibelline. It is true that he puts many of both parties in the place of torment; this is only impartial, that while Popes are punished for simony by being planted in the earth, with the head downwards and the feet in flames, Vicars of the empire and such-like should, for their cruelty, wade in a river of boiling blood, from which, if they attempted to escape, they were shot at by troops of centaurs. But there could be no reason but one for putting Brutus and Cassius in posts of highest distinction, and in close connection with the sovereign of the Inferno. Lucifer, who is, of course, in the very centre and bottom of the abyss, has three heads, and, therefore, three mouths. In one of these mouths he is chewing Judas Iscariot, in the second Brutus, and in the third Cassius.

> "At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed,
> Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
> Were in this guise tormented. But far more
> Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd
> By the fierce rending, whence ofttimes the back
> Was stript of all its skin. 'That upper spirit,
> Who hath worst punishment,' so spake my guide,
> 'Is Judas; he that hath his head within
> And plies his feet without. Of th' other two
> Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
> Who hangs is Brutus. Lo! how he doth writhe,
> And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that appears
> So large of limb.'"
>
> —("Carey's Dante."—Hell: *Canto* xxxiv.)

Do you ask what these two noble fellows had done? Done! Had they not violated the fundamental faith of Ghibellinism in stabbing Caius Julius Cæsar, *Imperator?*

Like our own Milton, Dante was,—through his temperament and through his immense learning, acquired under the one dominant idea,—possessed with irrepressible zeal for setting all things right. We know men who would throw themselves into a fever if they saw a picture awry, or a pattern thrown out of its propriety, who would never rest if they were condemned to look on without being allowed to re-adjust the displaced line or to re-establish the disordered harmony. In the same way, both these poets were intolerant of all moral obliquities, and of every anomaly which disturbed the exemplar of government. They both, therefore, aspired to an ideal monarchy, which the one thought was to be realized in carrying out the great conception of that noblest figure in history, Charlemagne; while the other looked much higher, and, as he seeks for some cure of all the disorder that surrounds him, cries out for the greatest Deliverer of all, "Come forth out of Thy chambers, Thou Prince of all the kings of the earth! Put on the visible robes of Thy imperial majesty, for the voice of Thy bride calls Thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."

But it is time to occupy ourselves more immediately with his great poem.

In the year 1300, just "in the midway of human life," Dante is conducted by Virgil into hell, and he descends through a number of circles, which narrow as he goes deeper and deeper in the earth, to that point which is the lowest deep of the place of torment. From thence he emerges towards the antipodes, and finds himself on our side of the globe, at the foot of the mountain of Purgatory, which he ascends, and when he has reached its summit, he is from thence admitted to behold the glories of Paradise. It is in the gradual accomplishment of this task that every reader of every civilized nation has followed him with delight and amazement. Every man of Latin or Teutonic race, who has had the great privilege of understanding ever so faintly the language of this poem, has felt that his soul is under the grasp of a great genius, that can mould it to his own purposes, and move it in what direction he pleases. And this is more strikingly illustrated in the repulsive subject of hell, where the diversities of torments, well classified and skilfully appropriated to diversities of crime, are illustrated by vivid comparisons, and relieved by episodes of human tenderness, and dialogues of friendship or courtesy, from which we learn the tale of the sufferers. And thus the terror is relieved by pity, and terror and pity alike are beguiled by the mighty power of art in the description; so that our curiosity is ever on the wing, as he continually quickens it through new achievements of language and new triumphs of imagination.

But you will say, "Why choose such a theme at all? Why prescribe to himself a subject in itself unwelcome, merely to shew that by skilful treatment of it he can surmount the difficulty with which he need not have

grappled?" Now, I might content myself, and perhaps I might content some of you, if I answered that it is one of the principal delights of art to overcome difficulties,—nay, to propose them in order to overcome them,—for art, as exerted by the artist, is a kind of invasion and conquest, and according to the greatness of the resistance overcome is the applause and exultation of the intelligent student. When I speak of art, I ought to guard against the confusion of different notions expressed by the same term. I mean, here, the creative energy which seeks for an utterance and an embodiment of itself; which makes one man a painter, another a sculptor, another a poet, and another a musician. I do *not* mean by art those treasures of experience, rules of taste, contrivances for the avoidance of difficulty, secrets of effect, repertories of ornament; these are the discoveries which creative art makes for itself as it gains experience. Take, for instance, the laws of taste; they are, of course, based upon the experience of effect; but, before you can have effect, you must have creative power. This creative power will make its own channels, and will afterwards be contented to flow within such of these as neither dam it up, nor render it turbid, nor interfere unduly with its strength. In short, genius comes before taste, but it makes the rules of taste and submits to them. At the same time, there is a period in every language when the native strength runs weaker, and the observance of traditional rules almost supersedes the creative power; and what Horace says of the rules of the symposium is applicable to much higher subjects:—

> "The frenzied bard that loves the muses nine,
> Demands a ninefold measure of the wine;
> Scared at the brawls of goblets over free,
> The naked Graces bid us take but three."

Grace and strength, though best in combination, tend opposite ways, but strength is the parent, and grace is the offspring. Now, what we have to look for in Dante is strength, not independent of grace, which is an impossibility, but having the predominance. If this is the case, surely there is no subject conceivable in which strength can employ itself more freely than that of the "Inferno," none which is less naturally suggestive of grace, and, therefore, none in which the artist can with more right claim the grace as his own, if he begets a temperance to his passion, and gives a smoothness to rugged materials by a vigorous control over his own creation.

What is true of the "Inferno" generally,—that we are reconciled to a thing terrible in itself by the perpetual variety of the movement; in short, that the hatefulness of the subject is neutralized by the contemplation of the consummate skill of the artist,—may be shown in every single part, but nowhere so strikingly as in the celebrated scene where Dante meets with

Ugolino. A man, with his sons, is locked up in a tower to perish by hunger, and he has to describe what took place between the locking up and the hour when famine had done its work. You would say there is nothing to know, nothing to see, nothing to relieve the monotony of one stupendous horror. Or, perhaps, one of our powerful modern writers, for want of outward movement, would give you a subjective history, a psychological narrative of what occurred under the conditions of having nothing to eat for so many days. But, in Dante, the man tells a consecutive tale, and keeps you suspended with the successive points of his story, and so you move on from phase to phase, which follow one another like the chords in a dead march, each keeping you on the strain of expectation for that which is to come next.

" From off the savage feast his mouth upreared,
Upon the hairy scalp, which from behind
Was foully torn, his lips that sinner smeared,
Then spake: 'Thou bidst me call afresh to mind
Griefs that my heart in desperation steep
Only for thought, ere thought an utterance find.
But should my words be seed whence he may reap
The fruit of infamy, whom thus I gnaw,
Thou shalt at once behold me speak and weep.
I know not who thou art, nor by what law
Thou comest here; but that thou need'st must be
A son of Florence, from thy speech I draw.
Know, then, I am Count Ugoline, and he,
Th' Archbishop Roger, and attend the reason
Why he hath found a neighbour fierce in me:
How, through th' effect of his accursed treason,
I, who had trusted him, was seized and slain,
To tell thee this thou know'st were out of season.
But what from me alone thou canst attain,
How cruel was the manner of my doom,
Now learn, and judge if my complaint be vain.
A slender loop-hole in that place of gloom,
Which men, through me, the Tower of Hunger call,
Where others shall hereafter fill my room,
Had now the light of several moons let fall
Through the scant opening, when, behold! I dreamed
The dream which from the future rent the pall.
This man, the master of the hunt, me seemed
To th' hill, which Lucca hides from Pisans' view,
Hunted the wolf, and what the she-wolf teemed.
Gualandi and Sismondi, with a crew
Of gaunt and eager hounds for hunting taught,
Joined with Lanfranchi, to the vanward drew.
The father and his cubs were soon o'erwrought
With running, and sharp fangs began to tear
Their hollow sides and to their entrails raught.
Next morn, when I awakened, I could hear
My fellow prisoners moaning in their sleep,
My children moaning while for bread they cried:
Ruthless wert thou to hold this sorrow cheap.
Pondering on that which to my heart appeared,
If now thou weep'st not, when art wont to weep?
Then they awoke and waited; as they neared
The hour at which our food was daily brought,
Each brooded on his dream and was afeared.
Then in that cursed prison door I caught
The sound of clenching locks; I turned my own
Upon their several faces, uttering naught;

I wept not, but within I changed to stone;
They wept, and one, my little Anselm, cried,
Thou lookest so—what ails thee? Answer none
I made, and tearless did I still abide
For that day, and the darkness that ensued.
But when another sun began to glide
Through heaven, and our dungeon, dark and rude,
Received a little portion of the light,
And in their faces four my own I viewed,
On both my hands did I for anguish bite;
And they, supposing it was done for need
Of eating, on a sudden rose upright;
"Father!" they cried, "'tis better that thou feed
Upon the flesh that clothes us; thou didst shape,
Do thou strip off this miserable weed."
To grieve them less, I let no word escape
Of passion further: mute were one and all.
Ah me! thou cruel earth that would'st not gape!
We reached the fourth day thus. Then saw I fall
Poor Gaddo at my feet: "Oh, father! why
Dost thou not help me?" with that piteous call
He died; and as thou see'st me, thus saw I
Son after son, each in his tender leaf,
Within two days that followed, fall and die.
By this time I was blind, and sought relief
In groping o'er the dead, and called their names;
But *hunger*, in the end, o'ermastered grief.'"

I will again illustrate what I have been saying by a different extract, in which you will see ingenuity, variety of descriptive power, dialogue which absorbs our interest, and so prevents us from dwelling too exclusively on the main horrors. The Centaur Nessus has carried our poet over a ford in the lake of boiling blood, in which cruelty is punished, and we are thus introduced to the next incident of the downward journey:—

"Scarcely had Nessus gained the further shore
Than we set on our journey, passing through
A forest that no trace of pathway bore,
No foliage green, but tufts of blackest hue,
No tapering spray, but many a tangled knot,
Nor any fruit, but thorns envenomed grew.
So rough a brake and tangled harbours not
The beasts, the foes of every cultured field,
That in the Tuscan marshes have their lot.
There, nests throughout those Harpies foul enshield,
Who from the wandering isle whilom did chase
The Trojans, and their future ill revealed.
Broad wings have they, and each a human face,
With crooked claws and feathered paunches huge,
And from the uncouth trees they wail apace."
* * * * * *

You will wonder what this wood means, as Dante did. It is explained by Virgil bidding him pull off one of the twigs, whereupon follows what is thus related:—

"Then raught I forth my hand toward the tree,
And plucked a spray; the branch whereon it grew
Then cried aloud, 'Why dost thou mangle me?'
And as the black blood did the rind imbue,
It cried again, 'Why dost thou rend me so?
Has, then, thy soul been never taught to rue?

Once we were men, albeit here below
But stocks. But had we been of viper's kind,
Still should thy hand some touch of pity know.'
As when a green log at one end is tined,
From the other, as it seethes, we hear the rush
And piercing hiss of the escaped wind;
So from that rifled bough at once did gush
Both words and blood; forthwith I dropped my spray,
And stood like one whom sudden terrors crush.''

He then learns that this is the punishment of suicides, and the sinner whom he has unconsciously mangled, being pacified by his expressions of regret, tells him that he is Piero delle Vigne, the Chancellor of Frederick II :—

"Know I am he that erst of Frederick's heart
Held in my hand the twofold keys, and turned
To close or open with such winning art,
That few, save me, his inmost counsel learn'd.
So I were faithful to that high behest,
Health in my veins and cheerful pulse I spurn'd.
That harlot, whose vile eyes can never rest
From wanton leering in the Cæsars' hall,
That general death and court-engender'd pest,
Against myself inflamed the minds of all,
Whose flame ere long inflamed that mind august,
And my gay honours turned to grievous fall.
My heart, through indignation and disgust,
Thought to escape the sense of wrong by death,
And made the just one to himself unjust.
By these strange roots I swear, and by this tree,
My faith unto my lord no treasons stain:
Worthy in honour to be served was he.
If one of you beholds the world again,
Comfort my memory, which, ever since
Foul envy dealt her blow, in dust hath lain."

From this sad tale we pass to questions, the nature of which may be seen from the answer, which describes how the spirit of the suicide is carried into this wood, and takes root in it like a grain of corn, and, having grown up, is torn by the Harpies who feed upon its leaves. Hereafter, when other men's souls are reunited to their bodies, these, having wilfully renounced their bodies, may not have them again, but

"throughout
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."
—(Carey, Hell, xiii.)

Immediately a new incident calls us away from the terrible picture, and from this again we are relieved by the stories of the suicides, one of whom requests him to gather up the torn leaves and place them at the foot of the tree, and so repair the shameful havoc that has been done him.

But there are other reasons besides those connected with art which may serve to explain the choice of subject. Dante is moved by his genius to write poetry; at the same time, by a temperament that is serious and

earnest, he is led to seek for a subject that shall be great and lasting. His nature is one of exquisite sensibility, and an exuberant tendency towards all that is worthy of love. I do not mean of intense passion, such as that which he had for Beatrice, but of a passionate sympathy with all that calls itself man; and, as I observed before, he is full of strong reverence for law and justice. Now, imagine such a man to have acquired all the learning of his time,—all that was known of the old Latin literature, all that could then be learnt of history, all the marvels that travellers had brought back from strange lands, the secrets of the Aristotelian philosophy, and all those wondrous monuments of cloistered thought, that web in which the silken threads of dialectic subtlety are interwoven with the golden strands of mystic devotion (I mean, of course, the works of the schoolmen)—I say, imagine a man thus furnished and impelled to set before the world a poem in which all these riches shall be contained. What subject can he choose but that which comprises the whole of mankind? and where will he find it except in this threefold scene, in which every soul, as he understands it, would be comprised?

But there is a further explanation of Dante's choice of subject. Although most of his readers take far more interest in the first and second parts of his poem, because we realise more easily what lies within the reach of our sensible experience, it would seem that the author was more intent upon the perfection of the third part—that is, of Paradise—for which, indeed, he reserves the chief wealth accumulated by his deeper studies.

It is probable that he considered all that preceded his contemplation of the Heaven as an introduction thereto. But what his motive is for selecting such a theme as Paradise cannot be doubtful. He has himself taken care that all should know that it is the monument of his love of Beatrice de Portinari. Of that love, which began almost in childhood, he has left us the story in an earlier work, his "Vita Nuova" or "New Life."

I am glad that the translation and exposition of that work has not fallen into the hands of some elegant dilettante, but of one who, knowing the depths of that passion which it records, treats it with the profoundest reverence, because his own nature sympathizes with its purer flame: who has discerned it even in Catullus, where it feeds but too often on baser fuel, much more then in Dante, where it is doomed to feed upon itself, and to meet with no earthly satisfaction. I am speaking of Sir Theodore Martin, and it is a solace to the friendship of many years to make this passing allusion to him, and to cite his authority as to the fervid reality of Dante's affection. This is what he says in his introduction to the "Vita Nuova":—

"Dante's love, in its origin and early stages, was manifestly no mere Platonism. It was the united devotion of heart, soul, and senses, concentrated on one object, and ambitious of obtaining it for their own. It is impossible to read his poems of this period without coming to this conclusion. Tremblingly and reverently, no doubt, he loved Beatrice from first to last, as a noble nature will always love the woman who is worthy of its regard; but he loved her as a man loves, and with the passion that naturally perseveres to the possession of its mistress."

After this testimony of one who belongs to the band "*di color che sanno*," let us not be brought to false conclusions by the attempt to reduce the heroic devotion of a great soul to the compass of the frivolous sentiment which passes for love in this age of nobility without grandeur, of wealth without public spirit, of ambition without statesmanship, of science without culture and refinement. Let not any common mortal amongst us suppose that he understands enough about the passion of love to judge of what Dante felt for Beatrice de Portinari. Let him not attempt to gauge the absorption of such a mind by his little cockney sighs, or the power of the passion itself by the degree with which it may have affected his otherwise uniform and punctual appetite.

Beatrice was his religion, besides that greater one in which he was brought up, and when that incomparable beauty became "*terre sparte*" (scattered dust), those two religions became one; they were incorporated, or rather, through the absence of any corporeal hindrance, they were blended together, as both pertaining to one unseen world. And as he thought of Paradise, where he felt sure that she must be, and remembered his vow that he would some day say something of her, such has had never been said of any other woman, he bethought him that, as a poet, he would have a right to give outward reality to that which had long been a fact in his own mind, so that she should at once be his Beatrice and a type of high celestial power. In this mysterious consubstantiation the paragon of Florence should be the accident, but the essence should be religion itself. See how sympathetic this sinless love has made him, when, in his sad journey, he beholds that other example of love, which a sudden surprise and invasion of sense had rendered guilty. Of course I am alluding to the loves of Francesca of Rimini and Paolo Malatesta:—

"As doves toward their happy nests repair,
Sailing on steady and expanded plume,
Of their own will upborne through liquid air,
So came they towards us through the poisonous gloom,
Answering the potent cry, and left the drove
Of such as bear the hapless lovers' doom.
'Oh, living one, so full of grace and love,
That through the darkness hitherward dost wend

To us, whose blood bestained the world above;
If th' universal ruler were our friend,
For thee, that hast compassion of this ill,
Our peaceful intercessions should ascend;
If aught to hear or speak be in thy will,
Full gladly will we hear or speak to thee,
While yet, as now, the hurricane is still.
There is the land of my nativity,
Where sinks the Lombard river into rest,
With all his train, or e'er he seeks the sea.
Love, that is learnt full soon in gentle breast,
For that fair form, whence cruel hands did sever
My suffering ghost, my partner's soul possessed;
Love, that the debt of love remitteth never
To the beloved, so kindled in my breast
Joy of this joy, that we are one forever.' "

You may conjecture Dante's question from her reply :—

" She answered me, 'The greatest of our woes
Is the remembrance of departed cheer
To those in pain, and this thy teacher knows;
But if thou long thus earnestly to hear
Love's early root, that time will I relate,
Like one that tells his tale by word and tear.
One day, for entertainment, 'twas our fate
To read of Lancelot and of his fame;
Alone and unsuspecting, there we sate,
Our eyes full oft did wander, and there came
A paleness o'er our faces as we read.
But at one place alone love overcame;
When of that smile it told, so coveted,
And of the kiss that mighty lover took,
He who ne'er quits me, e'en among the dead,
Kissed me, while every limb with terror shook.
A pandar was the writer and the tale,
That day we read no further in the book.'
While the one Ghost spake thus, so loud a wail
Sent forth the other, that with keen remorse
I sank within, as though my life would fail,
And fell to earth, as falls a lifeless corse."

Some men who doubt the reality of love because its expression is all afire with imagination (what a reason !) will treat Dante's mode of thinking as wilfully extravagant. But, if you will look closely, you will see that it is not the mere birth of the fancy under the influence of deep passion, but that it has a counterpart of reality, such as daily experience bears witness to. At a time of life when two great questions naturally force themselves upon the mind — What preparation am I making for a work that shall cause me to be remembered after death? and, What fitness is there in myself to give me good hope that the surviving part of me shall be happy?—I say, when these two questions concerning the immortality of one's name and the immortality of one's substance present themselves together, what can be more natural than that a man should endeavour to work out the two problems together? "That sainted one," says he, "inspired my first efforts as a poet, and every subsequent effort is but a development of the germ which first expanded under the rays

of her beauty." Again, "Under her influence every striving after the contemplation of celestial things has been fostered and strengthened, and it is she whose memory has given a keener edge to every remorse which the weakness arising from too quick an apprehension of what is lovely in nature leaves behind it." Thus intellectual aspirations and the aspirations after a purer standard of life are all hers.

Now, if he thought in this manner, and if this led him to that commerce with the unseen world, which at one time takes the aspect of terrible forebodings—forebodings purposely nursed to stimulate repentance; at another time of the toilsome ascent of the penitential steps; and, again, at a third time, of the fountain of all perfection, the sight of which seems capable of burning up the mortal dross with which he is clogged; he would say to himself that she had been present by her influence in all these scenes, and in the last of them had been so close that he could see and hear her. In this he finds the subject of his poem, and the record of this shall make him immortal among men, as the process shall make him a sharer in the immortality of heaven. You may criticise his beliefs if you will, but in fact you have nothing to do with them. Take the man as you find him, and you must acknowledge that his intense and passionate nature has necessarily, and not by any wilful exaggeration, blended the effects of human love and the belief in a supernatural into one and the same vision. The process which his mind has undergone is precisely that which Socrates learnt of the Mantinean prophetess, who tells him that the way upward is from one beautiful form to all beautiful forms, and from the beauty of material forms to the beauty of manners, studies, and pursuits, and from this, again, to the beauty of law and order, from which, at last, he will ascend to the perfect, self-subsisting idea of the beautiful, which lends itself to visible and created things, but borrows of none, feeding eternally on its own divine essence.

II.

In my former lecture I mentioned that Dante was born in the year 1265; this was a mistake; not that the date was a wrong one, but because these ciphers convey no information to the mind. If I had said that he was born nearly two hundred years before the invention of printing, and a few years after the last Crusade, that his life was marked by such events as the Sicilian Vespers, the persecution and extinction of the order of the Templars, and other crimes begot by the cupidity of that foul specimen of monarchy called Philip the Fair; and that, in our own country, he preceded Chaucer by more than a whole generation, that there was no vestige of the Commons House of Parliament; you will naturally conclude that Dante belongs to a very barbarous age, and that whatever refinement or enlightenment he shows was not imbibed from his surroundings, like the refinements and enlightenments upon which we plume ourselves, but from a belief in something nobler than he could reach by immediate contact, something to be gained by force of character and continuous application. And this reminds me of a much more serious omission, which I must now rectify. Imagine our having descended through all the circles of Hell, and having even made our way to the foot of the mountain of Purgatory, without the slightest allusion to that master and guide whom Dante reveres as his greatest human teacher. Now, why did Dante choose Virgil as the fittest one to conduct him through the regions of the dead? It would be a part, but a very small part, of the truth if we answered, because Virgil has himself described the descent of Æneas into Hell. This may have afforded the first hint, but it certainly could not have been the ground of ultimate preference of this one over other candidates for the office. In Dante's estimation, none stood near Virgil in the amount of intellectual benefits conferred upon himself. Of course, he was under no obligations to him for theology; but, for knowledge of human life and for exalted sentiments concerning it, he believed his authority to be paramount; and this, too, arose partly from tradition and partly from experience. The author of the great national epic stood for several centuries amongst the subjects of the Roman Empire as the greatest name in the Latin language. Whether they read him or not is nothing to the purpose. It was like George III. and Dr. Johnson. "The King, Sir, had said that I was the most learned of his subjects. Was I to bandy words with my sovereign?" The S.P.Q.R. had decreed that Virgil was their foremost man, and, therefore, so it was to be.

When the night came on (you may call it the night of barbarism, if you please, but it was not the barbarian invaders who were the most benighted), this great figure still stood before the imagination as the highest of all clerks, and in many a Gothic legend the enchanter whose gramarye had produced the most wonderful effects was Virgil. No wonder, then, if, in proportion as the dawn of civilization became clearer, he was the first to be again acknowledged in his real character and for his real merit. But there is something of particular aptitude in Virgil to attract the admiration of Dante; not because the one mind resembled the other, but on the well-known opposite principle of love going by contraries. There is a courtly pomp of diction in the one, which the other could not but have contrasted with his rude Tuscan, which owned many words in themselves coarse and trivial, until Dante himself, by giving them a place in his poem, invested them with a dignity derived from the use to which they were put, and so secured them a permanent settlement upon Parnassus. Smooth and stately numbers applied to high imperial themes, felicities of language which could transfigure the meanest object, so that one of our own writers has said, in speaking of his agricultural work, that he "flung about his manure with dignity,"—this must have appeared especially charming to a man to whom vulgarity was as a venomous thorn, and who himself has confessed to us, in one place, that he loves noble company, and, in another, that he is more subject to the sin of pride than to that of envy.

Thus, then, the guidance of Virgil will have its part when we translate it (as I lately did the whole vision) into the history of the operations of his own mind. As to the influence of his love for Beatrice he owed the exaltation of his religious convictions, so to Virgil he owed the power of learned observation and wise dealing with human life and character. Indeed, Virgil was to him the type of human learning and trained understanding; and, therefore, as Beatrice was the power which super-intended and commanded his whole journey, Virgil was the watchful and edifying companion of his footsteps.

In my former lecture I endeavoured to show the connection between Dante's character and his political creed as a Ghibelline. We traced his love for strong government to a passionate belief in law and order—a feeling which is the last you would expect from the poetical character, for we are generally accustomed to associate it with hatred of restraint, and a decided preference of the wild over the tame, and the unpremeditated over the conventional. But we saw that Milton had very much the same tone as Dante, the same sympathy with aristocratic government, and, for all his intense love of liberty, the same hatred of the notion that the mechanic and the ignorant were to govern themselves! We found this further parallel

between the two poets, that each of them intended that his greatest work should be mainly conducive to religious teaching. And we might carry the parallel still further, and show that, just as Dante preferred that part of his poem which we care least about, because it had the most special bearing upon religion (of course I mean the Paradise), so Milton preferred his Paradise Regained, which few now care for, to his Paradise Lost, which all men have either read or would fain be thought to have read. In either case the incentive to writing which moved the author is altogether different from the incentive to reading which has prevailed with posterity; they wished their poetry to be the vehicle of dogmatic edification, we take the poetry with thanks and adopt it as the spices, and the theology, I fear, we are apt to treat as the wrapper in which it is conveyed.

There is nothing in the life of Milton bearing the slightest analogy with Dante's love for Beatrice, but that is a mere accident, for who can doubt that Milton had a great capacity for loving, and for loving deeply. If you desire any proof of this, take his description of Eve, take his apostrophe to wedded love, or his sonnet about his late espoused saint, or, if you please, listen to the following passage, which I quote because it occurs in a work of his which few people read:—

"By the ancient sages it was thus parabled:—Love, if he be not twin born, yet hath a brother wondrous like him called Anteros, whom, while he seeks all about, his chance is to meet with many false and feigning desires, that wander singly up and down in his likeness; by them, in their borrowed garb, Love, though not wholly blind, as poets wrong him, yet having but one eye, as being born an archer aiming, and that eye not the quickest in this dark region here below, which is not Love's proper sphere, partly out of the simplicity and credulity which is native to him, often deceived, embraces and consorts him with these obvious and suborned striplings, as if they were his mother's own sons; for so he thinks them, while they subtilly keep themselves most on his blind side. But, after a while, as his manner is, when soaring up into the high tower of his Apogæum, above the shadow of the earth, he darts out the direct rays of his then most piercing eyesight upon the impostures and trim disguises that were used with him, and discerns that this is not his genuine brother, as he imagined; he has no longer the power to hold fellowship with such a personated mate; for straight his arrows lose their golden heads and shed their purple feathers, his silken braids untwine and slip their knots, and that original and fiery virtue given him by fate all on a sudden goes out, and leaves him undeified and despoiled of all his force; till, finding Anteros at last, he kindles and repairs the almost faded ammunition of his deity by the reflection of a co-equal and homogeneal fire."

But you will say that Dante has the gentler, softer character of the two, as being endowed with quicker sensibilities, and would prove the more devoted and pliant lover. Now, that is the very point upon which I wish to say a few words. Though Dante's was a heart which vibrated in response to everything that is noble in man or charming in nature, you must not deny him the same sternness as you impute to Milton. To be easily impressed, and yet to be such as outward influences cannot shake when once the mind is made up, involves no contradiction, though, from our loose way of judging in ordinary life, we are continually making these false inferences: "He is brilliant, therefore he cannot be solid;" "He is enthusiastic, therefore he cannot be practical;" or, again, "That man has not a ray of fancy in his composition, therefore he is brimful of judgment,"—as if the negation of one opposite implies the presence of the other, or as if it were impossible for a man to possess two opposite excellences. And thus we fancy that, in order to be firm and resolute, a man must have a harder heart than his neighbour. But in these very rare characters, these few great men, we ought rather to be prepared for the co-existence of qualities which are not commonly found together; for in what else should greatness consist if not in this?

Now, that Dante was stern in this sense, that he hated all compromise, accommodation, and other ingenuities of cowardice, is shown by the evident relish with which he describes a certain class of persons at the entrance to the infernal regions—that is, within the gates, but on this side the river Acheron. Thus he describes the noise and hubbub of those bewildered whither they should go:—

"Their sighs and groans and lamentations deep
Resounded through the starless hemisphere,
That at the onset I began to weep.
Discordant tongues, and sayings full of fear,
With harbingers of wail and wrathful sounds,
Hands smiting hands, forebodings loud and drear,
All made a hurly, whose continual rounds
Spin through this ever-murky element,
Even as the hurricane the sand confounds.
My head amazed with sore astonishment,
I said, 'My master! who are these that raise
Such cries, and seem with suffering forespent!'
He answered, 'See the lamentable maze
Wherein the souls of wretches make their moan,
Who lived on earth without reproach or praise;
And these amid the caitiff band are thrown,
Of spirits that durst nor in rebellion share,
Nor stand for God, but for themselves alone.
The heaven was loth its beauty to impair,
And cast them forth, but not to lowest Hell.
Such punishment of these no glory were.' *
I asked my teacher, 'Why this dismal yell,

* I have followed the reading of the Stuardian MS., "Ch' alcuna gloria *non* avrebber d'elli." The ordinary reading is *i rei* in place of *non;* but, in the interpretation of the passage, the commentators find it convenient to supplement the word by *famosi*, or *del profondo inferno*, which is quite arbitrary, for the cowards are just as much *rei* as the daring rebels. Neither does this kind of supplement lead the

And what afflictions on these sufferers wait?'
'Few words,' he answered, 'may the reason tell:
No hope of death can ever change their state,
And here their grovelling life is brought so low
That they would covet any other fate;
The world of them will no remembrance show;
Mercy and justice hold them in disdain,—
Talk not of them, but look, and onward go.'"

Such is the feeling with which Dante looks upon all who are half-hearted, who do not know how to choose their party, or, having chosen, to stick to it; and you must please to recollect that in Dante's time belonging to a party was entering into a game where the stakes were either the privilege of inflicting a crushing defeat on your adversaries, or suffering ruin and exile, if not death, at their hands.

But I should like to say a few words about one of those whom Dante places among this company—the man who made the great renunciation, the "Gran rifiuto." In one of those scandalous elections of a Pope, which are commonly found in the 12th and 13th centuries, the parties are said to have agreed that they would choose a man who had the reputation of great sanctity, either out of shame, or because they trusted that under the rule of a person that was rapt in heavenly contemplations they would be left to carry on their intrigues and violence as they pleased. So they brought this poor monk, Murrone, from his cloister, much against his will, and he ascended the Papal chair under the title of Celestine V. But by-and-by a certain Cardinal, who saw his way to the tiara, persuaded him to do a thing which astonished all Christendom—that is, to resign the Papacy. It is certainly a very sad lot to be dragged out of one's quiet convent by a party of scampish and worldly Cardinals, and bullied into the Vatican, to be bullied out of it by the worst tempered and most arrogant man in history—Boniface VIII.—to be kept in prison by him, and, after death, to be stuck by Dante into the infernal regions. Celestine has since been canonised.

Is Dante's sternness of character at all connected with his Florentine extraction? All who know anything of art know that the last thing that you would look for in the Florentine school is softness; as for great study and severe accuracy and austerely beautiful results, there is no stint of them in our poet's countrymen; and of one of these the mere sight of Dante's

commentators to a true sense of the whole passage. They give us our choice of the two following:—"They were not sent lower, because, if the rebels saw the neutrals suffering the same penality as themselves, they would glory over them;" or, "Because the greater sinners would have derived little glory from them," in other words, would have gained no credit from their society. It is scarcely necessary to point out the absurdity of the latter explanation, as if the Almighty "spared the susceptibility" of the rebel angels, or the injustice of the former, according to which the doom of the lesser offenders was to depend, not on their having deserved less, but on the result likely to be produced upon the more rebellious spirits. My belief is that the words *i rei* are a gloss supplied to inform the reader of the subject; unfortunately, the information is false, for the real subject to *avrebber* is *cieli*. Need I remind the reader of the strong figurative language of the Old Testament, in which Jehovah is represented like some Sesostris deriving glory from the terrible retribution inflicted on those who have been obstinate or insolent in their rebellion? Divested of all allegory, the reason of Divine forbearance is that which we expect and approve of. They had done nothing great, and there was nothing striking in their punishment; their sins had been contemptible, and accordingly their sentence was contemptuous.

work almost inevitably reminds us. For what can be more Dantesque than the tomb of the Medici, and the immortal Pensiero, or the Moses, or the Cartoon of Pisa? You will see why I do not adduce the "Last Judgment," lest any man should say I am inferring a likeness in the two artists from a mere similarity of subject. I cannot say whether this greater liability to hardness than to the opposite defect arises from the same cause as an equally conspicuous feature in the Tuscan mode of speech. Everybody knows that, although the Florentines are situated in one of the most delightful plains in the world, there is a strong flavor of the mountains in their accent. Their diligence and accuracy has raised their dialect to a primacy among Italian dialects; to be, in short, the literary language of Italy. But the instrument to which that dialect is committed, so as to be presented to the ear, is one of a softer, though not less noble, intonation. In the well-known proverb, "Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana," the first half shows the severity of taste required in admitting or rejecting the ingredients of a language; the second indicates a want of suppleness and adaptiveness, a sort of obstinate inflexibility of tradition, which has rendered Tuscans unfit to do justice to the language which owes so much to them. But now look at the pleasant side of our poet's character, his sensibility and appreciation of all that is lovely,—we may observe that the intellectual result of this moral condition is clearly discernible in his work. You cannot have good descriptions or striking comparisons except from a mind that is well stored with observation, and the power of observing will, of course, be according to the interest in the thing. Men who are making systems or contriving combinations of any kind will observe every particular that falls in with the subject of their thoughts, but a general observation of nature can only flow from a general sympathy with nature.

Why is it that sailors, lawyers, and all kinds of handicraftsmen are almost ready to claim Shakespeare as a member of their several guilds, but that his sympathy with mankind made him observant of all their occupations, —nay, their very attitudes and the technical terms by which they designate all the elements of their trade. Now, we see this same quality evinced by the same symptom in the great Florentine poet,—a sympathy with nature, as with a sister who says, "Come and see me at play," and a sympathy with man as a brother in whose work he has an interest. This is shown by the fidelity of his descriptions. And yet Mr. Walter Savage Landor has discovered that Dante was malignant and that his tenderness is factitious. Nothing can be more touching than the account of his meeting with Francesca of Rimini, which I read in my last lecture; but we may trace the same in the 15th Canto, in his discourse with his former teacher, Brunetto Latini, into which he has thrown all the tenderness of his soul.

"Still in my mind is fixed, and in my heart,
The dear paternal face and gentle guise
That oft in the upper world taught me the art
How man may hope himself to eternalize;
And while I live 'tis fit that all men learn
From mine own tongue how much the boon I prize."

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the poem is the immense amount of local knowledge that the writer makes subservient to his descriptions. Every river and stream, as well as every town in central and northern Italy, seems to be familiar to his thoughts; and whatever scene he has to describe, he so describes it that we at once perceive that he is helping out his intuition by the image of some real spot which he has either looked upon, or realized in his imagination when he has heard it depicted by others. For instance, there is the place in which he finds the heretics, in which term he includes the Epicureans (that is, Free-thinkers), who are accomplished lords and gentlemen, like Frederick II., who loved the muse and loved philosophy, who, no doubt, admired the chivalry of men like Saladin, and who was strongly suspected of having thought the religion of Saladin quite as respectable as that of his old tutor, Innocent III. There is Farinata degli Uberti, who, at a great Ghibelline council, interceded when other chieftains proposed to lay Florence in ashes; there is Cavalcanti, the father of Guido Cavalcanti, the poet; all Free-thinkers, all cultivated men; men, therefore, who would prefer the politeness of cities and urban intercourse to unlettered solitude; and so we find all these in the city,—but, alas! their Boulevard de Sebastopol or their Chaussée d'Antin is an avenue of tombs, red-hot tombs, and in these the high society of the damned is collected. He has no sooner conceived this image, than straightway he bethinks him of an illustration or two. In the ancient Gaulish city of Arles he has seen a town of sepulchres; at Pola, in Istria, he has either visited or read of a similar necropolis. He brings both these out of his stores to give more vividness to the scene which he is representing. Lower down are the "Barrators," or traffickers in offices or in judicial sentences; for these he has prepared receptacles of boiling pitch, into which devils are to throw them, and to bring the receptacles nearer to the fancy, he bethinks him of the Arsenal of Venice:—

"Even so, in the Venetian Arsenal,
The pitchy cauldrons through the winter boil,
And while their barques the season holds in thrall,
Some on the new-built hull bestow their toil,
And some the sides, accustomed to the gale
Of many a voyage, besmear with pitchy oil;
The prow, the poop, with hammers some assail;
Some shape the oars, and some the cables twine,
Or mend the greater or the lesser sail.
So not through fire, but through some art divine,
Below me lay that dense and bubbling pitch,
Whose viscid flakes did all the border line.'

Lower down still, he notices the morose and hypocritical, and when he contemplates their sufferings from nearer, their guise reminds him of the monks of Cologne. I will give you the description from Cary: —

> " There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,
> Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,
> Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.
> Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down
> Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
> Worn by the monks in Cologne. Their outside
> Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
> But leaden all within, and of such weight
> That Frederick's, compared to this, were straw.
> Oh, everlasting, wearisome attire!"

When he comes to the makers of base coin, Maestro Adamo, tormented with the insatiable thirst of dropsy, informs his visitor that the rivulets which fall from the Casentino into the Arno, cool and trickling, are ever present to his mind, and make him suffer by the contrast:—

> " The little rills that from the grassy side
> Of Casentino down to Arno's bed
> Make soft and cool the ways wherein they glide,
> Are ever present, and my pangs are fed
> By that same image, rendering me more dry
> Than this disease for which my face I shred.
> The unbending power beneath whose doom I lie
> Turns to account the place wherein I sinned,
> To speed the pace of my bewailing cry."

But enough of horrors. Let us pass into a region that offers natural objects, not for the purpose of tormenting by contrast, but to give the delight for which they were created. But, although we have passed out of Dante's Inferno, before we enter upon his Purgatory, I have a little topic for your consideration which has a strong grammatical flavour about it, and as I know that that flavour rarely commends itself to the natural palate, and therefore may cause a little recalcitration, or at least wry faces on the part of those who have not acquired the taste, I think it would be wiser not to tell you what it is until I have in some measure prepared the way for its announcement, and this I will do by entering upon a speculation which has always had great interest for me, and which presents more than one difficulty to anyone who endeavours to pursue it. The speculation I mean is concerning the vehicle of poetry, or, perhaps, we had better say the mechanism of poetry, lest anyone should be misled into supposing that by the word vehicle I intend the choice of words; but what I do intend is this: In the sacred writings of the Hebrews you at once recognise what is to be taken as poetry by a certain arrangement of the thought in two parallel expressions. Everybody is familiar with that very remarkable and very effective peculiarity of composition; but let us take a few instances:—" The

heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." "He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the deeps in storehouses." "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered; let them, also, that hate Him flee before Him."

Passing on to the poetry of the Greeks, we find that its distinctive feature is metrical arrangement—not mere rhythmical beats, but an artificial scheme which determines what syllables shall be considered as long and what as short, and combines these into certain feet, and the feet into systems having fixed pauses and of definite lengths.

When we pass into the modern world, we find that the rhythm, indeed, is retained, but that a new element has been introduced, namely, the condition that within the compass of the same line there should be so many words beginning with the same letter. A very few lines from one of our early English poems will at once show both the rule and its effect:—

> "Alle the pore peple tho · pesecoddes fetten
> Benes and baken apples · thei broughte in her lappes,
> Chibolles and chervelles · and ripe chiries manye,
> And profred Piers this present · to plese with hunger."

After this we come to that very remarkable invention called rhyme. I say after this, because even in the first specimens of the old Teutonic verse the alliteration is the mechanism in use, and it is not till later that the assonance or rhyme is adopted in its place. Who adopted it? I cannot say; but, as far as I can judge, it was the southern minstrel, not the northern, to whom we owe its first introduction. A great authority upon Provençal poetry leaves it uncertain whether the earliest Troubadours justify their name of finders by this discovery, or whether they derived it from the East. But certain it is that they need have gone no further than their own churches to get the hint. Some tell us that rhyming Latin is as old as the third century; of course, it was the Latin of the common people, and what we have of it is Christian. With this question I am quite incompetent to deal; but just observe the order in which these contrivances succeed each other,—parallel thoughts, measurement of syllables, repetition of initial letters, agreement of syllabic sounds; in other words, a change from meaning to mere sound, passing through an intermediate stage, which is less intellectual than the first, and less sensuous than the last. Does not this look like a degeneration? Certainly, if we assume that each of these methods merely endeavours to add a certain pleasure of its own to the pleasure already conveyed by the poetical image, sentiment, or passion contained in the thought or language. But how is it possible to conceive that this is the object of anything so monotonous as mere metre, or anything so vulgar as mere rhyme? If, on the contrary, you say that all these are

so many difficulties purposely created to make versification a matter of great effort, it will, at first sight, seem surprising that, while a man is left to tell his own story unshackled as long as he confines himself to cold literal statements of facts or opinions, when he appeals to the fancy or imagination of his hearers he must immediately be confined within certain conditions, which he can only overcome by great patience and skill. It may be said that, as poetry is associated with music, and, probably, in its first stages, was inseparable from it, you must clip your language within the compass of your time. This will do very well to account for rhythm, but not for these additional incumbrances which we are discussing.

Now, I mentioned in my former lecture that art is a kind of conquest: that the pleasure, both in the artist and in one who contemplates his work, is the exultation produced by subduing rebellious elements and compelling them to submit to uniform conditions prescribed by ourselves. When, for instance, we read poetry, we place our minds upon a higher level than that of the prosy earth upon which we tread; we can only keep them there by a sustained effort; the fulcrum of that effort is hindrance, opposition; as Burke says, in speaking of a perfectly different topic, "Our antagonist is our helper." We resist the encroachment of the prosaic world, because we are continually alarmed at its approach. In order to keep up this level, we must confine the thought within strict bounds, for without a strict limit it will fare with us as when we look upon an unframed picture upon a dead wall,—the mind's eye wanders from the image presented to it, and so the illusion is weakened. An artificial level needs artificial conditions. Now, of all the contrivances that can be imagined for fixing the limit and for making it more definite, there is nothing like rhyme. Just compare an epic poem and a piece of lyrical composition. In the epic poem the apparatus for maintaining the rarified atmosphere is various rhythmical beats, constructions skilfully invented to suit the exigencies of rhythm, sonorous or suggestive words,—and this latter class is all the more necessary to stave off the encroachments of prose, when the rhythm is such as requires unequal divisions, and the like. But if you attempt to introduce rhyme into an epic poem, you would only hinder the sweeping pomp and continuous march of the story by incasing its several movements within an impertinent border, which would confine what ought to remain uninterrupted. Whereas in a lyrical poem we see that every thought requires its appropriate setting, just as any gem; and that, in a language where the conditions of the syllables is such that in many instances the mere beat determines whether it shall be long or short, the rhyme is the true setting.

Now, does Dante's great poem lie nearer to the epical group, or to that other group of which the lyrical is a part? It is a narrative, if you will,

but the narrative is only the line upon which the successive pictures are placed in their order. The source of movement is in the man who tells you of the things which he saw and heard, one after the other. In the epic, the source of movement is the action itself, as it darts from place to place, and expends itself now in one direction and now in another. I am going to use a word which I hate, but we must sometimes ask services much against the grain of our inclinations. Dante's is a *subjective* story; and as the man's fancy travels from one object to another, it leaves so many distinct intervals to be recorded, and the distinctness of each interval is appropriately marked by rhymes. But, of course, these separate images must not be disconnected from each other, and the continuous succession must be represented by the very opposite contrivance to that by which each part is rendered, in a certain degree, independent of the rest. Figure to yourself a sculptured frieze, in which we perceive, not a single story told uninterruptedly, but scenes assigned to several compartments; and then imagine, if you can, that the artist, to prevent the undue isolation of the several parts from each other, contrives some feature by which the eye is carried from each representation to its immediate neighbour; and that there is a fresh contrivance of this sort repeated without end through the whole series. That is the best analogy that I can suggest for the effect intended, and accomplished, by the *terza-rima*, or third rhymes. Suppose a poem to consist of stanzas of three lines each, if they are real stanzas (since every stanza should be complete in itself), the three lines ought to rhyme together. But we are seeking for a modified completeness, for something which shall be complete in one sense, and incomplete in another. Well, if of these three lines we make the first and last rhyme together, and the middle line not a rhyme, you get the two conditions. Then, in order to connect a given triplet with the next triplet, what are you to do? The ear is still dissatisfied, still unfed as regards the non-rhyming middle line. What you must do is this: you must make the first and last line of the next triplet rhyme with the middle one of the former. Say, for instance, that you have written such lines as the following:—

> "When first I did behold my lady fair,
> 'Twas at a lecture in the School of Arts;
> No earthly beauty could with her compare."

When you have arrived so far, you will perceive that the necessity of your position imposes upon you "hearts" and "darts" as the natural conclusion of the first and third lines of the next triplet; and the middle line of that same triplet ending, we will say, with "eyes," will leave a similar void to be filled up in a similar manner in the next triplet, and so on *ad infinitum*.

But you will ask, What is the object of inflicting upon us these tortuous technicalities? I answer, Because, in the first place, it enables us to determine the nature of the poem itself, and, in the next place (and this, to an English reader, is a matter of practical utility), it will enable you to see what you have a right to look for in a particular kind of translation, and what you must not expect, because it is beyond the translator's power.

With regard to the first point, you must know that Dante himself has made the twofold division of poems of great length into "Tragedy" and "Comedy." A stately epic, such as Virgil's, which groups its several actions into great masses, and which, as affecting a more exalted stage, never dares descend below the level of heroic language, is what he calls Tragedy; but his own poem is Comedy. You see this has nothing to do with the subject treated, which is of a most exalted kind, nor with the scenes depicted, many of which are tragic enough in all conscience. But he would reason in this way:—This humble vernacular has not the presumption to rival the Latin; the very fact of its being a living language renders it full of homely, and trivial, and even ludicrous associations; if I can make it represent the thoughts that are within me, that will be enough; but the thoughts themselves must depend upon their own sublimity, and not on classic drapery, of which my Tuscan vestiary cannot boast.

It is because he thought thus humbly of the medium which he employed that he called it Comedy. As for the other reason which he gives in addition, namely, that it ends happily; it is, like most additional reasons, no part of the motive, but only a kind of justification, and of about the same value as those confirming arguments which men are apt to advance in support of that upon which they have already fully made up their minds. It is a comedy, then, because the author felt that he was dealing with a language which had as yet taken no tragic flight; and he was content with such a language, because his chief work was to be that of a religious teacher, and for this a simpler form of poetry, a mere tale as it were, of incidents in their natural succession, would suffice. Those epic changes of scene from the camp of the Greeks to the consistory of Heaven, and thence to the chambers of the sons of Priam, and then again to the banks of the Scamander, were not called for because it was not heroic adventure, but the pilgrimage of a sinner that had to be recounted. And what has been the result of this humility? That he exalted his native tongue, and became the guide and the model of all the great intellects that adorned it after him.

The second application which I wish to make of these observations on the *terza-rima*, is to the task of translating this work. It is evident that it may be translated into two kinds of verse; for instance, Cary has

translated it into blank verse; but blank verse does not merely mean the absence of rhyme, but the presence of a certain rhythm which arises from a perpetual variation of the pauses, and a certain construction of the words which takes off from it the appearance of mere prose. Moreover, whatever word is charged with the emphasis of the phrase, or serves like the last blow of the hammer to rivet it on the mind, is most appropriately placed at the end, as the rhyming word. Now everyone of the features thus enumerated is in direct opposition to those which characterise the work of our poet. A large number of the most forcible sentences which engrave themselves upon the memory of every reader are contained within the compass of a single line:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

"Ahi dura terra! perchè non t'apristi?"

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

But in Cary many of these forcible utterances land us in the middle of a verse; so that that echoing cadence, that "rimbombo," is hampered and choked by what immediately follows. And those inversions in the order of words which he introduces, partly in imitation of Milton, and partly for the sake of metre, are often such as make his sentences difficult to construe at first sight. Pray do not understand that I am finding fault with Cary, for whom I feel the greatest possible respect, as belonging to that breed of scholarlike English gentlemen who seem to have followed in the wake of chivalry and to have quitted the world altogether. I should indeed be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge the immense value of his services to myself, as to all students of Dante, and indeed to students of literature altogether. But I am speaking of the necessary defects of blank verse in conveying the idea of the original; and now what are the defects which wait upon a *terza-rima* translation? If we had a language as rich in rhymes as the Italian, it might be possible for a very ingenious and highly-gifted man so to reproduce the text in his own language as to render his author at once with faithfulness and spirit. Of course you would still have to make a large deduction, because of the want of an exact correspondence between the two languages; for we well know that two given words shall mean precisely the same thing to men of two different nations, and yet one shall be noble and the other mean, and so convey two different impressions. But, as it is, the wealth of rhyme in the tongue of Italy, and the scantiness of the same commodity in our language, render it impossible for a translator to aspire to very great fidelity. He is consequently driven to all manner of

compromises, and at the same time he has to see that the compromise that he admits—the expansion of one thought, and the contraction of another, dilutions, condensations, substitutions of a kindred image for that which a want of rhyme debars him from using—that all these, I say, shall contain the minimum of concession compatible with his object. I leave every man his own opinion upon the subject; but I maintain, as the result of a comparison not unattended with labour on my part, that the drawbacks attending upon the latter kind of translation prove upon experience to be less serious than those defects which I have pointed out in the former. Only the man who shall attempt such a business must clearly understand what the Dantesque rhyme is, and what purpose it answers. Else he will have engaged in a fruitless difficulty—a mere puzzle instead of a process of art.

But enough of this: let us return to the author and meet him at the very outset of his Purgatorial journey:—

"Henceforth o'er better waves our course to steer,
The pinnace of my fancy spreads her wing,
Leaving behind that ocean fell and drear.
Now of that second realm behoves me sing,
Where the human spirit must his foulness clear,
And thus grow worthy heavenward to spring."

Such is the cheerful tone of his commencement, and in this manner it continues under starlight, under dawn, under sunrise:—

"The Oriental sapphires' lovely hues,
O'er the serene aspect of stainless skies,
To the highest arc their influence diffused,
And cheerfulness revisited mine eyes
When from the deadly air I rose above,
Which made both eye and heart to agonise.
The beauteous planet that incites to love,
Making the universal Orient smile,
Concealed the fish that in his escort move.
Then turned I to the right and gazed awhile
Where in the other pole four stars appear,
Known to our race before the great exile;
Their cresset seemed the very heavens to cheer.
Oh! widowed region of the northern sky!
That may'st not look upon that glorious sphere."

And while we are waiting for the dawn, let me inform you that commentators, even those who have lived since the great epoch of navigation, here teach us that the four stars are the four cardinal virtues. But *we* must all know what the four stars mean, though how Dante came to hear of them no one can tell.

It is wonderful to notice Mr. Cary's hesitation after the very valuable information he gives us in the following note:—"M. Artaud mentions a globe constructed by an Arabian in Egypt, with the date of the year 622 of

the Hegira, corresponding to 1225 of our era, in which the Southern Cross is positively marked." There may be allegories intended besides, but I avoid allegorical poetry as I would a haunted house; and so, after leaving the four cardinal virtues and Cato behind us, we pass on to the sunrise :—

> "Now the victorious dayspring made to flee
> The dawn before it, and I gazed from far
> Upon the trem'lous brightness of the sea."

The next incident is so beautifully rendered by Cary that I cannot forbear from reading it to you :—

> "When we had come where yet the tender dew
> Strove with the sun, and in a place where fresh
> The wind breathed o'er it, while it slowly dried;
> Both hands extended on the watery grass
> My master placed, in graceful act and kind,
> Whence I, of his intent before apprized,
> Stretch'd out to him my cheeks, suffused with tears.
> There to my visage he anew restored
> That hue which the dun shades of hell conceal'd.
> Then on the solitary shore arrived,
> That never sailing on its waters saw
> Man that could, after, measure back his course,
> He girt me in such manner as had pleased
> Him who instructed; and, O strange to tell!
> As he selected every humble plant,
> Wherever one was plucked another there,
> Resembling, straightway in its place arose."

But now I must pass over innumerable beauties in the different Cantos which describe his adventures while they traverse the base of the mountain in which those spirits are compelled to linger, who, through indolence in this life, or for other reasons, will not be admitted to their purgation for a season. Amongst these you will be glad to hear that Henry III. of England was found. I wonder where he would have put Simon de Montfort; perhaps with his son Guido, who avenged his father's mutilation after the battle of Evesham, by stabbing the nephew of Henry III., on his return with Edward I. from the Holy Land, at Viterbo, and, what was worse, he did so in "God's own bosom," that is to say, while he was taking the sacrament.

Strange times! but I allude to them in order to remark that just the faintest plash of the Guelph and Ghibelline commotion is heard upon the shore of English history: for here we have Henry III. among good kings and good Ghibellines; and everyone knows that Simon de Montfort upon the eve of his great defeat passed his time in devotion, as befitted a champion of Holy Church.

I have left myself barely sufficient time to lay before you one Canto, as a specimen of the whole, out of the part that treats of Purgatory proper; it is Canto X., in which people are untaught the sin of pride—

the worst, the most difficult to efface. I select it as a specimen of the art which can produce the richest group of incidents out of the barest soil; for, while we admire the richness of the treatment, we must admit that every particular has the air of being elicited from the subject and not imported into it, and that the whole effect is developed out of a single conception, and relies upon no extrinsic ornamentation to set it forth.

When he first enters this enclosure, from which he is informed that there is no turning back, the bronze gates thunder upon their hinges as they close behind him, but his ear is immediately arrested by another sound:—

> "I started at the clang of the rebound
> When *Te Deum laudamus* forth was sent,
> And voices mingled with the harmonious sound;
> And such an image did the noise present,
> As oft we feel when hearing the accord
> Of tuneful voices to the organ lent,
> And now we hear and now we lose the word."

After passing up a narrow and steep passage of endless intricacy, such as a proud man would not like to thread, he arrives at an escarped road, of which the side that rises abruptly towards the mountain is found to be sculptured throughout so as to transcend not only Grecian art, but Nature itself. These sculptures are all the great stories of humility, or such as warn against presumption. First, there is the angel that announced the incarnation. He seems to be no dumb image, but you would have sworn that his lips were uttering "Ave"; and in the very attitude of the Virgin that stood before him you could read the words, "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord," impressed upon her mien as clearly as if it had been figured upon wax. Then we have the Ark introduced into Jerusalem, and presumptuous Uzzah is represented; and the humble psalmist, whose dance shows him at once in his humility as more and less than a king; and the incense of the Ark is so portrayed that sight and smell dispute whether it be real or not. Presently there follows a grand scene, which represents the Emperor Trajan, with his golden eagles and brilliant escort of horsemen, departing for the war; but a widow is at his bridle and demands vengeance for the murder of her son, and he seems to answer, "Wait till I return," and she to say, "My lord, if thou returnest not?" and he, "Whoever fills my room will do thee right"; "What," says she, "will another man's well-doing boot thee if thou forget thine own?" and presently you read upon his lips:—

> "Now comfort thee, for it beseemeth well
> My duty be performed ere I move hence;
> So justice wills, and mercy bids me stay."

Ladies and gentlemen,—to have delivered two lectures on Dante and yet not have made the slightest allusion to the descent of Beatrice from heaven to the earthly paradise, to her loving but severe reproach, to his penitential shame, to her forgiveness, which is the heavenly pardon, and to her final appearance in all the splendour of her beauty—not to have called your attention to these would have been unpardonable. It is true that they are mixed up with allegory, and the allegory is the least attractive feature in our author. But those parts which regard Beatrice herself are full of strength and grace and melody, as she appears in her full blaze of a beauty that would be too bright to look upon, but that her splendour is mitigated by the perpetual shower of roses rained upon her by the band of encircling angels. When we read this and what is to follow, we are fain to confess that he has redeemed his early promise, and has said that of her that was never said of any other woman.

He relates how she appeared to him in a white veil and wreath of olive, with other symbolical drapery; and though he did not see her with his eyes, the hidden virtue which proceeded from her told him of her presence, and he felt the great power of the ancient love. He looks for Virgil to support him, Virgil has disappeared: and then he hears his name from the well-known lips:—

> "Dante, weep not as yet, weep not as yet,
> Another sword awaits to make thee weep."

And when he looks up to her, still under her veil, she continues and tells him, "Look at me well, I am indeed thy Beatrice"; and she asks him how he could have dared to ascend this mountain, since he must have known that this was a place for man in bliss. He then drops his eyes and they fall upon the stream which separates him from her, the stream of pardon and oblivion. But when he sees his own image there, the sovereign shame under which he is bowed makes him turn them away and look upon the grass at his feet. He feels the bitterness that is blended with her compassion, so that his tears are dried up and his sighs are stopped by it; but when the angels, as a kind of protest against her severity, sing *In te domine speravi*, they burst forth afresh, as the congealed snow upon the forest of the Apennine when the wind from the "land without shadow" breathes upon it. But Beatrice knows her task, and says that it is necessary that he should hear more, "that sin and grief be meted out alike," and then she gives the angels some account of him:—

> "Know that in this man's early prime were sown
> The germs of every noble aptitude,
> Which had in wondrous proofs been timely shown.
> But ever is the soil more rank and rude

(Either through evil seed or foul neglect)
The more with native virtue 'tis endued.
For some brief while he staid him on the aspect
Of these two youthful eyes which on him turned,
In the right path his goings to direct;
When Heaven from flesh to spirit bid me mount,
And worth and beauty to perfection grew,
I was less winning and of less account.
He turned his footsteps into ways untrue,
After false images of bliss to speed,
Whose promises no substance ever knew.
And it availed nought with Heaven to plead,
That I, with dreams, might win him back again;
Of those inspired thoughts he took no heed.
He sank so low that every theme was vain,
And of his soul's deliverance fell short,
Unless he could behold the spirits in pain.
For this I visited the infernal court,
And him with tears and lamentations plied,
That led him up to this celestial port.
The high behests of God were disobeyed
If he through Lethe without recompense
Should pass, and for such fare no quittance paid
Of freely falling tears of penitence."

After more reproaches and confessions on his part, which show the infirmity of men endowed above their fellows with the perception of the beautiful, and beguiled by too keen a thirst for sympathy and tenderness, he is taken across the waters of oblivion which separate them; and, after being bathed in them and drinking of them, he sees visions which are much too bright for his senses, and much too allegorical for ours. But the greatest of the marvels are found reflected in the emerald eyes of Beatrice herself; and then the heavenly choir beseech her to reveal her whole face to her faithful one:—

"Turn, Beatrice, so began the strain,
Turn thy pure eyes, and this thy servant heal,
Who to behold thee weary ways has ta'en.
Of grace this grace accord us to reveal
Thy mouth to him, nor longer from his sight
Thy second beauty deign thou to conceal.
O splendour of the eternal living light!
Who ever on Parnassus' shady ground
Grew pale, or in its fountain took delight,
But would have felt his senses in astound,
Had he essayed to paint thee when on high,
Set in the heavens that chiming moved around,
Thou stoodst unshrouded to the open sky."

SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON.

[The following lecture was delivered by Dr. Badham at Tenterfield, during a visit to that town in 1883.]

I FEEL that you have two grounds of complaint against me in the matter of the announcement of my lecture. First, I have not informed you of my subject, which is certainly contrary to custom, and, indeed, contrary to fair-play. When a man says that he is going to lecture upon "Oliver Cromwell" or "The Origin of Species" or "Music" or "Anatomy," he gives persons who intend to become part of his audience, an opportunity of looking up their Encyclopædia or any work that they may happen to have within reach that bears upon the subject announced; and, in this way, a man gets his sea-legs, and in place of staggering about with very insecure footing upon unfamiliar topics, he approaches the lecturer more upon terms of equality; he knows the tune, and is capable of judging whether the performer acquits himself correctly. Now, I must confess to you that I made my subject a secret from no very sinister motive, but simply because I could not tell others that which I did not know myself. I had, indeed, a subject when I first entered Tenterfield, but I was set on by a number of men who robbed me of it; in plain English, what I intended to lecture on was voted by certain persons to be so much out of the ordinary beat, that even a good-natured audience would resent it as a mystification if they were brought together to listen to details and criticisms which were altogether strange to them. I was, therefore, not ready with an answer when I was asked to name the subject, but was obliged to look round for something more within the range of ordinary study, and, in a moment of great embarrassment, I fell into a further mistake—I requested the Secretary of the hospital to inform you that I intended to deliver a popular lecture. You see that I have usurped your functions; it is yours to determine after you have heard the lecture, whether it deserves to be called popular or not, for popularity is not a thing to be had by mere wishing. Well, I am now in your power, and it is for you to decide whether I am so far right in taking as my theme the comparison of Shakespeare and Milton. Of course, I do not mean by comparison, which is the greater man, or the greater poet; all such measurements are childish and absurd, it is like asking which is the most useful for walking, the right leg or the left. But, what I wish to do is, to help you to contrast the minds of these two, for such a contrast, which shews that two men pre-eminently great and endowed

with an extraordinary portion of the poetic spirit, are yet utterly unlike in mind and in work, will set you thinking upon the endless variety of instruments bestowed upon us for the education of our species.

For, ladies and gentlemen, every man who thinks must see that poetry is, and has been, and has always been intended to be, one of the means of educating mankind up to its proper nature. All art is education, and no education is complete into which art enters not. The detestable modern notion, that education is the mere training of the intellect, that it is a something to make children sharp and clever, implies an ignorance of the whole process by which the civilization of man has been attained. Not that even those who boast of educating the mind understand even a small part which they profess, but of this I shall speak presently.

The education of the intellect prepares men to struggle against each other in the battle of life, but it is a far higher education which teaches men to co-operate with each other in building up civil society. Reverence, loyalty, forbearance, generosity, hatred of oppression, sense of fair-play, all these are matters of traditional sentiment; they are no more spontaneous than accuracy of calculation or dexterity in argument. They are the result of education; the result of men being trained from childhood to discern what is morally beautiful and what is morally deformed. We often say that a man is vulgar because his intellectual training has been neglected, because he has not been accustomed to observe proprieties in speech or grammar, or conventional deportment; but there is a moral vulgarity, ten thousand times more worthy of the name, which all your grammarians and posture-masters cannot touch. Vulgar adoration, of oneself or of another, for wealth or power, vulgar standards as to the social position of others, vulgar motives, judgments and classifications of all sorts, are part of that moral deformity of which I spoke just now; and the education which rescues us from these, is the habitual contemplation of the beautiful. Take this illustration as one of the many that can be offered. When a man has been for some time conversant with the works of great painters, who embody and express the beautiful in nature, as to colour and form, he will see in nature itself that which his uneducated eye would never have enabled him to discern; and so, in a like manner, the contemplation of noble sentiments and passions as they are represented by the poet, quickens our perception of the dignity of human nature, and breeds in us a taste for the sweetness of social life. As the artist who works with the pencil or chisel, or any other material instrument, educates the bodily eye, so the artist who works with the spiritual instrument of words, opens the mental eye to distinguish between that which is noble and that which is mean; between that which tends to make man the master of

the world, and that which tends to make him the slave of his own appetites: in a word, every race that has ever aspired to any degree of civilization has been educated into it by poetry, not exclusively, but yet to a far greater degree than the modern apostles of education seem to imagine. I cannot express to you the sense of lifelong disgust and weariness with which I have looked upon your modern system of teaching. Plenty of facts to be repeated by rote, as if facts were valuable in themselves and not in the applications and combinations that you make of them; heaps of Geographical names utterly foreign to the feelings of the student, meaning nothing and being nothing except stores of rubbish; and what little time is bestowed upon language employed in barbarous technicalities, which neither teach you to use the right word in the right place, nor accustom you to read with any interest in the author, so that the face of the living man who is addressing you is hidden under a cobweb of subjects and predicates, and extensions of this and limitations of that, and adverbial clauses, and co-ordinate sentences. If we could only attain to some system which should teach our boys and girls the love of reading for its own sake, and put that in place of the system which threatens to turn every fair field of literature into a mere ant-hill of useless diligence, if, I say, we could so begin to educate the young, that they would be fain hereafter to take up the running and to educate themselves—but what is the use of saying if we could, no effort of this kind can be expected until the rank and file of our citizens is brought to acknowledge two great principles; first, that all teaching should aim at making us useful to the State and not merely to ourselves, and therefore should embrace the cultivation of our moral attributes; and, secondly, that no education is worth anything whatever unless it is of such a kind as will perpetuate and expand itself through a man's whole life.

But to return from this digression, I proceed to enquire what is the special function of poetry in the sort of mental training which I have been endeavouring to describe. Everybody knows that it is the language of passion; but, through a certain confusion of terms, men do not generally understand the part which passions are appointed to play in the moral economy. We often give the name of passions to mere disorders and diseases of the mind, or to mere selfish appetites; again, we are apt to think of them as things which are naturally rebellious to reason, but we seldom consider them as the agents by which the reason itself is able to exercise its sovereignty over the baser part of us. Even what we call the bad passions are only bad because they are in mutiny; and that old Greek was a thousand times right who, comparing the constitution of each individual man to the great commonwealth of which men are but the units, compared the reason to the sovereign powers, the passions to its executive officers, soldiers, and

policemen, and the lower desires to the class of artisans and tillers of the soil, who minister to the wants of the republic, but whose only duty in it is to obey.

That a passion may become selfish, that it may exert itself on behalf of selfish aims, is proved by every day's experience, but, even on those conditions, there is something in them which shews their higher destination. Take Love or take Pride, and consider what sacrifices of happiness we make to either; even in their worst forms there is a something spiritual about them; they are angels even when they are rebels, and when we see what a disdain of daily ease, of gain, of life itself, each of these is capable of inspiring, we may say of it with Milton, that

> "Its form has not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appears
> Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured."

Now an analysis of these two passions, Love and Pride, will lead us to the great distinction which I desire you to contemplate in the characters of our two great national poets. Love is that tendency of the mind which schools us into dependence one upon another; Pride (it is a pity we have no better name for it, but, of course, you will understand me as speaking of proper and necessary pride) is that which schools us into dependence on ourselves. Every perfect moral constitution must contain these two opposites, but in the variety of men's characters one or the other will be found to predominate.

Now, with this clue in our hands, let us look for a moment at the character of William Shakespeare. First, we know from the records of his friends that he was a man of singular sweetness of temper, and, again, we know from his works that he was a man who was familiar with all the varieties of emotion that prompt men's words and actions, even to their most subtle shades of difference. How could a man attain such perfect knowledge, except by close and lifelong observation? And this habit of observation itself shews the acutest sympathy with mankind, and, indeed, the power of perceiving these minute differences, when most of us would, to a certain extent, be colour blind, indicates an exquisite sensibility. It shews a heart which is always conscious of its own humanity and looks upon humanity as the proper element in which it should move and breathe. Moreover, we must not overlook the peculiarly dramatic constitution of the man's mind. The difference between the man who composes a real drama and the man who, by accident, throws his composition into a mere dramatic form, has been often pointed out by great critics. In the real play, the illusion is so perfect that you fancy you are hearing the character himself uttering his own sentiments in his own words, but in the poem which wears only the outward

semblance of a play you recognise the author's voice, and detect the author's gait under all the disguises that he is pleased to put on. In the first case the author wholly disappears, in the second he is continually present; in the first case the figures pass for real characters, in the second they are such puppets that you can often see the string dangling between their legs under the tragic robe, or hear the click of the machinery with which they are wound up. Now Shakespeare is so little self-assertive, he so identifies himself with the persons whom he represents, that his own particular character or opinions nowhere appear; he effaces himself in favour of his creations. There is one more observation which tends in the same direction as what I have advanced. Shakespeare uses the language of every craft with such singular correctness that every craft would fain lay claim to him as a member. Lawyers, sailors, carpenters, and all manner of artificers, can hardly believe that he uses their technical terms so skilfully and appropriately, and yet is not one of themselves. Nay, if I remember rightly, the Catholics have claimed him as one of their communion, and I suspect he had some sympathies with the old creed, for that energetic Protestant, Sir Thomas Lucy, presented his father for not going to the established church, and Mr. John Shakespeare had no better excuse to offer save that he was afraid of being arrested for debt. I do not know whether any other religious denomination has ever laid claim to him; of course, neither Quakers nor Wesleyans could do so, for reasons derivable from chronology; but that the Brownists or Muggletonians ever claimed him, I have never seen asserted. Perhaps they were too modest. But you see that in all this description the man is hiding himself from us, and content to live, unseen, in his works, like a soul in a body, and these very works—how strangely he treated them. During his lifetime he never published a single play; what was published appeared against his will, and without any such corrections of obvious blunders as an author who thought about himself would have been feverishly impatient to make. And after his death appeared a strange volume, calling itself his "dramatic works," but that should be more properly called "the works of Shakespeare and Co." He was content to be confounded not only with such men as Ben Jonson and Marlowe, but with fellows whose intellect was barely above that of a scene-shifter. It is many years ago since the celebrated Dr. Latham said to me, "Shakespeare was the greatest of stage managers," meaning that he would take up a play and improve it here and there, and leave other parts to be improved by inferior men, or he would take a story conjointly with others, and never be afterwards at the trouble to distinguish between the scenes which he had contributed and the productions of his fellow-men. You cannot accuse a man, so indifferent to the rights of authorship, of self-assertion, or suppose

that the consciousness of self was at all in equal proportion to his sympathy with the medium wherein he lives,—men and women and all that affects or interests them.

And now let us turn to John Milton.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;"

so says Wordsworth of him. A man isolated even from his own faction; religious, but of that personal religion, as though every man were a church in himself; conscious of his poetic gifts, so that while Shakespeare makes the poet say:—

"Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished,"

with Milton nothing is to be spontaneous, but everything the result of previous learning and thought; a controversialist from his earliest youth, in his first prose efforts he speaks of writing something hereafter for later times "such as posterity will not willingly let die." Ending one of his pamphlets with a sonorous and stately invocation, he promises the Almighty "that in place of this rude, ungarnished lay, snatched up because the time would not wait, he will one day take up his harp and sing Him an elaborate song to generations." Thrice does he repeat this promise of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," while yet unconscious that those would be the subjects which he would finally adopt. But whatever he writes, or whatever he promises, he is always in the great Taskmaster's eye. There is a consciousness which becomes egotism, but there is also a consciousness which becomes conscientiousness, and this is everywhere present with him. Again, in everything that he writes, you see the opinions and convictions of the individual John Milton. His tenderness and sensibility, which he shews rather in sympathy with nature than in sympathy with man, is subordinated to a certain sternness. He can see in Cromwell's bloodiest act something to deserve praise, because it was a sacrifice of feeling to duty, and in the accomplishment of duty he finds the consolation for a blind and poverty-stricken old age. He had lost his eyesight in composing an elaborate defence of the people of England for the execution of Charles I., and he speaks of it thus:—

"Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate one jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

This passionate desire of setting the world to rights can only exist in men having a strong belief in themselves, and a strong belief in the dignity of human nature; in fact, in men who have that generous pride which is scarcely compatible with great indulgence either to themselves or others. It was that old sect of Stoics who taught that men were gods, only not immortal; with such an exaggerated notion of their greatness, they would, of course, consider that men ought to be ashamed of needing pity and indulgence, or of granting it to each other. In this impatience to find men as they should be, which is so wonderfully contrasted with Shakespeare's willingness to take men as they are, he at last believes that no machinery is too great or solemn for the purpose, and joins Sir Harry Vane and the fanatics, who fully expected that God would descend to reign personally on earth, with the Ironsides and the men of Naseby as His courtiers.

Ladies and gentlemen,—I think I have dwelt a sufficient time upon the characteristic temper of these two men. You will see of yourselves why the one was necessarily a dramatic poet, and the other the author of the greatest modern epic; why the first is at once unrivalled in the details and embellishments of fancy and in the sudden flashes of imagination, while the latter is chiefly remarkable for efforts of the imagination alone, and is too serious for fantastic pictures and conceits. It now remains for me to beg your attention and indulgence while I read a few passages of either author. I shall select those which appear to me most characteristic of the men, and yet exhibit a diversity arising from the difference of the subjects:—

[The quotations from Milton were—

Lycidas—"Alas! what boots it,".....to "Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

Paradise Lost, Bk. I, lines 587-621—"Thus far these beyond," .....to "Words interwove with sighs found out their way."

Hymn for the Nativity—"Such music as 'tis said,".....to "Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony."

Those from Shakespeare were from—

Henry IV., Part II, Act II, Scene I—Mrs. Quickly's speech, beginning "Marry, if thou wert an honest man," and ending "Deny it if thou canst."

Henry V., Act II, Scene II—*Scroop:* "Our purposes God justly hath discovered," to the end of King Henry's speech, "Bear them hence."

King John, Act III, Scene III — *King John:* Come hither, Hubert,".....to *King John:* "Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee."

Coriolanus, Act III, Scene III—*Cor.:* "You common cry of curs,".....to "There is a world elsewhere."

King Lear, Act IV, Scene IV—"I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,".....to "O fool, I shall go mad."]

BANQUET SPEECH.

[The following speech was made by Dr. Badham at a banquet given him by the graduates of the University and a number of other friends, including several members of the then Government, to celebrate his seventieth birthday.]

Such an occasion as this, upon which you have been kind enough to assist in order to overwhelm me with this unparalleled compliment—or, rather, this almost insupportable and entirely unexpected honor—I say, such an occasion might have been approached from a perfectly different point of view, and I had already approached it from quite the opposite point of view from that in which you have been kind enough to regard it. You, out of your kindness and charity, have made it the outcome of a festival; but when I was alone, and thought of the past and thought of the future, it was anything rather than a festival to me—it was rather the outcome of a painful solemnity. May I bring the words of my solemnity into your festival? No; I will throw myself into the midst of your rejoicing and partake of it to the full. I am not at all surprised at the general hilarity—the something more than hilarity—at the great enthusiasm, at the exuberance and joy which pervade the whole of this festival. You have thought proper, out of the gentleness of your hearts, to honour a man because of his age. You have thought proper, under the impulse of generosity, to make much of a few years of service. Mere length of service, you knew very well, had, of itself, no kind of claim to merit; yet, what with desiring to make much of a few years' service, you made many more of them; and what with desiring to make much of my antiquity, you represented that as more venerable than it is. Or is it that you were determined to have some man you could reverence, even if it was as the mere embodiment of the University principle? But what led you to select me on this occasion? Was it some reminiscence of Thucydides, and the saying that the love of honour is that which alone is incapable of decay? Or was it your own Shakespeare who came whispering to you that when a man is in the sere and yellow leaf he naturally desires that which should accompany age, as honour, love, obedience, and friends? Or was it the divination of the heart which led you to think generously of that man who has reached such a period that the future becomes a rather narrow sort of place for him to go upon, and he turns his back and looks upon the past, where his fancy and imagination may expatiate at large? When the real birthday, which you are now celebrating in a kind of effigy, arrived, I began to think seriously, What have I done? Have I left any mark, or am I an

impostor and a swindler? And I have wondered over the names of old students, and why I have never heard of them; but, as I strained my eyes, I saw through these sixteen years all the students, and, by the magic of your benevolence, I was again face to face with those who had sat and listened to me.

Gentlemen, I have a grievance, a very solid and substantial grievance, against a certain person who is not here to-night, and whose absence, I dare say, many of you regret. You know that we gentlemen of seventy are proud of our privileges, and try to cajole the younger men out of a certain reverence. Well, in the midst of this up starts Sir Alfred Stephen, and he says, "You say you were born before the battle of Waterloo. I am not quite sure I was not born before the battle of Flodden Field. You say you have seen two or three transits of Venus. I have seen half a hundred, and hope to see half a hundred more." What is the use of appealing to the sympathy of the public because of your age and services, when you have one like that as active as ever, as young as ever, as lithe in limb and blithe in spirit as a new-born Mercury, and compared to whom we are mere freshmen, while he is a doctor of divinity in it. As I said before, you were determined that you would have an idol. An idol you have got, and much joy may you derive from it. Now I come to a much more painful part of the subject, and one in which I scarcely know how to demean myself with propriety. Perhaps I ought to do it in the way of a little analyzation of the properties of a cordial which I have been imbibing during this evening. It is a cordial which I have tasted before, and which has been administered in such abundant quantities by you, and especially by one of you, that I scarcely know whether it will agree with me or not, or what I am to do with it. That cordial is praise. You know there is a cordial which is not praise so much as a tonic; I mean historic praise. Perhaps it is bestowed by responsible historians upon really great characters who have gone before. In that case, of course, the praise is intended for the moral advantage and edification of the giver, and has not the slightest regard to the particular feelings of the person upon whom the praise is bestowed, for this obvious reason, that he is quite out of his reach. Then, at the other pole, there is the praise of testimonials, where the drug is administered entirely with a view to our being hocussed, and to the advantage of the person upon whom the encomiums are lavished. Well, I hope the praise I have been absorbing so thirstily to-night does not belong to the latter category. I think I must accept it as of the middle quality. I have had it once before, and enjoyed it very much. Sixteen years ago I came here as a perfect stranger, and in a room which has now become quite historical, a room which was then a dancing academy, which subsequently became the scene of my little

triumph, and after that became the centre of Dying Gladiators and Venuses and Cupids innumerable, and then passed into the hands of the Royal Society, I received so much praise that I was almost affected. I have been case-hardened since then, but at the time I had received so little that I could hardly behave decently. However, I knew it was a cordial administered in order to encourage me to go on and do something useful. It was simply discounting the future. If I did well, I was to be entitled to all the benefit I received; and if I did not, I was to receive all the bitterness when I awoke. This cordial is, I believe, administered to inform me that I have done my duty just so far that people are willing to overlook any defect in my execution of it. I look upon all praise that is bestowed upon the living as something that is offered to encourage a man—and it is much too late to encourage me—or as a cloak for some defects of which people are conscious. You have sounded that praise, and have been pleased to speak of a great many things which seem to me really marvellous, because I never suspected them before. Now, what am I to do with all this praise? Am I to falter and simper, and throw myself into absurd postures of ill-timed modesty, and throw aside the royal robe which you have offered me? No. I will put on the royal robe; I will stand out in the full majesty of self-assertion, so that not a spangle of it or a fold of it shall be hidden by the wearer. What is the first thing I am to do, now that I am endued with this royalty? The first thing I do is to extend the sceptre of my septuagenarian clemency to all those fools and impostors that have ever attacked me since I came here. One word more about this praise before I have done—praise that was administered to me on a former occasion. The cup-bearer on that occasion is not here to-night,* and one of the men who, of all others, would have been supposed to have been there was not there. He was at Wagga Wagga with another friend, and there, having read some speech about the poor scholar, they made my acquaintance. The gentleman† of whom I am speaking is the cup-bearer of that cordial of which we have been drinking to-night, and who has very handsomely compensated for his absence on a former occasion by putting me under the deepest obligations, both moral, intellectual, and material—obligations such as I cannot describe, and never in any degree requite, and which have sweetened and aromatised my life from beginning to end.

It has been said by some, in the course of controversy, that I have no regard for the humble students, and others have said that I was determined to ram Greek down everybody's throat; but I had not been two years in this colony before I proposed to the Senate of the University that Greek should

* Dr. Badham here alludes to Sir James Martin, who presided at the banquet given to him shortly after his arrival in the colony.

† Dr. Badham's health was proposed by the Honorable W. B. Dalley.

be an optional subject. On that I was defeated, but a few years afterwards I again proposed it, and succeeded in carrying what I recommended. That was the conduct of a man who, it was said, was determined to have Greek and nothing else. Certain attempts have been recently made to dabble again in the curriculum of the University. As it now stands, it is a fair thing, by which I mean tolerable; but I am certain it is far better than we should make it by again disturbing it. I am willing to let it be as it is, especially because I see certain enemies are afoot. I believe I may say there is not one member of the Professorial Board, and not a single member of the Senate, who would not say the same thing. We don't want any alterations at all, and, therefore, I would strongly advise all those who see two or three little subjects more or less movable, and would like to put in something else, to make up their minds that neither the Senate nor the Professorial Board nor the Convocation will hear of any further change, at least in the direction indicated by those persons to whom I am alluding. There is a pretty little comedy of Molière's which describes a sick young lady, whose father goes to a jeweller, and is, of course, recommended by the latter to give her plenty of jewels to cure her sickness, but the father replies, "*Vous êtes orfèvre.*" He would apply the same remark to those who wished to introduce their anatomies and their physiologies into the University, simply because some person happens to have a predilection for a particular study. They say it is necessary that a man should know something about the constitution of his own body, but it may be just as necessary to know something about the stars or about botany; and I would appeal to my friend the Prime Minister if he would not give worlds to have some sort of science introduced to give people common sense in judging such questions as, let us say, the Land Act, or the law of libel. All these studies are very useful indeed, but why load every one of them upon the back of the unfortunate student? We have not the least objection if the Senate sees its way to found any number of chairs for particular studies; but do not load the unfortunate student in this way if you wish to turn him out a scholar. The thing is absurd. There is a Greek proverb which says that the change of things is pleasant, but it is pleasant to have an absence of change itself, and repose is the pleasant change which the Senate of the University now mean to enjoy.

I think you will expect me to say a few words about the Greek language. You will find some persons who seem to regard it as a kind of decayed aunt or godmother, to be sent to a kind of almshouse to be got rid of, and, of course, the almshouse is under the protection of the clergy. Would to Heaven the clergy were under the protection of Greek! Then, many look upon it as dead, and, in a certain time, as going

to be buried. Is friendship dead? Is fidelity dead? Is generosity dead? And where will you find the language of friendship, or fidelity, or generosity uttered in more stirring sounds than in this same language? You look upon the ocean with your bodily eyes, and are delighted with the whole spectacle; but, if you are a scholar, you shut your eyes and see the ocean moving and surging, traversed by every change of wind, just as much as you see it when you stand upon the Heads. What scenes cannot the scholar recall in reading all that is told him in the dead language of Thucydides? But you will say, "You still regard this language, and yet have allowed the Senate to dispense with certain persons learning it. How do you reconcile these things?" I have defended this language against the ignorant and prejudiced, because I thought it was for the good of all that all should have a fair opportunity of learning it, and I shall still fight for it as one of the great outposts of general learning. The enemies of Greek are not the enemies of Greek only, but the enemies of literary culture. I have met men of literary culture, and men who did not possess that advantage, and I make a large difference between the two, for there can be no doubt that men with literary culture are decidedly superior to men who have received any other kind of culture. If men would only study literature more, and other things less, we should not have such a poverty of public speakers as we have at present. If you go to the mere utility of the matter, how strange it is that fathers and guardians cannot see that, if they could bring up their sons to public speaking, they would give them an enormous advantage over their fellow-citizens. Then, I say, cultivate that which will give men not only power over their own language, and an ability to wield at will a fierce democracy, but enable them to judge and tell the difference between sparkling trash and real eloquence. These are the reasons for the study of literature as a means of education, and I would now call your attention to one other consideration, and it is this: There are certain moral truths of the simplest possible kind with which we find it very difficult to penetrate the mind of the young—commonplaces surrounding the conduct of life, the rules of temperance, the rules of justice, and all other virtues. I say it, and I say it without fear of ridicule or contradiction, that these commonplaces must be taught, not from one language only, but from all that it is possible for the student to give himself to. Depend upon it, if you want the young to learn all that is sacred in duty, and all that is great in man, and how much happiness depends upon a little self-denial and self-restraint, you must make them study literature. If the young man does not devote study to the great works of great men, and become a student in literary culture, I know of nothing which will give him either gentleness in manners, or propriety of sentiment, or strength of soul.

ADDRESS AT SYDNEY PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

[The following address was delivered by Dr. Badham, upon the invitation of the then Minister of Public Instruction (the Hon. G. H. Reid) at the opening of the Sydney Public High School, October 8, 1883.]

You know that when persons are starting upon a long voyage, their friends and well-wishers are glad to assemble on board the ship which is to carry them away, and to make this the scene of their last and fondest farewell. The ladies and gentlemen who come to see you this morning are the friends and well-wishers assembled on board to bid you "God speed" on the voyage which you commence this day. It is one of the most interesting voyages on which anyone can set forth, for it is the commencement to you all of a new kind of education. I do not mean that you will be taught entirely new subjects, or after a new method, for, indeed, had you not been well taught already, we should not have had the pleasure of meeting you here. But you are entering upon a course which, if maintained with perseverance, will, after a few years, enable you to say that you belong to the rank of educated men and women. I call this higher education "a rank." Do not understand by that, that it is intended you should necessarily enter upon any higher occupations than were first intended for you. Some of you may indeed rise to callings which, in the estimation of the world, command more respect than others; but even those who follow the occupation of their fathers will have acquired a dignity, a place in the world, which can be gained by no amount of wealth, and which no trade or calling, however humble, can rob them of. The time is coming, and perhaps you may live to glory in its being come, when the only thing which ennobles a man in the estimation of his fellows is a cultivated mind.

What I said to the students of the University fourteen years ago, I say to you now; only I said it then in Latin, which, perhaps, you would not be quite able to follow, so I will tell it you in English. After mentioning some of the humblest occupations by which men can earn their bread, I told them that I could see no reason why a youth who was intended for any of these should not carry into them a mind so far cultivated that he could give a part of his leisure time to further and continual self-improvement; and I heartily sympathise with the demands for early closing and for shortening the hours of labour, as a means to that end. I said what I then thought, and think

still, scholarships and scholarly training ought not to be the privilege of the few, but the preparation of all, as far as the time could be spared from the demands of the trade by which they were to live. And so now I say to you, children of New South Wales, that you are beginning on this day a career which will lead you, not only to knowledge, but also to the rank which higher education confers. And to whom are you indebted for all the contrivances which are to give you this blessing of higher education? To your country—to the public opinion of New South Wales, as expressed by its Parliament. Well, then, the first point that I want to impress upon your young minds this day is, that at every step which you gain in knowledge, in power of thought, and readiness of speech, you should remember that it is to your country you owe it, and so love your country as your greatest benefactor.

The next thing for you to consider is this: Remember that you belong to a large school and a school to which it is a privilege to belong; but there are many good things which a boy or girl may learn, even from a school of much smaller pretensions than this. In a school, respect and obedience come as a matter of course, and if you carry that habit of respect and obedience home with you, what a blessing that will be to the parents who sent you hither! There are many homes in which discipline is not strict enough; but, at all events, home is a place for cultivating love and affection. Bring, therefore, some portion of that love and affection, which you have cultivated at home, and bestow it upon those who will find it a great encouragement in the difficult task of teaching. You see what I want you to do: to set up a kind of commerce between home and school. You know commerce between two countries is that each supplies to the other what the other wants. Be you, then, the honest little traders between school and home, exchanging the strictness of one with the sweetness of the other. But you are members of what will one day be a great body; and I trust that that great body will be animated with a common spirit. That common spirit in the greatest body of all—the people—is called "public opinion." I trust and hope that you, my young fellow-citizens, will have a public opinion among you, and not be so many single boys and girls going to and fro without any fellowship among you. Perhaps you will say, "Why, what good will it do?" There are certain miserable persons who indulge in unseemly habits and unseemly language; what is it that enables us to put these wretches down? Public opinion. And, therefore, I say, that in order to keep away all that is unseemly, both in word and in deed, you must band yourselves together to resist it; put all bad exceptions out of countenance by banding yourselves together as the champions of what is honest and decent.

Now, then, shall I say anything to you about that which is the life of all teaching and learning? I mean industry. I do not think I can say anything that will be at all new to you, or strengthen your good resolutions. Shall I tell you that pleasure is always full of smiles when it tries to attract you, and full of bitter scorn after it has led you into wrong-doing; and that duty looks cold and cheerless while you are hesitating about following her, and only smiles upon you when you have discarded pleasure for her sake? Why, you know all this as well as I do; and you also know that one is apt to forget this just at the moment that it is most wanted. Still, you must strive and strive to overcome indolence, for without that you can do nothing.

But there is one thing that I know better than almost any man in this room, simply because I am older than most, and every year that a man lives brings to him additional lessons in proof of this truth, that idleness means failure, and steady industry, success. Yes; but that steady industry reminds me of another subject which I wish to point out to you—I mean the danger of indolence in disguise; of an indolence which looks like diligence and is the very contrary to it. I have known many boys and girls who have seemed to be very teachable, whose eyes are never off their book—except when they are asked to repeat anything, and then they repeat most exactly what they have read or what they have been told; and yet if you look within them there is nothing! It is the garden of a little child—beautiful branches stuck here and there into the dirt, but not a single root to keep any part of this magnificent greenery alive. If they learn a rule, they learn it as so many words, but the words have no meaning for them; for when the occasion arises to make use of the rule, and to show that they understand it, they walk right into the middle of it and trample upon it without remorse. Tell them of a fact and they will repeat it for you word for word as you told it to them; ask them for the same fact in a different set of words, and you will see that it is as perfectly strange to them as if they had never heard it before. This is the laziness of the plodder, the laziness which is content with repetition, but hates the exertion of thinking. Avoid this kind of sham work, for it only leads to sham progress.

I will give you an illustration of what I mean by sham progress. A very ingenious German lately put a play upon the stage, in which he wished the audience to see two men walking through a forest containing every variety of shrub and tree, and the walk was to extend over two or three miles. Two or three miles over a stage which was not more than a chain wide! What did he do? He placed the two men in the middle of the stage, and bid them lift up first one leg and then the other, without advancing at all, and, in the meanwhile, the forest at their side went rolling

past them, and came round again at the back to roll past them once more, and so on till the music ceased and the curtain fell. Now, supposing the music had suddenly stopped, and the machinery of the forest had broken down. Just consider what a couple of fools those men would have looked like, as they went on tramping the same spot as if they meant to tramp there for ever. Now, there are certain times when the music and the scenery of this school will stop—I mean the times of examination; and then what will become of those who pretend to advance, and yet remain exactly where they were? Hitherto, the French and the Latin, the Algebra and the Euclid, the English and the History, as they advanced have given an appearance of motion to the unthinking student, just as a passing train makes you think your own is moving when it is at rest, or like what the poet describes, when he speaks of the clouds "which give away their motion to the stars." But the day of examination will stop all such delusions.

But enough of warnings and preachings, for this is the time for joyful hope. Be full of hope, my young friends; for hope is the only soil in which good resolutions can grow; and we, too, will hope with you, and for you, and the utterance of our hope shall be in devout and loving wishes for your success and happiness.

THE END.

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