botsford; Wordsworth with Rydal Mount; and Byron, with Newstead Abbey.

The country has also exercised influences upon men who have been born and brought up in cities. Though Milton was born in Bread Street, London—within sound of Bow Bells—and was "city-pent" for the greater part of his life, he neverthelss loved nature, and painted its sights and sounds in glowing colors. Johnson says that Milton "saw nature through the spectacles of books," but it is much more probable that he saw it with his own eyes. London was not in his time what it is now—a province covered with houses—but a moderate-sized city, surrounded by green fields. Between the city walls and Highgate lay a tract of finely-wooded country, with green lanes stretching in all directions. Beyond the Strand were green fields and the Parks. Indeed, it is not so long since woodcocks were shot on the ground which is now covered by Regent Street. Besides, Milton spent some time at Cambridge. While there, he wrote, in his twenty-first year, his grand *Hymn on the Nativity;* and after he had left the university he went to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote his *Arcades, Comus,* and *Lycidas,* as well as, probably, his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso,*—all full of country life and atmosphere. There are certain passages in *L'Allegro* which none but a poet who had lived much in the country could have written. That Milton took delight in country wanderings appears from his epistle to his Italian friend Deodati, written from London, in which he says—

> "Nor always city-pent or pent at home,
> I dwell; but when spring calls me forth to roam,
> Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
> Of branching elms, that never sun pervades."

There is, however, a different view to be taken of this subject. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, attributes his admiration for nature to the circumstances of his having been born in London. "I was accustomed," he says, "for two or three years, to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way." Hence, when taken into Cumberland, the intense joy, mingled with awe, with which he gazed at the lakes and mountains! "Though I could always," he says, "make myself happy in a quiet way, the beauty of the mountains had an additional charm of change and adventure which a country-bred child would not affect."

Some such fascination must have influenced the mind of Keats, who, though a purely city-bred boy, was one of nature's enthusiastic admirers and most exquisite delineators. Haydon, the painter, who knew him well, says that "Keats was in his glory in the fields: the humming of a bee,* the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun, seemed to make his nature tremble; then his eyes flashed, his cheek glowed, his mouth quivered." No one knew better than Wordsworth, or has shown us with such wonderful power, the deepness of the impressions of childhood. Coleridge said that the scenes of his childhood were so deeply written on his mind, that when upon a still shining day of summer he shut his eyes, the river Otter ran murmuring down the room, with the soft tint of its waters, the crossing plank, the willows on the margin, and the colored sands of its bed. Keats had none of these early associations, but he made up for them by his close observation and his intense poetical nature.

We not only expect the products of genius from the

* Milton speaks of "Darkness visible"; and Keats in the following passage makes silence audible:—

> "And as a willow keeps
> A patient watch over the stream that creeps
> Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
> Held her in peace, so that a whispering blade
> Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
> Down in the blue bells, and a wren light rustling
> Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard."

country; but we expect bone and muscle to keep the nation strong and healthy. We want stout and powerful men to defend our hearths and homes in time of need; and where can we find them but in the country—in the fields, on the moors, or among the hills and mountains? It is in the country that we find the able-bodied men, qualified for hard work, and capable of manual skill. All the interests, all the services, all the enterprises of civilized life, depend upon such men.

Centuries ago, the men who fought at Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers, were ploughmen led by English squires. When the powerful Spanish Armada invaded the coasts of England in Queen Elizabeth's time, Her Majesty's army consisted of country squires, farmers, and farm laborers; and her fleet consisted for the most part, of coasting-vessels, led by Sir Francis Drake, the son of an obscure yeoman—some say of an agricultural laborer. When, at a subsequent period in our history, Charles I. attempted a course which, if unchecked, might have led to a worse than Eastern despotism, he was resisted by the country gentlemen of England, followed by farmers and laborers. It was from the same class that the thews and sinews came that won the victory of Blenheim, and that at Waterloo helped to beat down the Conqueror of Europe. The Irish and Scotch brigades had equal glory in the campaigns of England. Sixteen hundred men from the little storm-beaten island of Skye stood in the ranks at Waterloo,—besides many heroic regiments from Ireland and Scotland.

But few such men exist now. The stalwart recruits, who, drilled into soldiers, fought the battles of the nation—in India, the Peninsula, and the Low Countries—have almost entirely disappeared. They have either emigrated from Ireland to America or the colonies, or have taken refuge in our manufacturing towns and cities. In the Highlands you may see the ruins of their cottages—

mounds of ruined homes and remnants of old gables; but the men have gone for ever, and will never return. The Highland lairds first wanted their crofts for the feeding of sheep; and then, when they found it paid better, for the feeding of deer. Most rich men now boast of their deer forests in Scotland. They little know how much the pursuit of their pleasure has cost the nation. One American sportsman holds a deer forest from sea to sea—from the German ocean to the Atlantic. Another "Triumph of Democracy"!

It is the same in the Lowlands. There, agricultural labor is for the most part done by machinery. But this is not all. The great bulk of our food is now grown abroad, by the Russians, and especially by the Americans of the far north-west. And while they protect themselves against our manufactures, we let their produce into our country tax-free. The most essential of British industries is in the process of destruction. Every year sees a larger portion of our formerly fertile fields laid down in grass. Hence the farmer is disappearing, and the agricultural laborer with him. Only the incapables are left behind. Cottages, in hamlets and villages, are pulled down so as to give no further shelter, and thus to relieve the poor-rates. If war ever happens—and all Europe is at present armed to the teeth—we shall have to fight for our food at sea; but where the soldiers and sailors are to come from, no one can tell.

We cannot find them in the Highlands, for the glens are depopulated. We cannot find them in Ireland, for whether they be willing to fight or not, the population of that country has diminished from eight to five millions within fifty years. We cannot find them in the English counties, for the agricultural laboarers are leaving their pursuits, swelling the town populations, and aggravating the scarcity of employment. We are therefore driven to our towns and

cities ; but what do we find there? Men able to guide machines and spin an even thread—men more remarkable for mental activity than for bodily vigor—men able to endure their eight or ten hours' work in a heated atmosphere—but quite unable to take the place of the sturdy Highlanders or stalwart English laborers in the work of defending the nation, or even fighting for their foreign-grown bread. City men may be very intellectual, and as receptive of knowledge as sponges, but they are not the men to do the hard and enduring work of outdoor life.

Dr. Beddoe, an accomplished man of science, made a special inquiry into the Stature and Bulk of Man in the British Isles some years ago. In his report he urged the necessity of maintaining the national fibre in the highest condition of physical strength and energy. "Thews and sinews," he said, "may not be so universally and pre-eminently valuable among civilized as among cultivated peoples ; but in all ages, since the English became a nation, their position among other nations has been in a great measure due to the frequency among them of individuals of great strength and physical energy ; and when we as a nation fall below others in this respect, we shall suffer for it not merely in our military, but in our commercial and even in our scientific position."

Dr. Beddoe says that it may be taken as proved that the stature of man has become degenerated in these islands principally by the fact of his transformation from agricultural to manufacturing pursuits ; and that such degencreiation is hereditary and progressive. It is progressive, because manufacturiug populations innconsequence of higher thei wages, drink more, and smoke more, while their offspring often inherit phthisical or syphylitic tendencies, thus causing further degeneration. "If we examine," said Dr. Beddoe, "only a single race at a time, we shall find that wherever that race attains its maximum of physical development, it

rises higher in energy and moral vigor. Thus the inhabitant of Oude or the Punjaub is as superior in courage and energy to the puny Bengali, as he is in bodily conformation And to come to nearer home, I have shown that Scotland in general, Northumberland, Cumberland, parts of Yorkshire and Cornwall, are the portions of Great Britain which produce the finest and largest men. I think it will be acknowledged that they also yield more than their share of ability and energy for the national benefit."*

While great cities may be the centres of enterprise, they are by no means the centres of health and energy. Indeed, the manufacturing towns and cities may be regarded as the graves of the physique of our race. The late Lord Shaftesbury, at one of the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, said that " the rush of modern days to the towns was such that they were sucking up the life-blood and strength of the country." The late Canon Kingsley used to deplore the large proportion of undersized young men and women whom he noticed in the streets of large towns, generally stunted, narrow, and pale. Dr. Ferguson, of Bolton, one of the certifying surgeons under the Factory Acts, has expressed the opinion that the low condition of health in his district is partly to be attributed to intemperance, which tells with additional force on account of the sedentary lives of factory-workers. It is also in a great measure to be attributed to smoking and chewing tobacco ; while the mothers, unable to yield milk, feed their children upon tea and coffee.

There is something, however, to be said for cities. Men are social and sympathetic ; they desire not only pleasure but culture. The ways in which men benefit by frequent

Baddoe, *On the Stature and Bulk of Man in the British Isles* pp. 179, 185. See also Dr. Beddoe's papers on the same subject read at the Social Science Association in 1851 and 161. Dr. Morgan of Manchester, has also published a paper on *The Degeneracy of Race as exchiabited in Town and Country Population.*

intercourse with others are numerous. Science and literature centre in the cities. "Man," says Dr. Guthrie, "reaches his highest condition amid the social influences of the crowded city. His intellect receives its brightest polish where gold and silver lose theirs—tarnished by the searching smoke and foul vapors of city air. The finest flowers of genius have grown in an atmosphere where those of nature are prone to droop and difficult to bring to maturity. The mental powers acquire their full robustness, when the cheek loses it ruddy hue, and the limbs their elastic step, and pale thought sits on manly brows, and the watchman, as he walks his round, sees the student's lamp burning far into the night."

Statistics, it is true, prove that, by means of sanitation, the longevity of city men has been largely increased of late years. The death-rate of London is especially low—much lower than that of most continental cities; and yet the inhabitants breathe a less pure air than in the country, and inhale much smoke and fog. Generally speaking, the mortality is the greatest where the people live closest together. To use the language of Dr. Farr: "The nearer people live to each other, the shorter their lives are." At the present time, it is stated that there are one hundred dwellers in the country to one hundred and ninety-nine dwellers in English towns.

Dr. Johnson, though a native of Lichfield, was fond of London and city life. He was in his glory in Bolt Court. When in his brightest mood, he would say to Boswell, "Come, sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street."—"Why, sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."—"London," he said, "is nothing to some people but to a man whose pleasure is intellectual, London is the place." On another occasion he said: "The town is my element; there are my friends, there are my books, and there are my

amusements. . . . When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Sir Joshua Reynolds was as fond of London as Johnson, "always maintaining," says Malone, "that it was the only place in England where a pleasant society might be found." Though Reynolds had a villa at Richmond, he seldom spent a night there, saying that the human face was his landscape, and that he would not sacrifice the stir of London for any kind of suburban scenery.

But the Londoner, *par excellence*, was Charles Lamb. He was essentially metropolitan in his character. He was born in London, and lived there through boyhood and manhood. He loved London—its streets, its sounds, and its smells. He wandered lovingly among the old bookstalls, and gazed into the shop windows. His whole intellectual and social life was rooted in London. He not only admitted that he was a cockney, but gloried in it. While Sir Walter Scott said: "If I did not see the heather once a year, I think I should die," Charles Lamb said: "I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street, or I should mope and pine away. Let not the lying poets," he added, "be believed, who entice men from the cheerful streets. I would set up my tabernacle there." On one occasion Wordsworth induced Lamb to visit him at his mountain home in Westmoreland. Lamb went, enjoyed the visit, but was never happy until he got back to London and "the sweet security of streets." Writing to Wordsworth on his return, Lamb said: "It was a day that will stand out like a mountain in my life. Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all. I could not *live* on Skiddaw." Writing to Wordsworth on another occasion, as to his associations with London, Lamb said: "These things work themselves into my mind: the room where I was born; the bookcase that has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowl-

edge) wherever I have moved; old chairs; old tables; squares where I have sunned myself; my old school; these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains?"

Very different was the impression made upon a Highland chief during his visit to London. He was the pride of his native glen, and accustomed to the adulation of his clan: "What will they think of the Laird when they see him in London!" Alas! his appearance there excited no sensation; the mighty chief caused no more sensation than the cabman or the driver of a dray horse. How did he account for it on his return to his native glen? "Oh," said he, "London was in a very confused state when I was there!" It is the magnitude, the impassiveness, the bustle and apparent confusion of mighty London, which so powerfully impresses the mind. Heine, the German poet, took a different view from the Highland chief. "I have seen," he says, "the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit; I have seen it, and am still astonished; still there remains fixed in my memory the stone-forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hatred, and of hunger. It is London that I mean. Send a philosopher to London, but, for your life, not a poet! Send a philosopher there, and set him at the corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipsic fair. Whilst all the billows of human life roar around him, a sea of new thoughts will rise within him, and the eternal spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him; he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly. . . . This downright earnestness of all things, this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this troubled spirit in the midst

of pleasure itself, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart."

The Londoner, born and bred in the midst of these sights, has no such feeling. He has been familiar with them all his life, and they make no impression on him. He may become quicker and sharper than if he had been born in the country, but his mind receives no permanent impulse; and though he may be perfect in his own groove, he is but little outside of it. He knows little of the people whom he lives amongst, and of country people still less. Hence the principal movements of society—political and social—have not originated in London. They usually come from the provinces. The late Mr. Cobden used to say, during the Anti-Corn-Law League agitation, that his greatest difficulty was to rouse London. The Londoners were too much occupied with their own special business to look beyond it, or to lend their help to the provincial enthusiasts.

Carlyle, after his first visit to London, said of it: "I had much rather visit London from time to time than live in it. There is, in fact, no *right* life in it that I can find: the people are situated here like plants in a hothouse, to which the quiet influences of sky and earth are never in their unadulterated state admitted. . . . It seems as if you were forever in "an inn," the feeling of *home* in our acceptation of the term is not known to one of a thousand."

Like other great cities, London attracts enterprising and energetic minds from all parts of the nation. It is the headquarters of intellect, law, business, and speculation. In all these departments, we find men from the country occupying the front rank. Our Prime Ministers are mostly from the agricultural districts. A recent Lord-Chancellor and an Attorney-General hailed from Belfast, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury from Edinburgh. Even the

student of Craigenputtock was eventually attracted to London, and issued volume after volume from his house in Cheyne Walk.* Men from the country conduct London newspapers, sit on judges' benches, write books, manage railways, and are at the head of large city concerns. From Whittington's time until now, they have enjoyed a large share of city honors and dignities. Probably more men from the country have risen to be Lord Mayor † than born Londoners, with all their advantages of endowed education, family connection, and guild and city influences. Men from the country—who have come in contact with the soil, and are fresh from the mother earth—are often the greatest lovers of London and city life. They love it for its resources, its scope for merit, its social liberty, and its ever-varying active life. They can return to the country from time to time, to visit it, if not to live there. Younger men have their holidays, and enjoy themselves as volunteers or on their bicycles and tricycles, scouring the country for some sixty miles round the metropolis; thus maintaining an amount of physical health, which, even in the country, can scarcely be surpassed.

*The British Museum, and afterwards the London Library, which Carlyle helped to found, were among his greatest attractions in London. Even Louis Blanc could not write his *French Revolution* without studying the *Affiches* in the British Museum—the only library in which they exist in a complete form.

† See Orridge's *Citizens of London and their Rulers*, pp. 220-257.

CHAPTER IX.

SINGLE AND MARRIED—HELPS-MEET.

Love makes the woman's life
Within doors and without.—Sir S. FERGUSON.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.—SHAKESPEARE.

It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even:
That fall like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots.—W. B. SCOTT.

Shepheard, what's Love I praie thee tell?
Is it that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell?
Is it, perhaps, that sauncing bell,
That toules all into heaven or hell?
And this is Love, as I heare tell.—Sir W. RALEIGH.

IN describing some of the more important characteristics of biography, the relations which exist between men and women cannot be overlooked. Love and marriage influence the minds of most men, bringing help and solace to some, and misery to others. "We love," says Virey, "because we do not live forever: we purchase love at the expense of our life." "Nuptial love," says Lord Bacon, "maketh mankind; Friendly love perfecteth it; but Wanton love corrupteth and debaseth it."

There cannot be a doubt that Christian civilization has greatly elevated the position of woman, and enabled her to preserve that manhood of the soul which acknowledges no sex. It is through her influence that men and women are taught these divine lessons of morality and religion which maintain the reign of civilization. It is at the sanctuary