

made them of one blood, and given to them the same sympathies and faculties, and that the things in which they differ are mere superficial circumstances,—the effect of accident of position. “I have long had a notion,” said the late William Thom, the Inverury poet, “that many of the heartburnings that run through the SOCIAL WHOLE spring not so much from the distinctiveness of classes, as from their mutual ignorance of each other. The miserably rich look on the miserably poor with distrust and dread, scarcely giving them credit for sensibility sufficient to feel their own sorrow. That is ignorance with its gilded side. The poor, in turn, foster a hatred of the wealthy as a sole inheritance, look on grandeur as their natural enemy, and bend to the rich man’s rule in gall and bleeding scorn. Puppies on the one side and demagogues on the other are the portions that come oftenest in contact. These are the luckless things that skirt the great divisions, exchanging all that is offensive therein. ‘Man, know thyself,’ should be written on the right hand; on the left, ‘Men, know each other.’” These are quaintly expressed sentences, but they are pregnant with meaning.

It is no uninteresting matter to trace, in the various styles of English literature, the part assigned to the people. They cut but a poor figure in Shakspeare. The wonderful wool-comber of Stratford-on-Avon rose from among them; but it would scarce have served the interests of the Globe Theatre in those days to have ennobled, by any of the higher qualities of head or heart, the humble peers and associates of wool-combers; and so, wherever the people, as such, are introduced in his dramas, whether they be citizens of Rome, as in “Coriolanus,” or English country folk, as in “Henry VI.,” we find them represented as fickle, unthinking, and ludicrously absurd. In the works of his contemporary Spencer we do not find the people at all; but discover, instead, what for nearly two hundred years after his time occupied their