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BEYOND.

Man's senses do not disclose the world to his mind: they only suggest it. The eye is of amazing utility, and yet it sees only a small part of the landscape. Standing on the shore of the deep, man can make a survey of twelve miles of wave and sparkle. The main ocean lies wholly out of reach of his eye and ear and touch. Yet from such an outlook, from a coast, this sensitive creature turns away toward his cottage with his heart full of the thought that it has seen immensity. Perhaps the heart did: the eye did not. This same mortal climbs a hill inland and sees a valley outstretching in all directions, and he once more feels that something awful has just come into his soul through his sight. True enough, but that grand something was not that valley. In both these instances the objects so viewed and admired were greater than those dimensions taken in by the sense. These surveys by the eye only suggested a vast expanse that was not seen. Sense, therefore, suggests rather than reveals. Man is an animal wholly pervaded by the—Beyond. What his sense perceives he at once multiplies by thousands and millions, and thinks not of the unit upon which he began his mathematical operation. His five senses are only the little seeds which, by an instantaneous process, not known to gardeners, rise up into trees and in a second pass to leaf and flower and fruit. In music the ear becomes not a realization but a suggestion, for

kind, for the special interest of this island, that the Mussulman Asiatic should reign over the Christian European, that nations struggling to be free should be kept down as bondmen on their own soil. Many deem that it is a specially honorable and patriotic course, specially agreeable to the feelings and duties of a free people, to help to keep them in their bondage. Some think otherwise. They think, as the old Greek thought, that freedom is a brave thing; they are led to sympathize with nations striving for freedom rather than with the foreign oppressor who holds them under his yoke. They think that to give help to the cause of those struggling nations is in itself a worthy work, that it is a work specially becoming a free people, that it is a work, above all, becoming a free people, who, as they hold, have promised to do it. Here are two ways of looking at a great question, neither of which ways is of much value unless it is grounded on knowledge of the facts. It is not for me to say here which inference is the right one. I can say only, study the facts and judge for yourselves.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION IN THE SOUTH.

Literature, from the earliest periods, has always centered itself about great cities, great institutions of learning, great libraries, and powerful religious organizations. The sacred books of the Hebrews could only be fitly studied at Jerusalem. The ancient Greek, for whom the culture of Athens was insufficient in his day, went to Alexandria, where he had access to the most world-renowned philosophers and to the parchments of the schools. The youths of Achaia and the outlying regions of Greece must needs resort to the Academy and the Porch. Ambitious Ciceros found in Athens that fostering influence not

afforded by the city of the Cæsars. Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus could only flourish under the genial patronage of a Macænas in the imperial center. And, to come down to later periods, the mediæval scholars sought Salerno and Pisa and Padua; the Gascon boy went up to Paris; Roger Ascham could only find the learning he needed at Cambridge; Chaucer must live in the light of London; the German must leave his Swabia and go to Leipsic or Göttingen.

When we look at the outcome of literature, therefore, we find little accomplishment anywhere but in the great centers of wealth and power and population. Sophocles cannot find stimulus enough to incite him to the production of his immortal tragedies in his native Colonus. Petrarch must come to Rome if he would receive the poet's crown. Edmund Spenser cannot please himself with his "Faërie Queen" at his isolated Irish Kilcolman Castle. Shakespeare must be in the neighborhood of the Mitre Tavern, the Globe Theater, and his friend "rare Ben" in order to do his work aright. Dr. Johnson must go up to Grub street before he can write a book.

Since it is clear, then, that every worker, be he brain-toiler or mere handicraftsman, must have his tools, and that those tools must be within easy reach, we argue that for the cultivation of letters, for the profession of literature *as a trade*, there must be the coincidence of certain advantageous circumstances in order to success. There must be the incentive of critical and sympathetic minds; there must be libraries, vicinage, the attrition of society, booksellers, publishing houses, the visible consciousness of literary demand anxiously awaiting literary supply. All these tools are as necessary to the implantation and the cultivation and the successful pursuit of the literary life as are the pigments and canvas to the painter, the chisel and marble to the sculptor, or the rule and plane to the carpenter. Therefore, there must be close population, the neighborhood of cities, the spur of contact, mental action and reaction, peaceful leisures, freedom from petty exigencies—in short, the felt presence of throbbing human-

ity. "Cling to the city and live in her light, my friend!" writes Cicero to his Cœlius; "for those who have abilities, Rome is the place."

This, of course, has special reference to the pursuit of literature *as a profession*. What encouragement is there, even for the artisan, if there is no patronage close at hand? Isolate him, leave him without any near him to appreciate his work, and he will lack the stimulus that would make him a skillful workman. Cellini must carry his metal carvings to the pope if he means to have the approval of the great.

We do not forget that much of the world's grandest specimens of literature were never produced *as literature*. St. Bernard did not write his moving Latin hymns, that will endure to the end of time, because he wanted to be called a poet. Langdale produced "Piers Plowman" for other reasons than to be named the father of English verse. Dante used his splendid poetic faculty, first of all, as a two-edged sword wherewith to smite his enemies. In the great results of the Reformation, the literature of it was a wholly secondary matter. The barons who drew up Magna Charta did not study fine periods. The Solemn League and Covenant, the Petition of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, were not framed with the purpose of literary effect. And when we remember how often in the world's history the literature that has had the least self-consciousness, that has had in view only some lofty end, has proved the most perfect, even when judged by the strict canons of literary art, it would seem as if the modern test—art for art's sake—did not hold good. The venerable Bede, the scholarly Alfred, the intrepid Wycliffe, had little thought of the artistic quality of their work when they were holding up their torches amid the earlier Anglican darkness. The old masters painted for religion's sake. No moderns make such Madonnas as Fra Angelico's or Raphael's. When Madame Rambouillet opened her salon in Paris, and thereby took the initiative in the awakening of French intellect, she did not do it for art's sake. She mourned

over the frivolity and folly of French aristocratic life, and only sought thus to erect some sort of breakwater against the deluge of corruption around her—not to become the leader of that Renaissance whose outcome we have in Corneille, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Racine, and Bossuet.

Even in the Elizabethan age of letters, the great minds of England were wrought up to magnificent effort by other than art's impulse or the pursuit of literature purely for itself. The wonderful events of those formative times stirred up all men's souls to something like an unnatural state of mental activity. Shakespeare, no doubt, would have poured forth the marvelous treasures of his genius under any circumstances. But although, as our most brilliant of American essayists says, "he built up his character as instinctively as a bird does her nest," yet his immediate surroundings had everything to do with his accomplished work, breathing as he did the same air with Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, and the heroes of the Armada's overthrow. This was a pressure infinitely outweighing the fact that his wife and children were to be provided for at Shotttery, and that he had an ambition for building "New Place."

After our too long exordium, which, however, we deemed necessary to the furnishing of the deductions intended to be drawn from it, we come now to consider the subject before us—the lack, for it almost amounts to that, of a class devoted to the profession of literature in our Southern States, and the reasons thereof.

The two States of the South which have given tone and character to the educated class above all the others are Virginia and South Carolina. They were the earliest settled, and their after-prestige has been pre-eminent. Their first colonists were the best sort of English and French emigrants. The pet colony of the mother-country, the Old Dominion, had almost always as governor some royal and titled favorite, even down to Revolutionary times. We do not claim that there was any advantage in that—the reverse, perhaps: we

only mention it as a fact that the status of affairs was overweeningly aristocratic from the beginning. The younger sons of noble English families came over to the new possessions to better their fortunes by scores and hundreds. Sorry enough colonists some of them were, so far as real manly work was concerned. But at this day to attempt to deny the fact that the preponderating portion of the early settlers were not well-born people is to fly in the face of all the records of history. It only needs to turn Bancroft's pages and go back to colonial days to observe how strong, and at times unmanageable, the aristocratic element was. As we write, a leading journal in Richmond is giving up its columns from week to week to the colonial record of the genealogies that concern hundreds of Virginia families—records verified by incontestable references given in profusion. Therefore, it is not a matter for ridicule, as it has come to be the fashion in some quarters to make it, that the early Virginia colonists who prided themselves on their good blood should have transmitted the feeling to their children: the absurdity is, for their descendants to satisfy themselves with the fact, and be content "to sup on past recollections."

So in South Carolina. The Huguenots of France, exiled by the revocation of the Edict, found footing in the new State, and early gave its one important city that pronounced character for high breeding, refinement, gentle manners, and chivalrous living which obtained in Charleston in larger measure one hundred years ago than to-day. There, also, the commingling of the English element was large. These settlers brought habits, traditions, and prejudices with them that rule their descendants in both these dominant States down to this hour. They were largely drawn from classes to whom manual labor had never been a necessity, nor the making of their own daily bread a pressure and incentive. They found themselves in a land where light exertion secured independence. The climate was genial, and imposed no heavy burdens on them, as on the inhabitants of the New England and Middle States, where one half the year

is taken up in providing for the other half, or, as a facetious New Hampshire friend once expressed it, "where you prepare your dinner six months before you eat it." But a brief period elapsed, too, before the system of African slavery was imposed upon the South by the mother-country—a system whose influence in liberating the best classes of citizens from the necessity of work has perhaps, in the long run, been far other than a benefit. We have no reasonings to bring forward; we merely note the fact. A spirit of distaste for work of any kind was the natural result of this condition of things, and it too soon became an inheritance which descended as surely to the children of the colonists as did their estates won from the wilderness. We do not deny that a certain physical and mental indolence thus induced has had a hurtful effect on the Southern character. When the goad of necessity is removed, when the incentive that leads men to aspire to the attainment of higher position is lacking, from the very fact that they are as high as they care to be, communities are not apt to trouble themselves with any sort of discipline that calls for exertion, restraint, and self-denial.

The predominant tastes of the South were, from the beginning, English; and an Englishman is a rural animal to the very marrow of his bones. He endures cities, but his greed is to live on his own land; and if by good luck the possession of his fields can but date back (as it does in the case of multitudes of middle-class men like Charles Kingsley) to the Norman thieves who landed at Hastings—"whom," as Emerson says, "it took a good many generations to trim, comb, and perfume into gentlemen"—so much greater the pride. What Englishman of means *chooses* to live in Liverpool, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or Sheffield? With this engrained tradition and prejudice, the first settlers of Virginia and Carolina paid little attention to the building of towns and cities; and to this day all out-and-out Southerners have a smothered contempt for what they are pleased to call the vulgarity of towns. We know multitudes of planters who would feel stifled in a city, and who, as a mere matter of

preference, would rather have their old wooden mansions, with their too often rickety verandahs, than a four-story brown-store front. To own plantations so large that the daily morning ride over them was a hearty day's exercise, was enough for the masters of the old régime: to have scores or hundreds of black retainers, like feudal dependents, around him, was sufficiently flattering to his self-importance. To such men the narrow limits of town and city life were nothing but dwarfing.

This mode of life, so free, so independent, so allied to nature, had disadvantages, from which the whole South suffers at this moment. It separated influential families; it imposed sparse population; it engendered a spirit of overweening self-content; it tended to a sentiment of hurtful exclusiveness; it interfered with public organizations for the general good; it kept large schools from being established; it discouraged the founding of colleges and universities and hospitals and asylums; it made against the creation of literary centers; it segregated the educated and literary men, and so rendered ineffective an influence which, if massed, might have been powerful. "Why," the planter of forty years ago would ask—"why take upon ourselves the trouble and expense of founding universities when the North has Harvard and Yale and Nassau Hall to which we can send our sons, who are all the better for this experience abroad?" For, until the slavery agitation began to take hold of the public mind, there was not the slightest objection to sending boys North for their education. It was much commoner then than it now is for our Northern academic youth to finish up with Berlin and Bonn. Look over the old catalogues of various Northern colleges, and the surprise will be to find how largely their students were from the Southern States. The same argument applied to literature. Even had the disposition and ability not been wanting, why should the easy-going South Carolinian, Georgian, or Virginian vex his ease by writing books, or printing magazines, or editing on any large scale daily newspapers? The North had all the appliances at hand, and could

do it better, and would do it, anyhow; and the idea of competition was a bother. He would not disturb his epicurean calm by compiling even a spelling-book; Noah Webster had done it. That would suffice. William and Mary College *could* not be manned like Harvard or Yale, so why not be content with the former? Hampden-Sidney could not compete with Princeton, so where's the use of worry? Cui bono? And so they sauntered on.

As to the matter of teachers, the parents of Southern children were wholly satisfied to look up the foreign product for their girls and boys. Such a thing as Southern-born youths fitting themselves for teachers would have seemed laughable in the good old day. Large numbers of graduates of the English, Irish, and Scotch universities made their way to the South, ready to exchange the product of their brains for bread; and a very convenient exchange it was thought to be. Hundreds of young New England men and women came down seeking places as tutors and governesses; and no family of any standing could be found that had not its tutor and governess for their rising scions. Even yet the custom has not fallen into entire disuse.

This isolated plantation life, so universal long ago, was a real hindrance to mental activity and stimulus in the way of literary production. It is curious even yet to look over the well-preserved, calf-bound volumes of an old plantation library. There will be Clarendon's History, the old Dramatists, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Smith, Tillotson, Addison, Hume, with stray copies of "Evelina," "Pepys's Diary," "Marmion," Miss Austen's early novels, but rarely the modern historians or novelists, or even poets. One is far more apt to find Pope than Tennyson. But, whatever is absent, there will be sure to be books of genealogy, and some copy of "The Peerage," though it be not Sir Bernard Burke's. The reading of these books sufficed for the elegant, courtly men they recall their grandfathers as being; and for the stately women, who seem to put to shame the degeneracy of the dames of to-day; and why not for them? A pride

and enthusiasm for libraries made up of the literature of the last forty years is not common even among the educated men of the South, exclusive of specialists and professional men. We would be unjust to the South if we intimated that there has not existed, and does not now exist, among the educated classes an acquaintance with current literature. It would be hard to find a young lady who had not read George Eliot, or a young man of education who does not know something of Darwin and Huxley, not to speak of Dickens, Thackeray, William Plack, or Thomas Hardy. But, as a general thing, modern books do not fill up the shelves of well-to-do, old-fashioned planters.

Along with other English characteristics pertinaciously clung to, the love for out-door sports has always been one of the most positive inheritances. To sit within the house and pore over books, instead of being abroad on a fine horse, with a pack of baying hounds at heel, has ever seemed to the bona-fide Southern man a sort of woman's work. He is apt to think, with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, that "if there is a sight on earth that God looks down upon with special pleasure it is a fine man on a fine horse." Southerners are all bold riders. It would not be easy to find a boy of ten who could not manage any animal you would seat him upon. Hence, until the civil war altered the whole face of things, fox hunts, deer hunts, bear hunts even, and partridge shooting were the regular pastimes of the people. In the region around us still the annual fox hunts come off as regularly as October appears.

Nevertheless, throughout all our rural districts east of the Appalachian chain, the sons of planters, as a rule, have been classically educated. There never has been any lack of home-born men wherewith to fill the learned professions among us; but, as we have said above, the spur of stimulus to active literary labor has been greatly wanting. The thousands in the North who turn to letters as a means of livelihood have heretofore had no corresponding class in the South. We are instituting no invidious comparisons. Things have wholly changed in the last

twenty years; and in the trial of new experiences there are many now who would gladly be possessed of the capability and self-reliance of the young men and women of New England, who not only can help themselves, but provide by their individual labor for the sustenance of the home circle. A new South must grow up before there can be such a state of things general among us.

It may seem a damaging admission, and one that smacks of rude old times, to say that it has been a widespread feeling among Southern people that the following of literature *as a profession* has been considered just a trifle effeminate. But this admission may as well be made, for it is true. Our youth have been so brought up to hear political talk from their very cradles; they have learned to be so on the defensive in regard to the peculiar institution; they have been more or less in the exercise of a certain power, arising from the presence of a servile race; the temptation to live in the midst of and help to control affairs has been so present to them,—that this vivid life has had charms not found in any scholarly seclusion. Southern literature has run in the line of state papers and national speeches and senatorial debates and patriotic orations. In this channel the South is not content to yield superiority to the North. It has indeed become a taunt that the South aims to raise only statesmen and public characters. This, without doubt, has been one of the rocks on which our literary force has too much spent and broken itself. And here again obtains too largely the English idea that the great proprietors and landholders have everything to do with the government of the country. The English country gentleman has his eye on the House of Commons; the career of legislator has had overweening attractions for the Southern educated mind. The withdrawn life of letters has seemed slow; its results were not immediate, nor were they assured. Even those who might have distinguished themselves with their pens have been turned aside. Jefferson would rather have been the author of the Declaration of Independence than

have written all Addison's essays. Marshall, though he produced the accepted biography of the first President, did it as a labor of love, not a work of ambition—not as Motley wrote the history of William the Silent. But whatever literary power he was possessed of was soon diverted to the far more important work of giving shape to the jurisprudence of the United States—a work equaling, perhaps, what has been done by Kent or Story.

Madison and Monroe chose to spend their strength upon state papers rather than upon the elegance of letters. Wirt, with his charm of style, might have been almost a Geoffrey Crayon, but politics overruled him. Kennedy could easily have disputed laurels with Cooper had his native Maryland not found more important work for him to do. Legare might have written works on international law equal to others had not South Carolina needed him for something else. There have been multitudes of strangled poets who had the spirit of song choked out by surrounding circumstances. Public Southern opinion decided that there was something more virile to do than spend one's days in polishing tropes. At all events, such a choice, if there were nothing else to look to, was sure to condemn the chooser to that *res angusta domi* which the comfort-loving, physical nature of the Simon-pure Southerner does not find agreeable. Mingling with affairs, or looking after his own cotton, rice, or tobacco fields, would leave him far wider margins for the cultivation of his strong social instincts, and add infinitely more to his pecuniary importance. And, then, was it not, in the eye of all around him, voted more manly? (Perhaps the erratic and brief career of our Virginia poet, Edgar Poe, had a damaging influence on the literary life as viewed from the standpoint of success.) We have no sympathy, not even the remotest, with any such feeling as this to which we have alluded, and only call attention to it as one of the singular anomalies of opinion that may have had something to do in deterring the youth of our Southern land from throwing them-

selves into the profession of literature. "Measure goods behind a counter," the parents of some of them would certainly have said, "if you must, but leave the spinning of verses to girls, and the painting of pictures and carrying of marbles to those effeminate people who have not thew and sinew for man's work."

It has been undeniable that to be a poet only, to be an artist and no more, to be a sculptor, a novelist, an essayist, a mere producer of pleasure for other people, *as a trade*, has not seemed the highest aim of manhood to the contracted vision of the Southerner. When the Shah of Persia, on his visit, a few years ago, to England, saw the duchesses and noble ladies dancing till they wearied themselves, he innocently asked, "Why do these lovely ladies tire themselves so? In my country we have people to do this for us!"

We are not yet sufficiently freed from the traditions and prejudices of by-gone generations to feel that there is true nobility in every kind of labor—to realize that

No earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
That 'tis not gathered as a grain of sand
To swell the sum of human action, used
For carrying out God's end.

Yet mixed up with our Saxon blood we have no little of the nerve and activity of the old Norman elements of chivalry and strength and manliness—elements which have saved the higher classes of the South from the undue domination of soft climate, easy living, and the too general exemption from the goads of labor. For when the stress has come, the educated mind among us has always roused itself to meet the emergency. When the occasion demanded, Patrick Henry could flash his burning words of patriotism like a Chatham. The wars of the Revolution, of 1812, of Mexico, could summon forth as leaders Washington, Jackson, and Scott. The late unhappy war furnished as many heroes to the world's eye from the South as the North.

The common soldier from the forests of Maine could not out-suffer the common soldier from the swamps of Georgia.

The slender finger of Randolph of Roanoke was able to make senates stir at times. Calhoun could show himself a stern Cato. Hayne was not afraid to cross swords with Webster. Clay could prove himself a parliamentary leader like Fox. Preston of South Carolina could charm like Everett. But, then, the underlying motive that goaded the performance was something stronger than any thought of literature, or art, or perfection for perfection's sake could ever have furnished. It was the sort of stimulus that now and then made Napoleon in presence of his armies an orator.

Another reason of the hitherto low condition of literary execution among us has been the fact that we have been too content with ourselves just as we are; and the dead level of such stagnant content has barred progress in the direction of letters, as it has our material prosperity. Our critics and judges give a harsher name to the characteristic, and call it superciliousness; and perhaps they have some reason for doing so. Just as we have scorned to substitute for our old plantation homes, with their broad spaces, their cosy ways of living, their old-fashioned ease and refinement, the modern spruce villa, with its varied appliances for comfort and its labor-saving mechanisms, so have we clung to the wonted system of things. It was very well under that system to insist upon the pitcher of water being brought fresh from the gushing spring an eighth of a mile off when any one was athirst, since a bevy of little black runners were glad to have something to do for a change; but, now that these same runners are studying Latin and calculus, it becomes us to alter our base, and lay down the more convenient water-pipes.

No doubt, too, our conservative South has been intensely provincial in many ways. Our people have lived to themselves, and so have missed the mental attrition which mingling with the world at large furnishes. They have not gone about as travel-

ers to the extent that Northern people have. They have not been familiarized with literary circles; they have not in large enough degree seen works of art or architecture; they have not sufficiently walked foreign galleries and studied the masterpieces of antiquity, and wandered over museums and stood in the quadrangles of hoary universities, and grown enthusiastic over the glorious achievements of the old world. They have not realized how all lands crown with their highest honors their literary and artistic workers.

For the last fifteen years the South has been endeavoring to right herself. Like a great vessel that has weathered the storm with the loss of all her sails and masts, she is trimming herself as bravely as she can to meet the emergencies before her. She sees plainly enough now that

The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways!

and there grows gradually over the Southern mind a spirit of acquiescence and acceptance.

Those who are observant of the signs of the time see tokens everywhere that predict the passing away of the hindering traditions and prejudices that, sacred as they may have seemed to the old generations, will now only prove trammels to the new. On all hands the South is beginning to encourage the upbuilding of its towns and cities: the old plantation life has lost its prestige, and never can be again what it was in the past. Neighborhoods are trying to crowd more together. The impulse of vicinage is being felt. Our schools and colleges are everywhere coming into healthy operation. The weak idea of the servility of labor is fast losing ground. Fresh life has been infused into our daily and weekly press. Notwithstanding their greater poverty, the Southern people go abroad far more than they did in ante-bellum days, and thereby get the cobwebs of prejudice swept from their brains. We have text-books now issuing from our universities; we have volumes of poems published of which

even The Saturday Review and The Academy of London condescend to take note; we have begun to send forth essays and travels and books of science that meet the commendation of the best critics of the land. We might add instances and references to verify what we have said, but it is outside of our purpose to go into any individual detail.

A bright and attractive future, then, we believe is about to open before those among us who may hereafter give themselves to letters. With the possession of genius, which nature has not made a matter of geography; with the full equipment which a thorough culture demands; with the priceless inheritance of the richest historic associations; with a marvelously picturesque past, whose local coloring is the fairest which this transatlantic land affords; with the material prosperity which in time must come; with our noble rivers, our unopened mines, our varied and delicious climates, our great world-staples—cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar; with the influx of new populations; with the stir and march and thunder of the times filling our ears; with the wealth and prosperity that must give our Southern land its proper place among the great brotherhood of states,—what is there to hinder this wide, vast South from taking its position as a leader in the world of letters, as the equal and peer of the North? That in the nature of things this time will speedily come, we surely do believe.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lexington, Va.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

MY DEAR —: My present letter will be given to a single figure. When I entered at Oxford John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of