haps entirely different in kind from those which existed in the mind of God. It is obvious that the Supreme Being of the *Characteristics*, in whose eyes the excesses of the Reign of Terror would be merely a hurricane purifying the moral atmosphere, and who would see "with equal eye"

"A hero perish or a sparrow fall"—

has little in common with the God of the New Testament, whose absolute rejection of iniquity is the very basis on which revealed religion is built, and in whose eyes the least of his reasonable creatures is "of more value than many sparrows." This dissonance between Christianity and his own system was evident to Shaftesbury himself, and led him to speak disrespectfully of the former in various places of his writings. He is accordingly classed by Leland among deistical writers. Pope, less clear-sighted, would not admit that the philosophy of the *Essay on Man* (which is precisely the same as that of Shaftesbury) was in any way repugnant to Christianity; and Warburton argued laboriously on the same side. Nevertheless, in his *Universal Prayer*, Pope implicitly retracted the main tenet of the longer poem; and posterity has held that Crousaz, the assailant of the *Essay*, understood its real bearing better than Warburton its defender.

Berkeley.

Disturbed at the thought of the predominance which the spread of Locke's sensationalist philosophy might be expected to give to the material interests of man, yet not choosing to revert to any of the old systems which let in the principle of authority, Berkeley conceived the strange idea of denying the validity of the inferences made by every perceiving mind concerning the objects perceived. He denied the existence of matter, or material substance, which is merely the name given by philosophers to the "something" which underlies and supports the sensible qualities of an object. The objects themselves, he admitted, are real; the ideas which the mind forms concerning them are also real; moreover, these ideas constitute for man the sole road to the knowledge of the objects. Instead of holding with Locke that the objects, by the impressions which they make on the senses, engender ideas, he held that the ideas implanted by the Creator in the human mind teach it all that it can possibly know about the objects. This ideal philosophy, having a merely subjective base—growing neither out of tradition nor experience—might obviously be twisted to the vindication of any system of opinions whatever. Hume, therefore, as we shall see in the next section, had not much difficulty in reducing it *ad absurdum*, by developing further the sceptical theory from which it started.

In France and Spain, Lesage and Lazarillo de Tormes had already won laurels by writing humorous tales of fiction in prose. Defoe, with us, was the first of a series in which he has had so many brilliant successors, by composing *Robinson Crusoe* (1719). Many other fictitious tales, in all which he aimed at the appearance of being a truthful narrator of facts, followed from the same facile pen. But in the texture of these, as in the mind that produced them, there was something coarse and homely; they could not supplant for refined readers the high-flown romances of France. That was reserved for the sentimental novels of Richardson; *similia similibus curantur*.

IX. *The Triumph of Compromise*, 1729–1789.—In the early part of this period, Pope, who died in 1744, was still the great literary force; for most of the remainder of it, that honour belonged to Samuel Johnson. Nothing can more strongly demonstrate the vitality of the political principles which triumphed at the Revolution than the fact that both these great men, though in secret they abhorred the compromise, had no choice but to acquiesce in it. Pope, whose grounds of dislike were both religious and political, indemnified himself for his acquiescence by many a scornful gibe and bitter sarcasm levelled at the German family which had seated itself on the Stuart throne. Witness the mocking adulation of the opening lines of the epistle to Augustus (George II.), or the scathing satire with which he pursued the memory of Queen Caroline both in the *Dunciad* and the *Epilogue to the Satires*, though he knew, and even admitted in a note, that that princess in her last moments "manifested the utmost courage and resolution." Johnson, whose objection to the compromise was almost wholly political, was an arrant Jacobite in feeling to the end of his days. One of his earliest productions, the *Marmor Norfolciense*, is a clever and cutting Jacobite squib. Allusions in his satire of *London* (1738) show the same political colour, and probably had much to do with the sympathizing approval which Pope expressed for the unknown poet, who, he said, would soon be *deterré*. And although, after he had accepted a pension from George III., he could not decently, as he smilingly admitted to Boswell, "drink King James's health in the wine that King George gave him the money to pay for," yet the old feeling lurked in his mind, and found violent expression in a recorded conversation as late as 1777. "He had this evening . . . . . a violent argument with Dr Taylor as to the inclinations of the people of England at this time towards the royal family of Stuart. He grew so outrageous as to say that, 'if England were fairly polled, the present king would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow.'"

But, in general, the compromise met with inward no less than outward assent on the part of all the leading minds of the nation, literary men and divines equally with statesmen. For the first part of the period, the resolute common sense of Walpole, and the moderate churchmanship of Warburton, accurately represented the English mind. The defect of a compromise is, as was said in the last section, that it does not kindle enthusiasm; under it politics and politicians are apt to grow dull and vapid. Such a state of things prevailed at the time of the rising of 1745, when the young Pretender was not very far from succeeding, from sheer inertness on the part of those concerned in upholding the Revolution settlement. Soon afterwards there was a change. Young men grew up, before whose eyes floated visions of an expanding empire; the rapid advance of the American colonies, the success of Englishmen in India, on both which fields France was then our rival, stimulated the genius of the elder Pitt, and furnished themes for the eloquence of Burke. Then the value of those principles of political liberty which had been consolidated at the Revolution came to be understood. Through these Pitt achieved in the Seven Years' War his memorable triumph over the absolute monarchies of France and Spain; and at the Peace of Paris (1763) England stood at the greatest height of national glory which is recorded in her history. Yet the brilliant scene was soon overcast. A Toryism without ideas, which was but in fact the portion of Revolution-Whiggism which refused to move with the times, aided by the personal influence of a narrow-minded, illiberal king, got possession of the administration, and immediately everything went wrong. The American war succeeded, and neither the authority of Chatham nor the enlightenment of Burke and Wyndham could prevent its ending in disaster. Soon after the Peace of Versailles the younger Pitt, then a sincere Whig, came into power. He applied himself with great skill and industry to the work of binding firmly together that inheritance of empire,—still sufficiently ample,—which the peace had left us, when in the middle of his task he was suddenly confronted by the portentous outbreak of the French revolution.

This period witnessed the foundation of the science of political economy by Adam Smith, whose memorable

Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations appeared in 1776. It also produced several eminent historians and philosophers, of whose works some notice will be taken presently. In other departments of literature, after the death of Pope, it was but poorly distinguished. Gray will be long remembered for the beauty and melody of some of his pieces,—the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, the *Bard*, and the *Progress of Poesy*. In the elegant poems of Goldsmith occur passages of sentiment, *e.g.*, the famous lines "Ill fares the land," &c., which read like anticipations of Rousseau. The satires of Churchill, though vigorous and pointed, are founded upon no intelligible principle; they have no universal character, like those of Pope, nor do they represent any definite political or religious view; rather they are dictated by mere national prejudice (*e.g.*, the *Prophecy of Famine*, a tirade against the Scotch), or by vulgar partisanship,—the eternal animosity of the outs against the ins. The *Rosciad* was a satire upon a stage sunk so low as not to be worth satirizing. There is much sweetness and grace in the verses of Shenstone; they formed part of the intellectual food which nourished the strong soul of Burns. Collins's *Ode to the Passions*, so much praised by our grandfathers, is gradually passing out of ken. The *Night Thoughts* of Young demand our notice, as the work of a man of large intellectual capacity, though of ignoble character. His meditations, though they never pass into the mystical or transcendental stage, are just and edifying; in applying them he displays a rich sermonizing vein; but a flavour of cant hangs about his most ambitious efforts. Beattie's *Minstrel*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza, deserves a passing word of commendation; it unites manly dignity to refinement and delicacy of feeling.

Cowper.

Cowper, ever on the brink of insanity, resorted to literature in order to prevent his mind from preying on itself. An amiable piety makes his *Task*, a long moralizing poem in blank verse, attractive to many minds; from the mere literary point of view, it must be allowed to be a feeble production. As he gained more confidence in himself, he developed a curious sort of mild feline humour, which appears in the delightful ballad of *John Gilpin*, and in several shorter pieces. The strength which had been wanting all his life came to him near its close, and inspired him to write those stanzas of wondrous majesty and beauty which have the title of *The Castaway*;—unhappily it was the strength of spiritual despair.

Beyond the Tweed, as Johnson was sinking towards the grave, and when the voice of English poetry had almost ceased to sound, a man of genius was coming to maturity, whose direct and impassioned utterances, straight from the heart of nature, were to reduce the frigid imitators of Pope to their proper insignificance, to startle the dull worshippers of the conventional, and to prepare the English-speaking world for that general break-up of formulas which the tempest of the French Revolution was about to initiate. Robert Burns was a native force; no foreign literature moulded him, no influence of Continental thought either made or marred him. He had the education of a Scottish peasant, and his self-culture does not appear to have consisted in much more than reading Pope and Shenstone, the *Spectator*, Sterne's novels, and a few other popular books. His natural powers were of the finest and highest order. Truly writes his countryman, the late Professor Craik: "Burns's head was as strong as his heart; his natural sagacity, logical faculty, and judgment were of the first order; no man, of poetical or prosaic temperament, ever had a more substantial intellectual character." The man being such, and such the equipment with which education and circumstance had furnished him, we observe with interest that he came into serious collision, on becoming complete master of his powers, with the religious system,—that of the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland,—in which he had been brought up. It neither awed, nor attracted, nor convinced him. He never wrote more powerfully, or with a more searching humour, than when employed in exposing the hypocrisy and fanaticism of certain of its ministers.[1] If he had friends among them, it was among the "Moderates," a party corresponding to the Broad Church clergy of the present day, whom their colleagues in the Presbyterian ministry regarded with undisguised abhorrence. Religion, therefore, established no control over him; and unhappily this splendid nature found no resource in philosophy, nor moral strength within, which could avail to save him from the tyranny of his passions. "Vina, Venus,"—two out of the three banes spoken of by the Roman epigrammatist,—undermined too soon that stalwart frame, and silvered that glorious head. He died in his thirty-seventh year in 1796, leaving behind him, besides a few longer pieces, more than 200 songs, among which may be found gems of pathos, melody, and beauty, which any nation might be proud to wear in its intellectual coronet.

In the history of the drama during this period, the most noteworthy feature is the return of Shakespeare to the stage, brought about, soon after the middle of the century, by the reverent zeal of Garrick. When Drury Lane theatre was opened in 1747, chiefly for the performance of Shakespeare's plays, Johnson wrote the celebrated Prologue which was delivered on the occasion, describing the great dramatist as "exhausting worlds and then imagining new," as spurning the "bounded reign" of real existence, and forcing time to "pant after him in vain." Comedy, no longer gross, had become commonplace. From this reproach the two admirable plays of Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-Natured Man*, temporarily freed it; nor could it be justly imputed during the period of Sheridan's connection with the stage, from 1775 to 1780.

Sheridan.

But the wit that blazes,—the fun that sparkles,—in the scenes of the *Rivals* and the *Critic*, are of no purely English growth. Sheridan's Irish birth and Celtic temperament must be largely credited with the brightness and permanent attractiveness of his plays.

Prose fiction, which more and more came to supply that kind of intellectual distraction which had before been sought in the drama, and, aided by the printing press, to diffuse its blessings (if they are blessings) to strata of the population which the drama had never reached, was employed in this period by several writers of rare ability. Fielding's *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, made the same kind of stir in general society that had been caused by Dryden's heroic plays some eighty years before. An ingenious French critic (Philarète Chasles) has attempted to trace in the works of these writers the conflict, though much transformed, of the Puritans and Cavaliers of an earlier age. Lovelace, he thinks, represents the insolent temper and disregard for morality of the aristocratic Cavaliers; Clarissa, his victim, the daughter of a virtuous middle class family, exhibits the substantial rectitude of that "good old cause," which licentious courts could persecute but could not subdue. Fielding, the aristocrat, recalls and continues the jovial recklessness of the men of the Restoration; Richardson, the plebeian, is in the line of Milton, Penn, Fox, Bunyan, and other witnesses. Yet these resemblances are after all superficial. It is true that Fielding cannot help writing like a gentleman, and a member of an ancient house; while Richardson, though he is fond of giving titles to his characters, betrays perhaps by his *seriousness* his breeding among the upper and most respectable classes of the proletariate. But when we look more closely, we find

[1] "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Holy Fair," &c.

that both Fielding and Richardson adhere firmly to the Revolution-compromise, both in religion and politics,—and the one quite as much as the other. Fielding is as zealous a Protestant as Bunyan or Baxter; and the doctrine of non-resistance was rejected by him as warmly as by the Whig prosecutors of Sacheverell. Richardson, again, is neither a republican nor a nonconformist. He finds no objection, on the score of tolerance and latitude, to the church of Burnet, Tillotson, and Hoadly; and the hereditary presidency which the Act of Settlement had vested in the Hanoverian family was too feeble and inoffensive to excite in the breast of the most zealous of Whigs fears of the preponderance of the regal power in the constitution. Both Richardson and Fielding are entirely satisfied with the political and religious constitution of the land they live in. Dismissing such fancies, let us consider what were the actual occasions which led to the production of *Pamela* and the novels which followed it, and in what relation they stand to preceding literary work. They were in the main at once the symptoms and the developing causes of a reaction against the sentimental romances with which ladies and gentlemen had stuffed their heads and beguiled their time in the 17th and in the early part of the 18th century. A list of the chief works of this kind of literature is to be found in Addison's amusing paper on Leonora's library (*Spectator*, No. 37); it includes Sidney's *Arcadia*, the *Grand Cyrus*, *Cassandra*, *Pharamond*, *Cleopatra*, &c., the works named being all translations from the French romances of Scudery and Calprenède. The excessive popularity of this kind of reading is intimated by Addison when he says (No. 92), adverting to letters which he has received in relation to his project of forming a perfect "lady's library," that he has been "advised to place *Pharamond* at the head of his catalogue, and, if he thinks proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra*." In the character of Leonora herself, Addison mildly ridicules the sentimentality, affectation, and unreality which such reading, carried to excess, engenders. Richardson, whose father was a Derbyshire joiner, and who was brought up to the trade of a printer, in which he persevered all his life and prospered, had reached his fiftieth year when he was requested by two London booksellers to write for publication a series of *Familiar Letters*, for the instruction of persons who did not know how to express themselves properly in writing about the ordinary affairs of life. He consented, but proposed to give a moral and improving turn to the instruction to be communicated; to this the booksellers at once agreed. While he was writing model letters giving advice to young women going out to service, the incidents of a story which had come within his own experience occurred to his mind. It seemed to him that this story, if told by way of letters, "in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing that might turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue." The heroine of his tale was a simple country girl, without book learning, but strong in virtue and honesty of heart, to whom he gave the name *Pamela* (one of the two princesses in Sidney's *Arcadia*), as if to show that, to quote from Emerson, "the life of man is the true romance, which, if it be valiantly conducted, will yield the imagination a higher charm than any fiction." Pamela's virtue is assailed by the young libertine in whose house she is living as a servant; she resists him, and her "virtue" is "rewarded" (this is the second title of the book) by the honour and glory of marriage with this reprobate, who, being a fine gentleman, and stooping to a union with a "lass of low degree," atones for all past shortcomings by this amazing condescension. The book was well received; Pope, then declining towards the tomb, praised it as "likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons." There was, however, a strain of vulgarity in the manner in which the catastrophe of this romance of real life was narrated; and this defect was noted by the eagle eye of Fielding. As a burlesque upon *Pamela*, he wrote (1742) the *Adventures of Joseph Andrews*. Joseph is a virtuous footman who resists the improper advances of the titled lady in whose service he is; this of course was mere jest and caricature; in the end Joseph, instead of, like Pamela, marrying out of his condition, is wedded, as common sense would dictate, to a pretty modest girl of his own rank. The bent of his own powers, and the suitableness of this new field for their employment, must have been revealed to Fielding while writing *Joseph Andrews*. Till now it had been his ambition to shine as a dramatist, and he had produced some plays of no inconsiderable merit; but soon after the appearance of his first novel he quitted the stage and gave up the remainder of his life, so far as it was not engrossed by the duties of a zealous police magistrate, partly to the production of essays on social topics, partly to novel-writing. *Tom Jones* (1749) is allowed to be his master-piece; it is one of the finest pieces of character-painting to be found in the whole range of literature. Yet it must be understood that Fielding's characters belong to a social medium from which the ideal and the heroic are shut out by the conditions of its existence; the "compromise" which England had accepted repressed enthusiasm and a high strain of virtue in every direction; no creations, therefore, possessing the immortal interest of some of those in *Don Quixote* could be expected from him who has been sometimes called the "English Cervantes." But taking them as they are, the characters of Tom Jones and Blifil, of Thwackum and Square, present us with inimitable types. Tom Jones, as the generous, manly youth, whom passion hurries into vice, but good feeling and innate rectitude never fail to rescue, is contrasted with the artful hypocrite Blifil, whose outward demeanour pays a homage to virtue which his secret practices and desires undo. Thwackum, the pedagogue, shows what comes of a pedantic learning which has nothing of the largeness of true culture; Square, the thinker, exhibits the moral decadence that results from a grovelling philosophy. In 1748 Richardson published *Clarissa Harlowe*, and in 1753 *Sir Charles Grandison;* both these novels are in the epistolary form. *Clarissa* soon obtained a European reputation, the sentimental metaphysics which constitute so large a portion of it being exactly to the taste of a large number of readers in France and Switzerland. Rousseau adopted the style, while corrupting the principles, of the English author, when he wrote his *Nouvelle Heloïse*. The casuistry of love and seduction is interminable; so also is the novel of *Clarissa*, yet perhaps no reader who had launched fairly into it ever put the book down unfinished. It excites a deep tragic interest which no formal tragedy produced in England had awakened for several generations; the noble Clarissa, dying because she cannot brook a stain which yet touched not her will, nor came near her conscience, is a spectacle pathetic and touching in the extreme. The chivalrous, but provokingly perfect, Sir Charles Grandison was the character created by Richardson as a kind of contrast to, and compensation for, the aristocratic villain, Lovelace. His embarrassing situation between two lovely women who both adore him, and both of whom he loves, the English Harriet and the Italian Clementina,—though in the brief telling it seems absurd,—is managed in the novel with so much art and *vraisemblance* as to inspire the reader during seven volumes with a genuine perplexity and solicitude. His abrupt half-declaration to Harriet—

"Honour forbids me; yet honour bids me;—yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, selfish!"—is a delicious *morceau* which can never fail to captivate, and fill with *attendrissement*, souls of sensibility. After Richardson and Fielding came Smollett, with his *Roderick Random* and *Humphrey Clinker*, novels of coarser mould, and Sterne with *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. As works of humour, which contain also several admirable and minutely drawn pictures of character, the two last-named works, or at any rate *Tristram Shandy*, stand alone in our literature; but they are not in the proper sense of the term novels. It is interesting to note that Sheridan borrowed some of his most popular characters from the novelists; Charles and Joseph Surface are evident copies of Tom Jones and Blifil; while Tabitha Bramble and Sir Ulic Mackilligut are no less manifestly the originals of Mrs Malaprop and Sir Lucius O'Trigger. These are not the only resemblances; in fact *Humphrey Clinker* is the mine out of which Sheridan dug *The Rivals*. Nothing was more common, in the drama of the Elizabethan age, than for the play-wrights to take their plots from novels. But in the present case we note a difference in the mode of procedure, which is a marked testimony to the increased relative importance of the novel. The Elizabethan dramatists borrowed only names and incidents; they created their characters. The Georgian dramatists often borrowed their characters ready made from the pages of the novels, now glowing with a warmer life and richer colouring than their own. To the novels already mentioned Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) must be added,—the book which first drew Goethe's attention to English literature, and disclosed the hitherto unsuspected *idyllic* side of the existence of the good Protestant village pastor. To pass over inferior writers (Frances Burney, Henry Mackenzie, &c.), enough has been said to show that England, after the middle of the 18th century, obtained a school of novel-writers of her own, and shook herself free from the trammels alike of French classicism and French romanticism; nor have the able writers who then came into prominence ever wanted worthy successors down to the present day.

The luminous intellect of Voltaire had, in the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, cast a fresh light on history, which was soon reflected in the writings of English students in this field. In the preface to the *Essai*, Voltaire said that the question was no longer to inform the world "in what year a prince who did not deserve to be remembered succeeded another barbarian like himself, in the midst of a rude and coarse nation." Henceforth it would be the business of a historian to seek out, amidst the throng of recorded events, "that which deserves to be known by us,—the spirit, the manners, the usages of the principal nations." Not believing in Christianity, and looking to intellectual and literary culture as the great means of human progress, Voltaire naturally regarded the history of the first ten centuries of our era as "no more deserving of being known than the history of the wolves and the bears;" feudalism and the Middle Ages filled him with disgust; it was only when he came to the Renaissance, with its revival of learning, its tolerance of theological differences, and its love of polish, that he seemed to find anything worth writing a history about. Hume, composing a *History of England* (1754) under the influence of ideas not very dissimilar to those of Voltaire, and commencing with the Stuart period, was not likely to write favourably of the Puritans, who were neither tolerant nor polished. His work accordingly gave much offence to the Whig party, which had inherited the political traditions of Puritanism. Robertson's historical pictures,—of Scotland, of Charles V., and of the settlement of America,—did not, except incidentally, go back beyond the period of the Renaissance; the actions of men who lived before that age seemed to him scarcely on a par with the "dignity of history." Gibbon's great work, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, is designed to trace the gradual political debilitation of the empire, and the extinction of letters and arts through the ravages of the barbarians; thence passing with a firm and vigorous step through the long night of barbarism he dilates with eloquence and delight on the story of the rekindling of the flame of learning, and the renewed appreciation of beauty and refinement, which characterized the Italian Renaissance of the 14th and 15th centuries. We see that the historians of the 18th century, our own among the number, regarded the early and middle ages of our era as the province of the antiquary and the annalist rather than the historian proper,—who, if he dealt with them at all, should despatch them in brief summaries, in which, assuming an air of great superiority, he should try the men of the 9th or any other early century by the prevalent ideas of the eighteenth. Obviously, in the age in which we live, we have "changed all that;" the age of the Renaissance no longer presents itself to our eyes with such an overpowering lustre; and research into the motives and cast of thought of a Charlemagne or a Henry II. seems to us no longer beneath the "dignity of history."

In theology, one very remarkable work belongs to this period,—Butler's *Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature* (1736). This is an apologetic work, and may perhaps be regarded as the last word in the deistical controversy. Butler, whose caution and fairness of mind are truly admirable, and who does not pretend that the inquiry which he institutes leads to more than *probable* conclusions, argues in this work that it is just as difficult to believe nature to have proceeded from and to be ruled by God, as to admit that Christianity has a divine origin. This line of reasoning, though cogent as against the deists, most of whom admitted a divine author of nature, is obviously insufficient to meet the scepticism of the present day, which, embracing the theory of evolution, either rejects the belief in a First Cause altogether, or declines to examine it, as lying beyond the scope of the human faculties. The *Sermons* of Bishop Butler, in which he established against Hobbes the fact of the existence in the human mind of disinterested affections and dispositions pointing to the good of others, belongs rather to the department of philosophy than that of theology.

Philosophy

The philosophical speculations of this period may be described as a series of oscillations round Locke's *Essay of the Human Understanding*,—Hume taking Locke's principles, and turning them into a theory of scepticism; Hutcheson starting the theory of a new "sense" never dreamed of before, the moral sense; Hartley and Priestley developing Locke's sensationalism into materialism; while the Scotch school (Reid, Beattie, Dugald Stewart), recoiling from the consequences of Locke's system, attempted to smuggle "innate ideas" back into philosophy under the names of "common sense," "instinctive judgments," "irresistible beliefs," and so forth. Such brief examination of these writers as our limits allow will make our meaning clearer.

Locke's system, says Dugald Stewart,[1] in making sensation and reflection the sources of all our simple ideas, led him "to some dangerous opinions concerning the nature of moral distinctions, which he seems to have considered as the offspring of education and fashion." How Berkeley combated the tendencies of Locke's principles we have already seen. Hutcheson, an Irishman of great acuteness, who was appointed to a philosophical chair at Glasgow in 1729, unwilling to admit that our moral ideas had no other ultimate source than sensation, yet wishing to conform as much as possible to Locke's terminology, referred the

[1] *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, ed. by M'Cosh, p. 49.