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narrative is, exclusively, to set forth the creative work of God upon *this world*. Of course, he does not set forth the history of other worlds. But if a sun *were* in existence, and if astronomical teaching were purposely let alone, then the writer necessarily used only just such language as was consistent with, and, of course, indicative of, a sun. But if, indeed, there were *no* sun, such language as he has used could not have been used in honesty.

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### ARTICLE III.

#### CHARLES JAMES FOX AS AN ORATOR.

BY THE LATE GEORGE SHEPARD, D.D., PROFESSOR IN BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE subject of the present Article is Charles James Fox,—an extraordinary character, who lived at an extraordinary time. Could we but do tolerable justice to our subject we should have no fear as to the interest or profitableness of the Article. Charles James Fox has carried the reputation of being, on the whole, the greatest parliamentary orator in English history; and yet we have to state the strange fact that no biography of him has ever been written; and we find ourselves under the necessity of ranging through libraries to gather the authentic facts and material for a performance like this.

Mr. Fox was born on the thirteenth of January, 1749. He was the second son of Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland, and through his mother (Georgina Carolina Lenox, of the house of Richmond), he inherited the blood, and even the features, of the royal house of Stuart. But Mr. Burke says that in character he bore a much closer resemblance to Henry Fourth of France, another of his royal progenitors.

The fortunes of the Fox family commenced at the Resto-

ration. Sir Stephen Fox, the grandfather of Charles, came into the lucrative place of paymaster of some regiments, gathered a magnificent estate, made splendid charities, and, at the age of seventy-six, married a second wife, became the father of two sons, and, through these, the founder of two noble families; the eldest son, Stephen, being created Earl of Ilchester; Henry, the younger, Lord Holland.

Henry Fox, Lord Holland, was, in many traits, very like his father; in all, very unlike his son Charles. By management and thrift he laid the foundation for his own honors and fortune. He became a member of Parliament, and there displayed very considerable powers of debate, which he often exerted against the overmastering energies of Lord Chatham. It is remarkable that these distinguished men, thus commonly set in opposition, should leave behind two so illustrious sons, to be arrayed against each other nearly the whole of their political life. Lord Chatham left to his family no wealth. He left them the sole inheritance of an unsullied reputation and of a proud and great name. Lord Holland handed down to his family enormous wealth, accompanied with the blasting opprobrium, "public defaulter of uncounted millions." It was as paymaster of the forces that he acquired this wealth and became subjected to these dishonoring accusations. Charles, the second surviving son, was the favorite of the father, as he early saw in this son the germs of future greatness. He conducted the domestic education of this son upon the preposterous principle of unlimited indulgence. "Let nothing be done," said the father, "to break his spirit"; by which his lordship doubtless meant, let there be nothing to subdue his will. And there was nothing; his own will and way Charles Fox had always.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fox was guilty of some enormous instances of boyish insolence. I find such as the following in contemporary history; and still one feels they can hardly be true. His father, when Secretary of State, in the midst of the war, having one night a great number of important expresses to despatch, took them home from his office, in order the more attentively to examine their contents before he sent them away. Charles, then about nine years of age, came into the study

Intending his son, from earliest infancy, for parliamentary business, Lord Holland conversed with him, when a child, on public affairs, encouraged him to deliver his sentiments, and trained him to deliver them with form and propriety. At the table, when a mere boy, he was permitted to enter into the conversation of men, and would often acquit himself to the astonishment of those present. A similar course was pursued with Pitt; his father not only conversing with him on state affairs, but requiring him to utter his thoughts methodically, — standing him on the table for declamation and speech-making. But here, I would remark, is almost the only similarity between these two notable characters. In all other respects their training and unfolding is in entire contrast. Fox's early education was far less a home education than Pitt's; Fox, being thrown forth upon the world, "passed through all the gradations of boyhood, youth, and maturity, with that change of character which is naturally created by each; but Pitt, like the northern year, in which summer commences without any spring, seemed to leap at once from infancy to manhood, without any intervening period of adolescence."

At the age of fourteen Fox was placed at Eton, where he was distinguished alike for scholarship and dissipation. His classical attainments were rapid, accurate, and great. He there practised declamation and debate, and thus early began to acquire his remarkable faculty of expression and argument. From Eton he went to Oxford, and there pursued, with great gust and diligence, both dissipation and study. His favorite language was the Greek; and his favorite authors were Homer, Demosthenes, Longinus, and Aristotle. Of the great and taking up one of the packets, which his father had examined and laid apart for sealing, perused it with much seeming attention for a time, expressed his disapprobation of its contents, and then coolly thrust it into the fire. The father, without administering any rebuke even, very quietly proceeded to make out another. At another time when his father had finished a long despatch, Charles, standing by with his hand on the inkstand, said, "I have a mind to throw the ink over the paper." "Do, my dear," said the Secretary, "if it will give you any pleasure." Whereupon the boy dashed on the ink, and the Secretary sat down submissively to rewrite the despatch.

Grecian poet he became an absolute master and an accomplished critic. Aristotle's Ethics and Politics he read with great thoroughness. Indeed, history, ethics, and politics were made prominent studies, as preparatory to the course of life he contemplated.

At the age of nineteen he was elected to Parliament for Midhurst. He began his political career as a high tory, his maiden speech being against Mr. Wilkes' petition and the liberty of the press. It is, indeed, a singular fact that the first colleague of Mr. Fox<sup>1</sup> should have been Lord North, and his first oratorical adversary Edmund Burke. Under Lord North, Fox was placed on the Admiralty, and in 1772 was promoted to the Treasury. Though Mr. Fox thus commenced the insolent enemy of the whigs, and for four years made them smart under the lash of his invective, he then suddenly turned about,—the cause is hardly known,—and became their ally and advocate, and at length their leader. It was in 1774 that he took his stand with the opposition, and there were mighty men in the ranks with him—Burke, Barre, Sheridan, Dunning, and, for a little season, William Pitt. It was his wonderful facility and transcendent powers of debate which gave him the singular pre-eminence of a leader amongst such men. The great question in Parliament onward for seven years was the American war. Fox and his coadjutors were all the while the strenuous advocates of peace and American independence. In March 1782 the ministry under North gave way, and the Rockingham administration was formed. Mr. Fox now came into power as one of the secretaries of state, and he was, perhaps, the controlling mind during this brief administration, which lasted only till the death of the marquis in July. On account of a violent displeasure at the complexion of the Shelburne administration, which succeeded that of Rockingham, Mr. Fox, early in 1783, formed a coalition with Lord North. This "unscrupulous coalition" with the tories, considering the opposing principles and the diverse character of the two men, and the seven years of impassioned and contemptuous oppo-

sition made to North by Fox, injured the latter exceedingly. The result of this coalition was the overthrow of the Shelburne administration, and the formation of a new one, with the Duke of Portland, a man of straw, for premier, and Fox and North as secretaries together. The measure which occasioned the overthrow of this administration was Mr. Fox's famous bill for the government of India. This bill, probably drafted by Burke, was introduced by Fox in November 1783, in one of his most wonderful speeches. It failed. Pitt and the opposition triumphed. The king dismissed his ministers without the courtesy of a personal interview. As the tables are turned again, we find Mr. Pitt in power and Mr. Fox in opposition. In 1784 there was another general election for Parliament, and Fox stood for Westminster. The whole influence of the government was brought to bear against him, resolved, if possible, to defeat him. For a number of days he ran behind; till at length the ladies went out and engaged in his behalf, even adopting a dress in compliment to him, composed of a mixture of garter blue and buff. The most conspicuous and serviceable of these was the Duchess of Devonshire, then in the height of her beauty; of whom, when soliciting votes for Mr. Fox, it was said, that "she was the loveliest portrait that ever appeared upon a canvass."

There is not time to follow Mr. Fox in all the detail of his political conduct. He was chiefly employed in resisting the measures of his rival, William Pitt. It was a perpetual struggle between them — through the twenty-five years during which Pitt was premier and Fox in opposition. A leading measure at issue was the new India bill. This Fox and his friends opposed with all their marshalled strength. In immediate connection came the impeachment of Hastings, a most imposing affair, in which Fox took a prominent and splendid part. In 1786 came the king's indisposition, a season of mental derangement, a state of incapacity. Here Fox stood prominent, and, unfortunately for himself, advocated the virtual demise of the king, and the full succession of the Prince of Wales, who was a whig, and a fast friend

and fellow of his own. On this question the two great champions met in one of the most masterly argumentative contests ever witnessed on the floor of parliament. But the king recovered; the Regency bill died; and Pitt rose still higher in the royal favor — rose, indeed, into the ascendency. In 1789 came the French Revolution which received our orator's unqualified approval, and, through its whole duration, continued a fit theme for his impetuous eloquence, and constituted one of the most important and touching passages in his life. It was here that he broke with Burke, — rather Burke with him. Most violently did he oppose the war then waged by the ministry against France. In 1791, in the midst of the panic which seized conservative England at the condition of affairs in France, at the very time Burke issued his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, Mr. Fox introduced his Libel Act. This measure, which was supported by Mr. Pitt, transferred from the judge to the jury the power of deciding whether any matter was libellous in character.

In 1791 Fox, disgusted with the course of affairs, withdrew from Parliament for a season. In 1801, taking advantage of a short peace under Addington's administration, he visited Paris, where he was honored with the special notice of Buonaparte.<sup>1</sup>

When war began again Pitt returned to power, and formed a new league on the continent. This Fox opposed and condemned; and here he was the true prophet, for in two months the allies were utterly discomfited in the battle of Austerlitz. Poor Pitt, enfeebled by disease and overloaded with care, was completely crushed, yea, heart-broken, and died with the words: "My country! how I leave my country!" trembling on his lips. In less than eight months

<sup>1</sup> The chief object of this visit was the collection of materials for a historical work upon the reign of James II., which he began in 1800, and on which he was then engaged. At this period he was largely occupied in writing, and in his private letters of this date there are frequent "allusions to various literary projects, such as an edition of Dryden, a Defence of Racine and the French Stage, Essay on the Beauties of Euripides, etc. — E.

his illustrious rival followed him. Fox died of dropsy, September 13th, 1806; his death, which was in the midst of his friends, furnishing some scenes of very solemn and tender interest. His age was fifty-seven years and eight months. Pitt was ten years younger. Such is a mere outline of Mr. Fox's political course. Of his character as a politician I shall not speak farther than to say that neither consistency nor cunning was a quality of it.

As to his moral character and example, they were altogether unworthy of him. In almost all respects he was an irregular man. Ambition was not the sin of Fox, but a splendid dissoluteness. He said, indeed, there were two things he was resolved to attain to: the first place of power, and marrying the handsomest woman in the kingdom. Mr. Fox commonly had as his companion an elegant and fascinating woman; but the words of Scripture, with a slight change, might at any time have been applied to him, "she whom thou hast is not thy wife." Fox was an enormous gambler. His passion for the gaming-table and the race-ground was unparalleled and uncontrollable; for it began early, and grew with even his boyish growth. When travelling on the continent at the age of fourteen his father indulged him with five guineas a night to be spent in games of hazard. It is stated by an eminent banker of England, that in the house of which he was a partner, one hundred thousand pounds had been paid by Lord Holland's order to discharge the debts contracted by his son during his minority. After having spent whole nights at the gaming-table, and there lost thousands of pounds, Fox would go home, adjust his person, repair immediately to the house, and pour forth torrents of his invective eloquence. When he was a member of the Board of Admiralty the clerks were often obliged to wait upon him at the gaming-houses in St. James and Pall Mall, where, with a pen in one hand and cards in the other, he signed warrants, orders, and other papers without knowing a word of their contents. In addition to love of gaming of this sort, he was greatly addicted to the pleasures of the



turf,—making great preparations under this head; having some thirty horses in training in a single year, and hazarding many thousands at a race. In this way, before he was thirty years of age, Mr. Fox squandered his entire inherited estate, which was sufficient to yield him an annual income of about four thousand pounds; consequently at this early period he often had not the means of defraying his most necessary expenses. I refer to these traits and extravagances simply to indicate how strange the traits and monstrous the habits in England's greatest orator.

In his social character it is obvious that Fox was free, generous, convivial; thus acquiring the familiar appellation he was everywhere receiving, of Charles Fox. His conversational powers, it is said, were not very remarkable. This could not have been through a lack of command of his resources, or of ease of utterance, but through a voluntary inactivity; being so transcendent in the greater sphere, he had no ambition to be distinguished in the lesser. It is stated by Mackintosh, that "Mr. Fox united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators." These seemingly repugnant characters are, in fact, very often united. Perhaps more commonly than otherwise do we find that men who have written or uttered the intensest eloquence, the men who have been the most violent in controversy, the most dogged in opposition, the most fiery in debate, the most terrible in sarcasm, the most withering in rebuke, have been the meekest, the mildest, the most generous and amiable of men in their private character and retired intercourse. The philosophy of this mental phenomenon we have, at present, no time to consider.

The improvidence of Fox extended beyond mere pecuniary matters. He was apt to be reckless of what he poured from his mind as well as of what he poured from his purse. It would have been well for him, frequently, had he kept his seat when he rose to speak. For what the elder Pitt said of himself was true of Fox: "When once I am up, everything

in me comes out." Fox ruined his prospects by his freedom of utterance ; going behind the minister, he assailed the king : " We are called upon," said he, in 1780, referring to the customary address to the throne, which was then before the house, " we are called upon to recognize the blessings of his majesty's reign. I cannot concur in such a vote, for I am not acquainted with those blessings. The present reign offers one uninterrupted series of disgrace, misfortune, and calamity." A few months later he says : " The reign of Charles II. has been denominated an infamous reign, but the evils inflicted on this country by the Stuarts, were happily retrieved by a revolution, while the evils of the present reign admit of no redress." This freedom of speech threw him out of the pale of the royal favor and planted him, with the exception of a few brief months of office, in the ranks of bitter and reckless opposition.

To Mr. Fox's literary character and habits, and his acquisitions in that line, I have already alluded. He made himself originally a thorough classical scholar. And he did not, as is too commonly the case, abandon classical studies on entering upon public duties. Even amid his wildest excesses, during his early parliamentary career, he kept up an habitual intercourse with the writers of Greece and Rome. An intimate friend once called upon him soon after a desperate risk and loss, expecting to find him bewailing his misfortune and sunk in despair, even dreading lest he should discover about him the weapons of the suicide, and actually found him calmly engaged in reading a Greek Herodotus. Even late in life he had a plan of study to which he inflexibly adhered. An hour before breakfast was dedicated either to the acquisition of a new language or to the recollection of one in some degree obliterated. At this period he reviewed the entire field of his Greek studies. The time from breakfast till two was occupied in reading, which he pursued in strict method. It was his practice in reading an author to erase with his pen all unnecessary words — a practice which if now applied with his severe notions of style would, doubt-

less, make a fearful shrinkage in not a few books. The counsel and companionship of Burke, before they broke apart on the rock of the French Revolution, was of incalculable service to Fox. From this great fountain of wisdom and knowledge he drew his richest stores; he, himself, acknowledging that if all he had learned from other sources were put in one scale, and what he had been taught by Burke in the other, the latter would preponderate.

Though Fox was a man of extensive reading and finished taste, though very rapid, commonly, in the extemporaneous utterance of his thoughts, he yet composed slowly and with great labor. This fact seems somewhat remarkable. We should suppose that the individual who could speak readily would also be able to write readily. But it is not so always; often is it the reverse. The fact that Fox did not succeed with his pen, that whilst his spoken style was glowing and natural his written style was formal and frigid, led him to forego all attempts to preserve his own eloquence. There is but a single speech, we are told, that he prepared at all beforehand, or even corrected for the press. The consequence is, we have no perfect records of his eloquence. We have the course of the argument, the rude substance of what he said, but nowhere the eloquence, the real language, the *verba ardentia*.<sup>1</sup> We have to imagine what the original

<sup>1</sup> "He had employed many days in writing his Letter to the Electors of Westminster, in 1793; and even the publication of his speech on the late Duke of Bedford (the only instance in which he ever revised what he had delivered in public) occupied a greater portion of his time than could be easily imagined by those who were unacquainted with his scrupulous attention to all the niceties of language. Having mentioned these works, I take this opportunity of adding, that, with the exception of the fourteenth and sixteenth, and perhaps a few other numbers of a periodical publication in 1779, called the "Englishman," and an Epitaph upon the late Bishop of Down, they are the only pieces of prose he ever printed; unless, indeed, one were to reckon his advertisements to electors, and the parliamentary papers which he may have drawn up. There are several specimens of his composition in verse, in different languages; but the Lines on Mrs. Crewe, and those to Mrs. Fox on his birthday, are, as far as I recollect, all that have been printed. An Ode to Poverty, and an Epigram upon Gibbon, though very generally attributed to him, are certainly not his compositions."—Vassal Holland in Preface to "Fox's Historical Work," pp. xiv and

was from these fragments and from the descriptions and testimonies of history.

The following are the acknowledged characteristics of Mr. Fox's eloquence, — its powerful and its faulty traits.

1. One thing was, it was intelligent ; in other words, the eloquence of one who took a strong hold of his subject, and was master of it, and master of all the knowledge bearing upon it he had ever acquired. Endowed with a wonderful quickness of apprehension and discrimination, he could seize the subject, and, separating from it what was foreign, present it, when he chose, with simplicity and clearness.

2. The eloquence of Mr. Fox was pre-eminently an argumentative eloquence. He loved, he courted discussion ; not declamation, but discussion, argumentation. And often would he go to an excess, and expend it upon trifling or conceded points — thus doing himself what he complained of in Adam Smith, one of his favorite authors, whom he charges with being so fond of deduction that he practised it where there was nothing to deduce — proving where no one could doubt, and entering upon a chain of reasoning to produce a most unmeaning result. This gratuitous thing, which Mr. Fox, as well as Adam Smith, sometimes did, can never be done without forfeiting a large measure of power. But Mr. Fox's argumentative skill was not always expended upon trifles. It was commonly expended upon the solid argument of his adversary. He loved to come after a great speaker, and meet a great and compact argument. As an opening speaker, he was ordinary, because he depended for his power upon the excitement of the debate. The greater the power of the adversary that preceded him, the better for his effort. The mightier the argument that went before, the mightier the argument of the reply. In the reply, if he

xv and note. This fragment of the proposed History consists of an Introductory Chapter giving a *résumé* of facts, from the reign of Henry VII., and three chapters of the history of James II., pp. 273 ; and an Appendix giving the Correspondence between Louis XIV., and M. Barillon on English Affairs from Dec. 1684 to Dec. 1685, etc. pp. clviii. — E.

had a good cause, Mr. Fox was sure to meet the full force of the argument which had been, or might have been, adduced on the other side. On his part, there was no dodging, no evasion. Indeed, he would often alarm his friends by apparently helping his opponents, by making the statement of the argument stronger than they had made it, stronger than they could make it, stronger, even, than seemed to admit of demolition. Then came his moments of power, of proud triumph, when he rose in all his conscious might upon such an argument and overthrew it, tore it to atoms, and cast it to the winds. Mr. Fox often employed wit—"a battering, piercing wit"—in this work, particularly in exposing the absurdity of, and holding up to ridicule, the weak points of an opposing speech. A portion of Fox's argumentative power must be resolved into the strength with which he grasped, and the tenacity with which he held, and the rigor with which he applied, *great first principles*. By analyzing the arguments of an adversary, and bringing his refined and complicated reasonings to the criterion of first principles, he made their hidden sophistry to appear, and took away all their seeming strength. It is not said that Mr. Fox never reasoned unfairly and deceptively. To say this would be to say that he was never on the wrong side, or had a weak cause. One who heard the great reply of Fox to the great speech and argument of Pitt on the Regency Bill—an occasion on which these two mighty combatants exhibited exploits they probably never exceeded, thus speaks of its effect upon himself. "We felt our ideas, as if under the influence of sorcery, become dim and confused by a change in the position of their objects, and by the intervention of new ones, seemingly as substantial as those which they eclipsed. We were conscious, for the moment, of two co-existent and contradictory impressions,—a conviction of Pitt's doctrine, and astonishment that it could be produced by arguments so false, so absurd, and so detestable."

3. Whilst the eloquence of Fox was argumentative it was not dry, dull, frigid. All agree that vehemence was a

marked and pervading characteristic. Not that he was always earnest and vehement, for he was not always eloquent. When he was not excited his efforts were in no wise remarkable. When unwarmed, unroused, there was a decided want of fluency. It was only when greatly and profoundly stirred that the thoughts, the matter, came quickly, vividly forth. Even then he was not always fluent; not, however, for want of thoughts offering themselves to the utterance, but from an excessive and crowded abundance, clogging the passage. His thoughts often came too fast for the slow and mechanical process of speech. There was interference and embarrassment from the multitudinous rush to the place of egress. Hence there was occasionally something like violence in his large frame, as if, in the strife and press, the ideas were trying to overleap the narrow boundaries that confined them; or tumultuously to break a passage out, instead of waiting to be let out in the lawful way. "It is no wonder that he expressed himself," says an eye-witness of this state and exertion of his powers, "in hurried sentences, in involuntary exclamations, by vehement gestures, by sudden starts and bursts of passion. Everything showed the agitation of his mind; his tongue faltered, his voice became almost suffocated, and his face was bathed in tears. He reeled and staggered under the load of feeling which oppressed him; he rolled like the sea beaten by a tempest."

4. This conflicting and interfering of thoughts, when Mr. Fox was in his excited and vehement strain, indicates the obvious fact which was felt as a serious defect in his eloquence, namely, the want of a skilful and suggestive arrangement of his thoughts. With this arrangement there could hardly have been anything like a tumult; for with it he could have said authoritatively to the several ranks and orders, "Stand quietly in your place till you are called for." Even when—a very rare thing—the speech was premeditated and an arrangement was adopted, it was by no means remarkable for its fitting adjustment and connection. He often, however, confessedly spoke without any plan at all—a miserable

practice, as it seems to us, no matter how great the orator. He would make sudden sallies in the impulses and sportings of his mind, and follow out conceptions which occurred to him on his course. Hence there were complaints of inability to follow him; and it was often a wonder to his friends how he kept on his way and came out so well as he did. In some of his brilliant desultory efforts, he exhibited the most astonishing powers of recollection. It is said that, "rising toward the end of a long debate, and bursting into a speech as immethodical as it was impetuous, he would yet recall without a single omission, every topic of importance that had been touched upon through the night." While he thus showed himself a prodigy of memory, it was at the expense of his hearers, who would have been better pleased, and far more permanently profited, if there had been some bond of union, some link or law of association, by which the whole mass might have been securely held by him and easily handed over to the keeping of others. It is difficult to reconcile what is said of this want of method, or skilful, logical adjustment and arrangement with what is said of his sweeping power of argumentation. Of course, it could not have been argument in close concatenation, but rather in separate masses and blows, coming so pat and heavy as to overturn and demolish the adverse positions.

5. Again, the eloquence of Mr. Fox was plain, in both senses of the word. His language was always clear, intelligible. Every hearer could understand, and understand him without an effort. His language was plain, too, as devoid of ornament. There was scarcely any rhythm, or music in his periods. He seems never to have attempted a fine expression. Though something of a poet, and a lover of poetry, at least in his earlier days, there is an utter restriction, if not annihilation, of the imagination in his oratory. His eloquence, in this respect, is of the hardest and severest kind, there being little in it to please the ear or gently move the sensibilities. The green fields and the adorning flowers we look for in vain. The style was not only plain, but

positively bad ; not merely wanting in rhetorical beauty and finish, but abounding in grammatical blunders. There were solecisms and clumsy constructions, unpardonable in an ordinary speaker, unaccountable in an admired master of eloquence.

6. If we go to the person and manner of our orator we do not find in it, more than in the style, anything to please and captivate. Cicero says, a man to be an orator must not be "*vastus*," not gross, bulky, unwieldy. This rule of the great rhetorician Mr. Fox was guilty of violating. His figure broad, heavy, inclined to corpulency, and appearing destitute of all elegance or grace ; his features harsh, repulsive, overhung with two huge, black, shaggy eyebrows ; his voice, without much compass or flexibility, always shrill and piercing, sometimes rising to a distressing screech ; his action earnest, natural, but devoid of ease and grace,—such the manner.

7. In looking over the description of Mr. Fox's eloquence there seems to be about as much that is negative as positive. Without skill in method ; without remarkable fluency—rather given to an impetuosity which choked fluency ; without the aid of imagination ; without the accomplishments of style ; without the charm of person, voice, manner,—pray, how does it appear that Mr. Fox was so much of an orator ? That Mr. Fox was a great orator, that he had some of the rarest and best elements of this species of greatness, is evident from the concurrent testimony of history, and from the fact that he wielded so decisive a power, notwithstanding his want of many of the usual accomplishments of the orator. His was the power of thought, of argument, of passion. He was effective because he strongly grasped his subject—became interested, absorbed in it, filled and fired with it ; then, forgetting himself, and yielding all his excited powers to convey his own convictions to others, he uttered himself with entire simplicity and naturalness ; he swept along on a tide of vehemence, bearing others with him, because such was the style, the structure, the whole appearance, so aloof



from artifice, that all deemed him sincere, knew that he was not acting a part, but pouring out his own mind and heart upon them; and the stream came so direct, clear, intense, and impetuous, that those before it could not keep from being carried by it.

But there is nothing in the remains of Fox, in the speeches left behind, which will at all justify the reports of his eloquence. We can therefore give no examples. There are no beauties of Fox, no brilliant passages, no splendid illustrations. We have nothing more than the mere hulk of his speeches, — the rough-timbered outline. To adduce specimens of these, then, would not be likely to further our attempt at description.<sup>1</sup> Our design, perhaps, would be better aided by falling a moment upon the law of contrasts. Mr. Fox is so much of an original in the entire line and company of orators that his qualities may be set forth more perfectly by showing the contrasts than the resemblances between him and other speakers. Some may think, however, that there should be a single exception to this remark; inasmuch as it is often said that the character of Fox's eloquence is very similar to that

<sup>1</sup> In another and earlier copy of this lecture is the following: Mr. Hume says somewhere, that "criticism is nearly useless without examples." But as satisfactory specimens of Mr. Fox's eloquence are nowhere in existence, a single example must suffice. It is not necessary to make careful selection, since, open where we may, we shall probably see the ardor, the strength, the simplicity and something of the slovenliness. Here is a part of what he said when he and his party were accused of struggling in the opposition for place and power. "I can bear well enough, in some respects, and even make allowance for, the ignorance, incapacity, corruption, love of emolument and power in these men. I can even pity them for their wants, their impudence, and their gross stupidity. I feel for their miserable infatuation, not knowing whether to rush headlong into immediate ruin or retreat with safety. Despicable and unprincipled as they are, I have nevertheless learned to regard their persons with respect from the conspicuous stations they hold in view of the public. But when such men, thus involved, and involving others, in every possible misfortune and disgrace, urge their claims of merit for what deserves an axe or a halter, and under a complication of great national calamities, coolly contend that those disasters which every individual feels, do not exist, or if they do, that they may justly be ascribed to opposition, such a lump of deformity and disease, of folly and wickedness, of ignorance and temerity, thus deeply and incurably smitten with pride and distended by audacity, breaks all measures of patience." — E.

of Demosthenes. Even Mackintosh pronounces him a most Demosthenean speaker. Unquestionably, there are points of resemblance, There are also as many, even more, points of contrast. The Englishman resembled the Grecian in a severe simplicity ; in a rapid, sweeping vehemence ; in argument impregnated with passion ; in self-forgetting absorption in his subject ; in rhetorical repetitions,—though by no means so skilful in these repetitions as the Grecian. Some of the differences were, that Demosthenes prepared his orations, even to a most polished finishing ; Fox preferred to open his mouth and pour out his matter as it rose in the heated effervescence of the occasion. The most powerful of the speeches of the former were the most thoroughly elaborated. The weakest and the worst speech of the latter was, it is said, his only carefully prepared speech. The style of the Athenian was wrought to the utmost strength and beauty ; that of the Briton was left in all the rudeness of nature. The former studied the graces and the energies of manner,—declaimed with suspended weapons above him and with pebbles in his mouth. The latter took no such pains. “ If, like the ancient, he had practised speaking with correcting blades and points around him,” says a contemporary, “ such were his gestures, his risings, his rollings, that his whole ample frame would have been one bleeding wound ; and as to speaking with pebbles in his mouth, he never seemed to speak without them.” It has been well said that “ Fox was the raw material of Demosthenes.” Discipline, such as that of the great Grecian, would doubtless have brought him into a closer resemblance.

Fox resembled Chatham in the vehemence of his eloquence and in his plain common-sense arguments and views of things ; and here the resemblance ceased. Fox relied upon the extended argument ; Chatham, upon the indignant and overpowering burst of feeling. Fox liked to come after, Chatham before, a great speaker. Fox wrought his effects by the fervor and seeming honesty of his sentiments. Chatham achieved wonders by the range and thrilling tones of his

voice, the withering intensity of his look, and the speaking significance of his gesture. With Fox it was equality, good, generous fellow-feeling, securing the good-will of his auditors. With Chatham it was the tone of lordly command. He rose high, and thundered and lightened; he frowned; he awed, he overwhelmed his auditors.

Fox and Burke resembled each other in negligence of dress, and in their want of the accomplishments of utterance and manner. Burke, however, was far the worse of the two, his speech being vitiated by an Irish accent as broad and strong as if he had never left the banks of the Shannon. They resembled each other in rapidity of thought; though Burke was never clogged and embarrassed by that rapidity like Fox. They were alike in facility of classical allusion, though Burke made such allusions more frequently. Burke had more scope, Fox more concentration. Burke was the ocean, Fox the stream. Burke wanted the practical part, Fox the scientific. Burke had too much imagination, Fox too little. Burke could give the philosophy of a thing, Fox could stir the fury of it.

Between Fox and Pitt there was nothing in common, except that they each came into Parliament with the high advantages of birth, and set forth upon a tide, strong and favoring, already raised for them. Mr. Fox came from a tory father, and crossed over to be a whig; Mr. Pitt came from a whig father and passed over to be a tory. The cry of the mass in one section was, Fox and a popular government; in the other quarter, Pitt and the constitution. Fox was hardly ever, Pitt was always, in office. Gibbon made a great mistake when, on the first rise of these rival orators, comparing Pitt's eloquence to "a pretty, painted, little pleasure-boat," he pronounced it doomed to be sunk by Charles Fox's great, black collier. Fox's business was attack; Pitt's defence. The former was heavier in his blow; the latter surer in his aim. Fox furnished the intense argument; Pitt was skilled in the imagery, the method, the arrangement. Fox was followed with difficulty and remembered with ease;

Pitt was followed with ease and remembered with difficulty. Fox loved the Saxon element of the language; Pitt the Latin. Hence the former was rough and pungent in his style; the latter, round, swelling, imposing. Fox gave the lightning; Pitt, the thunder of eloquence. Fox excited wonder at the rush of his torrent; Pitt, at the beauty of his flow.

Fox's power lay in the strictly *extempore*. Here, where comparatively few ever succeed, he succeeded highly. The rareness of high success in this line grows out of the extreme difficulty of the execution. To get the right thoughts, weighty ones, and to clothe them, at the moment, with terse and elegant expression, to keep the torrent still pouring as it presents itself, and to keep the mind stretched ahead to secure matter to supply the rapid and enormous waste, is a multiform and lightning-like operation which, when well-sustained, is, perhaps, the most astonishing feat of the human mind. Few upon great and responsible occasions venture upon it; but equip and fortify themselves by some sort of preparation, when any is practicable. This, what most men do; this, what Fox never did. The tendency of this — I mean the pure unpremeditated *extempore* — is to degenerate; to grow thin, watery, unnutritious. The noble gift sinks into mere fluency, — fluency, an every-day and everywhere sort of thing.

Power in the off-hand, — how great the influence it will sometimes give a man, and how great the reputation and fame that will arise from it! The masses everywhere think very highly of this gift; never more than now. The person who can speak readily, and keep speaking on every occasion that comes along, they set down as unquestionably a man of profound abilities; while he who, at the moment, can say little or nothing, whatever he may know in reality, knows nothing at all in the judgment of the people. They will have it that the ready man is the richly replenished man. They judge of the contents of the barrel by the spurt at the spigot; if that is smart and strong they are sure the vessel

is choke-full; their philosophy never having taught them that a great pressure of wind on a comparatively empty vessel will produce an equally vigorous issue.

9. The career of Mr. Fox goes to establish the maxim that the orator is made — *orator fit*. Though Mr. Fox stood on a proud pre-eminence, it was only by long and hard struggle that he reached that eminence. Burke, speaking of him after their unhappy difference, says: "I knew him when he was nineteen (at which age he entered Parliament), since which time he has risen by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw." It was by slow degrees, trying, tasking practice, speaking at every opportunity, and this persisted in. "During five whole sessions," he says, "I spoke every night but one, and I only regret that I did not speak on that night too." It is not to be supposed that one who was always speaking could always speak well; but, well or ill, there would be some benefit to himself; a growth in facility, and even power, of speaking.

10. But while persistent practice will nurture the orator's facility, it requires the conflicts and taskings of antagonism to bring out the highest powers, the truly gigantic exertions in this line. This is shown in the case of Fox and Pitt. Had these great performers been on the same side, together they would not have possessed nor approached the measure of strength which each, alone, possessed in opposition to the other. As it was they were kept on the stretch of effort; now and then were strained to the very highest tension of endeavor; and they grew colossal under the stress. They found no match but in each other. They replied on great questions to none but each other. On one occasion Erskine made a speech immediately after one by Fox. Pitt at first announced his intention of replying to both, but afterward said: "I shall make no mention of what was said by the honorable gentleman who spoke last; he did no more than regularly repeat what was said by the member who preceded him, and as regularly weaken all he repeated."

11. In observing different speakers there is nothing we

become convinced of sooner than this, that it behooves every man to be himself — to act and speak like himself. No one can with impunity allow himself to be moulded into the shape and bearing and to shine with the finish and polish of somebody else. Doubtless it would have seemed to many a good thing to have had Mr. Fox smoothed, schooled, adjusted, and presented before us a handsome speaker. But the process would have been a shearing of the Samson. We may criticize such a man as Fox — his style and manner; but greatly change him, and you spoil him. Where, indeed, such powers and aptitudes as his exist, there especially should education come in to improve and perfect them. Had Fox been an educated orator, had he cut off excrescences, and cherished and carried forward his excellences, he might have surpassed all English speakers, and stood next to, if not on a full equality with, the great Athenian. He might have been educated with no abatement of that racy naturalness which gave him such power. But take away from this man what you call his faults — his awkwardness, his uncouthness, his heaving, his rolling — and you take away some of the essentials of his strength; because these were his characteristically, intensely his, in his blood and bones and marrow and soul. There was never a truer remark than that which came from John Randolph in his latter-day ravings, “a natural fool is preferable to a learned one;” that is, faulty things which belong to the man, and which would be intolerable as caught by another, are sometimes amongst the elements of his greatness. We have this same thing illustrated in the late Dr. Chalmers, who has been called the most eloquent of modern preachers. Perhaps he was the most eloquent. Most certainly, the man who could empty the coffee-houses, and even the counting-rooms, of Glasgow into the Trow Church for two of the best and busiest hours of Thursday forenoon, and this on successive weeks, to hear from him a religious discourse, must have been pre-eminently an eloquent man. Still a critic according to the books might fall upon him, and eat at him till he had well-nigh

eaten him up,—so faulty in everything; his style rugged and unruly, refusing the gait of other people, and playing gigantic pranks, ever and anon towering and swelling into an unmanageable, not to say outrageous, magnificence; his voice pouring out a torrent of the harshest provincialism; his hands, one employed in grasping and holding on upon his manuscript, which he servilely read, the other going up and down with a sort of spasmodic jerk, as though the lightning of the soul were relieving itself through the muscles of that member. That was it; *the lightning of his soul*, pervading the massiveness of the thought and the clumsiness of the manner, which in Chalmers and in Fox redeemed everything else. This vehemence of the soul is the life of all true eloquence. All the leading orators, while they differ even oppositely on other points, have this. Where this is, other things may be wanting, or be awry, but the speaker will demonstrate to the minds and the hearts before him that *he* is not wanting.

12. But when we come to moral defects it is a different matter. It has been a wonder to many that Fox brought so little to pass. Strange it will seem to most that that superlative intellect, often so sublimely waked and working; that sunlight-clearness and vehement strength of argument; that grandeur of plain and intuitive sense,—that all those prodigious gifts and powers brought upon that great arena, where questions involving the fate of millions were canvassed, accomplished no more for himself, for his country, and the race. It was the moral defects, the shameful vices of the man, the dissipation and licentiousness, which turned all that consummate eloquence and statesmanship to comparative impotence. Admirable, almost preternatural, gifts all but thrown away. So in this case; so in every case. History reads her lesson loud and clear, having other examples, though few so notable as this. Let those coming upon the stage, and those now on the stage, accept the lesson. And let the lesson in this its immortal connection, and with this its imperishable record, go down to the last day of time.

In concurrence with, and in the phrase of, the ablest of modern essayists, "We wish the greatest genius on earth, whoever he may be, might write an inscription for this great statesman's monument to express in the most strenuous of all possible modes of thought and utterance, the truth and the warning that no person will ever be accepted to serve mankind in the highest departments of utility, without an eminence of virtue which can sustain him in the noble defiance, 'Which of you convicts me of sin.'"

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#### ARTICLE IV.

##### THE DERIVATION OF UNQUAM, USQUAM, AND USQUE.

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THE derivation of *Unquam* from *unus* and *quam*, given in Andrews' Latin Dictionary, and even in White and Riddle's, is probably satisfactory to no one. Such a use of *unus* is without example, and if admitted would only explain the form *unquam*, leaving the other form *umquam* inexplicable; while, as to the *meaning* of the word, neither *unus* nor *quam* contains the idea of *time*, which is fundamental to *unquam*.

In seeking for the origin of *unquam*, or *umquam* (from which the former comes by euphony), the first suggestion from its *form* would be that it comes from some interrogative or relative word, by the addition of *quam*. This suggestion, which, indeed, at the outset, amounts to evidence from analogy, arises from such familiar words as these: *quis-quam*, *uti-quam*, *uti-que*, *ubi-que*, *undi-que*. It is to be specially noted that in several words of this class the initial *k* sound has been lost, as is proved by the forms, *ali-cubi*, *ali-cunde*, *unde-cunde*. There can be no doubt, also, that *uti* arises from *cuti*. In the light of these examples then, *um-quam* appears to be a changed form of *cum-quam*, or *quum-quam*.

Let us turn now to the *meaning* of *umquam*. *Quis-quam*