

*Received in May.*

Canning College Magazine for March.  
 St. Columba's College Magazine for March.  
 Patna College Magazine for March.  
 Ravenshavian for April.  
 Mahamandal Magazine for April.  
 Dacca Review and Sammilan for April.  
 Behar National College Magazine for May—a new venture,

*Received in June.*

Lalbagh Chronicle for May.  
 Dacca Review and Sammilan for May.  
 Central Hindu College Magazine for June.

*Received in July.*

Mahamandal Magazine for June.  
 D. A. V. College Union Magazine for June.

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## MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

(CONTRIBUTED BY PROFESSOR LALITKUMAR BANERJEE, M. A.)

This new production of one of the foremost men of the age in the fields of literature and politics has been recently added to the College Library. The popularity of this new production among the world of readers may be gauged by the significant fact that it appeared in November 1917, was reprinted in December 1917 and again in January 1918—an edition for each month during three successive months! The veteran writer was born in 1838, so he was verging on eighty when he produced the work—and this is a surprise to us Indians although it is nothing unusual in the land of Gladstone and Tennyson, Herbert Spencer and James Martineau.

The writer observes in his Introduction that the war has led to his retirement from public office and the possession of leisure enables him to write this 'personal history.' But the two volumes before us are a good deal more than 'personal history.' They not

only give us a true glimpse of the man, the writer and the statesman, but also contain a long gallery of vivid portraits of prominent men of the times with many of whom the writer lived, on terms of intimacy and some of whom he has frankly called his Teachers. The fact that the Index covers more than 75 pages will give intending readers some idea of the great range of the topics dealt with in the two volumes. The sketches of men are in many cases, full and the comments judicious and impartial. Here is a rough list of the names :—Wordsworth, Ruskin, Tennyson, George Eliot, Dickens, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, Stevenson, Meredith, Robert Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, T. H. Green, Comte, Renan, Taine, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Buckle, Frederick Harrison, Leslie Stephen, Henry Sidgwick, Bagehot, Lecky, Fowler, Goldwin Smith, Cotter Morison, Mark Pattison, Hutton, Froude, Lord Acton, among great writers—poets, novelists, historians, philosophers, and Gladstone, Chamberlain, Lord Spencer, Parnell, Balfour, Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman, Goschen, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery—statesmen who were his confederates in the active game of politics as well as distinguished foreigners like Cavour, Mazzini, the Kaiser, President Roosevelt, Carnegie, Botha and men prominent in Indian politics or experts in Indian affairs like Lord Minto, Lord Curzon, Lord Roberts, Kitchener, Sir Bamfylde Fuller, Sir Theodore Morison, Sir Alfred Lyall (whom he pronounces as ‘an Indian expert of the first rank’), Sir Henry Cotton, Sir H. Risley, and Gokhale.†

Besides all this there are incidental remarks on the writer’s own productions like the volumes on Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Cobden, Burke &c., the circumstances under which they came to be written, the object they were intended to fulfil—all which is interesting reading. Comments on ‘books, persons, politics’ are scattered thick and the extracts from his Diary bearing on his readings are as interesting as the record of Macaulay’s readings in his charming biography written by his nephew. We cannot afford space for even a few of these interesting comments on books and authors but the following ‘aphorisms’ culled mainly from Viscount Morley’s own

† Indian affairs are dealt with in Vol. II Bk. V. (Covering pp. 149-340.)

sage utterances and partially from other great men quoted by him are, we trust, likely to prove edifying to our readers. As an apology for this procedure of ours, we may refer to the author's own remark in his *Essay on Aphorisms* (in *Studies in Literature*) that it 'is one of the things best worth hunting for in books' as well as Bacon's verdict approvingly quoted by him that these wise sayings are not only for ornament, but for action and business, having a point or edge, whereby knots in business are pierced and discovered.

#### (A) Religion.

Religion is morality touched with emotion.—**Matt. Arnold.**

The only permanent value of religion is in lightening the feeling of total separation, which is so dreadful in a real grief.—**J. S. Mill.**

Religion has many dialects, many diverse complexions, but it has one true voice, the voice of human pity, of mercy, of patient justice.

The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.—**Bacon.**

That inner humanity which is the root of all good manners and good feeling and other things lying at the core of character.

Christianity had been tried and failed, the religion of Christ remained to be tried.—**Lessing.**

Is it a little odd that Mahometans should come to a Christian Government to be taught not the Sermon on the Mount, but the noble arts of human slaughter? (said *anent* the Amir's proposal to send pupils to Lord Kitchener.)

#### (B) Rules of Conduct.

Principle is its own reward.

A blunt pride is no bad form of self-respect.

It makes all the difference in the world whether we put truth in the first place or in the second place.—**Archbishop Whately.**

Faintheartedness Mr. Gladstone called the master-vice.

As I think all things are governed by destiny, having done all that is possible, I submit with patience.—**Marlborough.**

The Man who is Master of Patience is Master of everything.—**Halifax.**

When one is in a position that exacts instant decision, musing is no sedative.

Be sure that discipline is full of blessings.—**Gladstone.**

Sensuality, Vanity, Avarice, these are the three things that destroy a man.—**Gladstone.**

There are two species of the unwise—those who give advice and those who do not take it.—**Gladstone.**

The gallows gives peculiar actuality to metaphysical puzzles.

Better go on suffering than to die. Such is ever the motto of mankind.

If you would love mankind, you must not expect too much from them.

Here or nowhere is your America.—**Goethe.**

Character the real treasure. Do not place popularity before reputation, because with lost reputation, popularity is lost. But he who keeps up reputation will never find friends, favour, popularity wanting.—**Guicciardini.**

(The French saying)—Great thoughts come from the heart, to which I am always for adding a little rider, 'yes, but they must go round by the head.'

It is a mark of finesse of mind not to come to conclusions.—**Renan.**

He is an idealist who lives and works with his ideals, and drudges over them every day of his life.

There is an old saying that to live is to outlive. (It means no more than that Ideals have their hours and fade. The oracle of today drops from his tripod on the morrow.)

Every generation needs to be addressed in its own language.—**Bosanquet.**

The age is not what we all wish, but the only means to check its degeneracy was heartily to concur in whatever is best in our time.—**Burke.**

Friendships do not always survive the ordeal of long journeys.

Tobacco taken in company allows a man to be silent without embarrassment, though on the other hand, taken in solitude tobacco

is suspected of turning thought into reverie. (Friedrich Wilhelm's *Tabagie Collegium*.)

A full diary contains things which afterwards one would as lief have a sound excuse for forgetting.

### (C) Literature.

Literature a weapon and an arm, not merely a liberal art.

A town is the true scene for a Man of Letters.—**HUME**.

Reading is a poor substitute for actually seeing.

Books and systems are not things to be learned in themselves, but are only so many different object-glasses, through which we can look at things.—**Pattison**.

The shallow have compared reading to smoking—pleasant, sedative or excitant, but fugitive.

Though journalism may kill a man, it quickens his life while it lasts.

An artist may be known rather by what he *omits*.—**Schiller**.

The pleasure of criticism takes from us that other pleasure of being touched to the quick by peculiarly beautiful things. (A great French writer said this).

Tried to read two pieces of French fiction, but found each more disgusting than the other, so I flung them both out of the window, only hoping that the French peasantry are lucky enough never to have learnt to read.

### (D) History & Politics.

History is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.—**Gibbon** (whom Morley calls 'greatest of literary historians').

The history of governments is one of the most immoral parts of history.—**Gladstone**.

True history is the art of rapprochement—bridging distances of place and circumstance.

Politics are a dubious trade, to be sure, but I have always maintained that they are very good for the vital energies.

Public life is rather an arid pursuit compared with one's dreams as an ambitious Collegian, but it has the consolations of Comradeship.

War is old testament, not New.

There is no morality in War.—**Napoleon.**

The soldier prose of a gazette takes the stir and flame out of battle and all the din of drum and trumpet out of victory.

To carry on war and extend rulership over subdued nations seems to bad men felicity but to good men a necessity.—**St. Augustine.**

Put Justice away, and what are your empires but brigandage and rapine?—**St. Augustine.**

The very word empire is in history and essence military; emperor means soldier, all modern history and tradition associate empires with war.

The proper memory for a politician is one that knows what to remember and what to forget.

Napoleon III, the man of whom it was said that he was an ill-bound volume, half made up of Machiavelli, the other half of Don Quixote.

What attaches people to us is the spirit we are of, and not the machinery we employ.—**M. Arnold.**

Coercion was of course the standardised medicine that always left the malady where it was, unless it made it worse.

We govern men, and we do not know them; we do not even endeavour to know them.—**Lord Shelburne.**

Excess of severity is not the path to order. . . .

Clemency Canning was a great man after all.

Liberty of the Press is a powerful faith.

The management of so complicated and mighty a Machine as the United Colonies, requires the Meekness of Moses, the Patience of Job, and the Wisdom of Solomon, added to the valour of David.—**John Adams.**

Talk of India and other 'insoluble problems' of Great States, I declare the American Negro often strikes me as the hardest of them all.

British rulers of India with a supreme Parliament are like men bound to make their watches keep time in two longitudes at once. (Quoted as a current saying).

Political prudence is another name for mediocrity of intellect.—  
**Mazzini.**

There are two things that you can neither mend nor end; the House of Lords is one, the other is the Pope of Rome.—**Sir W. Harcourt.**

When the Devil upon the Mount showed Christ all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, he left Ireland out and kept it for himself. (Bacon's story of the Spanish Commander who said this.)

The Irish Question would be settled a little while before the Day of Judgment. (Giraldus Cambrensis said this.)

Ireland, that is my polestar of honour, even if I were to know that I am driving straight on to failure.

In my creed, waste of public money is like the Sin against the Holy Ghost.

In a poor country like India, Economy is as much an element of defence as guns and forts.

The nation in every country dwells in the cottage.—**Bright.**

#### (E) Personal:

I was consoled by assurances that prizes are vastly out-numbered by blanks, and that the average income at the bar is lower than the earnings of the rural labourer.

It has been my fortune to write some pages that found and affected their share of readers; to know and work on close terms with many men wonderfully well worth knowing; to hold responsible offices in the State, to say things in popular assemblages that made a difference. Such recollections must always be open to the reproach of egotism. I hope that here at any rate it is not of the furtive sheepish kind.

My inclination, almost to the last, was to bolt from public life altogether, for I have a decent library of books still unread, and in my brain a page or two still unwritten...I suppose, however, one should do the business that lies to one's hand.

Like many another man of grave (or dull) temperament, I seek snatches of relief from boredom by clapping on a fool's cap at odd moments.

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