

and the substantial benefit of as cultured a literature and as lofty and elaborate a philosophy as before. And we greatly mistake, if we think, that in those minds of nobler and purer ambition, the love of fame is extinguished, because they are willing to forego the bustling attendance and the clamorous applauses of a crowd. They too are intensely set on praise, but it must be such praise as that of Atticus, "the incense of which, though not copious, is exquisite—that precious aroma, which fills not the general atmosphere, but by which the few and the finer spirits of our race are satisfied. Theirs is not the broad daylight of popularity. It is a fame of a higher order, upheld by the testimony of the amateurs or the *élite* in science, and grounded on those rare achievements which the public at large can neither comprehend nor sympathise with. 'They sit on a hill apart,' and there breathe of an ethereal element, in the calm brightness of an upper region, rather than in that glare and gorgeousness by which the eye of the multitude is dazzled. It is not the eclat of a bonfire for the regaling of a mob, but the enduring though quiet lustre of a star. The place which they occupy is aloft in the galaxy of a nation's literature, where the eyes of the more finely intellectual gaze upon them with delight, and the hearts only of such are lighted up in reverence and *con amore* towards them. Theirs is a high though hidden praise, flowing in secret course