

manuscript by his side, Emerson was yet so conversant with his carefully studied theme and diction that he was able to speak into the ears as well as the ears of his audience. A contemporary journal said: "He has a horror of extempore speaking. . . . and a further horror of reporters, who seize and slaughter his fresh utterances."¹

There was, however, more than grace of manner to gain for Emerson the epithet of Lowell, "the most steadily attractive lecturer in America." The mental and moral strength of thought were illumined by a literary form which was all his own. The mingling of serenity and fearless force are readily noted in his best addresses. As an example, let us recall the poetic tenderness, changing to swift challenge, in the opening paragraphs of the Divinity School Address: "In this reticent summer, it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tist of flowers. The air is full of birds and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm of Gilead, and the new hay. . . . Whenever the pulpit is usurped by a formalist, then is the worshipper degraded and disconsolate. We shrink as soon as the prayers begin, which do not uplift, but smite and offend us."

In revising his lectures for the published volume, Emerson condensed and corrected with exhaustive patience. Yet in the preparation of these lectures he was never hasty or inconsiderate. Each thought, each sentence, was weighed with scrupulous exactness, that the listener might receive its full and direct force. Hence arose those terse epigrams which Sir Leslie Stephen has called, in apt analogy, "the gnomic utterances which are to the cultivated what proverbs are to the vulgar." Despite his wonderful popularity, Emerson had his malcontents and critics. There was the Western farmer who disconsolately walked out of the hall, shaking his head disapprovingly after listening to a few sentences, while Emerson's eyes followed him in questioning sadness. There were also a few who denounced his lectures as illogical and incomplete. Such criticism, in large measure, was just; and to-day he would suffer yet more from attacks upon his arguments, or his lack of them. "Systems of Logic" were uninteresting to him; inconsistency was often advocated as a matter of individual uprightness. In the main, his auditors were content, as his readers are now, to find delight in the separate particles of his brilliant and stimulating optimism, without seeking to weave a perfect tissue of logic or a complete philosophy of life. To common minds, there has ever been a charm in the calm courage of this man, who

"in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every-day."

The noble ideals and sincerity of the man, as speaker or writer, surpassed any defects of sequence. To his auditors of the past, as to his readers of the present, Emerson was a vital inspiration for "the life of the spirit." ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

The Arts Books.

MORE DARWIN LETTERS.*

Nearly twenty years ago the writer of these lines was one of a great crowd gathered in the hall of the Natural History Museum in London, to witness the unveiling of the statue of Darwin. Conspicuous among those who took part in the ceremony were Professor Huxley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Prince of Wales — now King Edward. In a worldly sense, the man who was once so reviled had completely triumphed; but Mr. Huxley touched a deeper chord when he declared that the statue was not placed there merely to perpetuate Darwin's memory, — that ran no risk of oblivion; neither was it to indicate the official sanction of the authorities, — for science recognized no such sanction. "No," he said, "we beg you to cherish this memorial as a symbol by which, as generation after generation of students enter yonder door, they shall be reminded of the ideal according to which they must shape their lives, if they would turn to best account the opportunities offered by the great institution under your charge." No words could be more fitting, and it is with exactly the same feeling that we finish the reading of the volumes now under review. We are not concerned now to praise Darwin's intellect; we are not concerned to defend his theory; we think only with reverence and affection of the man who lived the life we would fain live; who showed us, in the midst of a trivial world, what our kind is capable of. When such men are possible, it is worth while to be a human being!

It is a Darwinian principle that when in a variable species some individuals are better fitted than others to live and propagate, these will increase and gradually supplant those less suited to the environment. Thus what was exceptional, once having come into existence, may become normal. So again under conditions of cultivation, if the gardener can get one blue rose, he may in time have all he wants. Hence it is that in the lives of noble men we see the greatest promise for the human race. We cannot raise intellect like turnips, nor can we mechanically cultivate the gentle flowers of modesty, integrity, and affection; but we can, as a people, so far control our environment that

* MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. A Record of His Work in a Series of Hitherto Unpublished Letters. Edited by Francis Darwin, Fellow of Christ's College, and A. C. Seward, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the best shall come to their own. If all that is noble in the human species is permitted to develop, and worth is the only cause of wealth, not only will the race be much bettered for the time being, but on good Darwinian principles, it will advance. Here is our opportunity: how are we using it?

These remarks are suggested by the obvious reflection that but for the possession of inherited wealth, Darwin would have been practically lost to the world. His continual ill-health would have made it difficult for him to have earned any sort of a living, and out of the question to do in addition any scientific work. For twenty years he studied evolution, before he was willing to publish; and all this while he would have been considered to be wasting his time, according to the opinion of the day. His books were eventually a source of revenue, but for many years his conduct was exactly the reverse of that necessary for "getting on." That one of the greatest men the world has ever produced was not utterly crushed and annihilated, is seen to be the result of what may fairly be termed an accident. With the most favorable conditions, we cannot expect to produce many like Darwin; but it is to be feared that we are criminally blind and extravagantly wasteful.

Some idea of Darwin's continual ill-health may be gathered from frequent passages in the letters; for example:

"My health is better than it was a few years ago, but I never pass a day without much discomfort and the sense of extreme fatigue" (letter 286; 1878).

"My health is considerably improved, so that I am able to work nearly two hours a day" (letter 363; 1866).

One could not help marvelling at the thought of what Darwin would have done if he had enjoyed robust health; but then the question arose, how could a man have done more than he did? Upon closer consideration, I believe that in a certain sense Darwin's great power was partly the result of his ill-health, which so greatly reduced his power of doing active work. Though he may nominally have worked only a few hours each day, at other times his mind was not idle, and he had ample time for reflection. From what we now know of the human mind, it is impossible to doubt that even his moments of idleness and mere musing were often moments of illumination. I believe we destroy as much talent by submerging it in the details of active work, as by neglecting its existence.

Darwin's ideas upon education are of much interest to us. Of course a passage in a letter

must not always be regarded as expressing a settled opinion, but the following sentences are at least significant:

"I am one of the root and branch men, and would leave classics to be learnt by those alone who have sufficient zeal and the high taste requisite for their appreciation. . . . I was at school at Shrewsbury under a great scholar, Dr. Butler; I learnt absolutely nothing, except by amusing myself by reading and experimenting in chemistry. Dr. Butler somehow found this out, and publicly scolded at me before the whole school for such gross waste of time" (letter 774; 1867).

"I really think you cannot go on better, for educational purposes, than you are now doing—observing, thinking and some reading best, in my opinion, all systematic education" (letter 646, to J. Scott, 1863).

Closely connected with this topic are his views on English style, and the letter just quoted continues:

"Do not despair about your style. . . . I never study style; all that I do is to try to get the subject as clear as I can in my own head, and express it in the commonest language which comes to me. But I generally have to think a good deal before the simplest arrangement and words occur to me."

Again (letter 151; 1862):

"It is a golden rule always to use, if possible, a short old Saxon word. Seek a sentence as 'so purely dependent is the incipient plant on the specific morphological tendency' does not sound to my ears like good mother English—it wants translating."

It seems remarkable to us, who readily accept the familiar idea of evolution, that when the "Origin of Species" appeared, so many talented and competent men should have been unable to see its value. Darwin came fully to realize the difficulty of changing the trend of a well-occupied mind; in a letter to Wallace (letter 442) concerning a difference of opinion about protective resemblances he writes:

"But we shall never convince each other. I sometimes marvel how truth progresses, so difficult is it for one man to convince another, unless his mind is vacant. Nevertheless, I myself to a certain extent contradict my own remarks, for I believe far more in the importance of protection than I did before reading your articles."

Writing to Alexander Agassiz (letter 498) he says:

"I do hope that you will re-urge your views about the reappearance of old characters, for, as far as I can judge, the most important views are often neglected unless they are urged and re-urged."

No one was less "cock sure" than Darwin, though he could nearly always give good reasons for his opinions, and would not give them up unless convinced by better ones. He writes to Wallace in 1868: "I grieve to differ from you, and it actually terrifies me and makes me constantly distrust myself" (letter 449). He

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had learned by hard experience the difficulty of being accurate; he writes to J. Scott (a gardener who was in a certain sense his pupil):

"Accuracy is the soul of Natural History. It is hard to become accurate; he who modifies a hair's breadth will never be accurate. It is a golden rule, which I try to follow, to put every fact which is opposed to one's preconceived opinion in the strongest light. Absolute accuracy is the hardest merit to attain, and the highest merit. Any deviation is ruin" (letter 617).

The letters, like those in the earlier "Life and Letters," reveal throughout the charming relations between Darwin and his friends, and his unfeeling courtesy to all. Often there is a playful sally thinly covering a deep and tender feeling, as in a letter to Hooker (letter 612):

"Your letter is a mine of wealth, but first I must scold you: I cannot allow to hear you abuse yourself, even in joke, and call yourself a stupid dog. You, in fact, thus abuse me, because for long years I have looked up to you as the man whose opinion I have valued more on any scientific subject than any one else in the world. I continually marvel at what you know, and at what you do."

Again to Hooker in 1881 (letter 764):

"I cannot but think that you are too kind and civil to visitors, and too conscientious about your official work. But a man cannot cure his virtues, any more than his vices, after early youth; so you must bear your burden. It is, however, a great misfortune for science that you have so very little spare time for the Genera [Plantarum]."

Writing to Huxley in 1868 (letter 208) he says:

"I never received a note from you in my life without pleasure; but whether this will be so after you have read passages, I am very doubtful. Oh Lord, what a blowing up I may receive! I write now partly to say that you must not think of looking at my book till the summer, when I hope you will read passages, for I care for your opinion on such a subject more than for that of any other man in Europe. You are so terribly sharp-sighted and so confoundingly honest!"

Darwin's family life was almost ideal; he had the happiness of seeing most of his children grow up and occupy useful places in the world, two of them—Francis and George—attaining eminence in science. It is not wonderful that talent should have appeared among the Darwin children, for their mother was a Wedgwood, and here was a combination of superior blood quite fulfilling Mr. Galton's ideal. We are given an excellent portrait of Mrs. Darwin, and the following passage from Darwin's autobiography is printed for the first time:

"You all know your mother, and what a good mother she has ever been to all of you. She has been my greatest blessing, and I can declare that in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word I would rather have been unaided. She has never failed in kindest sympathy towards me, and has borne with the utmost

patience my frequent complaints of ill-health or discomfort. I do not believe she has ever missed an opportunity of doing a kind action to any one near her. I marvel at my good fortune that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife. She has been my wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life, which without her would have been during a very long period a miserable one from ill-health. She has earned the love of every soul near her" (vol. I, p. 30).

His old age was cheered by the arrival of a grandchild, of whom he writes (letter 754): "We all in this house humbly adore our grandchild, and think his little pimple of a nose quite beautiful." It must be another grandchild whose intelligence is compared with that of a monkey. It appears that the monkey

"was very fond of looking through her [Lady Hobhouse's] eyeglass at objects, and moved the glass nearer and further so as to vary the focus. This struck me, as Frank's son, nearly two years old (and we think much of his intellect!) is very fond of looking through my pocket lens, and I have quite in vain endeavored to teach him not to put the glass close down on the object, but he always will do so. Therefore I conclude that a child under two years is inferior in intellect to a monkey" (letter 417).

Most of the letters deal with concrete things, but here and there we find a bit of philosophical suggestion or speculation. The following written to Hooker is interesting:

"I quite agree how humiliating the slow progress of man is, but every one has his own pet horror, and this slow progress or even personal annihilation sinks in my mind into insignificance compared with the idea or rather I presume certainty of the sun some day cooling and we all freezing. To think of the progress of millions of years, with every continent swarming with good and enlightened men, all ending in this, and with probably no fresh start until this our planetary system has been again converted into red-hot gas. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, with a vengeance" (letter 185).

However, at the rate at which mammalia appear to change, when this happens *Homo sapiens* will presumably have either died out or changed into an entirely different genus, not to say species! I suppose this is about as certain as the other event, and it is a little hard to feel that superior beings may arise who will think of us as we regard our long-past mammalian ancestors,—beings so different from ourselves that if we could see them we should only regard them with fear and hatred. Considerations such as these constitute a strong argument for human immortality in spiritual form, not because they afford the least particle of proof, but because they arouse in us a feeling that immortality is necessary. Darwin seems not quite to have felt this, for he writes: "Many persons seem to make themselves quite easy

about immortality, and the existence of a personal God, by intuition; and I suppose that I must differ from such persons, for I do not feel any innate conviction on any such points" (letter 571; 1874). However, "if we consider the whole universe, the mind refuses to look at it as the outcome of chance—that is, without design or purpose" (letter 807; 1881).

There are many more passages one is tempted to quote, but the above will suffice to show the absorbing interest of the book. Of course there is a great deal in the letters that is technical, and it is not to be supposed that non-scientific persons will read the whole of them. I think it is a little to be regretted that so much of the quarrel with Professor Owen is allowed to appear; one does not in the least doubt that Owen behaved badly, but that is now long ago, and probably Darwin himself would have been unwilling to bring again to light the failings of the old anatomist. The editorial work has been admirably done; the footnotes supplied by the editors include brief biographical notices of the principal persons mentioned in the letters. I notice only two trifling editorial mistakes; in vol. I, p. 331, *Cosmopolis* is said to be a beetle, whereas it is a thysanuran; in vol. 2, p. 67, the name of the red-underwing moth is given incorrectly. The illustrations are quite numerous, all portraits; the photogravures are extremely good, especially that representing Darwin as a boy, with his sister Catherine. There is a very complete index.

T. D. A. CÖCKERELL.

FRENCH ENGRAVERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN "French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century," Lady Dilke brings to an end the series in which she has presented the leading features of French Art in that rather barren period. The eighteenth century was not marked by great achievement in the graphic arts, except in Japan, where the invention and development of chromo-xylography led to the production of the "marvellously beautiful color prints, from engraved blocks, which are at once the delight and the despair of those who seek to rival the attainments in this direction by the masters of the Ukiyo-ye school. In Europe it was preëminently an epoch of

transition. The art of its earlier years was a survival of the great movements of the preceding century, a persistence of ideas whose initial force had been spent. Intellectual inspiration declined; technical skill remained to be exercised on more and more unworthy subjects, until it, too, gradually sank under the influences by which the artists of the day were surrounded. Toward the end of the century there was an awakening, but the movements then inaugurated did not culminate until the first decades of the succeeding century, to which, therefore, they may more properly be said to belong.

In France it was in many ways an age of dilettanteism. The master works wrought by the great engravers, Edelinck, Nanteuil, and Gérard Audran, in the days of the "Grand Monarque," and of their successors, Pierre Drevet and his even more highly gifted son Pierre-Imbert Drevet, awakened such widespread interest in the art of engraving on copper that it became a fashionable fad. Cochin had for a pupil no less a personage than Madame de Pompadour. In the long list of amateur engravers of the period we find such names as the Princess de Condé; the Marquis d'Argenson; the Dukes of Chevreuse, of Charost, and of Chaulnes; the Chevalier de Valory; the Marquis d'Harcourt; the Count d'Eu; Bertinazzi dit Carlin, the famous actor; and even that of Philippe Egalité himself. Some of these left a considerable amount of work, but for the most part they shed more lustre on the art through their social prestige than by their skill with the burin. Other amateurs there were among people of wealth and fashion, whose work by its respectable quality places them in another and a higher class. Among these, the Comte de Caylus and Claude-Henri Watelet are the most noted. The title of the latter to distinction rests, however, quite as much upon his remarkable attachment to Madame Le Comte, their life together at Le Moulin-Joli, and their famous journey to Italy in 1768, as upon the three hundred plates that he engraved or etched. The tie that bound these people together was their common love for art; Lady Dilke quotes from Mme. Vigée Lebrun's "Memoirs" the following reference to it: "A friend, to whom he had been attached for thirty years, lived in his house. Time had sanctified, so to say, their tie to such a point that they were everywhere received in the best company, as well as the lady's husband, who, drolly enough, never left her."

*FRENCH ENGRAVERS AND DRAUGHTSMEN OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY. By Lady Dilke. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.