

all events, he duly appeared in the pulpit (where he had rarely officiated of late), and gave out the text as he had announced it a few days before to the circle at Urnhurst. But when he began to preach, the congregation rubbed their foreheads and consulted the text over again. The sermon was logical, connected, and able beyond all expectation; but it had nothing whatever to do with the subject as given out. The preacher's delivery was more forcible and like old times than had been the case for years—on that point every body agreed; but not a word did he let fall about healing the sick from beginning to end. Probably the solution of the mystery would never have been discovered to this day, had not Madge Danver been in church; she had always been noted for her good memory, and by the time the discourse was half over she had seen through the whole matter.

"It was one he preached about ten years ago," she said to Elinor, as they walked home together. "I remember it very well, because it was the only time Garth was ever at church. I suppose the dear old man, in thinking of Garth and of preaching at the same time, got possessed somehow with his old sermon, and imagined the world had gone back to that same memorable Sunday."

"It was a good sermon," said Elinor, gravely.

"I remember, when he preached it before, people said it was the best he had done; but it wasn't very appropriate for this occasion, was it? It was meant, you know, to give advice and encouragement to some one just beginning life, as it were; and Garth, perhaps, is very near the end of his life now."

Elinor turned and looked full at her companion, who had uttered this sentence in the same soft even tone in which she had been speaking all along. Was Madge a miracle of resignation? or was it possible that she was indifferent? As the question presented itself to her, Elinor suddenly flushed pink from her forehead to her chin. Could Garth be dying, and this girl not care—this lovely, sweet-tempered, naïve, charming creature, who had seemed to love him so devotedly—could she actually not care? It was not to be believed. Yet, with a renewed shock of misgiving, Elinor recollected her first secret surprise when Mrs. Tenterden had succeeded in persuading Madge not to run the risk of visiting Urnhurst. It was true that Elinor herself had argued against it, and had hitherto not permitted herself to harbor a suspicion against Madge's true-heartedness. But now, venturing for a moment to imagine herself in Madge's place, she could not help thinking that nothing short of physical force would have availed to restrain *her* from tending the bedside

of a man she loved. It might be unreasonable, rash, selfish—any thing; but she felt that she would have gone, and trusted to love to take care of her. Had Madge felt thus, and yet let herself be held back, yielding, too, with so little apparent difficulty, and now alluding to a possible fatal end with so strangely quiet a demeanor? Why, it was not to be believed either!

Elinor was almost severely straightforward, and she was at first on the brink of directly asking Madge in so many words to resolve her doubt. But a second thought made her pause and change her intention. For more reasons than one she could not speak with her companion on this subject, and she blushed again as she admitted it. But the episode produced a deep effect upon her, one that would not easily wear away. From this time forth she watched Madge with a singular kind of impersonal jealousy, and her own situation became fraught, to her mind, with many fresh difficulties. It seemed to her that something momentous must soon be going to happen; and sometimes her heart beat at the question whether she would have any part in it.

## JOHN LOCKE.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES MURRAY-NAIRNE.

**I**N presenting a sketch of the life and writings of Locke, two methods lie open to us. The former is to proceed in the order of time, as in a regular biography; the latter is to attempt a criticism of that philosophy of his which was once so famous, which has left its impress on all subsequent speculation, which, in the hands of men like Berkeley, led to pure idealism, like Condillac and Priestley, to pure materialism, and like Hume, to universal skepticism; and having thus awakened the reader's interest in the man, to trace the outlines of his life as student, educator, diplomatist, physician, and philosopher. The second method is obviously the best for our present purpose.

The seventeenth century was an era in the history of mind. It divides philosophy into two periods—the ancient and the modern; for the speculation of the Middle Ages was nothing but an extension of the system of Aristotle on the one hand, or of Plato on the other; and though efforts had been making by the human intellect, through half of the fifteenth and all of the sixteenth centuries, to throw off the trammels which rendered its labors in science nearly useless, complete emancipation was not attained till the early part of the seventeenth. That century saw the rise of those methods of inquiry which have brought us, in the nineteenth, to such perfection of knowledge both in matter and in mind. During the Middle Ages study was a continual round of baseless assumptions and futile deduction. Men



adopted from tradition or framed in fancy what they believed to be laws of nature and first principles of truth; and using these as major premises in argument, they drew conclusions no nearer certainty, of course, than were the premises themselves. Indeed, these assumptions were put so often through the logical mill that at length they were ground to impalpable powder, yielding nothing but vanity; words took the place of things, and notions were cherished of which the absurdity amazes us as often as it fails to excite our laughter. When we find Milton airing in his great poem the vagaries of the astrologer, the alchemist, and the empiric, and even Locke seriously promising, in a letter to Dr. Thomas, of Oxford, the common friend of himself and the celebrated Robert Boyle, that he had been endeavoring to prepare Paronychia, and that he supposes the fittest time to gather it will be when Sol is in Aries and at Plenilunium before the rising of the sun—when we find thinkers like Milton and Locke gravely accepting such follies for science, we see how urgent was the necessity that nature should be otherwise interrogated, and that the world should be awakened from scholastic dreams.\*

The world was awakened. First of all, Lord Bacon, amidst the turmoil of a wonderfully active and ambitious life, found rest and consolation for his mighty mind in a sustained attempt to direct the students of science from their hitherto unprofitable toil to the sure method of discovering truth. He had seen, though busy with politics and jurisprudence, the fatal error under which scientific investigators had been laboring. He saw that men had been all along trying to impose laws upon nature, to substitute guess and conjecture for primary principles, instead of patiently observing nature, recording and collating her operations, and thence learning what her laws really were. He saw philosophers embracing as axioms such venerable delusions as that nature abhors a vacuum, and that all metals, being composed of brimstone and quicksilver, are mutually transmutable. The time was come when the authority of ancient names must be shaken off, and truth investigated in a new and better way. Man, he proclaimed, is not the legislator, but the disciple, of nature; and so far from proudly prescribing how she ought to act, it is his duty to sit humbly at her feet and inquire, by observation and experiment, how she truly does act. He proposed to reverse the Aristoteli-

an process of *deducing* from supposed general axioms the facts of the universe, and to adopt the *inductive* process of first gathering the facts as they transpired, and attaining, by a careful analysis and comparison of them, principles or major premises having all the certainty of perception, and yielding conclusions equally certain, rather than resting in the guesses, plausible or otherwise, of mere hypothesis and theory. His practical life in court and council had shown him that this was the only true method of obtaining substantial results. It was now easy to explain the little progress that science had made in a thousand years, and to understand how her researches must henceforth be profitably pursued.

The method of Bacon was not all at once embraced, but the number of his disciples began to increase. The most famous among his immediate followers was Thomas Hobbes, a man of extraordinary intellect and great logical skill. But the systems—well named Behemoth and Leviathan—which Hobbes constructed upon what he called Baconian principles were so monstrous that, no doubt, the more sober and orthodox portion of the English community must have been repelled for a time from the *novum organum*, and rather confirmed than shaken in their ancestral love for the old logic of Aristotle.

But whatever may have been the general retarding effect of Hobbes's publications on the Baconian philosophy, Locke does not appear to have turned his attention to it vigorously till another reformer of the same stamp and grasp arose to supplement that which Bacon had left imperfect. This reformer was René Descartes. Bacon, partly from lack of time to perform the whole enormous work which he proposed to himself, and partly from his ignorance and his contempt of mathematics, the most purely deductive of sciences, had confined his discussion to physical science alone, intending to include mental and moral science at their own time and place within his comprehensive scheme. How he would have handled the latter we can only conjecture; probably in a very practical English way. But Descartes, while adopting Bacon's plan of induction, chose a different starting-point and a different field. Bacon's analysis was the analysis of *nature*; Descartes's was the analysis of *thought*. Bacon, as we have said, was no mathematician; Descartes was among the most eminent mathematicians of his day. Bacon had no skill in detecting abstract relations; Descartes discerned them with an unerring intuition. Thus Bacon proceeded from without; Descartes proceeded from within. Bacon's object was to overthrow that *a priori* construing of nature which had rendered nugatory the strenuous exertions of the most powerful intellects; Descartes's object was to do the same good

\* Locke, in writing to Boyle, seems to have doubted whether there would be any advantage in the time of gathering the roots, but adds that if there would be, he owes the knowledge of this to his famous correspondent, and continues in these words: "I should be an unworthy reader of your writings if I should not return you my thanks, and offer you some part of the roots."



office for the study of that internal world which we call mind. In Bacon's case the field which supplied the facts was the outer world of matter; in Descartes's the field was the inner world of consciousness, first of his own, and then of the common consciousness of the human race.

Descartes, casting aside all previous metaphysics, resolved to construct for himself a true psychology. As Bacon had instructed physical inquirers to gather, register, and collate the facts of external nature, so Descartes enjoined on metaphysical inquirers to collect, register, compare, and analyze the facts of consciousness; and from that time forth mental had an equal chance with material science. For reasons which, if space permitted, we might be able to state, the science of mind has not availed itself of the new method with as much success as the science of matter; but that is no good ground of objection against the method itself. Its merits are as obvious in the one case as in the other; and it recommended itself so irresistibly to Locke's understanding that he resolved to put it to the test, and to settle forever the psychological questions which, from the days of Aristotle and Plato, had agitated the schools even more vehemently than the problems relating to matter. The *Essay concerning Human Understanding* was to be a treatise as purely inductive as a work on hydraulics or chemistry. Its aim was not to theorize as to how an intellect may or must be constructed in order to cognize a universe or nature of things, but to take the testimony of consciousness regarding the human mind as it actually is constituted, to investigate by careful observation its great generic capacities and the specific faculties comprised under them, in order to determine the origin of our cognitions, the extent of our cognitions, and what objects lie within, and what lie beyond, the sphere of human knowledge.

Such was Locke's design with reference to the cognitive powers of the mind, included by him in the term *understanding*, and there can be little doubt that, had he adhered as rigidly to the inductive method as Bacon prescribes, he would have gone far to lay, in a true psychology or natural history of the intellect, a solid foundation for all succeeding mental and moral speculation.

Unfortunately, however, his induction of facts was little more than begun when he deviated into the region of theory.

In order to eliminate all variation from philosophy by rightly interpreting the voice of consciousness, psychologists have proposed certain rules for taking its testimony. These may be summarized as follows:

First, the law of Competency requires that human consciousness shall not be expected to testify in the case of facts that lie beyond its sphere; second, the law of Parsi-

mony requires that no fact shall be registered as an ultimate fact of consciousness if it be not simple and underivable from any other source; third, the law of Integrity requires that we shall take all the facts, neither dropping nor employing any one at pleasure; fourth, the law of Generality requires that we shall not accept as facts of consciousness the occasional vagaries of any one man or set of men, but those facts only which challenge for themselves the common-sense or consent of the human race; and fifth, the law of Honesty requires that we shall listen to the voice of consciousness without previous bias, or the influence of any favorite hypothesis or foregone conclusion.

It is alleged that if the testimony of consciousness be taken according to these rules or others to the same effect, it will always tell the same story, and our psychology will then be complete, including all the facts, and legitimate, including all the laws, of the human mind.

Now we venture to affirm, though we do so with all deference, considering the celebrity of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* and the genius of its author, that there is not one of these rules that he has not disregarded. To prove this in full detail would carry us beyond all reasonable bounds. We therefore call the reader's attention to one or two simple instances.

And, first, Locke's use of the term *idea* was most unfortunate. It belonged to the ancient and mediæval systems which he professed to be superseding. It had been employed by Plato in the sense of an archetype residing from all eternity in the Divine mind, and waiting to be realized in the fullness of time. It had been used by Aristotle under the names of "images," "species," and "phantasms," to denote a representative in the mind of an object supposed to be without the mind. Now we are not prepared to aver that Locke adopted the whole Aristotelian doctrine of "sensible species," "intelligible species," and "phantasms;" but nothing was more natural than that an Oxonian, drilled to excess in the philosophy of Aristotle, should adopt unconsciously some portions of his system and nomenclature. And it seems to us clear that Locke did hold that, in perceiving outward objects, the mind was not conversing with the objects or qualities themselves, but with images or representatives of them; that it is not the shape of a mountain I perceive, but the idea or image of its shape; that it is not the blue of the sky or the green of the grass which I perceive, but only ideas of blue and green; that it is not the weight of a heavy body which I perceive, but only an image or idea of its weight. He was troubled with the old difficulty of thinking how there can be any meeting and mingling of two things so dif-



ferent and even opposite in their nature as matter and mind, and he imagined he got rid of the difficulty by doubling it\*—by interposing an imaginary medium between the outward world and the perceiving intelligence. It is on this ground that Dr. Reid plants himself in his conflict with the representative theory, and demonstrates on the principles of common-sense—otherwise the common consciousness of mankind—that the theory is a mere fiction; that no man was ever conscious of the supposed images; that perception is not a representative, but a presentative faculty—an intuition or immediate beholding of the object perceived; and that thus we abolish at once the idealism, the materialism, and the skepticism which had been logically deduced from the first principles of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*. Locke's assumption of "ideas" includes among the facts of consciousness that which is not a fact of consciousness; he makes the assumption from an Aristotelian bias; and he founds it on a difficulty which is beyond the ken of consciousness altogether. Herein is a violation of at least three of our rules.

Secondly—and one more aberration must suffice—Locke regards the mind as a *tabula rasa*, a blank sheet, receiving images through "sensation," holding them by "retention" or memory, and operating with them in "reflection." Now we are conscious, while awake at least, of a continual procession of phenomena through the illuminated chamber of consciousness—colors, shapes, tastes, sounds, smells, thoughts, feelings, volitions, and so on—but are we conscious of nothing more? Undoubtedly we are. We are conscious also, though less clearly, of a *nisus* or energy from the mind itself in the production of these phenomena. It is not alone the impression from without upon the organ of sense, and the transmission of that impression through nerve to brain, that gives the percept. The organ is pervaded with a living sentient energy, and reacts upon the impression. For example, a ray of light, or an ethereal undulation, impinges on the eye; the eye reacts, a double change takes place, and a neutral product is the result. The ray of light is no longer a ray, and the eye is no longer an empty organ. It has taken a content. This content is due partly to the outer object, and partly to the living organ. No sooner, however, is the content in the organ than the mind, taking occasion thereby, *qualifies* the content, ascertains *what* it is, wheth-

er color, shape, or sound, and so on; and *quantifies* it, ascertains *how much* it is in space, or time, or degree. These processes are practically simultaneous, but, as we shall soon see, they are logically separable. The percept is now fully in consciousness—a phenomenon distinct from all others, and definite in its limits. The last two processes are purely intellectual, and could be performed by no *tabula rasa* in existence, any more than a plant could spring from the soil without the organism of a seed, or a sun-picture be produced on a plate that had not been previously made a sensitive reagent by the photographer's art. This account of perception may be rendered plain by an example.

Let us call the first operation—namely, the taking of the content—Sense-reception (we shun the term *sensation* because, in popular language, it means *feeling*; let us also call the second, Qualification, and the third, Quantification, and we shall find that all three are necessary to give a *distinct* and a *definite* phenomenon in the light of consciousness. Now suppose a student in his library intently engaged in contemplation. The clock on the mantel may strike without his being conscious of its striking. He finds it must have struck by looking at the dial. Here sense-reception has taken place, but the content has not reached the consciousness. Again, our student may not have been occupied so intently as not to have perceived a ringing sound without his being able to tell the hour. He has *qualified* the content: it is sound, and not color or smell. Lastly, his mind may have been free enough to count the strokes and measure the tones as they rose and swelled and died away. He has now also *quantified* the content, and has obtained a phenomenon both *distinct* and *definite* in the enlightened presence-chamber of the soul. This division or analysis of the operation called perception is as plain to us as the division of an apple into three slices, and proves that as soon as the sentient organ receives the content, the intellect bestirs itself to give form to the content, to determine what it is in kind, and how much it is in limit. Locke confounds cause—efficient cause—with occasion: *causa sine qua non*. The taking of the content in the organ is the occasion of the mind's performing the purely intellectual acts of qualification and quantification; the cause is the spontaneous activity of the mind itself.

Notwithstanding these strictures, however, suggested by the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, it was the most renowned treatise of its time. It was the book of its generation. Its fame, as we have already noted, was not confined to Great Britain and Ireland, but extended to France, Germany, and even Italy. Its author was believed to have taken a new departure in the study of mind. His doctrines were accepted as the

\* "The refutation of the 'ideal system' lies almost in a nutshell. The intervening image must be material or immaterial. If it be material, it still remains to show how the mind can communicate with it without a second image; if it be immaterial, then how can it communicate with the outward world any better than the mind itself? The only conclusion to which the whole theory can lead is that of the most rigid skepticism."—Morell's *History of Modern Philosophy*, p. 94.



truth by all parties, believers and skeptics alike. He was the master metaphysician; and we have found that the imperfection of his work lay not in his method, which was the only true one, but in his neglect to observe it steadfastly in his own practice. The life of such a man, therefore, can hardly fail to be interesting, not to the learned merely, but to all who are concerned about the progress of the race. We are not the less curious regarding Milton that he was not quite orthodox in creed, nor regarding Newton that his theory of light has been superseded by a better; neither ought we to be the less interested in Locke that he did not succeed in definitely settling the great questions which still occupy, and will continue through all time to occupy, the foremost thinkers among men. Moreover, in addition to metaphysical speculation, which many deem of small utility, Locke was a benefactor of his race as one of the pioneers of true education and of civil and religious liberty, as well as a leading member of Oxford University at the most remarkable period of its long and splendid history.

John Locke, author of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, was born on the 29th of August, 1632, about ten years before the breaking out of the civil war between Charles the First and the Long Parliament. He first saw the light in a small two-story thatched dwelling, built up against the church-yard wall, in the little village of Wrington, about six miles from Bristol, Somersetshire. His father was a country attorney, and captain in the Parliamentary army. One of the attorney's clients was Alexander Popham, colonel in the same army, and M.P. for the city of Bath, also in the county of Somerset. Through this gentleman's influence Locke obtained an appointment to Westminster School, then presided over by the noted disciplinarian Dr. Richard Busby, whose fame as a pedagogue has been preserved in a children's game, and whose character may be, to some extent, inferred from a well-known story. After the Restoration, Charles the Second paid a visit to the celebrated school, and one of his attendants, observing that Busby retained his cap in the royal presence, suggested that he should uncover. "May it please your majesty," said the head-master, in reply, "if these boys should believe that there is a greater man than I in all England, they would cease to obey me." The good-natured king admitted the plea, and he and Busby alone of the company wore their head-gear during the visit.

We find that Locke was far from satisfied with the system of education pursued at Westminster. Long after, in his *Thoughts concerning Education*, he drew his illustrations from his own school-boy experience, and Horace Greeley himself could scarcely

have condemned the eternal routine of grammar and exercises in the dead languages with more emphasis than Locke, the Oxonian, did two centuries ago. In this connection it is remarkable that Bacon, at a still earlier period, came to a similar conclusion; and both these great thinkers recommended the very improvements which we flatter ourselves are original with us.

From Westminster Locke went to Oxford in 1652, having been elected to a studentship in Christ-church. Ten years before this, Charles the First, a fugitive from his capital, found refuge at Oxford, which, as if prophetic of his needs, he had helped to make pleasant quarters by royally nominating four hundred of his partisans to degrees in all the faculties. Learning and study were then of small account in the great university. Drinking, gambling, fighting, swearing, and all the reckless debauchery of a Roger Wildrake afforded another illustration of the adage that "whom the gods desire to destroy they first make mad."

As in our own civil war students poured from all our colleges into the ranks of the army, so in 1644, out of the one hundred under-graduates of Christ-church, twenty-seven were serving the king, and even a larger proportion went from several of the other colleges; and we have seen what sort of means were taken to supply their places. The state of things at Oxford could no longer be tolerated by the Parliament. Dr. Fell, of rhythmic memory, was then vice-chancellor. He was zealously devoted to the royalist cause, and resisted all the efforts of the Parliament to inaugurate the necessary reforms. To bring him to his senses, the Parliament had him arrested and imprisoned in London. During his absence they appointed a visitation, with a view of restoring decent order and discipline. Refractory students were expelled, Dr. Fell was replaced by Dr. Reynolds, and matters began to amend. Reynolds himself, however, had at length to go, as not being up to the Parliamentary mark, and the Independent Dr. John Owen reigned in his stead, both as dean of Christ-church and vice-chancellor of the university. How many Calvinistic readers of the voluminous and erudite commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews by this "prince of divines" reflect that its author was once the chief ruler of the same seat of learning which has produced a Pusey and a Newman? To the honor of Dr. Owen it must be recorded that, amidst the most formidable difficulties, his administration both of his own college and of the whole university was firm, judicious, and successful, and that his views of religious toleration were far in advance of his age. If Locke did not derive his opinions on the same subject from the eminent Puritan dean of his college, he was undoubtedly



strengthened and confirmed in them by so striking an example.

In the choice of a profession Locke hesitated for some time between physic and divinity. It is true that history repeats itself in all things. As at the present moment the still unsettled controversy between faith and science deters from the ministry many a young man who does not see his way clearly to a solution of it, so Locke, though a devout student, and cited by Lord Erskine against Thomas Paine as the best example of a devout philosopher, was deterred by the fierce theological disputes of his age from the pulpit, and ultimately chose medicine as his pursuit. There is little doubt, also, that the state of his own health had something to do with his selection. He was consumptive by inheritance; his biographer tells us that he was baptized the same day he was born, and throughout the work we have continued intimations that he was a man of delicate constitution.

There was a good deal of difficulty in the matter of his degree as M.D. The Oxford requirements for a medical diploma were so slight that it is not easy to understand why he did not comply with them. But certainly he did not. He had interest enough with the Earl of Clarendon, when chancellor of the university, to procure a recommendation, which was almost equivalent to a demand, for an honorary degree; but the recommendation was not heeded. It would seem, however, that he occasionally tried a little practice as an amateur, and to this fact may be traced the foundation of his fortunes and the change of all his views.

One of the most distinguished personages of the period was Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord High Chancellor of England. Although ferociously satirized by Dryden for party purposes, he was a man of high accomplishments, exemplary virtue, considering the times, and pre-eminently capable of appreciating Locke's talents. In the year 1660 he was a member of the commission dispatched from England to Breda, in the Netherlands, to invite Charles the Second home from his exile.\* The upsetting of his carriage on the journey caused an internal abscess that threatened his life, and afflicted him during the residue of his days. About this time the healing virtues of Astrop Spring, in Northamptonshire, had been discovered, and it was customary to bring the water in bottles to Oxford. Lord Ashley's son being then at college, his lordship, intending to visit him, wrote to Dr. Thomas (already mentioned in this paper) to procure a supply for him against his coming; but the doctor, having been called out of town, was not able to do

this himself. He therefore requested his friend John Locke to get the medicinal water and wait on Lord Ashley. His lordship, already Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so much impressed with the mind and manners of the young student that he conceived for him a devoted friendship, and thenceforth Sunning Hill and St. Giles, in the country, and Exeter House, in London, were kind and hospitable homes to our philosopher. His connection with Christ-church was not severed. Though he had taken neither orders nor a degree in medicine, his now powerful friends were able to procure the continuance of his studentship; but he no longer contemplated earning his living as a physician. Chemistry and medicine were to be merely branches of science worthy of study, and fitting him, as they did in the cases of Hartley, Thomas Brown, and Abercrombie, for the more successful investigation of mind.

Domesticated in the Shaftesbury family, a long and happy future seemed to lie before him. It is interesting to note the variety of his household occupations. Of course Lord Ashley's abscess was the main consideration. Locke prescribed for him, attended him, and at last hazarded the then most perilous operation of cutting into the abdomen to remove the imposthume. The operation was performed with complete success, and a silver tube kept open the aperture till the noxious matter was drained away. All these—disease, operation, and silver tube—were made subjects of the brutal satire of Shaftesbury's opponents (politics in England were then rather coarser than they are even now in America); but the gratitude of Locke's friend and patron must have been nourished by such assiduous and successful care. Nor as physician and surgeon only do we find the philosopher employed. His conversation, witty, brilliant, and profound, affords instruction and delight to the family circle and their noble guests; his learning and science he imparts as tutor to the Oxford lad above mentioned, who, too feeble in every respect to make his way at the university, was committed to a master at home; and when this same young hopeful must be married to prolong the line, Locke, after two failures by other negotiators, makes a match for him, even as Abraham's servant, "that ruled over all he had," went into a far country (the north of England) "to seek for his son a wife," whom he found in Lady Dorothy Manners, daughter to the Earl (now Duke) of Rutland. Soon after, we find him playing *accoucheur* to the young matron and nurse to the son and heir. He is a universal favorite, and once in a while he reads a lesson in philosophy to the exalted personages who frequent the drawing-rooms of the great minister, his host. On an occasion two or three of these—say,

\* At this time he was only Baron Ashley. His promotion both in the peerage and in office followed the Restoration.



Buckingham, Halifax, and others who flourish in Macaulay's history—are at Exeter House. After a few compliments, cards are called for and play begins. Mr. Locke sat by as a spectator for some time. At last, taking out his table-book, he began to write something very busily, till, being observed by one of the lords, and asked what he was meditating, "My lords," said he, "I am improving myself the best I can in your company; for having impatiently waited this hour of being present at such a meeting of the wisest men and greatest wits of the age, I thought I could not do better than write down your conversation; and here I have it in substance, all that has passed for this hour or two." It is manifest that in the house of the Earl of Shaftesbury the position of the modest Locke was a considerable contrast to that of the savage Swift in the mansion of Sir William Temple. He was treated as an equal; neither was his counsel disdained concerning those political subjects and movements in which his titled friends might imagine themselves adepts.

Here as appropriately as elsewhere might be inserted a picturesque passage descriptive of a meeting of young men in Locke's apartment in Exeter House, where was projected the great *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, but any such embellishment is forbidden by our narrowing space. The same excuse must be accepted for the abandonment of our purpose to enliven this article by extracts from Locke's notes and letters on the countries and capitals of continental Europe, where he traveled considerably and resided during his exile. He was an admirable letter-writer, observant, sagacious, pictorial, and it would have been both interesting and instructive to compare, with the help of such a guide, the state of Europe in the seventeenth with its condition in the nineteenth century; but the material necessarily, though reluctantly, omitted may serve to furnish forth an "Editor's Table" for months to come. The biography just given to the public by Mr. Fox Bourne, albeit it may lack the full brilliancy of Macaulay's historico-biographical essays, is nevertheless a solid, faithful, and most scholarly life of a great and good man, and will amply repay the perusal of readers learned and less learned alike. Meanwhile we take up the narrative at the period of Locke's expulsion from Christ-church, in the year 1684.

For a considerable time he had been fearing that England was not safe for him. He shared the evil fortunes of his noble patron. Every reader of Macaulay's history will recollect how a priest, as the king lay dying, was smuggled up the back stairs at Whitehall to shrive the "Merry Monarch," who found that the easiest mode of expiating his thousand sins, and so proved himself to have been all along a sort of Catholic in disguise.

Shaftesbury had been long obnoxious to the Romish party; had been imprisoned, tried, and acquitted; and had at last become one of the most zealous promoters of the Duke of Monmouth's pretensions to the succession. Locke himself was an eloquent defender of religious freedom, and of opinions so liberal that he would not submit to the dogmas of any sect. In short, his surroundings were such that he could not miss being suspected. Hence in 1683 he retired to Holland, which was then the asylum of all sufferers for conscience' sake. Some three months later, Monmouth himself fled to the same refuge, and our philosopher was not too humble in place to escape the vengeance of the persecutors. He must be punished for his supposed offenses, and the mischievous plans in which they believed him engaged must be checked. Accordingly, on the 6th of November, 1684, the Earl of Sunderland, at the king's command, wrote to the dean of Christ-church (Dr. Fell, who had been re-instated at the Restoration, and made Bishop of Oxford) in the following words: "My lord, the king being given to understand that one Mr. Locke, who belonged (!) to the late Earl of Shaftesbury,\* and has upon several occasions behaved himself very factiously and undutifully to the government, is a student of Christ-church, his majesty commands me to signify to your lordship that he would have him removed from being a student," etc. Fell, to do him justice, remonstrated against the expulsion; but the king was inexorable, and an *alumnus* whose name reflects nearly as much lustre on Oxford as that of Newton does upon her sister university was arbitrarily and without a hearing cut off in disgrace by a king who was himself a disgrace to the British throne.

In Holland, sometimes at one city, sometimes at another, he resided five years and a half, making friends with the learned men of that extraordinary country, enjoying the consideration and confidence of the distinguished Englishmen who repaired or fled thither, denounced by the government at home, so that much of his time was passed in hiding, ultimately becoming favorably known to the Prince of Orange himself, and receiving the friendship of the Princess Mary, who, with her husband, assumed the sceptre of England on the abdication of her father, James the Second, in 1688. All this time the great essay was advancing toward completion, and the most precious possession which Locke brought with him to England was the manuscript over which he had been laboring for sixteen years.

\* Shaftesbury had fled to Holland and died there. It is curious that on his death-bed he avowed that the tenth chapter of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* had made him a Socinian. Socinus denied the Divine foreknowledge of the actions of voluntary agents.



As Lord Macaulay says at the opening of his third volume, "The revolution had been accomplished." William and Mary were now on the throne, and Locke did not fail of preferment. The king himself pressed on him any foreign mission that he might choose to accept; but he pleaded the state of his health in excuse, and was content with a commissionership which yielded him £200 a year for life. His desires were moderate and his needs were few; for another home, not, indeed, so splendid as Shaftesbury's, but even more affectionate, was opened to receive him.

These were the days of ponderous literature; and among the weighty authors of the time was the Rev. Ralph Cudworth, D.D., master of Christ's College, Cambridge. His greatest work, and that by which he is now best known, was *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*. (See Tulloch's *Rational Theology*, Vol. II., p. 193.) His daughter Damaris had much of her father's intellect and learning, but her talents and accomplishments were combined with a rare amiability and grace. At what time or under what precise circumstances she first became acquainted with Locke we are not able to say. All we know may be best expressed in her own modest words: "My first acquaintance with him began when he was past the middle age of man, and I but young. I can only pretend to have known him since his return out of Holland, though before his leaving England, in the year 1683, I had for a great part of about two years conversed frequently with him, and he favored me sometimes with his correspondence during his continuance in Holland." This lady, while Locke was in exile, married Sir Francis Masham, grandson of that Sir William Masham who took a conspicuous part in the Parliamentary resistance to Charles the First, and therefore a hearty supporter of the new order of things. Sir Francis Masham's country-seat was Oates, in the county of Essex; and as Locke on previous visits to the place had found the air advantageous to his health, his old friend Damaris Cudworth, now Lady Masham, united with her husband in begging the philosopher, now in his sixtieth year, to make their house his home. Writing to a learned friend in Holland (Limbarch), he says: "I have already told you that I was acquainted with the daughter of Dr. Cudworth, and have spoken to you of her wonderful qualities. She is married to a baronet who represents this county in the present Parliament. They have received me as a guest in their house, and provided me an asylum that is very favorable to my health. The lady herself is so well versed in theological and philosophical studies, and of such an original mind, that you will not find many men to whom she is not superior in wealth of knowledge and ability to profit by

it. Her judgment is excellent, and I know few who can bring such clearness of thought to bear upon the most abstruse subjects, or such capacity for searching through and solving the difficulties of questions beyond the range, I do not say of most women, but even of most learned men." With this most gifted and accomplished friend, amidst elegance and intellectual riches, our philosopher spent the remainder of his years in happiness and ease, but not in indolence or even leisure.

One of Locke's noblest peculiarities was that he thought and wrote not for fame, but truth. His treatises on Toleration, on Government, on Education, and such great subjects, he kept by him in manuscript, as he did the immortal essay, and only published them after he had viewed their subjects on all sides and in the best light then attainable, and concluded that they were as conformable to truth as he could make them. It may be remarked also that, like his illustrious friend Newton, he differed from many modern philosophic speculators in being a devout believer of Christianity, and in turning his attention, at the close of life, to the defense and interpretation of the sacred Scriptures. At length, full of years and honors, and after having fought a good fight for liberty and righteousness and truth, in the delightful home whose mistress was his devoted companion in health, and tended him through his last illness with a daughter's care, he expired at the venerable age of two-and-seventy years. "His death was like his life," said Lady Masham, "truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, living and dying." His epitaph, in Latin, was written by himself, and the reader may be curious to see it in English: "Stay, traveler: near this place lies JOHN LOCKE. If you ask what sort of man he was, the answer is that he was contented with his modest lot. Bred a scholar, he used his studies to contend for truth alone. This you may learn from his writings, which will show you any thing else that may be said about him more faithfully than the doubtful eulogies of an epitaph. His virtues, if he had any, were too slight for him to offer them to his own credit or as an example to you. Let his vices be buried with him. Of good life you have an example, should you desire it, in the Gospel; of vice, would there were none any where; of mortality, surely (and you may profit by it) you have one here and every where. That he was born on the 29th of August, 1632, and that he died on the 28th of October, in the year of our Lord 1704, this tablet, which itself will quickly perish, is a record."

Of the biography just given to the public we have already spoken in terms of praise,



but we can not lay aside these volumes without thanking Mr. Fox Bourne for the extensive and minute research and the excellent judgment which have enabled him to supply our libraries with a work which henceforth will be a decisive authority concerning all the events comprised in the life of England's most illustrious metaphysician.

## MARCIA.

ONE winter morning a few years ago the mail brought me a roll of MS. (with one stamp too many, as if to bribe the post to care for so precious a thing) and a letter. Every publisher, editor, or even the obscurest of writers receives such packages so often as to know them at a glance. Half a dozen poems and a story—a blur of sunsets, duchesses, violets, bad French, and worse English; not a solid grain of common-sense, not a hint of reality or even of possibility, in the whole of it. The letter—truth in every word: formal, hard, practical, and the meaning of it a woman's cry for bread for her hungry children. Each woman who writes such a letter fancies she is the first, that its pathos will move hard-hearted editors, and that the extent of her need will supply the lack of wit, wisdom, or even grammar in her verses or story. Such appeals pour in literally by the thousand every year to every publishing office. The sickly daughter of a poor family; the wife of a drunken husband; a widow; children that must be fed and clothed. What was the critic's honest opinion of her work? how much would it bring in dollars and cents? etc., etc.

I did not open the letter that day. When we reach middle age we have learned, through rough experiences, how many tragedies there are in our street or under our own roof which will be none the better for our handling, and are apt, selfishly, to try to escape the hearing of them.

This letter, however, when I opened it next morning, proved to be not of a tragical sort. The writer was "not dependent on her pen for support;" she "had vowed herself to literature;" she "was resolved to assist in the Progress of humanity." Scarcely had I laid down the letter when I was told that she waited below to see me. The card she sent up was a bit of the fly-leaf of a book, cut oblong with scissors, and the name—Miss Barr—written in imitation of engraving. Her back was toward me when I came down, and I had time to read the same sham stylishness written all over her thin little person. The sleazy black silk was looped in the prevailing fashion, a sweeping white plume drooped from the cheap hat, and on her hands were washed cotton gloves.

Instead of the wizened features of the "dead beat" which I expected, she turned on me a child's face: an ugly face, I be-

lieve other women called it, but one of the most innocent and honest in the world. Her brown eyes met yours eagerly, full of a joyous good-fellowship for every thing and every body alive. She poured out her story, too, in a light-hearted way, and in the lowest, friendliest of voices. To see the girl was to be her ally. "People will do any thing for me—but publish my manuscripts," she said.

She came from Mississippi; had been the only white child on a poor plantation on the banks of the Yazoo. "I have only had such teaching as my mother could give: she had but two years with a governess. We had no books nor newspapers, except an occasional copy of a magazine sent to us by friends in the North." Her mother was the one central figure in the world to her then. In our after-intercourse she talked of her continually. "She is a little woman—less than I; but she has one of the finest minds in the world," she would cry. "The sight of any thing beautiful or the sound of music sways her as the wind does a reed. But she never was twenty miles from the plantation; she has read nothing, knows nothing. My father thinks women are like mares—only useful to bring forth children. My mother's children all died in babyhood but me. There she has lived all her life, with the swamp on one side and the forest of live-oak on the other: nothing to do, nothing to think of. Oh, it was frightful! With a mind like hers, any woman would go mad, with that eternal forest and swamp, and the graves of her dead babies just in sight! She rubbed snuff a good deal to quiet herself, but of late years she has taken opium."

"And you?"

"I left her. I hoped to do something for us both. My mind is not of as high order as hers, but it is very different from that of most women. I shall succeed some day," in the most matter-of-fact tones. "As soon as I knew that I was a poet I determined to come to Philadelphia and go straight to real publishers and real editors. In my country nobody had ever seen a man who had written a book. Ever since I came here I find how hard it is to find out any thing about the business of authorship. Medicine, or law, or blacksmithing—every body knows the workings of those trades, but people with pens in their hands keep the secret of their craft like Freemasons," laughing.

"You came alone?"

"Quite alone. I hired a little room over a baker's shop in Pine Street. They are a very decent couple, the baker and his wife. I board myself, and send out my manuscripts. They always come back to me."

"Where do you send them?"

"Oh, every where. I can show you print-