

# ANCIENT HISTORY

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DR. Johnson was speaking of Goldsmith: "Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comick writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class." Boswell: "An historian? My dear sir, you surely will not rank his compilation of the Roman history with the works of other historians of this age?" Johnson: "Why, who are before him?" Boswell: "Hume, Robertson, Lord Lyttelton." But Johnson will not have it; and as for the superiority of Robertson and the gifts which Boswell claims for him,—“Sir, you must consider how that penetration and that painting are employed. It is not history, it is imagination. He who describes what he never saw draws from fancy. Robertson paints mind as Sir Joshua paints faces in a history piece; he imagines an heroic countenance.”\* The great Cham frequently spoke of history, and generally in the same vein:—“Great abilities said he “are not requisite for an historian; for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his mind; so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary.”<sup>1</sup> “There is but a shallow stream of thought in history.”<sup>2</sup> As for motives, they are generally unknown. “That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy, is conjecture.”<sup>3</sup> Boswell: “Then, Sir, you would reduce all history to no better than an almanack, a mere chronological series of remarkable events”; and the biographer adds that Mr. Gibbon was present, but did not step forth in defence of that species of writing. He probably did not like to *trust* himself with Johnson!<sup>4</sup>

Johnson was not alone in this view. Even Hume wrote to Robertson, who was meditating a History of Greece:—“What can you do in most places with these (the ancient) authors but transcribe and translate them? No letters or state papers from which you could correct their errors, or authenticate their narration, or supply their defects.”<sup>5</sup> What seems still sadder is that Aristotle

\*Birkbeck Hill's Boswell, ii, 271 (Am. ed.). 1 *ib. i*, p. 491. 2 *ib. ii*, 224. 3 *ib. ii*, 90.  
4 *ib. ii*, 419. 5 *ib. ii*, 273 note.

himself, with Herodotus and Thucydides before him, says something of the same sort:—"History tells us what Alcibiades did or suffered; Poetry is a more serious and more philosophic thing than history." More serious, not necessarily more solemn, but it takes more mind, more earnestness, more concentration. Some readers to this day hardly realize that in *The Jolly Beggars* Burns was serious, far more serious and in earnest than in some of his more sabbatic pieces, or his high-stepping letters.

It is hard on Thucydides; for he did put mind into his work; he was earnest in enquiry, and complains of men's indifference to truth. By one of Time's revenges, he has undergone attack, and suffered damage in some quarters as an historian, on the ground that his history was what Aristotle and Johnson imply it could not be—a work of art. Polybius, again, conceived of history as a philosophic thing; the "philosophy of history" happily does not appear among his innumerable abstract nouns, but it is that essentially which engages him. As for Herodotus, he is so enjoyable that you cannot credit him with philosophy, seriousness or art, unless you think twice.

But, for a great part of the field, Johnson and Hume describe only too faithfully how history was written. There are the authorities, and your first and chief task is to select the one you prefer to trust. That seems to have been Livy's way; and after a great deal of transcription (by which indeed the narrative gains) he does allude to Polybius, gracefully dismissing him as a reliable author. Reliable, perhaps, but, the Greeks said, not readable. There Livy shone; "il parle d'or", as Paul Louis Courier said. Choose your authority; pare down his statements if need be, using probability as your guide; and write as well as you can. Those were the rules; and the last was by far the hardest. The ancient critics, Longinus, Dionysius, Polybius, and others, had much to say of historians who confounded tragedy with history, who wrote emotionally, or carried the tricks of the school too far. Johnson, again, made fun of Sir John Dalrymple's way of telling how people had thought and talked a hundred years before; and Boswell recalls a parody made on their journey when they delayed Sir John's dinner. "Stay now.—Let us consider! Dinner being ready, he wondered that his guests were not yet come. His wonder was soon succeeded by impatience. He walked about the room in anxious agitation; sometimes he looked at his watch, sometimes he looked out at the window with an eager gaze of expectation, and resolved in his mind the various accidents of human life. His family beheld him with mute concern. 'Surely (said he with a sigh)

they will not fail me.' The mind of man can bear a certain pressure; but there is a point when it can bear no more. A rope was in his view, and he died a Roman death."<sup>1</sup> The Roman death was the historian's own term. We have seen such writing from a nobler hand.

But, if desire for a fine style could lead a man astray, there was another peril. Did not someone define history as "philosophy teaching by examples"? Might not Plutarch's precedent, his great series of *Lives*, be used to defend such procedure? But not every moralist can tell as good a tale as Plutarch; and morals are of various kinds, the patriotic and political kinds not least dangerous. Livy perhaps idealized Rome, and Mitford was shocked by the French Revolution. Bury, no doubt, had provocation enough when he spoke of history trailing along with literature and moral philosophy, and insisted severely that history was a science, nothing more and nothing less.

In the nineteenth century the whole conception of history was so enlarged and developed as to be almost transformed. Immense additions were made to knowledge from sources for centuries untapped; and the adjustment of the new facts with the old meant a fresh study of method and new canons of criticism. The accepted story was always liable to be challenged and to be upset; the new archaeologist had facts that were, or seemed to be, more solid than the statements of the old historian. Every fresh discovery opened up new questions and led on to fresh investigations, to further exploration and to intensive criticism. The spade, as someone said, ceased to be the emblem of mortality and became the symbol of life. But history had other tributaries, other confluents, than archaeology; they were many and powerful; and its stream became turbid and dangerous, a very Mississippi whose pilots had to chart it again with each fresh voyage.

Five of these tributary streams it will be well for us to survey; and first, archaeology. From the days of Bonaparte and Champollion in Egypt the nineteenth century saw an ever-increasing mass of material, fresh, authentic and perplexing, accumulated from grave, monument and papyrus. The Rosetta stone gave the key to hieroglyphic; and the books and documents of Egyptian literature, and endless royal records, were read more and more freely. Down to Napoleon's day Herodotus was the chief source, almost the only source, for the story of ancient Egypt. Now its history is read from Egyptian sources at immensely greater length, with far more detail, and naturally with much closer accuracy. Hero-

1 Boswell, *Tour to the Hebrides*, 20 November.

dotus was not an Egyptologist; he neither spoke the language nor read its hieroglyphics, nor did he pretend to do either; it was his business, he said explicitly and more than once, to write down what he was told. What he observed for himself is another thing; he watched with curious eyes the ways of living Egypt, and there he stands on firm ground. But for the ancient history he could depend only on his informants, Greek or Egyptian, or half-breed, as might be; and they, it is clear, fell short of modern standards of knowledge; history was not for them a science, but a genial and leisurely Muse, fond of human interest and not much tied to art. It was Herodotus who had the art. However, it is all changed by now. Egyptian dynasties are sorted out, and their chronology is more exactly known than could have been believed. It is supplemented by wide knowledge, ever deepening, of Egyptian literature, religion and art. One side of archaeology is concerned with the history of pottery. The broken earthenware is thrown aside by the woman who breaks it; and the archaeologist gathers it from a thousand heaps, and studies it; and at last he can give us a surprising chart of the movements of taste and skill and design over thousands of years. But remains of Egyptian pottery and imitations of Egyptian designs are found far outside Egypt's borders, still bearing on them their date for the student of ceramics—dated débris among the undated wreckage of other civilizations. To have two more or less exact, two careful chronologies running through the ancient world, correlated by occasional data in the historians, and checked by the history of art, means that everything is on a surer foundation, or will be when all is known.

But Egyptian chronology is not the only one by which Greek history has had to be checked and tested. Persian inscriptions are deciphered, and from the rock of Behistun this at least emerges, that the Persian princes and nobles, with whom Herodotus consorted, knew their history better than his Egyptian acquaintance knew theirs. They told him different stories; the account of Cyrus, he says (i, 95), goes three ways, and he chooses the variant of those who do not wish to glorify Cyrus. Babylon and Nineveh, too, have become household words; and it was an unlooked-for boon for the historian that, in each case, the last kings of Babylon and Nineveh had a taste for literature and history, and their libraries survived—myriads of inscribed clay tablets, indestructible and useless, under the mounds that marked the site of the ancient cities. No one could want them, and they could not perish; so the history of the great Euphrates region became known, its kings and chronologers, and, again, the story of its art.

Still more significant for Greek history is the series of surprising discoveries begun by Schliemann's excavations. Schliemann's story is interesting. A schoolboy with an imagination set on fire by Homer and a passion stirred for Greece; long years in a grocery business acquiring the fortune needed for his project; and then freedom, Greece, a Greek wife, the spade; and Mycenae, Tiryns and Troy came to life again. Modern archaeologists may deplore the rough and ready digging of Schliemann; they dig by science, he dug by nature; but he was the pioneer. From his work and from their work comes to light something like a millennium of Greek civilization—Greek, we say, but was it Greek as the age of Pericles was Greek? When did the Angles and Saxons become English, or were they always English? The result is a new Mediterranean world, a new story of culture, a vastly larger circle of light touching darkness at so many more points.

Other excavations, other discoveries in Asia, make other undreamed-of additions to our frame-work. The Hittites were a by-word; Andrew Lang used their name to poke fun at Sayce; but Sayce was right. The Hittites have become a people, with a capital at Boghaz-Keui on the Halys, and a foreign-office full of clay documents in perhaps eight ancient languages; and we shall hear more of Herodotus's White Syrians, and perhaps learn who were Homer's Ketaioi.

This is not all. Beside the great outlines newly written into ancient history, there is endless detail—political, social, economic. Here is an inscription telling us that Cleon in 424 B. C. doubled the tribute of the allies of Athens; here is a batch of family letters on papyrus; here the collected accounts of an estate in Hellenistic Egypt. And westward it is the same sort of story. The Romans in England and in Africa built temples, palaces and baths, set up mile-stones, ceaselessly carved inscriptions. The wealth of information available is enormous. There are drawbacks, however, in all this gain, for a man may be swamped with fresh facts till he cannot realize them—cannot, that is, group and understand them—cannot see the wood for trees. And in dealing with the private letters of ancients and their public records we have to remember that, much as they tell us, they do not necessarily tell us what most matters. A learned English historian, or perhaps he was a Scot, spent a lifetime in the English Record Office, and wrote on the Lollards and the Reformation. From the records (perhaps his own outlook also affected him) he concluded that there was not in England much need or much desire for a reformation of the Church. If he is right in his deduction, it surely follows that the

real movement of a people, the surge and trend of opinion, may not be prominent among its official records. Who would expect officials to understand or to register new ideas? And, again, the study of a small town's churchyard might lead us to over-estimate the virtue of the inhabitants as much as the study of its police-court records might lead to a gloomier view of them; neither would be quite right; and neither source would tell us much of the factors working for national development. The newspapers may be every bit as useless. The real life of a nation may be felt by contemporaries, as it shapes them, but it is their way to miss its force and its direction. We notice and record the insignificant by preference; it is easier to note, and it comes home to us, and we are not bound to do posterity's philosophic work for it.

But now for another great tributary to history. Anthropology is a new science, feeling its way, but already contributing much to our understanding. Herodotus tells us (i, 146) how the women of Miletus would not eat with their husbands nor call them by their names—all because long ago the Ionian conquerors killed off the Carian menfolk, and this was the revenge of the Carian women in usages handed down to their daughters. But the legend of Lohengrin, the fairy tale of Tom-Tit-Tot, the practices of savage races all over the world, suggest another reason. Why is the name concealed? For fear of magic and enchantment. On the Congo a man will change his name to cure his sleeping-sickness, which he assumes comes from a devil set on to him by name. There are countless other usages that folklore can explain or at least illustrate. As we see in *The Golden Bough*, men and women do the same sort of things the world over; beliefs repeat themselves; and sometimes, when they are compared, they become more intelligible,—not that the ultimate reason necessarily appears at once. Legends and usages—do they, or does philosophy, help us more, if one for once may include the science of language in anthropology, a little daringly? The aid of philology is not to be rejected, but its contributions, like all others, must be examined. The Irish and the American negro speak the same language, though with different tones; they are not, in consequence, of the same race; the language is foreign to both, though they live in the same country. If philology helps history, it has to be helped by history. The Irish and the negro have different histories, and their physical structure is different. This may remind us of yet another phase of anthropology—and anthropometric study of living and dead races. Much was to be hoped from the precise and scientific measurement of skulls, etc.; it promised “quantitative thinking”; but again caution

is needed. A skull seems objective enough, but the label on it may be wrong because the man of science has forgotten to verify his history. I was told once by an expert, very categorically, that there are no Pelasgian skulls found in Attica; but for Herodotus Attica was one of the chief homes of the Pelasgians (i, 57); had they then no skulls, like those pleasant African people in his fourth book (iv, 191), whose eyes are in their breasts; or what did they do with their skulls when they died? Later research to some extent invalidates older conclusions as to permanence of a skull type; it seems possible, not perhaps proved, but worthy of study, that soil, climate and diet may modify a skull type. One research tells us of minute differences between gophers in consecutive areas of California; another says that in Africa every parish has its own type of zebra. It used to be remarked that the New Englander approximated gradually to the Indian type, a hatchet-faced man; to-day he is of a broader gauge; Charles Dana Gibson's young men are not quite like Uncle Sam. Long heads and round heads, dolichocephalous and brachycephalous, may be a useful basis of classification; but again further research may give us surer canons.

This has brought us to our third confluent, geography, and the influence of the habitat. Crétinism, we are told, need not belong to mountains, unless something is wanting in the soil, and as a result in the water, which the human system needs. Ranges and rivers dispose human settlements and fix the location and direction of roads, and with them determine where the great cities shall be. The fortress will be, like Newcastle, on the ford, where the road crosses the river; the great port will be, like New York, at, or, like Marseilles and Alexandria, more safely near the mouth of the river, the great water-way into the heart of the land; and Rome will be both port and fortress on the Tiber. The constitution of the United States still bears the marks of its oldest map. Much else is determined by geography; and here Herodotus was some two thousand years ahead of some of his critics. He saw with interest the close relation between climate and man's clothing and diet; soil and climate determine the natural products on which man must live, and Herodotus always notes them, and the effect of water on health, the effect of the seasons and of uniform temperature; why else are the Egyptians so healthy, and the Libyans (iv, 187) too, with their queer diets? The Greeks settled in swarms on the Black Sea in spite of the severe cold of those regions, which Herodotus notes; but they avoided the Adriatic, its lands were rainy, the Balkan mountains intercepted the rain and came too close to the shore, while Eastern Italy south of Venice is deficient

in harbours. So far there was no need for Venice, there was no hinterland yet in Germany calling for the wares of the Mediterranean and the Orient; so not yet did she hold the gorgeous East in fee.

From this it is but a step to the next confluent. The study of economics is modern. Apart from Herodotus and some hints in Polybius, ancient historians ignored it. Next to nothing is told us of commissariat in ancient war; we pick up the trade routes almost by accident, from speeches made in the law-courts and other stray allusions. Commodities, their sources, their manufacture and their distribution of course did interest men in the past; one or two tracts on the matter survive, notably the *Poroi* long attributed to Xenophon; but the idea of an economic history seems not to have occurred to anyone. The military history predominates. But to-day every endeavour is made to collect economic data, to weave them into a connected story, and to find the economic motive in ancient wars. Professor Bury would have it that the economic motive weighed less in antiquity; and in some degree he is right. There was less realization in general of the ramifications of trade; and it was not then a popular form of literature, nor indeed until the seventeenth century with its pamphlets; books came in the eighteenth. But the bread-and-butter issue, the full dinner pail, was as well understood by certain Governments then as now. Three at any rate of the tyrant dynasties appear to have been interested in questions of water-supply, notably Pisistratus and Polycrates, while the Cypselids and Pisistratus himself had colonial policies which clearly imply expansion of trade; and the histories of Miletus and Megara, if they could be written, would be full of commercial issues and economic questions.

Last of all, in our brief survey, we may set the comparative study of politics and constitutional history, in which Aristotle deserves the honours of the pioneer. Polybius at all events would not allow Plato to claim them for an imaginary republic; it would be like comparing a statue, he said, with a living person. But constitutional history is rather like morphology, a study of structures, forgetful of life.

So far is the historian to-day from having the "facts ready to his hand". If he has not in ancient history "letters or state papers", he has much that will serve the same purpose. History has a far wider scope to-day, and requires more intensive application. The study of natural science, with its methods, had inevitably to affect history, as it has all branches of intellectual activity. Two or, perhaps, three features of scientific thought

have passed over into history—a closer attention to fact with a higher standard of verification; a new insistence on the objective as opposed to the subjective treatment; and, it must be said, a limitation of range. Philosophy to be itself must be universal; it must be the contemplation or study of all time and all existence, as Plato put it. The scientist abandons any such project; his affair is with the phase of things, mathematical or chemical, not with the whole; science and its advancement require him to be a specialist. And he has given the historian the new ambition to be a specialist rather than a philosopher. In scientific studies, even in philosophy scientifically treated, style is suspect; what place could it have in algebra? One great man of science practically admitted to me that he cultivated a style which could almost be called algebraic.

No one will quarrel with the man of science or the historian for his closer attention to fact—or, at least, for his more determined verification of his facts. It is what distinguishes Thucydides from the rhetorician, the modern historian from the journalist. Not the absolute truth, but what might generally be taken for it, was according to Plato the rhetorician's ideal. But in human story it is very hard to isolate facts so as to have them in concrete objective shape; it may reduce you to Boswell's almanack or a shop catalogue. *O nata mecum consule Manlio*, writes Horace, which gives us the objective fact that he was born in 65 B. C., a fact perhaps important to know when he adds elsewhere that he was forty-four years old when Lollius had Lepidus for his colleague. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" we read elsewhere. The question gives us an economic fact; and the price is confirmed in an official document. But does the date of Horace's birth much matter, or, in itself, the price of sparrows? There is a real danger in this pursuit of objective facts; they may cease to be valuable in becoming isolated. A man may be so devoted to detail as to lose all sense of perspective; all facts may become equally important to him, and when all facts are of equal importance, anyone who wishes to understand history (or anything else) has to begin all over again. The bones in Ezekiel's vision of the Valley of Dry Bones were equally important till the movement began that gave them life; then their relative importance was greatly changed.

History is movement, and movement implies spirit; and in his passion for detail the historian becomes more and more likely to lose sight of the movement and to disbelieve in the spirit. The attitude of that type of man constantly seems to imply that he

knows the laws underlying human nature and human society as a chemist may claim to know the laws of chemical combination. With all his multiplication of facets and factors, he simplifies too abruptly. The laws, whatever they are, that guide and control human affairs are not so simple as he seems to suppose; there is a wild variety in human life and human temper which the innocent elements lack. Measurement, "quantitative thinking", is of the essence of scientific research; it is less possible in history; the apparatus for determining the force of the human spirit is yet to be devised. The objective treatment of history has led to attributing more significance to the situation than to the individual; which is so generally right that in the crucial case it is disastrously wrong and means the falsification of the whole thing.

Again, this procedure implies a feeling that history is what happened, "what Alcibiades did or suffered". Polybius is wiser; he conceives it to be history's task to explain rather why what happens follows and must follow from what has happened; and Cicero says the same; not *events* but *causae eventorum* appeal to him. Surely the serious thing in any historical situation is the factor, or group of factors, that is making the next stage possible, or even a stage more remote. No sepulchral inscription, no legal document, no imperial edict, no newspaper, is likely to record this force that makes for change. It is imponderable and unobserved, or, if observed, it will often be treated as trivial. Was any event between 1850 and 1860 so serious, or so epoch-making, as Darwin's publication of *The Origin of Species*? Was it noticed, was it realized? It was sixty years before Tennessee woke up to the fact that the book had altered the manner of approach for every man who thinks at all. Even yet we do not know all that it means in theology or all that it will do—and by "do" I mean write into history by way of change and impulse—in political and international thinking. Is it English history, if you omit Darwin in that decade? But does any History of England yet signalize that book as the thing of chief significance in that decade? In the same way the agriculturists note that even yet the historians of the eighteenth century hardly realize what Jethro Tull and Lord Townshend did for England; who among their contemporaries saw what that work would mean?

If history is movement, surely it is better to treat of history as movement. But the common way of writing "scientific" history almost compels a man to cut out the movement. The mass of knowledge is so great, the detail can be so full and so overwhelming, that a man cannot cope with it over any extended period.

Every teacher of history knows how set "periods" are shortened to make it possible for students to master them, with the same result for the student as for the writer of history; the period is known, but not the history. If we may borrow a simile from a necklace, is history the bead or the string? The tendency is to emphasize the bead, the chapter over the story. Conscience that makes cowards of us all, especially of scholars, bullies us with the value of detail; the fragments must all be gathered, nothing must be lost. But to save the ship, some part of the cargo must be jettisoned. The story is the thing, and the chapter must be sacrificed to it. But we are very reluctant to do it; it means ceasing to be "scientific", and becoming philosophic.

A Natural History in chapters—each chapter by a separate specialist, each chapter devoted to some genus or species—may be tolerable; it will probably be rather too full of detail to merit Johnson's forecast of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, "entertaining as a Persian Tale";<sup>1</sup> it will not make the cow shed her horns every year; but it will still be a compilation, and lack something that a bolder, deeper and simpler treatment might secure. It may have that "shallow stream of thought" which Johnson attributed to history;<sup>2</sup> for thought is susceptible of various meanings, and work that is done with the most meticulous care may yet lack thought. "Sir, I like that muddling work," said Johnson himself of dictionary making,<sup>3</sup> where surely concentration on accurate detail can be most securely independent of broad constructive thought and intelligence.

But a history that is to illumine the past, to make it significant, to bring out not merely its meaning, but what it really is, cannot be cut up in this way. A great movement has a certain unity, whether it reaches over months or centuries; you cannot with real truth make monthly records of it. Such records might be of use, like the "almanack" of Boswell's jest, but only in a subsidiary way. The man who makes them has to be a hodman, the scientific historian to the philosophic, the scholar to the thinker, the "original" researcher to the man who uses his researches,—the brick-maker, in fact, to the architect. It is a favourite absurdity with beginners in literary criticism to pick some line from a poem (Wordsworth's, very often) and insist that it is prosaic. Very likely it is; but the procedure is almost as wise as to pick a brick from St. Paul's and to shake one's head over the architect. "Peter the Great," said Johnson, "had not the sense to see that the more mechanical work may be done by anybody, and that

1 GBH ii, 273 (Am. ed.).

2 GBH ii, p. 224.

3 GBH ii, p. 234.

there is the same art in constructing a vessel, whether the boards are well or ill wrought. Sir Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brickmaker." Research is as essential to history as brick-making or stone-cutting to architecture, and as distinct from it. Surely it is time that there was a reaction to a larger and profounder conception of history, to the study of movements and their causes rather than events and their dates—a study (if one may stray to other pursuits for an illustration) more akin to biology than to morphology, a study of the living rather than of the dead. It will be more difficult and more dangerous; the supreme and compulsive factors are harder to determine than the matter for the almanack; there is far greater risk of mistake, and of bad mistake; but to be dead is perhaps the most hopeless of mistakes; and the mere chronicle is dead, however scientifically and with whatever original research its details are discovered and embalmed.

Though it is not always wise to challenge Aristotle, let us say for once that we shall regard history as "a thing more serious and more philosophic" than poetry. It is the function of poetry to show us the universal in the particular,—the story of mankind in Mary Morrison, let us say, or in Wordsworth's leech-gatherer. May not the function of history be something similar, while it takes, not the individual perhaps, but the race, and with the same passion for truth, the same happiness, brings out the real laws of our nature, the real significance of life? Here is, not a chapter, not an almanack, but a story—of a movement, of a development, of the play of forces ethnic, geographical, economic, yes! and of forces human and spiritual, discovered through the generations of a people. It was so, with lapses and digressions, but with earnestness and no small success, that Polybius treated of Rome; fifty-three years of movement, and the face of the Mediterranean world was changed—and why?

Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty!

No doubt, moral judgments will be involved, but this is not to make the historian the moralist at whom Bury laughed. But why Bury's laughter should decide the case, it is hard to see. There may be minds profounder than Bury, and it is plain that some of his judgments were shallow enough. Moral judgment there must be when life is handled with any real grip; and if history be treated as is here suggested, and treated by the master mind, the moral judgments will be as great as the rest of the work—not explicit,

perhaps, but written into it, and vocal for those who understand. It is a modern opinion that Thucydides had no feeling, because he did not unpack his heart with words; the wiser ancients felt in his austere restraint the master of pathos.

What is more, there will be more emphasis on the personal element in history. It is strange to think how long certain historians would have it that the situation made the man, very often the economic situation, and then to recall the years 1914 to 1920, when the decisive factors in the world's history were individual men, when the quarrel of Woodrow Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge, like that of Agamemnon and Achilles in the dawn of history, made a decade of unhappiness for Europe—perhaps, it will yet be decades. A plague on both your houses! Bury interpreted St. Patrick's work in Ireland as part of the design to extend the Roman see's authority, and coolly dismissed Patrick after a short analysis; closer attention, he suggested, might find further traits in his character. But in the case of men who move and make the world, as Patrick did, and Paul, and Garibaldi (to vary our instances), it is playing with words, dodging the issue, to say that their personality achieved what they did. We need something "more philosophic" than that; and with it the temper that can recognize the Hero (let us go back to Carlyle's word)—a temper that must be able to respond to the heroic and to love it, as old Plutarch did. Finally, it is to be remembered, whatever is said about literature as a dangerous ally to history, that the great historians have been masters of style; that "style is thought", and comes of itself when men think deeply and truly enough.

And what sort of a man will the historian be? What was it that "friend Sauerteig" said? What were the two wings on which History soared—or fluttered and wobbled? Were they not Stern Accuracy in discovering the facts and Bold Imagination in interpreting them?