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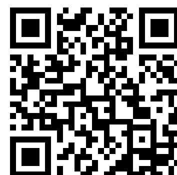

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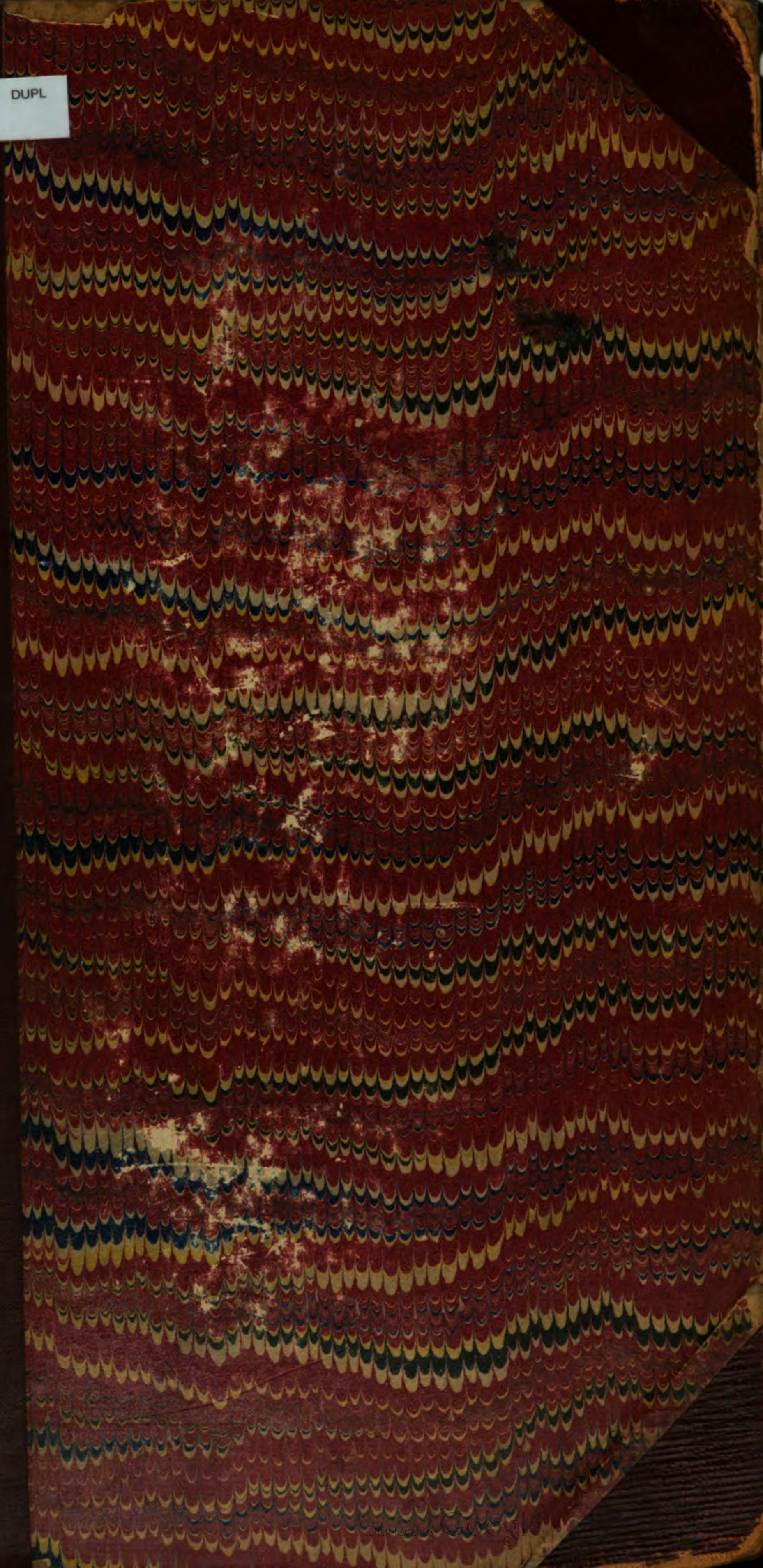

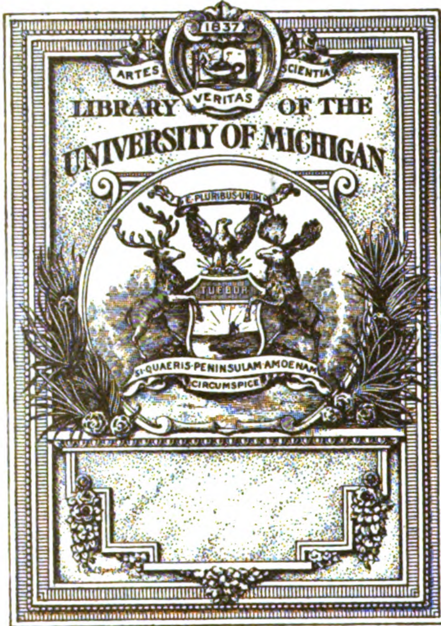

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GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXI.—August 15, 1866.

THE WAR OF THE BANKS.

The epoch of wars in Europe—that long era of strife which has lasted for more than two thousand years—is gradually coming to an end. There will be wars yet—and possibly great wars; nevertheless the end of international strife is approaching, and Europe will ere long settle down into a peaceful community of nations,—into a commonwealth in which each State will respect the rights of its neighbours, and act harmoniously with them. The power of kings, the ambition of growing States, will ere long cease to plunge our Continent into the turmoil and dread evils of military conflicts. Each people begins to appreciate and respect the rights of its neighbours; and as the great work of national development and of self-government goes on, expediency, self-interest, will come more and more to the help of international morality. Let each people have its natural rights, and the cause of wars will be well-nigh at an end. In proportion as each nation becomes developed and matured, as each resolves to be itself, and can manage its own affairs, this growth of the Peoples, this principle of Nationality, will raise a barrier against the efforts of selfish ambition, whether on the part of peoples or of kings. We see the beginning of this process; and, though the happy end is not yet, still it is visible in the future—it is approaching.

But there are other conflicts than those waged by armies. Industry also has its wars. The plough and the loom and the forge can engage in international conflicts of their own, without the aid of either sword or spear; and the navies of commerce can struggle in hostile rivalry, although not a cannon is fired from their decks. A war of tariffs, commercial and industrial, has long prevailed over Europe. Each country has sought to restrict or to nullify the industry of its neighbours. For the sake of its own people, it has sought to exclude the products, and restrain the industrial enterprise, of other countries. This warfare likewise is coming to an end. Gradually

and slowly, it is true: but still the end is coming. International treaties of commerce are now the order of the day,—each country granting to the others mutual privileges, equal rights. And the natural end of this process is Free Trade in Europe: when all customs' barriers will be thrown down, and Europe will become a commercial commonwealth,—when goods of all kinds will circulate freely between country and country, and when the best goods (wherever produced) will win the day as surely as they already do in our great International Exhibitions.

But while these triumphs of peace and good-will among the nations are steadily going on, there is one great anachronism—one element of our civilisation which runs counter to this happy tendency of the age. At the very time when Trade is becoming freer in communities and between nations, a form of warfare has been devised, or at least has been resuscitated in new and more disastrous shape, which goes far to neutralise this good. While the war of Tariffs is subsiding, and the conflict of States is perceptibly approaching an end, a new kind of war, alike domestic and international, has arisen within the bosom of peaceful industry—a war which is as hostile to industry as the war of Governments is to the material well-being of nations. It does not affect territorial boundaries; it does not blazon its achievements in triumphal arches or imperial edicts; but it writes its dire effects in the commercial annals of every country which engages in the miserable strife. This warfare has a *Gazette* of its own. We see the record of its calamitous victories in the Board of Trade returns and in the statistics of the Court of Bankruptcy. It is a war in which no State, as a military or political power, takes part, but in which tens of thousands of the people are forced to engage, and to suffer the hardships and losses of the conflict. There is no escape from service in that war. The most peaceful merchant at his desk, or manufacturer in his mill, is forced into the turmoil and losses of the fight whether he will or not. And for him—for all those reluctant and impressed recruits—there are no laurels. He has to fight, and comes out of the fight with his scars only—no medals, or ribbons, or promotion. And if maimed for life, as many are, there are no pensions for him—no Greenwich or Chelsea Hospital. The power which forces him into the fray cares nothing for his losses, does not even acknowledge him in its service. He is but "food for powder" in a contest waged against his will, yet in which he is forced to take part. What is more, the myriads of our working-classes also are compelled to stand the brunt of this strange war. No triumphs for them: the issue is only loss—loss without a shadow of compensation either moral or material. They lose their wages, in whole or in part; they lose the employment which yields the daily bread to themselves and their families. It is a war, in fact, which

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comes home to every counting-house and almost to every fireside—which affects more or less the whole industrial classes of the community, and the only results of which are losses and misery and want.

This strange new warfare—for it is a new warfare—is the War of the Banks. Ever and anon the banks of Europe engage in a disastrous international struggle. Disastrous, but not to them. They need no declaration of war by the Crown,—neither do they wait for the sanction of Parliament. They declare war for themselves, and they raise "the supplies" out of the pockets of the community. The community at large, and especially the commercial and industrial classes, are but the pawns, common soldiers unpaid for their service, with which—*i.e.* at whose expense—the banks carry on the contest. Governments have an interest in avoiding war, because it impairs their resources; but the promoters of this new kind of international conflict have no such motive for keeping the peace. The Banks pay themselves for making others fight, and their gains augment in proportion to the severity and duration of the conflict.

Well, then, what is this war? What is this form of international conflict into which we are now so frequently plunged? Banks are, of all institutions, those which we should hold as most peaceable. How comes it that they are now so belligerent? What is the nature of the conflict into which they plunge us? and what is its object?

Need we ask such a question? How often during the last few years have we seen this international warfare declared, this conflict waged, and the losses experienced? In 1857, in 1864, and again this year, in greater or lesser force, we have seen this strife carried on. In almost all cases the Bank of England assumes the initiative in the contest; the proclamation of war proceeds from the Bank-parlour in Threadneedle Street. The simple announcement that the Bank of England has raised the rate of discount, spread like wild-fire over Europe by the wires of the telegraph, makes every bank at once stand to its arms and engage in the conflict. A weak State, when menaced by its neighbours, may yield; but the Banks do not yield. They unfailingly accept the challenge,—they at once engage in the war. Why should not they, when, whatever be the issue, the loss does not fall upon them?—and when the only certain result of the war is to augment their gains?

Let us take a case,—say that of 1857 or of any subsequent crisis. What is the mode of procedure?—what is the form of the war? The Bank of England raises the rate of discount,—that is the first step, the declaration of war. Why does the Bank take this course? It does so, we are told, partly to prevent the export of gold, partly to bring more gold into the country. To retain or acquire a certain amount of gold—that is the motive for this international war of the banks. This European war is waged as keenly for the possession of

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a hundredweight or two of the yellow metal as the Greeks and Trojans closed in mortal strife over the dead body of Patroclus. "Curst be the man who first loved gold," sang old Anacreon; and the *auri sacra fames* was deemed a bad sign of the times, a sad declension on the part of mankind, by the poet of the Metamorphoses in the Augustan era of Rome. Yet the worship of that canonised metal, discarded as an antiquated heresy in this country for a century and a half, has of late been revived in a more slavish form. And ever and anon the Bank of England adopts the most extreme measures towards the community for the sake of wringing from other countries, or of preventing their getting from us, a portion of the yellow metal so insignificant in amount as hardly to equal in value the property of not a few private individuals amongst us.

Such is the *casus belli*. Let us next see how the war, thus declared, is carried on. The Bank of England, for the sake of keeping or acquiring a certain quantity of gold, raises the rate of discount: what follows? The banks of all other countries immediately follow suit. They also raise the rate of discount. They may have had no pressure upon them,—and this is usually the case; there has been no special demand upon them for money, either in notes or specie; but the moment the Bank of England raises its rate of discount, they also raise theirs. In some countries the bank-rate is usually lower than it is here,—in other countries it is usually higher. But whenever the Bank of England raises its rate, the rate is raised in all other countries likewise,—France, within the last few months, furnishing a notable exception.

What is the consequence? Simply this, that the position of the various banks of Europe remains unaltered. The inducement to export or import gold, between country and country, remains exactly the same as before. The result of this international war of the banks is simply *nil*. It is a game of perpetual check. A game in which every move made by one player is given "check" to by the others. And the game goes on—the Bank of England taking the initiative, and being always met by "check"—until matters come to a dead-lock; and the game ends by leaving the belligerents, as regards one another, exactly *in statu quo ante bellum*. They gain nothing from one another: the banks of one country do not attract a single ounce of gold from the other banks of Europe. The result of this belligerent policy on the part of the banks of Europe is, as we have said, as regards one another, simply *nil*. The process, so far as the international strife for gold is concerned, is absolutely useless.

This fact of itself suffices to condemn the policy recently pursued by the banks. The policy is useless to attain the object for the sake of which it is put in force. Instead of drawing gold from other countries, the inducement to export or import gold, as a question

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between country and country, remains the same as before. Surely, then, it must strike every intelligent observer that this international war of the banks is a most preposterous thing. It is commenced by the banks of some country (usually England) which experience a casual and transient drain of specie, but as the banks of other countries now instantaneously raise their rate in proportion, nothing comes of it. Even in 1864 when our minimum bank-rate was raised to 9 per cent., no gold was attracted either from the Continent or from the United States of America: one small parcel of French coins (which would not circulate in this country until they were recoined) was all that arrived.

Why, then, is this war of the banks carried on? There is no doubt there must be some motive for it, and a motive which the banks, at least, think adequate. Let us explain this motive.

The banks do attain a great end, and gain for themselves by pursuing this policy. Their policy, as we have seen, is of no effect in drawing gold from one country to another. Nevertheless, there is another fact equally true, namely, that in consequence of this policy specie does accumulate in the banks—in all the banks of Europe. Although the raising of the bank-rate does not draw gold from the banks of other countries, its result is to make specie plentiful by repressing the ordinary demand for it. The war of the banks kills Trade, and thereby lessens the demand for Money. *Cæteris paribus*, the more trade, the more money is needed to carry it on. Check trade, and money at once becomes plentiful. This is precisely the principle upon which the banks now-a-days act. The raising of the rate of discount by the Bank of England, being met by a similar move on the part of foreign banks, is of no effect whatever in replenishing the Bank's vaults at the expense of its foreign neighbours; but it has a most potent influence in reducing the demand for money on the part of our own community. Gold accumulates in the banks because our merchants can no longer employ it profitably. The only—or at least the chief, the most important, the grand—use of gold is, as international currency, to settle the trade-payments which have to be made between one country and another. Kill Trade, and the amount of these international payments is at once diminished. The war of the banks does kill Trade; this is its only effect. And not in our own country merely, but in every country where a like policy is in vogue. Hence, every season of an exorbitant bank-rate is followed by a collapse of Trade; and specie thereupon accumulates in the banks simply because the ordinary demand for it has been checked. When the bank-rate is raised to 10 per cent., the industrial classes, whether merchants or shop-keepers or manufacturers, are ruined by scores. They have not only to pay an exorbitant rate for the discount of bills, by which so much of

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our trade is carried on, but at the same time the markets are so depressed that they cannot make their usual sales unless by submitting to a depreciation of their goods to the extent of 20 or 30 per cent. Hence hundreds of them are ruined; and the rest contract their operations to a minimum. Trade is paralysed; and hence money accumulates in the banks simply because it can no longer be employed. The only use of Money is to carry on Trade: and by killing trade, the banks destroy the sole object for which money exists. They make money plentiful at such times in exact proportion as they render it useless. Instead of facilitating the expansion of trade, their great principle of action now-a-days is to keep it in check by repeated stranglings.

If the effect of this system pursued by the banks were to reduce the imports into any country while increasing the exports, it would at least be an intelligible policy. It would be a revival of the old "Mercantile System," which found favour in all countries in mediæval times. The avowed object of that system was to promote importations of the precious metals. That was the grand object of our legislators in olden times. The wealth of a country in their estimation could only be increased by an increased importation and accumulation of the precious metals. The amount of specie held by a country was regarded by them as the measure of its wealth. The larger the stock of gold and silver in a country, the greater the amount of its wealth and prosperity. That was the old doctrine—the principle of the "Mercantile System;" and in order to attain this end, imports were repressed and exports were encouraged. Our whole commercial legislation was directed to this end. Heavy duties were imposed upon our imports, upon all foreign goods brought to this country; while our exports were promoted by means of compulsory enactments upon our colonies, and in some cases, also, by an actual bonus paid by the State upon articles exported from this country. The Mercantile System has been exploded in principle for a century; and in recent times it has been repudiated and reversed in practice by the adoption of the entirely opposite system of Free Trade. But, strange to say, while this antiquated system has been not only repudiated but reversed in our commercial legislation, it has of late been practically revived in our monetary legislation, and still more by the system pursued by the Bank of England. The repeated raising of the bank-rate to double its ordinary amount is not only justified but applauded on the very principle of the old Mercantile System—namely, because it tends to increase the import and repress the export of the precious metals! This, truly, is a strange anomaly. While wholly banishing the principle of the Mercantile System from our commercial legislation, we have revived it, to a greater extent than ever, in our Monetary System.

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But does the policy pursued by the banks attain the object of the Mercantile System, antiquated and condemned as that system is? It does not. It has revived the defects of the old system without attaining its object, and at the same time it inflicts upon the community injuries from which the old system was free. We repeat,—if the effect of this international war of the banks, of the raising of the bank-rate, were to increase the exports of the country while reducing its imports, the policy would at least be intelligible. But it does nothing of the kind. It reduces exports as well as imports: it kills trade all round. In fact, it kills the export trade first. Orders for the import of foreign goods must be issued from two to six months before the goods reach our ports. Hence when the bank-rate is raised suddenly—such as usually, we may say always, occurs—it has no effect in immediately checking our import trade. But it tells immediately upon our export trade. Merchants and manufacturers engaged in the export trade of the country at once contract their operations. The commission-merchant (or broker) at once lessens his orders, the manufacturer puts his men upon half-time; and the consequence is, that the amount of our exports is instantaneously diminished, and this at the very time when an increase of our exports, as a means of bringing in specie, is the very thing wanted. What more need be said? The only practical effect of the present policy of the banks is to kill trade—and to kill the export-trade first, an expansion of which would be the best and most natural means of bringing in the extra amount of specie which at such times we need, or at least are supposed to need.

Such, in its international aspect, is this War of the Banks. It is a war most profitable to those who declare it; it is a game most profitable to the banks. In proportion as they raise the rate of discount, their dividends increase. Why, then, it may be asked, do they ever halt in the process? Since, when they raise the rate from 5 to 8, 9, and even 10 per cent., their profits steadily increase, why should they not go on, and charge rates more exorbitant still? As well ask a farmer why he does not shear his sheep twice over. A point comes, in this war of the banks, when trade can no longer stand the pressure; a point comes when the profits of trade are swept away into the coffers of the banks, and when trade collapses under the pressure brought to bear upon it. Of late years we have been threatened, by the upholders of the present system, with a rise of the bank-rate to "15, 20, or 30 per cent.;" but these are, as it were, the ravings of a madman. Experience, by repeated and lamentable facts, shows that a bank-rate of even 9 or 10 per cent. is more than our trade can stand. It is killed; and thereafter the Bank has to reduce its rate because it has impoverished those who deal with it. When the best and shortest-dated bills cannot be discounted under 10 per cent., it

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is easy to conceive what rates are charged for second-class bills, or for the best bills that have to run for four or six months. A 10 per cent. bank-rate means wide-spread ruin and failures among our commercial and manufacturing classes, and loss of employment and actual want to tens of thousands of our working classes. It is strange, too, to observe that this collapse of trade occurs first, and to the most serious extent, in the very country which provokes this bootless international strife. As the bank-rate all over Europe goes up and up—the Bank of England always taking the initiative—the event which at length stops the process is a break-down of trade in England itself. The trade of our own country collapses first, partly because it is subjected to the severest trial, partly because it is far more extensive than that of any other country. Hence, we repeat, the evil which we sow we are the first to reap. The war which the Bank of England is the first to declare—which but for it, indeed, might never be waged—inflicts its losses most speedily and most heavily upon ourselves. Is this wisdom? is it civilisation? It is barbarism and folly—practised, too, chiefly at our own expense.

How we shall be pitied and laughed at by future generations! How they will mock at our vaunted civilisation! how they will deride our boastful self-gratulation! When reform is the great cry and work of the day—when we have Parliamentary reform, Administrative reform, Law reform, Bankruptcy reform, all on our hands, engaging our minds and exercising our throats—not a word of Monetary reform! When "Progress" is our watchword, what will be thought of us when in one of the most vital elements of national well-being we not merely stand still, but actually have retrograded? When free trade is the cry and boast of the times—when we have indeed done a great work in that respect, and when we still more greatly boast of it—when every trifling customs-duty struck off, or every great customs-duty slightly diminished, excites the vociferous applause of our journals of progress—when the remission of so much duty upon foreign wines, or ribbons, or gloves, is hailed as a triumph of statesmanship—what will future times, future generations of Englishmen, think of us when a far greater reform is never thought of, is ignored, is scouted—and when the principle of Monopoly, the system of restriction, is permitted to flourish in one of the most important departments of national life, and, like a upas-tree, to spread its malign influence over every branch of our industry? When trade is ever expanding—when it is the grand aim of our legislation to foster that expansion more and more—what will be thought of us when we leave the means of supporting that expansion totally undeveloped?—nay, not only undeveloped, but when we actually check it, and impose upon it restrictions unknown before? What will be said of us when one of the most vaunted of our legislative measures

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(the Bank Acts), not merely prevents the expansion of our monetary system so as to keep pace with the growth of trade, but imposes upon it fetters borrowed from an antiquated past, and subjects it to a *régime* of monopoly and restriction such as we have scouted and repudiated in every other branch of our legislation? While making trade free by our commercial legislation, we keep it all, every branch of it, fettered and in bondage by our monetary enactments. While trade expands—when we desire above all things that it should expand—we contract the means by which alone it can be carried on. Can anything more absurd be conceived? No wonder that year by year our monetary difficulties and commercial disasters become more frequent. What else can we expect but convulsion and damage when we combine with an ever-expanding trade a contracted and inelastic currency? Our folly is like that of a man who should plant a growing oak in a vase of iron. He carefully waters and manures the tree, desiring that it should attain its amplest proportions; and he wonders why ever and anon the tree droops or the vase is shattered. So is it with our present incongruous and incompatible systems of Trade and Banking. Trade is ever and anon strangled by the banks; and when, as sometimes happens, our restrictive monetary system is shattered in the struggle, our legislators complacently replace the broken fetters, and leave our monetary system to strangle Trade anew.

Hitherto we have described this international conflict of the banks—so antiquated in its principle, so disastrous in its effects—as occasioned by a drain of specie from the country (usually England) whose banks originate the war. But the war is declared and waged also upon another and less intelligible ground. The Bank of England frequently declares war against the banks of other countries when there is no drain of gold from this country at all, but simply an increased demand for notes. In no other country but England do banks consider such an event as a *casus belli*. The war for the possession of specie—for the sake of keeping or acquiring a certain amount of international currency—is a policy adopted *proprio motu* by banks themselves. But the cause of war of which we now speak is not primarily attributable to our banks; it is a direct and necessary result of our existing legislation. This is a noteworthy difference. The one evil is occasioned by a natural, the other by a purely artificial cause. The latter cause is simply this, that our banks are no longer permitted to utilise their credit, by the issue of notes, to meet a temporary requirement for domestic currency. Such a requirement always arises whenever there is either a monetary or a commercial crisis. And a monetary crisis—that is to say, a difficulty (whether natural or artificial) on the part of banks to provide themselves with money—inevitably occasions a commercial

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crisis likewise. At such times an increased demand for Currency takes place when the demand for Capital is actually lessened. It does not arise owing to more capital being wanted,—because, when the bank-rate is raised to a very high point (9 or 10 per cent.), the operations of trade, the demand for capital, are greatly contracted. It happens (1) because commercial credit is thereby lessened, causing money to to be required in payment instead of bills; and (2) because, owing to the depression of the markets, caused by the high bank-rate, merchants prefer to cash a larger portion of their stock of bills than usual, rather than lose 20 or 30 per cent. by making forced sales of their goods. The position is, an increased demand, not for capital, but for currency. More of the currency issued by banks is wanted in exchange for, and also to replace the decrease in, the currency of trade—*i. e.* bills. A temporary increase of bank-notes is all that is wanted. And as these notes are not meant to be cashed, and never are cashed, such a transient addition to their circulation in no way creates a difficulty for the banks. At the same time, as these additional note-issues yield a good profit to the banks, irrespective of any rise in the bank-rate, it would be profitable for the banks to issue them. But such a remedy for our ever-recurrent times of difficulty is now prohibited by the Bank Acts: and the consequence is, immense disaster to our national industry, and also an artificial cause for the Bank of England to commence that international War of the Banks which we have already described.

Putting aside this part of the question,—this purely artificial *casus belli*,—let us deal with the War of the Banks as if it were occasioned solely by an exceptional demand for gold, and by a conflict on the part of banks for the possession of the yellow metal. And let us see if this cause of strife among the banks—as disastrous to the people in all countries as was the wrath of Achilles to the Greeks before Troy—cannot be obviated, or at least greatly diminished. Let us consider a drain of specie as a banking difficulty under its two forms: namely, as produced either by an unusual export of gold, or by an increased demand for gold for home use. The doctrine which we preach—the economy of Capital in the form of gold which we advocate—will apply equally to both cases.

I. First, then, let us consider a drain of gold from banks as occasioned by an increased demand for metallic money for internal use. Such withdrawals of gold from the banks arise, under our present monetary system, from three different causes. (1.) The most frequent of those causes is, an increased demand for money in a form applicable for the making of small payments, such as weekly wages and the like. This occurs only in England, where there are no notes of less value than £5, and where, in consequence, gold in the form of sovereigns and half-sovereigns must

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be withdrawn from the Bank whenever, owing to an increase of industrial employment, the operations of harvest, &c., more retail currency is required. This cause of the withdrawal of gold from banks would cease at once if there were an issue of £1-notes in England, as there always has been in Scotland and Ireland.

(2.) The second cause is, an increased demand for *notes* in Scotland and Ireland,—whether occasioned by an increase of trade; or by the wholesale currency of trade (*i.e.* bills) falling into temporary discredit; or (rare occurrence) by the failure of a bank of issue, which event necessitates an expansion of note-issues on the part of the other banks in order to fill up the vacuum in the currency produced by the lapse of the notes of the bank which has failed. However occasioned, this increase in the demand for *notes* (banking currency) in Scotland or Ireland produces a withdrawal of gold from the Bank of England, because the Acts of 1844-5 prevent any Scotch or Irish bank from extending its note-issues unless it first provides itself with an increased amount of gold. Here there is no withdrawal of gold from the banks, only a transference of it from one bank to others. This second cause is almost as artificial as the first. Legalise an issue of £1-notes in England, and the occasional demands for retail currency in the form of sovereigns would cease; remove the necessity imposed upon the Scotch and Irish banks to provide themselves with an *equal* amount of gold before they extend their note-issues, and the second cause of our present banking difficulties would likewise be at an end, or at least be greatly diminished.

(3.) The third cause is a failure of the credit of some bank, which bank thereupon is subjected to an unusual demand for gold in payment of its notes and deposits. This difficulty affects only the Scotch and Irish banks; it cannot arise in England, because Bank of England notes are there a legal tender, and any English bank which is run upon uses these notes in payment of all demands made upon it. It is an easy matter for a Scotch or Irish bank to meet all demands in connection with its *Notes*,—the greatest note-circulation of any Scotch bank barely amounting to £600,000, and that of the Bank of Ireland (whose note-issues are nearly equal to that of all the other Irish banks) is £2,500,000. But the run upon a bank for payment of its *Deposits* in gold (which always *precedes* the demand for payment of its notes) is a much more serious affair, and, if persisted in, will quickly cause the stoppage of any bank, however solvent and wealthy it may be. A Scotch or Irish bank thus run upon adopts the promptest method of supplying itself with gold—and this is, by selling its reserve of Consols, and withdrawing the amount in gold from the Bank of England. Such a process is the natural one, and may be expected more or less in all

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cases. Nevertheless, if the "run" be serious, all the gold which can be obtained in this way will be inadequate.

Large as is the reserve kept by Scotch banks compared with that of similar establishments in England (the Bank of England excepted), the cashing of it will not suffice to meet a prolonged run for payment of *deposits* in gold. But there is a special and invariable feature in such runs for gold—namely, that the gold withdrawn from one bank is immediately deposited anew with some other bank. So that, if the position of the menaced bank is fundamentally sound, the difficulty can at once be overcome by means of co-operation on the part of the other banks. All that is needed to check the worst run for gold that ever took place is, that the other banks should return the gold to the menaced bank as fast as it is brought to them. Such a process is no loss to the other banks; it is a pure gain. They get the new deposits and customers all the same. The gold they do not want—they have no need for it—it would lie idle in their vaults; and in returning it to the menaced bank, they simply lend it to a solvent customer at a good rate of interest. Thus, while getting the new deposits and customers which they do want, they also get a good loan or investment for the gold which they don't want. By keeping the gold to themselves these other banks would make an immediate loss, and no object would be attained save that of bringing down a rival establishment. All banks, it is true, are willing enough to see a rival brought down, in order to get a share of its business. But for banks to bring down a solvent rival by withholding their aid during a time of panic, is simply to extend the panic and bring the "run" upon themselves.

This fact has been exemplified in all great monetary crises, and it was very strikingly shown in Scotland in 1857. Then it was that the policy of Banking Co-operation which we propose was first adopted, tardily and reluctantly, it is true, by the Scotch banks; but the complete and immediate success which then attended it ought to establish this system of co-operation as the true remedy to be adopted in all cases of panic-runs upon banks for payment of deposits in gold. No bank of itself can withstand such a run, but by means of co-operation the difficulty is easily overcome.

A domestic drain of specie can be easily remedied. It ought never to constitute a serious difficulty in any well-ordered system of banking. The specie so withdrawn from some banks is immediately deposited in others. A foreign drain of specie constitutes a more serious difficulty: yet it also may be obviated, or at least greatly neutralised, if monetary science were rightly understood and applied to banks of issue.

The disastrous effects of a struggle for gold among the banks of Europe—we may say, of the world—we have already shown. The question now arises, how is this War of the Banks to be obviated?

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Can we not obviate this strife by establishing concert among the banks? Can we not establish in banking, as in other things, the principles of union and co-operation, in lieu of the present system of rivalry and hostility? Even in international politics, that most unmanageable of all public questions, the principle of a Congress to settle disputes is gaining ground; and one day or other it will be established with at least some measure of success, and with proportionate benefit to the nations. In industry and finance Co-operation is already the order of the day. Mutual assistance, a combining and harmonising of rival interests and resources, is now becoming the great lever of industrial and commercial progress. It is true, co-operation among the banks of a single country, or even of a single city, is yet but little acknowledged as a principle or developed as a system. Only in rare cases, and at rare intervals, is the wisdom and practical expediency of such a principle acknowledged sufficiently to abate the antiquated system of selfishness and isolation—of every bank standing aloof in times of panic and crisis, and keeping its stock of specie, whether needed by it or not, to itself.

The first fact that strikes an observant on-looker is, that at present the banks of all countries not only stand completely isolated from one another, but that they do not even make any effort to relieve the community of *their own country* from the effects of a drain of specie. They keep their reserve of securities in a form which is not available, and of which certainly they do not avail themselves, to obviate a drain of specie for export. Look, for example, at the Bank of England. The entire reserve of securities kept in its banking department consists of Government Stock, which, whether it sells it or borrows on it, brings it in no specie—the Bank being paid in its own notes, which are a legal tender. The same is the case with the Bank of France—and, indeed, with the banks of all countries. Accordingly, the first means of improving the present system that suggests itself is, that these great banks should keep a portion of their reserve of securities in the form of foreign Government Stock,—in the Government Stock of those countries to which in the course of trade drains of specie usually flow,—which in our case would be Paris, Calcutta, and New York. The cashing, or borrowing upon, that stock would enable the bank to give drafts upon those places equivalent to specie, and thereby, *pro tanto*, prevent any export of the precious metals.

This would unquestionably be a great improvement upon the present system; and we hope soon to see it adopted. But such a process is clumsy and trifling compared to the improvements which will yet be made in the science of banking. Banking must assume an International form. In all departments this is the tendency of the times. The barriers of seclusion behind which communities have

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so long kept themselves apart from their neighbours are being thrown down. In finance—that most cosmopolitan of all trades—we already see the new system of concert freely adopted. English, French, Germans, Russians, Americans, may all be found subscribing to the same loan, or co-operating financially in the same enterprise. Banking will and must follow the same onward course. Financially, at least, Europe is becoming one community; and one of the immediate wants of the times is the establishment of a Bank of Europe.

Let us look at this question, the establishment of a Bank of Europe, in practical fashion. The financial difficulty is *nil.* The great capitalists of all countries already co-operate together freely. The only substantial difficulty in the establishment of a Bank of Europe is this,—that the great banks make a profit out of this present policy of war: their warfare with one another costs them nothing, while at the same time it is a means by which each exacts a larger portion of the profits of trade in its own country. Well, then, let these great banks themselves establish the Bank of Europe. Let them conduct its management, frame its statutes, and divide its profits among themselves. Let the Bank of Europe be founded by the co-operation, the mutual concert, of the national banks of each country,—by the Bank of England, of France, of Holland, of Belgium, of Italy, of Turkey, of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, &c.—or by such of them as are at once ready to co-operate.

Next, as to the constitution of the bank. The banks of England and of France would probably subscribe nearly one-fourth of the required capital each; and each of the co-operating banks would be represented in the management, and would share in the profits, in proportion to the amount of capital which it subscribed. As regards the form in which the capital of the bank is to be subscribed and kept, this would mainly depend upon the functions of the bank. It is the natural tendency of all successful financial establishments to extend their functions—to widen not only the extent but the nature of their operations. But let us consider the proposed Bank of Europe in its primary form—namely, not as a bank of deposit, or as a fountain of international paper-money, but simply as a means of conducting international exchanges of capital: as a means of economising our stock of the precious metals, of lessening the ceaseless and transitory ebb and flow of specie, by establishing to a limited extent a mode of international payments in Europe, apart from the export of specie. To attain this object—as we shall see more fully in the sequel—the capital of the bank need only consist of Government securities, as an adequate guarantee of its operations. Its capital would consist of Government securities of the various co-operating countries. Each of the co-operating and associated banks would subscribe its share of the capital in Government securities of its own

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country,—the value of these securities being reckoned by the market price. At the outset, then—that is to say, as long as the bank exercised only its primary functions, as an agent of international exchange,—its capital would consist of so many millions of the various Government securities of Europe, nearly one-half of which would be French and British funds, and the extent of its operations would be limited by the amount of these securities which it held.

Such a bank would be of immense service alike to the industrial, commercial, and monetary interests of Europe. Let us see how it would work during a drain of gold from one country of Europe to another. As long as merchants can get bills wherewith to discharge their debts or make their purchases abroad, they have no need of specie or any other kind of international currency. But when, owing to a bad harvest, or the requirements of trade or finance, the amount of foreign bills in a country becomes inadequate to settle the accounts abroad, merchants and capitalists go to the banks to get specie for export. But it is a troublesome process to export specie; merchants would not have recourse to it if there were a more convenient equivalent. This they would have if a Bank of Europe were established. Instead of taking gold from the bank, they would ask for a draft upon the Bank of Europe, which would serve them better, for they could transmit it as easily as a commercial bill. Suppose, for example, that from any cause our merchants or capitalists had to transmit to Paris, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, or any other place on the Continent, two millions sterling in excess of the commercial bills which we held upon these places. Our merchants or capitalists, instead of taking gold from the Bank, would get from it a draft upon the Bank of Europe; this they would transmit to the place where the payment had to be made—say Paris; thereupon the recipients of the draft would take it to the Bank of France, where the amount would be either placed to their credit as a deposit, or paid to them in the notes of the bank. The Bank of France would then send on the draft to the Bank of Europe, where the amount would be withdrawn from the credit of the Bank of England and placed to the credit of the Bank of France, and the transaction would be closed. No specie or money of any kind would be needed. There would simply be a transference in the ledger of the Bank of Europe of two millions sterling from the credit of one of the associated banks to another. The establishment of such an international bank, in fact, would be equivalent to an extension of the Cheque-system and Clearing-house to the banking system of Europe. And the result would be a great economy of specie, just as the cheque system and the clearing-house have immensely economised our currency of all kinds at home.

As these international bank-drafts would be preferred to the trouble-

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some and more expensive process of exporting specie, little or no gold would be withdrawn for export from the Bank of England (or any other national bank in Europe), until the Bank had drawn to the full amount of its credit at the Bank of Europe. The amount for which it could thus draw would be the amount of capital, in the form of Government securities reckoned at their current price, which it had deposited in the Bank of Europe: and this amount could be increased at need, by the deposit of more Government stock. This would be a source of profit to the great banks; for instead of having to keep the present large amount of unprofitable specie to meet the wants of their customers, they would keep a portion of it (equal to the capital which they had deposited with the Bank of Europe) in the form of interest-bearing securities. When any of the associated banks (say the Bank of England or the Bank of France) had issued international drafts to the full amount of its credit at the Bank of Europe, then, but not till then, would the drain of specie upon it commence. And it is hardly conceivable that any bank would subject itself to an *embarrassing* drain of specie, when it could meet the requirements of its customers more conveniently, and more profitably to itself, by temporarily adding to its deposit of interest-bearing securities in the Bank of Europe. Moreover, when a movement of specie is taking place, if there are countries which have to export specie, there are others which are receiving it in unusual abundance: so that the banks which were receiving the specie, and therefore did not require to issue drafts upon the Bank of Europe, would willingly allow their credit (or amount of securities) in the Bank of Europe to be drawn upon, at interest, by the bank from which the gold was flowing. This, of course, would be an act of the Bank of Europe itself. It would not be a temporary loan of securities from one bank to another: but a loan, or temporary transference of securities from the credit of some of the associated banks to another, to be considered and granted by the general council of the bank.

To those who are conversant with such matters, the effects of the establishment of such an International Bank will be fully understood by what we have already said. But for the general reader, let us say a word as to these international drafts. The great currency of the world is commercial bills. Commerce has established for itself an international form of paper-currency, which, when transmitted by post, is quite as efficacious in making foreign payments as if specie had been transmitted to a similar amount. Now these commercial bills, although perfectly sufficient for their purpose, are not convertible into money (save optionally) except at the hands of a certain individual (the accepter), and after the lapse of a certain period. Thus (except optionally) they are not immediately convertible into money; and moreover they circulate simply on the credit of a

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couple of individuals, the drawer and accepter. Nevertheless this currency of bills is by far the largest and the most widely-circulating of any in the world. Now note—although it is superfluous to say so—the immense superiority of these international bank drafts over the best possible kind of commercial bills. In the first place, they would be secured, not by the credit of individuals, nor even solely by the credit of the bank which issues them, but also by the credit of the Bank of Europe itself—that is to say, of all the great banks of Europe to the extent of their subscribed share of the capital of that bank. Secondly, these bank drafts would be immediately convertible into money everywhere throughout Europe: they would be payable in cash on demand in every capital of Europe, and in every place where the national bank of the country had branches. And each holder of these drafts would receive the amount exactly in the kind of money which he required. Suppose a Frenchman or a Russian receives £100,000 in sovereigns from an English debtor,—these coins will not circulate either in France or Russia: he must take them to a bank or money-dealer, and get them exchanged for the money of that country. The international drafts, the cheques upon the Bank of Europe, will be payable in every country, and in the money of the country. In Russia they will be payable in roubles; in France, in francs and napoleons; in England, in sovereigns, or in legal tender bank-notes to a like amount.

While economising the use of specie as international currency, these bank-drafts, it is needless to say, would create no demand for specie on any of the associated banks to which they may be taken. Suppose a French merchant received one of those drafts issued by the Bank of England, he would take it to the Bank of France or to one of its branches, and there he would either place it to his account as a deposit, or, if he wished money, would take payment in bank-notes. Specie (except as small change) is never needed, save to make payments abroad; and the country to which such drafts upon the Bank of Europe would be sent would, of necessity, be one to which specie was flowing, and where, of course, no export of specie is conceivable. The drafts would only be issued when more money has to be sent to a particular country than there are bills upon that country; in other words, when the exchanges (indicative of the balance of trading and financial transactions) are in its favour—when specie is flowing in and accumulating, and when there is no need to send it out.

While lessening the pressure upon banks in exceptional times (now unfortunately becoming more frequent than ever), and furnishing the public with a more convenient process of making payments abroad, the new system which we propose—this development and completion of the banking system of Europe—would impose no limitation upon the free action either of the banks or of the community. The banks

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would not be compelled to issue these international drafts, neither would the public be compelled to receive them. If the Bank of England, or any other of the associated banks, had a surplus stock of specie on hand, instead of giving drafts upon the Bank of Europe, it would pay out that specie. It would only issue these drafts when its stock of specie was likely to be reduced below its normal quantity. The public, on the other hand, could always demand specie from the bank, just as at present. As such drafts would be more convenient and less expensive than taking specie for export, they would always be in favour. Nor is it easy to conceive any circumstances which would induce a man to demand specie from the bank for the purpose of export to any part of Europe if he could get an international draft instead. Suppose, for example, that a person in this country had to pay £100,000 to a French merchant, and that the French merchant had to make a similar payment to a person in Russia; then the international draft received from England would be forwarded by the French recipient of it to Russia, and the affair would be settled: the Russian cashing the draft at the Bank of St. Petersburg, or one of its agencies, and the amount being thereafter transferred at the Bank of Europe from the account of the Bank of England to the Bank of St. Petersburg's. The latter bank would then hold a larger portion of the capital of the Bank of Europe than usual, and the Bank of England would hold less. In other words, the power to draw upon the Bank of Europe and to share in its profits (*i.e.* the interest on its Government securities, *minus* the cost of management) would be temporarily increased as regards the Bank of St. Petersburg, and lessened as regards the Bank of England.

Were such a Bank of Europe established, there can be little doubt that the banks of New York and of India would also join in it: so that its operations would virtually include the whole sphere of commercial and financial transactions. Ebbs and flows of specie, of course, would still take place, but they would be greatly lessened. Specie, for example, will always flow to India and the East generally, as long as these countries continue to export largely and to import little. It is the transient, the almost ephemeral, drains of specie which at present occasions our ever-recurring monetary difficulties. In a few months at most the difficulty is over—the current of the precious metals resumes its old channels, obedient to the normal condition of trade. But in that brief interval, what calamities befall trade under the present system—under the policy of war and isolation at present adopted by the banks! Such drains, such transient ebbs of specie from the banks of a particular country, would be greatly lessened by the establishment of a Bank of Europe. The transient ebb would in great part be neutralised, and in natural course the equilibrium would be restored.

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To what magnitude and variety of operations such a Bank of Europe might attain in course of time we need not attempt to discuss. Of course other banks besides the great national banks (if they had an adequate motive for doing so) might likewise join in it. It would be a bankers' bank. It would be to banks what banks are to private individuals. Its deposits would be exclusively those of banks—of the leading banks of Europe. But considered merely in its simplest form, such as we have above described, the advantage of the establishment of such a bank would be very great. To the Associated Banks it would be a boon, inasmuch as a portion of their reserve of Government securities would then exist in a form equivalent to specie, whereas at present it is virtually useless, and is certainly never employed, as a means of providing specie. In fact a larger portion of their reserve might then be kept in the form of interest-bearing securities (deposited with the Bank of Europe, and thereby convertible into the money of all countries), and a lesser portion in the form of unprofitable bullion. To Trade also it would be a boon; firstly, because the international drafts would be a cheaper and more convenient means of making payments abroad than is the export of specie. But secondly, and chiefly, because it would lessen the banking embarrassment occasioned by the transient drains of gold which so frequently afflict us, and thereby enable banks to carry on their business during these exceptional times safely and profitably, without having recourse to the exorbitant rates of discount which ever and anon cause trade and industry to collapse, bring down good firms by the score, throw thousands of the working-classes out of employment, and check the otherwise steady progress of our national wealth and prosperity.

A reduction in the costs of banking ought always to be a proportionate gain to the community; just as a lessening of the cost of manufactures, or of the production of food, or the raw material of manufactures, is a gain to all classes. The introduction of machinery into manufactures, has greatly lessened the cost of clothing and furnishing of all kinds; and a similar introduction of machinery, and also of scientific appliances of manure, has likewise lessened the cost of producing food, and ere long will achieve still greater triumphs. But in order that the community may be benefited, there must be no legislative monopoly of these advantages. If only one great manufacturing firm were allowed by the State to use machinery, the community would not benefit from this reduction in the cost of manufacture. Why? Because every private firm or company naturally and invariably seeks to get the highest possible price for its goods—for the commodity in which it deals. If but one large manufacturing firm were allowed to use machinery, and all other such firms were prohibited by Act of Parliament from employing this means of cheapening production, this privileged firm would

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use its monopoly simply as a means of augmenting its rate of profits, and would charge as much as the other firms which were compelled to employ the more costly process of manufacture. They could not compete with it; they could not sell below their former price; neither would the privileged firm sell below it—it would prefer to sell at the same price as the ordinary firms, and pocket all the increase of profits which its monopoly enabled it to secure. Or take another case. Suppose that three-fourths of all the arable land of the country were held by one man, and that, as under the corn laws, a restrictive duty were maintained upon foreign corn: what would be the consequence? This man would rule the market. Having nearly all the corn of the country in his hands, he could exact an abnormally high price for it; his selling price would not be regulated by the cost of production, but simply by the demand, the exigencies of the people—he would exact the highest price for his goods, the necessaries of life. And the few other farmers in the country, being too weak to compete with him, would willingly combine with him, and charge the same prices.

Now, what food and clothing are to the community, so is Money to all, and especially to the trading classes. Money is as much a necessary of life to Trade as food is to the life of the community. Moreover, nowadays, without Trade we cannot get food. Yet, in this most important department—in our monetary system—the community can only get its wants supplied through the agency of a monopoly. A stringent monopoly is enjoyed by the existing banks of issue, which moreover are subjected to most mistaken and injurious restrictions; and until this system is abolished, the value of money will never follow the natural law of supply and demand. Hence, whatever new advantages may accrue to banks, these will be of no use to the community as long as our banking system is subjected to a *régime* of monopoly. Even if, by the establishment of a Bank of Europe, the costs of banking were reduced, the public probably would not benefit one iota as long as the present monopoly of banking currency is permitted to exist. The Bank of England is a private establishment. In one respect, indeed, it is a Government Bank—it is entrusted with the keeping of the Treasury balances, and also with the management of the National Debt, and makes a profit upon both of these transactions; nevertheless no restriction is imposed upon the rate of interest which it charges upon the loans which it makes of the Government money, or of any other portion of its deposits. Its practice is simply that of an ordinary private establishment, and its only rule is to make as much profit as possible. Neither is it liable to any check in this respect by the competition of other banks, for there is no other bank of issue sufficiently powerful to compete with it. It has practically a monopoly of banking currency. Its note-circulation exceeds

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three-fourths of the whole note-issues in England. Its note-issues amount on the average to 21 millions, while those of all the other banks of issue in England amount only to 7 millions. Moreover, these 7 millions are divided among no less than 200 banks—giving an average of only £35,000 of note-issues to each of the other banks. And not one of these other banks is allowed to extend its issues upon any terms. Hence, as is obvious, not one of them can compete with the Bank of England. Although many of those other banks of issue find that they could conduct their business (lend their capital) at a lower rate than the Bank of England frequently charges, each of them feels that it is hopeless to enter into rivalry with it: the natural consequence is that they follow its example,[1] and exact the highest possible price for money, the special commodity in which all banks deal. And that price, we repeat, is a monopoly price.

This is an important matter even as an international question; but it is of still vaster importance to our own community. Of all banks in Europe, it is the Bank of England which most frequently, suddenly, and exorbitantly raises the rate of interest. It is the Bank of England which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, declares war against the others—which commences the War of the Banks, the disastrous effects of which upon Trade and Industry, and the general condition of nations, we have already fully shown. The Bank of England rules the rate for money at home. All the other banks now follow its lead. Why should not they? They greatly increase their profits by so doing. If they had any fair chance of competing with the Bank of England, some of them would pursue an opposite course. They would say, "We can well afford to lend at a lower rate, and by doing so we shall extend our business—we shall attract customers from the banks which follow the example of the Bank of England, and thereby get larger profits than at present, even though we charge less for our loans." Under the present law, however, no such competition is possible. The amount of bank-issues in England was rigidly fixed by the Act of 1844: no new banks of issue are allowed to be established, neither are any of the existing banks of issue in England (save the Bank of England) allowed to extend their note-circulation upon any

(1) The only difference which ever occurs between the rate charged by other banks, or rather by the discount houses, and that of the Bank of England, arises speculatively from the consideration whether or not the position of the Bank of England is improving or likely to improve. If the Bank's position is evidently improving, the other banks and the discount houses sometimes discount a little below the Bank rate. But if the Bank's position is not likely to improve, they always charge the full Bank rate. Moreover, if the Bank's position be very bad, or threatens to become so, the other banks, and especially the discount houses, refuse to discount upon any terms. In fact, the position of the Bank of England, and its practice, is the sole thing now thought of by the other banks. They may, to use a technical phrase, "discount" a prospective lowering of its rate, but that is all.

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terms, however much their customers may desire to have their notes. Hence a monopoly of banking currency has been conferred upon the banks of issue existing prior to 1844, but especially upon the Bank of England. And as many of the minor banks are losing or abandoning their power of issue, in order to free themselves from other restrictions (such as the prohibition against their having an office in London) imposed upon them in favour of the Bank of England by the Act of 1844, the monopoly practically possessed by the Bank of England is growing stronger every year.

We have seen that the War of the Banks is mainly, if not wholly, occasioned by the action of the Bank of England. Ever and anon it raises its rate exorbitantly. And every year the state of matters is becoming worse. Why is this? Firstly, because the amount of banking currency in this country was fixed in 1844, and (speaking roundly) cannot increase; while at the same time trade and the monetary requirements of the country are rapidly increasing. Nor has the Bank of England (which is the only English bank which can extend its note-issues) any motive to increase its issues in proportion to the wants of the community. On the contrary, it makes a far larger profit by keeping the currency below the adequate amount. Hence, under the present system, we have a fixed currency and an ever-expanding trade. It is like chaining the living with the dead. It is the torture system of Mezentius applied in the bosom of civilisation and in the middle of the nineteenth century. In the year of grace 1844—will it be believed by subsequent times?—the further use of paper-money in the British Isles was prohibited by Act of Parliament. What is the consequence? Since that time the monetary condition of the country has retrograded to what it was prior to the close of the seventeenth century. In the latter half of the nineteenth century our monetary system is as much restricted as it was in the seventeenth and previous centuries. Now, as then, we must make all the necessary additions to our currency, and also to our means of storing capital, in the form of specie. Since 1844 our trade has trebled in extent, and the amount of capital stored in banks has also trebled. Owing to each of these causes, the monetary requirements of the country have likewise increased. We require more money to carry on the exchanges of trade, and more money also must be kept on hand by the banks. But for the development of the cheque system and the clearing-houses — not to speak of the gold discoveries —we should have been brought to a dead-lock ere this. As the returns of the Mint show, we have added about a hundred millions sterling to our metallic currency since 1844; and yet, in spite of this, our currency is becoming every year less adequate to our growing wants. Moreover, we have now exhausted all the possible palliatives of this reactionary system. The cheque system is now in

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universal use, and by the entrance of the Bank of England into the clearing-house, that system also has attained its full development. We have economised our money to the fullest extent, and hence the shackles upon our monetary system now begin to show their disastrous effects unmistakably. As long as the economy of the cheque system and the clearing-house was imperfectly established, and when the unexpected gold discoveries came to the rescue, the evil effects of the reactionary monetary system established in 1844 showed themselves only, although most calamitously, at intervals. *Now* their effects are becoming permanent. The produce of the new gold-fields has reached its maximum, and appears likely to decline; and the banking appliances of cheques and the clearing-house have already been in full operation. Under the present system there is nothing more to be done, or to be looked for; and hence every year we shall have to suffer more and more from the evils of an artificially restricted currency. The national industry and prosperity will more and more be subjected to disastrous checks from the co-existence of a fixed currency with an ever-expanding trade.

This is the first and most fundamental form of the evil which now afflicts the community; but this is not all. For, secondly, this artificial and most antiquated restriction upon the currency is combined with a system of monopoly—a monopoly conferred upon the banks of issue established prior to 1844, and especially upon the Bank of England. The effect of this monopoly is twofold. In the first place, the Bank of England (the only English bank permitted to extend its issues upon any terms), being freed from all competition, has no motive to make its note circulation adequate to the growing requirements of the community. It may extend its note-issues indefinitely, if it chose to supply itself with gold. But it *never* takes any step towards obtaining such a supply. Under the present system, why should it? It is far more profitable for the Bank to keep the currency inadequate, than to meet the wants of the public by providing itself at times with more gold, upon which more notes can be issued. Whenever the inadequacy of the currency makes itself felt, in the most numerically trifling degree, the Bank gets a famine-price for its goods—for money, the commodity in which it deals. If no importation of foreign corn were permitted, a bad harvest, a scarcity in the supply of food, would always be a source of increased profits to farmers. As the supply of a necessary of life decreases, the price of it increases in geometrical ratio. People must have food, and any diminution in the ordinary supply at once raises its value to a famine price; so that an inadequate harvest becomes to farmers much more profitable than an abundant one. Just so is it with the monetary circulation. If the public require two million more notes from the Bank of England, this increased demand (although barely one-

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tenth of its ordinary issues) sends up the rate of discount 100 per cent.! Or if, owing to a withdrawal of gold, its circulation is reduced two millions below its ordinary amount, a similar result ensues. It is true that the Bank could proportionately extend its issues in the first case, and prevent their contraction in the second case, by taking means to increase its stock of gold. But it never does take any such step.[1] It is far more profitable for the Bank to allow the currency to become inadequate. For example, on the discount of eighteen millions of bills at 10 per cent. the Bank makes three-fourths more profits than if it were to extend its issues and discount twenty-four millions of bills at the ordinary rate, 5 per cent. The Bank of England, we repeat, although greatly favoured by the State, conducts its business simply like a private establishment; its only rule is to make as large a profit as it can. Why, then, should not it, and all the other banks, support the present system, which, by rendering the currency ever and anon inadequate, enables them at no cost or trouble to themselves to double their rate of profits?

The existing monopoly of banking currency is a grievance of a very practical and demonstrable kind. The Bank of England and its satellite banks of issue not only gain more from the restricted currency established in 1844, but the Bank can actually alter the level of the rate of interest throughout the country simply by an alteration in its own practice. This is a startling statement; but the truth of it is patent to every one who chooses to look at the facts. It is a fact—as the weekly returns of the Bank show—that the Bank now charges 8 per cent., when until lately, in similar circumstances, it used to charge only 4 or 4½ per cent. By this means the level of the rate of interest in this country has been permanently raised, and in consequence of the Bank's action a similar result has to some extent been accomplished throughout Europe. The general result is, greatly increased profits to banks, finance companies, and all dealers in money, obtained at the expense of trade and industry, the employers of money.

England is the great seat of monetary crises. As Egypt is the mother-country of the plague, and India of the cholera, so is England the prolific source of the monetary epidemics which so recurrently

(1) For example, at any moment during the last three months, the Bank of England might have borrowed five millions in gold (or twice that amount, if it had wished), upon security of the Government Stock which it has in its banking department, from the Bank of France, which has simultaneously been suffering from a plethora of specie. But the Bank did nothing of the kind: it has not stirred a finger to provide itself with more gold in order that it might extend its note-issues. The consequence is that for three months past our commercial and manufacturing classes have been oppressed by a *minimum* bank-rate of 10 per cent., while their French competitors are only paying 3½ per cent. What would be said if wheat in France were selling at 35*s*. the quarter, while in England it was selling at £5 the quarter? Under a right system, the former case would be as impossible as the latter is now.

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devastate and oppress the trade and industry of Europe. In all questions of reform it is well to begin at home: it is well to operate first where we can do so without extraneous impediment. In this case especially, it behoves us to set our own house in order first: for it is here that the conflagration which consumes the profits of trade and industry begins. It is here, also, that the conflagration commits the sorest ravages. And the first thing to be done, is to abolish the present monopoly of banking currency. Whatever be the conditions which Parliament may think fit to impose upon the issue of banking currency, let all banks alike subject to these conditions have equal rights. Let monopoly in banking die, as monopoly in all other trades has died. Secure the currency by all means. Take whatever precautions Parliament may judge necessary to secure the validity of the note. But let all banks be equal in the eye of the law. Subject to the same conditions, let every bank alike have the power to issue bank-notes. What these conditions should be, it is not needful for our present object to discuss. Let fair play, free trade, and a wholesome competition be established, and the great point will be attained.

At the same time there is no difficulty in stating what these conditions should be. Secure the substantial value of the note-issues, by a deposit of Consols (set apart for the note-holders) with a Government official; and thereupon let each bank be at liberty to issue notes to nine-tenths of the current value of the consols which it has deposited, leaving the banks to secure the convertibility of their notes into specie by the means which they find most suitable. To lay down a fixed rule as to how the convertibility of bank-notes is to be secured is sheer absurdity. The circumstances of every bank vary, according to the different wants of its customers. Some banks are closely connected with the foreign trade of the country, others are solely connected with the home trade. The customers of the former class of banks ever and anon require payment of their deposits, or of their discounted bills, in specie, for the purpose of export; the latter class are never subject to any such demand. And the great majority of banks belong to the latter class. Their customers are tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers, landowners, or private individuals who do not trade at all, and none of whom ever require payment of their deposits in the form of specie. Some banks, therefore, require to keep on hand a very large amount of gold—not, indeed, to cover their note-issues, but their deposits and discounting business; whereas other banks, and the great majority, hardly require to keep on hand any gold at all. To apply the same rule to banks so differently circumstanced would be absurd. It would be "the bed of Procrustes" over again. The only sensible arrangement is, as we have said, to secure the substantial value of all banking currency by a deposit of Government securities, and to leave the convertibility of the notes to be

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secured by the banks themselves,—each bank, under the penalty of bankruptcy, being left to secure the convertibility of its notes by the means which its own experience shows to be sufficient.

Our remedy for the War of the Banks, it will be seen, assumes a twofold shape. In the first place, we have proposed to remedy the transient ebb and flow of the precious metals—those temporary oscillations which, though under the present system productive of immense disasters, no more affect the normal equilibrium of the precious metals than the tides do the margin of the sea—by the establishment of a Bank of Europe, which would in effect be the bank for all the leading banks of the world. By means of it the cheque-system as between banks would become international. The Bank of Europe would be the clearing-house of all the leading banks of the world. Moreover, we doubt not, in course of time, if not at once, it would become the fountain of an international paper money. Say that the banks connected with it, besides issuing the large drafts upon it required by merchants or capitalists who otherwise would have to export specie, were allowed to issue drafts or bills upon it down to a minimum of £20 : what would ensue? The advantage to the general community would be nearly as great from this source as trade would derive from the larger drafts. For example, any one who was going to travel on the Continent, passing from country to country, would take with him five or ten of these £20 drafts upon the Bank of Europe, and everywhere when he presented one of these drafts (or large bank-notes) he would receive the amount in the money of the particular country in which he was then residing. He would cash one of these drafts in France, another in Italy, another in Turkey, Austria, or Russia, according to the course of his travels; and everywhere these drafts would be honoured, and paid to him in the currency which he required.

Thus the establishment of a Bank of Europe, such as we have proposed, would confer three important advantages. In the first place, and most important of all, it would obviate, to a great extent, the transient ebbs of specie from one country to another, which at present are the bane of trade, and constitute no small embarrassment to banks. Secondly, it would furnish merchants and capitalists with a much more convenient form of making international payments than they at present possess, when commercial bills are not to be had; for instead of the troublesome process of exporting specie, they would get drafts which they could send by post. And thirdly, if drafts of comparatively small amount were issued, any tourist or traveller would obtain a supply of really international currency in a much better form than is possible at present; in fact, in the very best form it is possible to have.

The two latter advantages are of merely subordinate importance.

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It is to the first—to the great economy of specie which would be attainable by the establishment of a "Bank of Europe"—that we desire to attract public attention. Such a bank will certainly be established some day. The whole tendency of financial and commercial affairs is running in that direction. Our present proposal is simply an anticipation of what will be universally demanded before long.

This, then—the establishment of a "Bank of Europe"—is one form of the remedy which we propose for the present War of the Banks. It fully meets the evil in its international form. But the remedy—as regards our own country at least—would be incomplete if we did not at the same time meet the evil of the banking monopoly which so lamentably exists among us. If this country is to reap the benefit of the establishment of an international monetary system such as we have proposed—if the public is to benefit by the diminution in the costs of banking which will ensue from it—the existing monopoly in banking established in 1844 must be abolished. This is one reason for reforming our monetary system. It is a prospective reason. But a far more urgent reason for banking reform is already in force—has been in force since ever the present *régime* was in evil hour established, and which now weighs upon the industry of the country more and more every year. We have to do two things, and we must do them simultaneously. We have to undo Restriction, and we have to abolish Monopoly. We have to annul the prohibition on the further use of paper-money, in the form of banking-currency, enacted in 1844. While guarding the validity of the note, we must allow bank-issues to expand according to the wishes of the community and the growing wants of trade. And we have to abolish the system of monopoly, by allowing all banks alike (subject to like conditions) to utilise their credit, just as all merchants and manufacturers, all individuals and companies, are permitted to do, and have always done. Such an abolition of the reactionary system of restriction and monopoly in our monetary affairs—such an application of the principle of free trade to banking in all its functions—will be as genial in its effects upon free trade and national well-being as the advent of spring, relaxing the icy fetters of a protracted winter. And if it be accompanied, as we trust it will, by the adoption of an international monetary system through the agency of a "Bank of Europe," it will mark a never-to-be-forgotten era in the ever-onward progress of civilisation.

R. H. PATTERSON.

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NEW FACTS IN THE LIFE OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

I HAVE lately had the fortune to meet with the name of Geoffrey Chaucer in some fragments of a contemporary Household Account, the entries in which yield a few valuable particulars relating to his early life; and although the copy of what remains of the document might be unattractive to the majority of the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, I can hardly doubt that there exists among them sufficient admiration of the poet to interest them in the results of the discovery. The fragments are simply two parchment leaves which had, some three or four centuries ago, been pasted down to the covers of an ancient manuscript, purchased a few years since by the British Museum, and now known as the Additional MS. 18,632. In the process of rebinding the volume they might have been cast away as worthless but for the precaution always observed there of preserving every scrap of old writing, however apparently insignificant. In being made to do the service of lining to the binding, the leaves have unhappily been much clipped at the edges and otherwise disfigured; but, mutilated and defaced as they are, the name of Chaucer sheds a glory over them, and renders every line they contain most precious. A short examination suffices to ascertain that the leaves are fragments of a Household Account of the fourteenth century, and we meet with the name Geoffrey Chaucer three times repeated, and with the regnal years 30, 31, 32, and 33—evidently of Edward III.—corresponding with the years 1356 to 1359. A closer study of the entries makes it evident that the account was kept for a lady—a countess by rank; that she resided principally at Hatfield in Yorkshire, then in the hands of the Crown; that the earl, her husband, was still living; that she was closely related to the Royal family, and was in some way connected with Ireland; that she frequently visited Campsey in Suffolk; and that she had a daughter, Philippa, who, though still an infant under the care of a nurse, went through the ceremony of betrothal during the period of the Account.

These facts suffice to identify the lady of the Account with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William de Burgh, the last Earl of Ulster of that name, and wife of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III. Her connection with the Royal family of England was twofold; by her marriage with Prince Lionel, and by descent from Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I. She was heiress to immense estates in Ireland. Her mother, Maud, sister of Henry first Duke of Lancaster, was at the time of the Account a nun in Campsey Priory; and her daughter Philippa was betrothed in the year 1358 to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. The lady herself

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had been left by the death of her father, when in her first year, the heiress of the earldom of Ulster, and had been brought up by Queen Philippa, to whom her wardship had been assigned by Edward III., in companionship with the Royal children. As early as the year 1341, and when she was only nine years old, she was affianced by the king to his son Lionel, six years her junior. The betrothal was celebrated on the 15th of August, in that year, and the marriage took place in the year 1352.

Of the two leaves which remain of the Account, the one refers to payments made for the wardrobe, the other to donations. In each the date of every payment, as well as the place at which it was made, is recorded; so that we are enabled to trace the movements of the lady herself by following the successive entries. Arranging the items of the two divisions of payments in one series, we obtain the following results:—The Countess was in London on the 4th of April, 1356. In June and July she was at Reading, one of the royal residences; having apparently recently been at Southampton. On the 2nd of September she was at Stratford-le-Bow in company with her husband Prince Lionel. And about the same time a payment is made to a sumpter-man of the Abbot of Waltham for conducting the bed—as it is simply expressed in the Account, but which includes all the furniture connected with it—of her daughter from Stratford to Campsey. There is nothing to show where she spent the winter of 1356; probably at Hatfield; but early in April in 1357 we find her in London equipping herself for the festival of Easter, and also for a visit to the Court at Windsor, to join in a celebration of the Feast of St. George, held there with great pomp in connection with the newly-founded Order of the Garter. And at this period occurs an entry of an entire suit of clothes, consisting of a paltock, or short cloak, a pair of red and black breeches, with shoes, provided for Geoffrey Chaucer. Articles of dress are paid for also for an attendant on the Countess designated as Philippa Pan'—probably the contracted form of the word Panetaria—mistress of the pantry. And as establishing the antiquity of giving drink-money to workmen, it is worth noting that, in the payments made for these different articles of dress, certain sums are included as given to the working tailors for drink, "after the custom of London." On the 20th of May an article of dress, of which the name is lost by a defect in the leaf, is purchased for Geoffrey Chaucer in London; and attire is provided for the Countess herself in preparation for the feast of Pentecost to be celebrated at Woodstock. In July the Countess is at Doncaster and at Hatfield in Yorkshire, at which latter place she remains over Christmas. While there she receives letters from Ireland; and a payment is made to a servant of the Duke of Lancaster for bringing a letter from his daughter Lady Blanche.

In December of the same year (1357) a man receives money for

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accompanying Philippa Pan' from a place I am unable to identify, named Pullesdon, to Hatfield; and this item is immediately followed by the entry of a donation of three shillings and sixpence to Geoffrey Chaucer "for necessaries." At the same period a present of money is made to a servant of Lady Mowbray, sister to the Countess's mother, for coming with five horses from Axholme, the residence of Sir John Mowbray, to Hatfield, by the way of Blyth, the direct passage of the river being obstructed by the ice. At this time also Prince John of Ghent, then Earl of Richmond, must have been a visitor at Hatfield; for New-Year gifts are presented by the Countess to his cook and clerk of the kitchen.

The date of the next payment is the 4th of April, 1358; when sums are allowed to the Panetaria, the cook and the nurse, of the Countess's daughter, for debts incurred at Campsey; where it may be presumed the child had been taken, in order to be under the care of her grandmother, Prioress of the House, during the absence of the Earl and Countess on a visit to the Court.

In the same month of the year 1358, considerable payments are made in equipping the Countess for the great Feast of St. George, held at Windsor; and a boddice, lined with fur, is provided for her attendant Philippa Pan'. In the same month a payment is made for a mourning cloak, under the expressive designation of a "rue-mantle," for the Countess: it is uncertain for what occasion. We trace the movements of the Countess at a later period of the year, from another authority; for it is stated in a household account of the Dowager Queen Isabella, that the Countess of Ulster supped with her at Hertford Castle on the 20th of July.

In August of 1358, the Countess was at Anglesey; and on the 1st of September, in Liverpool. And in the same month a black tunic, mantle and cape, are provided for her, as mourning for Queen Isabella, who had died on the 23rd of August. Subsequent entries show that the Countess attended at the Queen's funeral, which took place at the church of the Friars Minors, in Newgate Street, on the 27th of November. In September and October several entries occur for dress provided for Lady Philippa, the Countess's daughter, for the ceremony of her betrothal. Though almost an infant, she was affianced to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, either at this time, or, as elsewhere stated, in the spring of the following year.

On the 6th of November the Countess is at Reading; and shortly after we find her feeing the keeper of the lions in the Tower of London. Early in 1359, she makes a present of a mark to two minstrels of the Queen of Scotland—Johanna, sister of Edward III. and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland, who had been in England since the spring of 1358, and had been residing with Queen Isabella at the time of her death. Shortly after this entry, a mark is paid

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to six valets of the Duke of Lancaster, for attending the Countess's chariot with torches, from the Duke's hotel of the "Neyth," to her wardrobe in London. And at Lent of the same year, 1359, the Countess appears to have returned to Hatfield, where again a rue-mantle or mourning cloak is provided for her.

Now, that the Geoffrey Chaucer mentioned in these Accounts is, indeed, the poet himself, we can have no scruple in assuming; inasmuch as in his own writings he alludes to his connection with a portion of the Royal family as early as the year 1359; in his poem of the "Dream," for instance, in which he celebrates the marriage of John of Ghent with Lady Blanche, of Lancaster; and as we know from authentic documents that he was pensioned by the Crown for services in the year 1367. The direct result, therefore, of these entries will be to show that this connection with the Royal family existed three years earlier than his own allusion to it, and to explain the nature of it. For the character of the entries renders it nearly certain that Chaucer was attached in some capacity to the service of either Prince Lionel himself or his countess; therefore, in either case, a member of the Prince's household. The Countess of Ulster, as an heiress of great estates, and as the wife of a Prince of the Blood, may well be conceived to have had attendants of her own, in a measure independent of her husband's establishment, although, of course, united in the joint household; and the names of the persons through whom the payments of wardrobe expenses in this Account are made are found in connection with her service, in public documents, prior to her marriage. Yet the paucity of the items for an account of three years' duration, and the length of interval between the dates of many of them, would seem to imply that the account mainly referred to periods when the Countess was living apart from her husband's household. In this case, the persons found in attendance on her might be regarded simply as belonging to the Prince's establishment, and temporarily engaged in her special service. Some five or six persons are named so repeatedly as to warrant the conclusion that they were more directly attached to her; and it is remarkable that of the whole number only Chaucer and the lady styled Philippa Pan' are provided for from the Countess's wardrobe; and Chaucer only in one instance.

But being evidently in some capacity in the household of the Prince and his Countess, we have to inquire what his position might have been. If we were certain of his age at this period we should have much assistance in determining the question. But his biographers are not agreed upon the year of his birth. On the faith of a monumental inscription, of no earlier a date than the middle of the sixteenth century, this has been most commonly fixed at 1328. But a statement of his own, in giving evidence in the famous dispute

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between the families of Scrope and Grosvenor as to the right to certain armorial bearings, would give a later date. The cause was tried in October, 1386; and he then gave in evidence that he was forty years of age and upwards, and had borne arms twenty-seven years. As some other witnesses have been proved to have been incorrect in the statement of their ages as much as from ten to twenty years, it has been argued that no reliance ought to be placed on this similar affirmation of Chaucer, if, as it is averred, it cannot readily be reconciled with other assumed dates in his biography. Surely, however, we ought to have some scruples in setting aside so important a statement from the poet's own lips; more especially as his additional and more precise assertions, that he had borne arms twenty-seven years, and was taken prisoner at a particular place in France, are found to be verified by circumstances of the French invasion of the year 1359. If correct in one statement, why so extremely inaccurate in another? Assume the age of forty-six to be implied by the expression of forty and upwards, and we fix the year of Chaucer's birth to 1340. Now in his poem of the "Dream" he intimates that his courtship of the lady whom he eventually married, took place simultaneously with that of Prince John of Ghent and Lady Blanche of Lancaster, namely, about the year 1358; and in another poem, "The Court of Love," he associates the same event with the eighteenth year of his own age. Here, then, is confirmation of the date of 1340 as that of his birth; and we shall be justified in assuming that, at the beginning of the year 1357, when he is first mentioned in these fragments, Chaucer was about seventeen years of age; and, if so, we may reasonably conjecture that his position in Prince Lionel's household was that of a page, with which also the entries would seem very well to agree. For instance, the amount paid for Chaucer's entire suit for his visit to Windsor, namely seven shillings—equivalent to about five pounds in modern money—is sufficiently high to accord with superior rank; yet the payments made for him seem on a lower scale than those for other members of the household mentioned in the Account, and who, therefore, it may be presumed, were much his elders. The paltock, or short cloak, provided for him in 1357, cost four shillings; while, in two other instances, a similar garment for other attendants is entered at six shillings and eight pence, and eight shillings and threepence. A Christmas present to Chaucer "for necessaries," as it is expressed, is put down at three shillings and sixpence; while to some other members of the household sums of thirteen shillings and eight pence, or twenty shillings, are presented.

Whether a page in the household of Prince Lionel, or a special attendant on the Countess of Ulster, it would appear that he was

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attached to their service certainly as early as the beginning of the year 1357, and was at that period at Hatfield, in Yorkshire; that he was present at the celebration of the Feast of St. George, at Edward III.'s court, in attendance on the Countess, in April of that year; that he followed the court to Woodstock; and that he was again at Hatfield, probably from September, 1357, to the end of March, 1358, and would have witnessed there the reception of Prince John of Ghent, then Earl of Richmond. We may infer that he was present at that most splendid entertainment given by Edward III. to the royal personages then in England—including the King of France, the Queen of Scotland, the King of Cyprus, and that saddest of figures in such a scene, the sister of the captive King of France and Edward's own mother, the almost-forgotten Queen Isabella—at what was ever after called the Great Feast of St. George; and that he was at Reading with the court, and at London, in the winter of 1358. The Earl and Countess would probably have spent part of the same season and the early part of 1359 at Hatfield; but in May, we know from other historical records that Prince Lionel, and doubtless his wife, the Countess of Ulster, were present at the wedding of John of Ghent and Lady Blanche of Lancaster, at Reading, and at the famous joustings subsequently held in London in honour of that event. And we have thus a record of the poet's course of life from the commencement of the year 1357 to the autumn of 1359, when he would have joined the royal army which invaded France, in the retinue of Prince Lionel, and in the course of which service, we know from his own information, he was made a prisoner by the French. A period of three years will be added to what is known of his biography, and these years belonging to the earlier part of his life, in which there is the most uncertainty, and a knowledge of which is most essential to the explanation of his after career. Moreover, the proof of his connection with Prince Lionel will give countenance to the assertion of Speght, rejected by later biographers, that Chaucer was present at the second marriage of the Prince with Violanta, daughter of Galeazzo, Lord of Milan, celebrated at that city in the year 1369, and at which he is stated to have met the Italian poet Petrarch.

The special value of these facts will consist in their showing that, at the outset of his career, Chaucer would have had the benefit of society of the highest refinement, in personal attendance on a young and spirited prince of the blood; that he would have had his imagination fed by scenes of the most brilliant court festivities, rendered more imposing by the splendid triumphs with which they were connected; and that he would have had the advantage of royal patrons in the early exercise of his genius. Chaucer was, as he himself tells us, of a studious disposition, and, it is stated, had entered

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one of the universities; but in his readings and his college exercises, although perhaps enriching his mind by communion with the classical authors, and strengthening it by the training of the schools, he would not necessarily have been perfecting that gift which so transcendently distinguishes him from the versifiers of his time—refinement of expression in his own language. The society he would have been raised to by his position in Prince Lionel's household, would have been useful to him in this respect. And there is reason to conclude that Chaucer's great excellence in the use of his native idiom was due to this early opportunity of cultivating it, since his first poems show in a remarkable degree the grace of expression which marks his best productions. And if Chaucer may be allowed to have gained refinement and culture from association with his royal patrons, it may be claimed for him that he would have repaid the benefit in giving something of elevation to the society to which he was admitted. The youthful princes who had Chaucer for their attendant would surely be intellectually gainers by the companionship. Nor would the advantage be confined to them individually. The court was the real centre of civilisation, and it is no extravagance to assert that such influence as he might exercise upon it would be radiated widely over the land.

In learning the fact of Chaucer's residence in the North of England, his future editors may perhaps be able to distinguish a character in his language and local descriptions traceable to his familiarity with it. His numerous descriptions of woodland scenery and allusions to hunting reminiscences may be partially derived from frequent enjoyment of the pastime in Hatfield Chase. Possibly the scene of the poem entitled "The Dream," and in which it is believed Chaucer recounts the circumstances of John of Ghent's courtship and marriage of Lady Blanche of Lancaster, may be identified with this locality. Entries in these fragments show that the Prince was actually a visitor at Hatfield at Christmas in the year 1357, some fifteen months before his marriage, and coincident with the time at which the poet fixes their first meeting. Lady Blanche is also mentioned as corresponding with the Countess of Ulster at the same period. Her father, the Duke of Lancaster, was at this time absent in France, where he held the office of Governor of Guienne; and it is very probable that she may have been on a visit at Axholme—the seat of Lord Mowbray, husband to her aunt, Lady Joan of Lancaster. Lady Mowbray was the sister of the Countess of Ulster's mother; and the two families are represented in the Account as in familiar intercourse. The forest in which the poet describes himself as passing the night may be accepted as the woods of Hatfield. The island to which he conceives himself transported in his dream, and where he witnesses the

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arrival of Lady Blanche and Prince John of Ghent, would be represented by the Isle of Axholme. And the hermitage on a rock would find its type in the actual hermitage on a high point of land in the isle, at that time, we are told, entirely surrounded by water. Whether or not the scene of the poem can be identified with this locality, John of Ghent's visit to Hatfield suggests an origin to Chaucer's connection with him, so important in his subsequent biography, and which probably became intimate immediately on the death of Prince Lionel, in 1369. Then, speculations suggest themselves as to the lady—evidently a person of consideration in the Countess's household—designated as Philippa Pan', or Panetaria. She occurs several times in the Account, and appears to have been in an especial manner attached to the Countess's service. Twice she is mentioned in entries immediately followed by the name of Geoffrey Chaucer. This connection of their names, occurring at a time when he himself, in the poem of "The Dream," tells us that he was courting the lady whom he eventually married, and who we know was named Philippa, suggests the conjecture that the Countess's attendant may have been Chaucer's future wife. That Philippa, having been in the Countess of Ulster's service, should be found subsequently in that of the Queen Philippa, is rather in favour of the supposition. The Countess died in 1363, only four years after the period of the Account, and nothing would be more likely than that the principal lady of her household, and probably favourite companion, should have found shelter after her death in the family of her husband's mother.

But I have no wish to strain the evidence to be collected from the few items of this imperfect Household Account. I have hopes, however, that the positive information they yield may give a direction to researches resulting in new discoveries in the life of Chaucer.

I may add that the volume, to the covers of which these fragments were pasted, was given, in the year 1508, to the monastery of Amesbury. It was probably rebound there, and these parchment leaves were used to strengthen the sides of the book. Amesbury was the retreat of more than one Princess of England; and an aunt of the Countess of Ulster—Isabella of Lancaster—was Abbess of the House at about the period of the Account.

EDWARD A. BOND.

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THE OXFORD REFORMERS OF 1498.

Chapter V.

1. Convocation for the Extirpation of Heresy (1512).

Colet's labours in connection with his school did not interfere with his ordinary duties. He was still, Sunday after Sunday, preaching those courses of sermons on "the Gospels, the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer," which attracted by their novelty and unwonted earnestness so many listeners. The Dean was no Lollard himself, yet those whose leanings were toward Lollard views naturally found in the simple Scripture teaching to which they listened at St. Paul's, what they felt was the food for which they were in search, and which they did not get elsewhere. They were wont, it seems, to advise one another to go and hear Dr. Colet; and it was not strange if in the future examination of heretics a connection should be traced between Colet's sermons and the evident increase of heresy.[1] That heresy was on the increase could not be doubted. Foxe has recorded the names of no fewer than twenty-three heretics compelled by Fitzjames, Bishop of London, to abjure during 1510 and 1511. And so zealous was the Bishop in his old age against poor Lollards that he burned at least two of them in Smithfield during the autumn of 1511.[2] So common, indeed, were these martyr fires, that Ammonius, Latin secretary to Henry VIII., writing from London, a few weeks after, to Erasmus, at Cambridge, could jestingly say, that "he does not wonder that wood is so scarce and dear, the heretics cause so many holocausts; and yet (he said) their numbers grow; nay, even the brother of Thomas, my servant, dolt as he is, has himself founded a sect, and has his disciples!"[3]

It was under these circumstances that a royal mandate was issued in November[4] to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to summon a convocation of his province to meet at St. Paul's, on the 6th of February, 1512,—a convocation which was ever afterwards referred to as having been held "*for the extirpation of heresy*."[5]

It was probably on Friday, the 6th of February, 1512,[6] that members of both Houses assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral, as usual, to listen to the opening address.

How little the good Archbishop Warham sympathised with the

(1) "Moreover that Thomas Geffrey caused this John Butler divers Sundays to go to London to hear Dr. Colet." (Foxe, ed. 1597, p. 756.)

(2) William Sweting and John Brewster, on 18th October, 1511. (Foxe, ed. 1597, p.736.)

(3) Eras., Epist. cxxvii. Brewer, i., No. 1948

(4) Brewer, i., No. 2001.

(5) Warham to Henry VIII. Brewer, i., 4312.

(6) Wilkin's "Concilia," under date 1512.

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persecuting zeal of the old Bishop of London, was shown by his charging Dean Colet with the duty of delivering the opening address. It was a task by no means to be envied; but Colet resolved to do his duty, and to preach a sermon suited to the occasion.

He commenced his sermon by reminding the assembled bishops and clergy that they "were come hither for the reformation of the Church, of which there had never been more need."

"I came hither to-day, fathers, to warn you that with all your mind ye think upon the reformation of the Church. But, forsooth, I came not willingly, for I knew mine own unworthiness. I saw before how hard it was to please the precise judgment of so many men. I judged it utterly unworthy and unmete that I, a servant, should counsel my lords; that I, a son, should teach you, my fathers. Truly it had been meter for some one of the fathers to have done it. You prelates might have done it with more grave authority and greater wisdom. But the most reverend Father and Lord Archbishop, president of this council, hath laid upon me this burden. And his commandment must be obeyed. For obedience is better than sacrifice. Wherefore, I pray you, fathers, to help me at the beginning with your good prayers. Let us pray, too, for this, your congregation, that God may inspire your minds so with one accord to agree to such profit and fruit of the Church that ye seem not at the end of the council to have been gathered together in vain. Let us pray."

And then the assembly having joined in the Paternoster, Colet rose from his knees, to proceed with his address. There he stood in the midst of this convocation, called expressly for the extirpation of heretics, strong in his own plain honesty and severely virtuous life, itself a rebuke which had already cut to the heart many of those whose zeal against Lollards was greater than the sanctity of their own lives,—there he stood, with the Bishop of London and others of the persecuting party around him, and pronounced as his text the words of St. Paul, "Be ye not conformed to this world."

"Be ye not conformed to this world. This did the apostle write to all Christian men, but most chiefly to priests and bishops. Priests and bishops ought to be the lights of the world, but if priests and bishops run in the dark way of the world, how dark then shall the secular people be! . . . . Wherefore it was more than all to the priests and bishops that St. Paul said, 'Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye reformed,'" &c.

And having thus pressed home this injunction to the priests and bishops, he spoke plainly to them in order of their "secular and worldly living," their feasts and banqueting, their "hunting and hawking," their covetousness in seeking nothing but fat benefices and high promotions.

"Yes, said he, I repeat it again, I beat it into your ears,—covetousness is the root of all your evils. . . . . We are grieved now-a-days by heretics—men mad with marvellous foolishness; but *their* heresies are not so pestilent and pernicious to the people as the evil and wicked lives of priests; . . . for verily there be many Catholic and faithful men in their *preaching*, who are heretics in their *working*. There is no

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heresy worse and more perilous than a wicked life. . . . . Wherefore, *you* fathers, *you* priests, and all of you of the clergy, at the last wake up from your sleep in this forgetful world, and listen unto St. Paul crying unto you, 'Be ye not conformed to this world.'

"And now for the *reformation*. It, too, must begin with you, fathers. *You* must first taste this medicine of purgation of manners, and then offer it after to us. No new laws are needed, but those which are made already must be kept. Let the laws be rehearsed against simony; those which command the personal residence of curates in their churches; those which forbid clerks to be merchants and hunters and to haunt taverns; those which command temperance in apparel; which command monks and religious men to keep to the straight way which leadeth to heaven. Above all let those laws be rehearsed which pertain to you, my reverend fathers and lords bishops, which command your residence in your dioceses to take heed to the health of souls, to sow the word of God, and to sustain the widows and fatherless; the laws which command that the goods of the Church be spent, not in costly buildings, not in apparel and pomps, not in feasting and banqueting, not in the enriching of kinsfolk, or in the keeping of hounds, but in things profitable and necessary to the Church. And when these laws have been rehearsed, let them be put in execution; and with all due reverence I call chiefly upon you, fathers, for it must begin with you."

In conclusion, as if calling to mind how bold he had been, he trusted that what he had said "would in gentleness be taken to the best."

"And if it be thought" (he continued) "that I have passed my bounds in this sermon, or have said anything out of temper, forgive it me, and ye shall forgive a man speaking out of very zeal, a man sorrowing for the decay of the Church. Consider the thing itself, and do not regard any foolishness of mine. Suffer not this convocation to slip by for nought."

And then, as if carried away by his boldness again—

"Truly" (says he) "ye are often gathered together, but (to speak the truth) I see not what fruit to the Church comes of your assemblies. Go ye now in the spirit that ye have called on to find out, discern, and ordain those things which are profitable to the Church, praise unto you, and honour unto God."

What immediate effect this noble sermon of Colet's had upon the assembled clergy does not appear. But one authentic picture of a scene which there can be little doubt occurred in this Convocation has been preserved to give a passing glimpse into the nature of the discussion which followed upon the subject of the "extirpation of heresy." In the course of the debate the advocates of increased severity against poor Lollards were asked, it seems, to point out, if they could, a single passage in the Canonical Scriptures which commands the capital punishment of heretics. Whereupon an old divine (was it Bishop Fitzjames?) rose from his seat, and with some severity and temper quoted the command of St. Paul to Titus: "A man that is an heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject." The old man quoted the words as they stand in the Vulgate version: "Hæreticum hominem post unam et alteram correptionem *devita!*"

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"*De vita!*" he repeated with emphasis; and again, louder still, he thundered "DE-VITA!" till every one wondered what had happened to the man. At length he proceeded to explain that the meaning of the Latin verb "devitare" being "de vita tollere" (!), the passage in question was clearly a direct command to punish heretics by death![1]

A smile passed round among those members of Convocation who were learned enough to detect the gross ignorance of the old divine; but to the rest his logic appeared perfectly conclusive, and he was allowed to proceed triumphantly to support his position by quoting, again from the Vulgate, the text translated in the English version, "Suffer not a witch to live." For the word "witch" the Vulgate version has "malificus." A heretic, he declared, was clearly "malificus," and therefore ought not to be suffered to live. By which conclusive logic the learned members of the Convocation of 1512 were, it is said, completely carried away.

This story, resting wholly or in part upon Colet's own relation to Erasmus, is the only glimpse which can be gathered of the proceedings of this Convocation "for the extirpation of heresy."

2. Colet is Charged with Heresy (1512).

Before the spring of 1512 was passed, Colet's Sermon to Convocation was printed and distributed both in Latin and English, probably by himself; and as there was an immediate lull in the storm of persecution, he may be regarded rather as victor than as vanquished, in spite of the seeming triumph of the persecuting party in Convocation.

The bold position he had taken had rallied round him not a few honest-hearted men, and had made him, as it were unconsciously on his part, the man to whom earnest truth-seekers looked up as to a leader, and upon whom the blind leaders of the blindly orthodox party vented all their jealousy and hatred.

He was henceforth a marked man. That school of his in St. Paul's Churchyard, to the erection of which he had devoted his fortune, which he had the previous autumn made his will to endow, had now risen into a conspicuous building, and the motives of the Dean in building it were of course everywhere canvassed. The school was

(1) See note of Erasmus in his "Annotations" *in loco, Titus* iii., 10; also the "Praise of Folly," where the story is told in connection with further particulars. The exact coincidence between the two accounts of the old divine's construction of Titus iii. 10, leads one to conclude that the rest of the story, as given in the Praise of Folly, is also literally true. Knight, in his Life of Colet, concludes that as the story is told in the *Praise of Folly*, the incident must have occurred in *a previous Convocation*, as this satire was written *before* 1512. (Knight, pp. 199, 200.) But I find that the story is not inserted in the edition of 1515, or the earlier ones, nor in the first edition of the Annotations, but it is inserted in the Basle edition of the Encomion Moriæ, 12th of November, 1519, published just after Colet's death, p. 226.

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now fairly at work. Lilly, the godson of Grocyn, the late Professor of Greek at Oxford, was already appointed head-master; and as he was known to have himself travelled in Greece to perfect his classical knowledge, it could no longer be doubted by any that here, under the shadow of the great cathedral, was to be taught to the boys that "heretical Greek" which was regarded with so much suspicion. Here was in fact a school of the "new learning" sowing in the minds of English youth the seeds of that free thought and heresy which Colet had so long been teaching to the people from his pulpit at St. Paul's. More had already facetiously told Colet that he could not wonder if his school should raise a storm of malice, for "*it was*," he said, "*like the wooden horse in which were concealed armed Greeks for the destruction of barbarian Troy.*"[1]

No wonder indeed if the wrath of Bishop Fitzjames should be kindled against Colet; no wonder if, having failed in his attempt effectually to stir up the spirit of persecution in the recent Convocation, he should now vent his spleen upon the newly-founded school.

But how fully, amid all, Colet preserved his temper and persevered in his work may be gathered from the following letter to Erasmus, who, in intervals of leisure from graver labours, was devoting his literary talents to the service of Colet's school, and whose little book, "De Copia Verborum," was part of it already in the printer's hands:—

Colet to Erasmus.[2]

"Indeed, dearest Erasmus, since you left London I have heard nothing of you. . . . .

"I have been spending a few days in the country with my mother, consoling her in her grief on the death of my servant, who died at her house, whom she loved as a son, and for whose death she wept as though he had been more than a son. The night on which I returned to town I received your letter.

"Now listen to a joke! A certain bishop, who is held, too, to be one of the wiser ones, has been blaspheming our school before a large concourse of people, declaring that I have erected what is a useless thing; yea, a bad thing; yea more (to give his own words), a temple of idolatry. Which, indeed, I fancy he called it because the poets are to be taught there! At this, Erasmus, I am not angry, but laugh heartily. . . . .

"I send you a little book containing the sermon [to the Convocation?]. The printers said they had sent some to Cambridge.

"Farewell. Do not forget the verses for our boys, which I want you to finish with all good nature and courtesy. Take care to let us have the second part of your Copia."

The second part of the Copia was accordingly completed, and the whole sent to the press in May, with a prefatory letter to Colet in which Erasmus paid a loving tribute to his friend's character and work. He dwelt upon Colet's noble self-sacrificing devotion to the

(1) Stapleton, "Tres Thomæ," p. 166.

(2) Erroneously dated 1517. (Brewer, vol. ii., No. 3190.) The true date, 1512, is clearly fixed by the allusion to the "De Copia," &c. (Eras., Epist., App. cccevi.)

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good of others, and the judgment he had shown in singling out two main objects at which to labour, as the most powerful means of furthering the great cause so dear to his heart.

To implant Christ in the hearts of the common people, by constant preaching, year after year, from his pulpit at St. Paul's,—this, wrote Erasmus, had been Colet's first great work, and surely it had borne much fruit!

To found a School wherein the sons of the people should drink in Christ along with a sound education, that thereby, as it were in the cradle of coming generations, the foundation might be laid of the future welfare of his country,—this had been the second great work to which Colet had devoted time, talents, and a princely fortune.

"What is this I ask, but to act as a father to all your children and fellow-citizens? You rob yourself to make them rich. You strip yourself to clothe them. You wear yourself out with toil that they may be quickened into life in Christ. In a word, you spend yourself away that you may gain them for Christ!

"He must be envious, indeed, who does not back with all his might the man who engages in a work like this. He must be wicked, indeed, who can gainsay or interrupt him. That man is an enemy to England who does not care to give a helping hand where he can."

Which words in praise of Colet's self-sacrificing work were not merely uttered within hearing of those who might hang upon the lips of the aged Fitzjames or the bishop who had "blasphemed" the school—they passed, with edition after edition of the Copia of Erasmus, into the hands of every scholar in Europe, until they were known and read of all men!

But Bishop Fitzjames, whose unabating zeal against heretics had become the ruling passion of his old age, no longer able to control his hatred of the Dean, associated with himself two other bishops of like opinions and spirit in the ignoble work of making trouble for Colet. They resorted to their usual weapon—*persecution*. They exhibited to the Archbishop of Canterbury articles against Colet extracted from his sermons. Their first charge was that he had preached that images ought not to be worshipped. The second charge was that he had denied that Christ, when he commanded Peter the third time to "feed his lambs," made any allusion to the application of episcopal revenues in hospitality or anything else, seeing that Peter was a poor man and had no episcopal revenues at all. The third charge was that in speaking once from his pulpit of those who were accustomed to *read* their sermons, he meant to give a side hit at the Bishop of London, who, on account of his old age, was in the habit of reading his sermons.

But the archbishop, thoroughly appreciating as he did the high qualities of the Dean, became his protector and advocate, instead of his judge. Colet himself, says Erasmus, did not deign to make any

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reply to these foolish charges, and others "more foolish still."[1] And the archbishop, therefore, without hearing any reply, indignantly rejected them.

What the charges "*more foolish still*" may have been Erasmus does not record. But Tyndale mentions as a well-known fact that "the Bishop of London would have made Dean Colet of Paules an heretic for *translating the Paternoster in English* had not the [Arch]bishop of Canterbury helped the Dean."[2]

Colet's English translation or paraphrase of the Paternoster still remains to show that he was open to the charge.[3] But for once, at least, the persecutor was robbed of his prey!

For a while, indeed, Colet's voice had been silenced; but now Erasmus was able to congratulate his friend on his return to his post of duty at St. Paul's.

"I was delighted to hear from you [he wrote from Cambridge], and have to congratulate you that you have returned to your most sacred and useful work of preaching. I fancy even this little interruption will be overruled for good, for your people will listen to your voice all the more eagerly for having been deprived of it for a while. May Jesus, *Optimus Maximus*, keep you in safety."[4]

3. Colet preaches against the Continental Wars (1512-13).

If thus Colet returned to his pulpit after a narrow escape of being burned for heresy, it was to continue to do his duty, and not to preach in future only such sermons as might escape the censure of his bishop. His honesty and boldness were soon again put to the test.

It was in the summer of 1512, that Henry VIII. for the first time mingled the blood of English soldiers in those continental wars which now for some years became the absorbing object of attention.

European rulers had not yet accepted the modern notion of territorial sovereignty. Instead of looking upon themselves as the rulers of nations, living within the settled boundaries of their respective countries, they still thirsted for war and conquest, and dreamed of universal dominion. To how great an extent this was so, a glance at the ambitious schemes of the chief rulers of Europe at this period will show.

How Pope Julius II. was striving to add temporal to spiritual sovereignty, and desired to be the lord and master of the game of the world, has been already noticed in mentioning how it called forth

(1) Eras. to Justus Jonus, Eras. op. iii., p. 460. D and E.
(2) Also quoted in Knight's Life of Colet, p. 93, from works of Tyndal, &c., fol., London, 1573, p. 318.
(3) "The Seven Peticyons of the Paternoster," by Joan Colet, Deane of Paules. Knight's Life of Colet, App., No. xii., p. 450.
(4) Eras. Epist. cvii. Brewer, No. 3495, under date 1st Nov. 1512.

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the satire of Erasmus in his "Praise of Folly." This warlike Pope was still fighting in his old age. Side by side with Pope Julius was Cæsar Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, King of the Romans, Emperor of Germany, &c., fit representative of the ambitious house of Hapsburg! Not contented with all these titles and dominions, Maximilian was intriguing to secure by marriages the restoration of Hungary and Bohemia, and the annexation of the Netherlands, Franche-Compte, and Artois, as well as of Castile and Arragon, to the titles and possessions of his Royal house. And what he could not secure by marriages he was trying to secure by arms. Had his success equalled his lust of dominion, east and west would have been united in the one "Holy Empire" of which he dreamed, independent even of Papal interference, and hereditary for ever in the house of Hapsburg. Then there was Louis XII., the "most Christian" King of France, laying claim to a great part of Italy, pushing his influence and power so far as to strike terror into the minds of other princes; assuming to himself the rank of the first prince in Christendom; his chief minister aspiring to succeed Julius II. in the Papal chair; his son Francis ready to become a candidate for the empire on the death of Maximilian. And, lastly, there was Henry VIII. of England, eager to win his spurs, and to achieve military renown at the first opportunity; reviving old obsolete claims on the crown of France; offering himself as a candidate for the empire when it became vacant; plotting to secure the election of Wolsey to the Papal chair! Throw all these rival claims and objects of ambition into a wild medley, consider to what plots and counter-plots, leagues and breaches of them, all this vast entanglement of interests and ambitions must give rise, and some faint idea may be gained of the state of European politics.

Already in December, 1511, a Holy Alliance had been formed between Pope Julius, Maximilian, Ferdinand, and Henry VIII., to arrest the conquests and humble the ambition of Louis XII. In the summer of 1512 the first English expedition sailed. Ferdinand persuaded Henry VIII. to aid him in attacking Guienne, and all unused to the stratagems of war, he fell into the snare. While his father-in-law was playing his selfish game, and reducing the kingdom of Navarre, Henry's fleet and soldiers were left to play their part alone. The whole expedition, owing to delays and gross mismanagement, wofully miscarried. There were symptoms of mutiny and desertion; and at length the English army returned home utterly demoralised, and in the teeth of their commands. The English flag was disgraced in the eyes of Europe. French wits wrote biting satires, "De Anglorum è Galliis Fuga,"[1] and in bitter disappointment Henry VIII., to avoid further disgrace, was obliged to

(1) Philomorus, 71.

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hush up the affair, allowing the disbanded soldiers to return to their homes without further inquiry. It was in vain that More replied to the French wits with epigram for epigram, correcting their exaggerated satire, and turning the tables upon their own nation. He laid the foundation of a controversy by which he was annoyed in after years, and did little at the time to remove the general feeling of national disgrace which resulted from this first trial of Henry VIII. at the game of war.

Meanwhile Colet, ever prone to speak out plainly what he thought, had publicly from his pulpit expressed his own strong condemnation of the war. And the old Bishop of London, ever lying in wait, like the persecuting Pharisees of old, to find an occasion of evil against him, eagerly made use of this pretext to renew the attempt to get him into trouble. He had failed to bring down upon the Dean the terrors of ecclesiastical authority, but it would answer his purpose as well if he could provoke against him royal displeasure. He therefore informed the king, now eagerly bent upon his continental wars, that Colet had condemned them; that he had publicly preached in a sermon "that an unjust peace was to be preferred before the justest war." While the bishop was thus whispering evil against him in the royal ear, others of his party were zealously preaching up the war, and launching out ignorant invectives against Colet and "*the poets*," as they designated those who were suspected of preferring classical Latin and Greek to the "*blotterature*," as Colet called it, of the monks. By these means they appear to have hoped to bring Colet into disgrace and themselves into favour with the king.

But it would seem that they watched and waited in vain for any visible sign of success. The king appeared strangely indifferent alike to the treasonable preaching of the Dean, and to their own effervescent loyalty.

Unknown to them, the king sent for Colet, and privately encouraged him to go on boldly reforming by his teaching the corrupt morals of the age, and by no means to hide his light in times so dark. He knew full well, he said, what those bishops were plotting against him, and how much good service he had done to the British nation both by example and teaching. And he ended by saying that he would put such a check upon the attempts of those men as would make it clear to others that if any one chose to meddle with Colet it would not be with impunity!

Upon this Colet thanked the king for his kind intentions, but as to what he proposed further, besecched him to forbear. "He had no wish," he said, "that any one should be the worse on his account; he had rather resign his preferment than it should come to that."

(1) Eras., Justo Jono, op. iii. pt. 1, 460, 461.

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4. Colet protests again. Second Campaign (1513).

The spring of 1513 was spent by Henry VIII. in energetic preparations for another campaign, in which he hoped to retrieve the lost credit of his arms. The young king, in spite of his regard for better counsellors, was intent upon warlike achievements. His first failure had made him the more eager to rush into the combat again. Wolsey, the only man amongst the war party whose energy and tact were equal to the emergency, found in this turn of affairs the stepping-stone to his own ambitious fortune. The preparations for the next campaign were entrusted to his hands.

Rumours were heard that the French would be likely to invade England, if Henry VIII. long delayed his invasion of France. To meet this contingency, the sheriffs of Somerset and Dorset had been already ordered to issue proclamations that every man between sixty and sixteen should be ready in arms [1] to defend his country. Ever and anon came tidings that the French navy was moving restlessly about on the opposite shore,[2] in readiness for some unknown enterprise. Diplomatists were meanwhile weaving their wily webs of diplomacy, deceiving and being deceived. Even between the parties to the league there were constant breaches of confidence and double dealing. The entangled meshes of international policy were thrown into still greater confusion in February, by the death of Julius, the head-centre of the Holy Alliance. The new Pope might be a Frenchman, instead of the leader of the league against France, for anything men knew. The moment was auspicious for the attempt to bring about a peace. But Henry VIII. was bent upon war. He urged on the equipment of the fleet, and was impatient of delay. On the 17th of March he conferred upon Sir Edward Howard the high-sounding title of "Admiral of England, Wales, Ireland, Normandy, Gascony, and Aquitaine." [3] On Saturday, the 21st, he went down to Plymouth to inspect the fleet in person, and left orders to the admiral to put to sea. He had set his heart upon his fleet, and in parting from Howard commanded him to send him word "how every ship did sail." [4] With his royal head thus full of his ships and sailors, and eagerly waiting for tidings of the result of their first trial trip in the Channel, Henry VIII. entered upon the solemnities of Holy Week.

On Good Friday, the 27th, he attended Divine service in the Royal Chapel. Dean Colet was the preacher for the day, and as when called to preach before Convocation he had chosen his text expressly for the bishops, so now in the royal presence he preached his sermon to the king.

(1) Brewer, i., 3722. (2) Brewer, i., 3752, 3821. (3) Brewer, i., 3809.
(4) Brewer, i., xlvii., and No. 3820.

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"He preached wonderfully" (says Erasmus) "on the *victory of Christ*, exhorting all Christians to fight and conquer under the banner of their king. He showed that when wicked men, out of hatred and ambition, fought with and destroyed one another, they fought under the banner, not of Christ, but of the Devil. He showed further how hard a thing it is to die a Christian death [on the field of battle]; how few undertake a war except from hatred or wicked ambition; how hardly possible it is for those who really have that brotherly love, without which 'no one can see the Lord,' to thrust their sword into their brother's blood; and he urged, in conclusion, that instead of imitating the example of Cæsars and Alexanders, the Christian ought rather to follow the example of Christ, his Prince."[1]

So earnestly had Colet preached, and with such telling and pointed allusion to the events of the day, that the king was not a little afraid that the sermon might damp the zeal of his newly enlisted soldiers. Thereupon, like birds of evil omen, the enemies of Colet hovered round him as though he were an owl, hoping that at length the royal anger might be stirred against him. The king sent for Colet. He came at the royal command. He dined at the Franciscan monastery adjoining the palace at Greenwich. When the king knew he was there, he went out into the monastery garden to meet him, dismissing all his attendants. And when they two were quite alone, he bade Colet to cover his head and be at ease with him. "I did not call you here, Dean," he said to him, "to interrupt your holy labours, for of these I altogether approve, but to unburden my conscience of some scruples, that by your advice I may be able more fully to do my duty." They talked together nearly an hour and a half; Colet's enemies meanwhile impatiently waiting in the court, scarcely able to contain their fury, chuckling over the jeopardy in which they thought Colet at last stood with the king. As it was, the king approved and agreed with Colet in everything he said. But he was glad to find that Colet had not intended to declare absolutely that there could be no just war, no doubt persuading himself that his own was one of the very few just ones. The conversation ended in his expressing a wish that Colet would some time or other explain himself more clearly, lest the raw soldiers should go away with a mistaken notion, and think that he had really said that *no* war is lawful to Christians. "And thus (continues Erasmus) Colet, by his singular discretion and moderation, not only satisfied the mind of the king, but even rose in his favour." When he returned into the palace at parting, the king graciously drank to his health, embracing him most warmly, and, promising all the favours which it was in the power of a most loving prince to grant, dismissed him. Colet was no sooner gone than the courtiers flocked again round the king to know the result of his conference in the convent garden. Whereupon the king replied in the hearing of all: "Let every one have his own doctor, and let every one favour his own; this man is the doctor for me." Upon this the hungry wolves departed without

(1) Eras. op. iii. p. 461.

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their bone, and thereafter no one ever dared to meddle with Colet. This is Erasmus's version[1] of an incident which, especially when placed in its proper historical setting, may be looked upon as a jewel in the crown both of the young king and of his upright subject. It has been reported that Colet complied with the king's wish, and preached another sermon in favour of the war against France, of the necessity and justice of which, as strictly *defensive*, the king had convinced him. But with reference to this second sermon, if ever it was preached, Erasmus is silent.[2]

Henry VIII. may have convinced Colet by royal argument that in this, his second campaign, he was acting strictly on the defensive; but events soon proved that he was indulging an ambitious dream, which he was stubbornly bent on pursuing, in spite of the counsel of the best of his advisers, and no matter what burdens it might entail upon the nation. He was not deterred by Colet's preaching. He was not deterred by the news of troubles a-head on his Scotch frontiers. He was not deterred by the news of the election of Leo X. —a friend of Erasmus's, and known to be anxious for peace—to the Papal chair. He was not deterred by the news of the destruction of a portion of his fleet, and the loss of his best Admiral, Lord Howard, under the most painful circumstances. Even the intelligence that his treacherous father-in-law, Ferdinand, to secure his own ends, had made a year's truce with France, and thus deserted his ally, was not sufficient to restore him to reason. In spite of all he persisted in setting sail for Calais, to commence the attack on France in his own person.

We need not follow the details of the campaign here. Suffice it to say, that like the first game of a child, it was carelessly, blunderingly played, not, however, without buoyant spirit and that air of exaggerated grandeur which betokens the inexperienced hand. A few towns were taken, under the selfish advice of Maximilian, who was glad enough to turn the lavish purse and ardent ambition of his young ally to his own advantage. But the power of France was not crippled by the invasion of a remote corner of her shores. More time was spent in tournaments and banquets than in actual fighting. It was emphatically "playing at war."

In the mean time, it will be remembered that it was during the king's absence that the Scotch invaded England, and were repulsed on the bloody field of Flodden. It may well be supposed that these events were not without passing influence on the minds of the Oxford Reformers. Colet's hatred of these useless wars was not likely to be lessened by the results of this last campaign. Erasmus and More

(1) Eras., Justo Jono., op. iii. 461, A, E.

(2) Knight's Life of Colet, p. 207, note quoted from Antiq. Britain, Sub. Wil. Warham, edit. Han., p. 306.

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shared that hatred; and with every fresh turn in the mazes of continental policy and intrigue it was deepened, until at length it found vent in language as remarkable for its boldness as Colet's had already been.

5. Erasmus leaves Cambridge, and meditates leaving England (1513—14).

During the autumn of 1513 Erasmus made up his mind to leave Cambridge. He had come to England on the accession of Henry VIII. with full purpose to make it his permanent home.[1] That his friends would try to bring this about had been his last entreaty on leaving England for his visit to Italy. They had done their best for him. Every one who cared for the advance of learning they had found anxious to secure the residence of so great a scholar in their own country. The promises were indeed vague, but there were plenty of them, and altogether the chances of a fair maintenance for Erasmus appeared to be good. He had settled at Cambridge intending to earn his living by teaching Greek to the students; expecting, from them and from the University, fees and a stipend sufficient to enable him to pay his way. But the drudgery of teaching Greek was by no means the work upon which Erasmus had set his heart. It was rather, like St. Paul's tentmaking, the price he had to pay for that leisure which he was bent upon devoting to his real work. This work was his fellow work with Colet. Not alone the aid he was able to give to his friend, by taking up the cudgels for him at the University, and finding him teachers and schoolbooks for his school, for all this was done by-the-bye,—he was labouring to make his own proper contribution towards the object to which both were devoting their all. He was labouring hard to produce an edition of the New Testament in the original Greek, with a new and free translation of his own; and simultaneously with this a corrected edition of the works of St. Jerome—the latter in itself an undertaking of enormous labour.

In letters written from Cambridge during the years 1511—1513, we catch stray glimpses of the progress of these great works. He writes to Colet, in August, 1511, that "he is about attacking St. Paul,"[2] and in July, 1512, that he has finished collating the New Testament, and is attacking St. Jerome.[3]

To Ammonius, in the camp, during the French campaign of 1513, he writes that he is working with almost superhuman zeal at the correction of the text of St. Jerome; and shortly after the close of the campaign against France, he tells his friend that "he himself

(1) Compendium, Vita Eras., Eras. op. i., preface.
(2) Brewer, i., 1847.
(3) Brewer, 4336. Eras., Epist. cxv. The allusion to the "De Copia" (printed in May, 1512,) fixes the date.

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has been waging no less fierce a warfare with the blunders of Jerome."[1] And, now with his editions of the New Testament and Jerome nearly ready for the press, why should he waste any further time at Cambridge? He had complained from the first that he could get nothing out of the students. All these years he had been, in spite of all his efforts, and notwithstanding an annual stipend secured upon a living in Kent, through the kindness of Lord Mountjoy, to a great extent dependent on his friends, obliged most unwillingly to beg, till he had become thoroughly ashamed of begging.[2] And now this autumn of 1513 had brought matters to a crisis. At Michaelmas the University had agreed to pay him thirty nobles,[3] and on the 1st of September they had begged the assistance of Lord Mountjoy in the payment of this "enormous stipend" for their Greek professor, adding, by way of pressing the urgency of their claim, that they must otherwise soon lose him.[4]

On the 28th of November Erasmus wrote to Ammonius that he had for some months lived like a cockle shut up in his shell, humming over his books. Cambridge, he said, was deserted because of the plague; and even when all of the men were there, there was no large company. The expense was intolerable, the profits not a brass farthing. The last five months had, he said, cost him sixty nobles, but he had never received more than one from his audience. He was going to throw out his sheet-anchor this winter. If successful he would make his nest, if not he would flit.[5]

The result was that in the winter of 1513-14 Erasmus finally left Cambridge. The disbanding of disaffected and demoralised soldiers had so increased the number of robbers on the public roads,[6] that travelling in the winter months was considered dangerous; but Erasmus was anxious to proceed with the publication of his two great works. He was in London by February, 1514. He found Parliament sitting, and the war party having all their own way. He found the compliant Commons supporting by lavish grants of subsidies Henry VIII.'s ambition "to recover the realm of France, his very true patrimony and inheritance, and to reduce the same to his obedience;"[7] and carried away by the fulsome speeches of courtiers who drew a triumphant contrast between the setting fortunes and growing infirmities of the French king and the prospects of Henry, who, "like the rising sun, was growing brighter and stronger

(1) Brewer, 4576. See also Brewer, 2013, which belongs to the same autumn.
(2) See Eras., Epist. cl. Brewer, 4528.
(3) Brewer, i., 4427.
(4) Brewer, i., 4428.
(5) Brewer, i., 2001, under date 1511. The allusion to the King of Scots, as well as the passage quoted fix the date 1513. See also No. 4576.
(6) Brewer, 2001.
(7) 5 Henry VIII. c. i.

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every day."[1] While tax collectors were pressing for the arrears of half a dozen previous subsidies and Parliament was granting new ones, the liberality of English patrons was likely to decline. Their heads were too full of the war, and their purses too empty, to admit of their caring much at the moment about Erasmus and his literary projects.

No wonder, therefore, that when his friends at the Court of the Netherlands urged his acceptance of an honorary place in the Privy Council of Prince Charles, which would not interfere with his literary labours, together with a pension which would furnish him with the means to carry them on,—no wonder that under these circumstances Erasmus accepted the invitation, and concluded to leave England.

In reply to the Abbot of St. Bertin, he wrote (with some abridgment) as follows:—

"He gracefully acknowledged his great kindness in wishing to restore him to his fatherland. Not that he disliked England, or was wanting in patrons there. The Archbishop of Canterbury, if he had been a brother or a father, could not have been kinder to him, and by his gift he still held the pension out of the living in Kent. But the war had suddenly diverted the genius of England from its ordinary channels. The price of everything was becoming dearer and dearer. The liberality of patrons was becoming less and less. How could they do other than give sparingly with so many war taxes to pay?

"Oh that God would deign to still the tempest of war! What madness is it! The wars of Christian princes begin for the most part either out of ambition or hatred or lust, or like diseases of the mind. Consider also by whom they are carried on: by homicides, by outcasts, by gamblers, by ravishers, by the most sordid mercenary troops, who care more for a little pay than for their lives. These offscourings of mankind are to be received into your territory and your cities that you may carry on war. Think, too, of the crimes which are committed under pretext of war, for amid the din of arms good laws are silent; what rapine, what sacrilege, what other crimes of which decency forbids the mention! The demoralisation which it causes will linger in your country for years after the war is over. . . . .

"It is much more glorious to found cities than to destroy them. In our times it is the *people* who build and improve cities, while the madness of princes destroys them. But, you may say, princes must vindicate their rights. Without speaking rashly of the deeds of princes, one thing is clear, that there are some princes at least who first do what they like, and then try to find some pretext for their deeds. And in this hurly-burly of human affairs, in the confusion of so many leagues and treaties, who cannot make out a title to what he wants? Meanwhile these wars are not waged for the good of the *people*, but to settle the question who shall call himself their prince.

"We ought to remember that *men*, and especially Christian men, are *free*-men. And if for a long time they have flourished under a prince, and now acknowledge him, what need is there that the world should be turned upside down to make a change? If even among the heathen long-continued consent [of the people] makes a *prince*, much more should it be so among Christians, with whom royalty is an *administration*, not a *dominion*. . . . .

"Let the abbot call to mind all that Christ and his apostles said about

(1) Brewer, 4849. Notes of a speech in this Parliament.

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peace, and the tolerance of evil; surely he would bring all his influence to bear upon Prince Charles and the Emperor in favour of a Christian peace among Christian princes."[1]

In writing to Prince de Vere on the same subject, Erasmus had expressed his grief that their common country had become mixed up with the wars, and his wish that he could safely put in writing what he thought upon the subject.[2] Whether safely or not, he had certainly now dared to speak his mind pretty fully in the letter to the Abbot of St. Bertin. And Erasmus had other opportunities of speaking out his mind about the war.

There was a rumour afloat that a Papal ambassador had arrived in England—a Cardinal in disguise. It happened that Erasmus was invited to dine with his friend Ammonius. He went as a man goes to the house of an intimate friend, without ceremony, and expecting to dine with him alone. He found, however, another guest at his friend's table—a man in a long robe, his hair bound up in a net, and with a single servant attending him. Erasmus, after saluting his friend, eyed the stranger with some curiosity. Struck by the military sternness of the man's look, he asked of Ammonius, in Greek, "Who is he?" He replied, also in Greek, "A great merchant." "I thought so," said Erasmus; and caring to take no further notice of him, they sat down to table, the stranger taking precedence. Erasmus chatted with Ammonius as though they had been alone, and, amongst other things, happened to ask him whether the rumour was true that an ambassador had come from Leo X. to negotiate a peace between England and France. "The Pope," he continued, "did not take me into his councils; but if he had, I should not have advised him to propose a peace." "Why?" asked Ammonius. "Because it would not be wise to talk about peace," replied Erasmus. "Why?" "Because a peace cannot be negotiated all at once; and in the mean time, while the monarchs are treating about the conditions, the soldiers, at the very thought of peace, will be incited to far worse projects than in war itself; whereas by a *truce* the hands of the soldiery may be tied at once. I should propose a truce of three years, in order that the terms might be arranged of a *really permanent treaty of peace*." Ammonius assented, and said that he thought this was what the ambassador was trying to do. "Is he a Cardinal?" asked Erasmus. "What made you think he was?" said the other. "The Italians say so?" "And how do they know?" asked Ammonius, again fencing with Erasmus's question. "Is it true that he is a Cardinal?" repeated Erasmus by-and-by, as though he meant to have a straightforward answer. "His spirit is

(1) Eras., Epist. cxliv., and published among "Auctarium Selectarum Aliquot Epistolarum Erasmi," &c. Basil, 1518, p. 62.

(2) Epist. cxliii.

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the spirit of a Cardinal," evasively replied Ammonius, brought to bay by the direct question. "It is something," observed Erasmus, smiling, "to have a Cardinal's spirit!"

The stranger all this time had remained silent, drinking in this conversation between the two friends.

At last he made an observation or two in Italian, mixing in a Latin word now and then, as an illiterate merchant might be expected to do. Seeing that Erasmus took no notice of what he said, he turned round, and in good Latin observed, "I wonder you should care to live in this barbarous nation, unless you choose rather to be all *alone* here than *first* at Rome."

Erasmus, astonished and somewhat nettled to hear a merchant talk in this way, with disdainful dryness replied that he chose to live in that country in which there was the greatest number of men distinguished for their learning. He had rather hold the last place among these than have no companions at Rome.

Ammonius, seeing the awkward turn that things were taking, and that Erasmus in his present humour might probably, as he sometimes did, speak his mind rather more plainly than might be desirable, interposed, and, to prevent further perplexity, suggested that they should adjourn to the garden.[1]

Erasmus found out afterwards that the merchant stranger with whom he had had this singular brush was the Pope's ambassador himself—*Cardinal Canossa!*

6. Parting Intercourse between Erasmus and Colet (1514).

Meanwhile, in spite of Papal Nuncios, the preparations for the continuance of the war proceeded as before. There were no signs of peace. The king had had a dangerous illness, but had risen from his couch "fierce as ever against France."[2]

With heavy hearts Colet and Erasmus held on their way. The war lay like a dark cloud on their horizon. It was throwing back their work. How it had changed the plans of Erasmus has been shown. It had also made Colet's position one of greater difficulty. It is true that hitherto royal favour had protected him from the hatred of his persecutors, but the Bishop of London and his party were more exasperated against him than ever, and who could tell how soon the king's fickle humour might change? His love of war was growing wilder and wilder. He was becoming intoxicated with it. And who could tell what the young king might do if his passions ever should rise into mastery over better feelings? Even the king's present favour, though it had preserved Colet as yet unharmed in person, did not prevent his being cramped and hindered in his work.

(1) Eras., Germano Brixio. Eras., Epist. mccxxxix.
(2) Brewer, i. 5173, 5228, also No. 4845.

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Other troubles, too, about this time added to his cares: questions of property and family dispute—most irksome of all others to a man who was giving life and wealth away in a great work.

Hints of trouble from matters of business he had before given to Erasmus.[1] Whether it was an old quarrel still lingering on unhealed, we know not, but there was now a dispute between Colet and an aged uncle of his, and the bone of contention was a large amount of property.

One day Colet took Erasmus with him by boat to dine with Archbishop Warham at Lambeth Palace. As they rowed down the Thames, Colet sat pensively reading in his book. At dinner, being set opposite his uncle at table, Erasmus noticed that he was ill at ease, caring neither to talk nor eat. And the uncle would doubtless have remained as silent as the nephew had not the Archbishop drawn out the garrulousness of his old age by cheerful conversation. After dinner the three were closeted together. Erasmus knew not what all this meant. But, as they were rowing back to town in the boat, Colet said, "Erasmus, you're a happy man, and have done me a great service;" and then he went on to tell his friend how angry he had been with his uncle, and how he had even thought of going to law with him, but in this state of mind, having taken a copy of the "*Enchiridion*" with him, he had read the "rule" there given "against anger and revenge," and it had done him so much good that he had held his tongue at dinner, and with the Archbishop's kind assistance after dinner, made up matters with his uncle.[2]

Apart from these cares and troubles, Colet's heart was naturally saddened with the thought of so soon again parting with his dearest friend, and, as he now could feel, his ablest fellow-worker. The two were often together. Colet sometimes would send for Erasmus to be his companion when he dined out, or when he had to make a journey.[3] At these times Erasmus testifies that no one could be more cheerful than Colet was. It was his habit always to take a book with him. His conversation often turned upon religious subjects, and though in public he was prudently reserved and cautious in what he said, at these times to his bosom friend he most freely spoke out his real sentiments.

On one occasion Colet and Erasmus paid a visit together to the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket. Going on pilgrimage was now the fashionable thing. Admirals and soldiers who had narrowly escaped in the war went to the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham to fulfil the vows they had made whilst their lives were in peril. Even Queen Catherine had been to invoke the Virgin's aid upon her husband's French campaign, and to return thanks for the victory

(1) Brewer, 4336. Eras., Epist. cxv. (2) Knight's Life of Colet, 247.
(3) Eras., Justo Jono. Eras. op. iii. 457, A.

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over the Scots. Erasmus had also paid a visit to Walsingham from Cambridge in a satirical and sceptical mood, and had returned convinced of the absurdity of the whole thing, doubting the genuineness of the relics, and ridiculing the credulity of pilgrims. And now it seems that before leaving England he had a desire to pay a similar visit to the rival shrine of St. Thomas-a-Becket.

The same colloquy in which he describes his visit to Walsingham enables us to picture the two friends on this occasion threading the narrow rustic lanes of Kent on horseback, making the best of their way to Canterbury.

"As they approach the city the outline of the cathedral church rises imposingly above all surrounding objects. Its two towers seem to stand, as it were, bidding welcome to approaching pilgrims. The sound of its bells rolls through the country far and wide in melodious peals. At length they reach the city, and, armed with a letter of introduction from Archbishop Warham, enter the spacious nave of the cathedral. This is open to the public, and beyond its own vastness and solemn grandeur presents little of mark, save that they notice the Gospel of Nicodemus among other books affixed to the columns, and here and there sepulchral monuments of the nameless dead. A vaulted passage under the steps ascending to the iron grating of the choir, brings them into the north side of the church. Here they are shown a plain ancient wooden altar of the Virgin, whereupon is exhibited the point of the dagger with which St. Thomas's brain was pierced at the time of his murder, and whose sacred rust pilgrims are expected most devoutly to kiss. In the vault below they are next shown the martyr's skull covered with silver, save that the place where the dagger pierced it is left bare for inspection: also the hair shirt and girdle with which the saint was wont to mortify his flesh. Thence they are taken into the choir to behold its treasures—bones without end; skulls, jaw-bones, teeth, hands, fingers, arms—to all which the pilgrim's kiss is duly expected.

"But Colet having had about enough of this, begins to show evident tokens of dislike to kiss any more. Whereupon the verger piously shuts up the rest of his treasures from the gaze of the careless and profane. The high altar and its load of costly ornaments next claim attention; after which they pass into the vestry, where is preserved the foot of St. Thomas, surrounded by a wonderful display of silk vestments and golden candlesticks. Thence they are conducted up a flight of steps into a chapel behind the high altar, and shown the face of the saint set in gold and jewels. Here, again, Colet breaks in upon the dumb show with awkward bluntness. He asks the guide whether St. Thomas-a-Becket when he lived was not very kind to the poor? The verger assented. 'Nor can he have changed his mind on this point, I should think,' continues Colet, 'unless it be for the better.' The verger nods a sign of approbation. Whereupon Colet submits the query whether the saint, having been so liberal to the poor when a poor man himself, would not now rather permit them to help themselves to some of his vast riches in relief of their many necessities, than let them so often be tempted into sin by their need? And the guide still listening in silence, Colet in his earnest way proceeds boldly to assert his own firm conviction that this most holy man would be even delighted that now that he is dead these riches of his should go to lighten the poor man's load of poverty, rather than be hoarded up here. At which sacrilegious remark of Colet's the verger, contracting his brow and pouting his lips, looks upon his visitors with a wondering stare out of his gorgon eyes, and doubtless would have made short work with them were it not that he knows they have come with the archbishop's introduction. Erasmus throws in a few pacifying words and pieces of coin, and the two friends pass on to inspect, under the escort now of the prior

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himself, the rest of the riches and the relics of the place. All again proceeds smoothly till a chest is opened containing the rags on which the saint, when in the flesh, was accustomed to wipe his nose and the sweat from his brow. The prior, knowing the position and dignity of Colet, and wishing to do him becoming honour, graciously offers him as a present of untold value one of these rags! Colet, breaking through all rules of politeness, takes up the rag between the tips of his fingers with the most fastidious air, and a disdainful chuckle, and then lays it down again in evident disgust. The prior, not choosing to take notice of Colet's profanity, abruptly shuts up the chest and politely invites them to partake of some refreshment. After which the two friends again remount their horses, and make the best of their way back to London. Their way lies through a narrow lane, worn deep by traffic and weather, and with a high bank on either side. Colet rides to the left of the road. Presently an old mendicant monk comes out of a cottage on Colet's side of the way, and proceeds to sprinkle him with holy water. Though not in the best of tempers, Colet submits to this annoyance without quite losing it. But when the old mendicant next presents to him the upper leather of an old shoe for his kiss, Colet abruptly demands what he wants with him. The old man replies that the relic is a piece of St. Thomas's shoe! This is more than Colet knows how to put up with. 'What!' he says passionately, turning to Erasmus, 'do these fools want us to kiss the shoes of every good man? They pick out the filthiest things they can find, and ask us to kiss them.' Erasmus, to counteract the effect of such a remark upon the mind of the astonished mendicant, gives him a trifle, and the pilgrims pass on their journey discussing the difficult question how abuses such as they have witnessed to-day are to be remedied. Colet cannot restrain his indignant feelings, but Erasmus urges that a rough or sudden remedy might be worse than the disease. Their superstitions must, he thinks, be tolerated until an opportunity arises of correcting them without creating disorder."

There can be little doubt that the graphic picture of which the above is only a rapid sketch was drawn from actual recollections, and described the real feelings of Erasmus and his bolder friend. Little did the two friends dream, as they rode back to town debating these questions, how soon they would find a final solution. Men's faith was then so strong and implicit in "Our Lady of Walsingham," that kings and queens were making pilgrimage to her shrine, and the common people, as they gazed at night upon the "milky way," believed that it was the starry pathway marked out by heaven to direct pilgrims to the place where the milk of the Holy Virgin was preserved, and called it "*the Walsingham way.*" Little did they dream that in another five-and-twenty years the canons would be convicted of forging relics and feigning miracles, and the far-famed image of the Virgin dragged to Chelsea by royal order to be there publicly burned.

Then pilgrims were flocking to Canterbury in crowds to adore the relics and to admire the riches of St. Thomas's shrine—as little did they dream that in five-and twenty years St. Thomas's bones would have shared the fiery fate of the image of the Virgin, and the gold and jewellery of St. Thomas's shrine carried off in chests upon the shoulders of eight stout men, and cast without remorse into the royal exchequer.

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7. More in Trouble again (1512—14).

In closing this chapter it may perhaps be remarked that little has been heard of More during these the first years of his return to public life.

The fact is that he has been too busy to write many letters even to Erasmus. He had been rapidly drawn into the vortex of public business. Soon after the accession of Henry VIII. he was elected under-sheriff of London, and every Thursday he has had this judicial office to fulfil. His private practice at the bar has also rapidly increased, and drawn largely on his time. When Erasmus writes to know what he is doing and why he does not write, the answer is that More is constantly closeted with the Lord Chancellor, engaged in "grave business,"[1] and would write if he could. And were we to lift the veil from his domestic life we should find the dark shadow of sorrow cast upon his bright home in Bucklersbury. His three little daughters watch and tend a little infant brother now. And four motherless children nestle round their widowed father's knee. Margaret, the eldest daughter,—the child of five years old,—henceforth it will be *her* lot to fill her lost mother's place in her father's heart, and to be a mother to the little ones. And of her, too, we shall hear more by-and-by.

Frederic Seebohm.

(1) *Ammonius Erasmo*, Eras., Epist. cxxviii.; also *Erasmus Ammonio*, Eras., Epist. cxvi.

P.S—The most cursory examination of the notes to this and earlier chapters cannot fail to make apparent how greatly I have been indebted to Mr. Brewer's invaluable Calendar of the "Letters, &c. of Henry VIII.," both as regards the contemporary history, and also as a guide to the correct dates of the letters of Erasmus. The printed dates to these letters are, it is well known, not to be relied on, and although Mr. Brewer has rightly, "wherever sufficient evidence did not appear for adopting a new arrangement, retained the printed date *however unsatisfactory*" (see his Preface, p. xvi.), yet the corrections which he *has* found sufficient evidence to make are exceedingly valuable. It is right that I should state this, as it has been pointed out to me that the notes in which I have ventured, from the internal evidence of the letters, to suggest further corrections, might be construed into an imputation of incorrectness on Mr. Brewer's part, when the fault lies with Erasmus and his printers, or perhaps my own suggestions may be beside the mark. I should be sorry, indeed, to seem to disparage a work on which I have so unsparingly relied, and which, from the wideness of its range, and the accuracy of its details, is an invaluable contribution to the history of the early Tudor period.—F. S.

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VITTORIA.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EPISODES OF THE REVOLT AND THE WAR.

THE TREACHERY OF PERICLES.—THE WHITE UMBRELLA.—THE DEATH OF RINALDO GUIDASCARPI.

THE king crossed the Mincio. The marshal, threatened on his left flank, drew in his line from the farther Veronese heights upon a narrowed battle front before Verona. Here they manœuvred, and the opening successes fell to the king. Holding Peschiera begirt, with one sharp passage of arms he cleared the right bank of the Adige and stood on the semicircle of hills, master of the main artery into Tyrol.

The village of Pastrengo has given its name to the day. It was a day of intense heat coming after heavy rains. The arid soil steamed; the white powder-smoke curled in long horizontal columns across the hazy ring of the fight. Seen from a distance it was like a huge downy ball, kicked this way and that between the cypresses by invisible giants. A pair of eager-eyed women gazing on a battle-field for the first time could but ask themselves in bewilderment whether the fate of countries were verily settled in such a fashion. Far in the rear, Vittoria and Laura heard the cannon-shots; a sullen, dull sound, as of a mallet striking upon rotten timber. They drove at speed. The great thumps became varied by musketry volleys, that were like blocks of rock-boulder tumbled in the roll of a mountain torrent. These, then, were the voices of Italy and Austria speaking the devilish tongue of the final alternative. Cannon, rockets, musketry, and now the run of drums, now the ring of bugles, now the tramp of horses, and the field was like a landslip. A joyful, bright black death-wine seemed to pour from the bugles all about. The women strained their senses to hear and see; they could realise nothing of a reality so absolute; their feelings were shattered, and crowded over them in patches;—horror, glory, panic, hope, shifted lights within their bosoms. The fascination and repulsion of the image of Force divided them. They feared; they were prostrate; they sprang in praise. The image of Force was god and devil to their souls. They strove to understand why the field was marked with blocks of men who made a plume of vapour here, and hurried thither. The action of their intellects resolved to a blank marvel at seeing an imminent thing—an interrogation to almighty heaven—treated with method, not with fury streaming forward. Cleave the

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opposing ranks! Cry to God for fire! Cut them through! They had come to see the Song of Deborah performed before their eyes, and they witnessed only a battle. Blocks of infantry gathered densely, thinned to a line, wheeled in column, marched: blocks of cavalry changed posts: artillery bellowed from one spot and quickly selected another. Infantry advanced in the wake of tiny smoke-puffs, halted, advanced again, rattled files of shots, became struck into knots, faced half about as from a blow of the back of a hand, retired orderly. Cavalry curved like a flickering scimetar in their rear. Artillery plodded to its further station. Innumerable tiny smoke-puffs then preceded a fresh advance of infantry. The enemy were on the hills and looked mightier, for they were revealed among red flashes of their guns, and stood partly visible above clouds of hostile smoke and through clouds of their own, which grasped viscously by the skirts of the hills. Yet it seemed a strife of insects, until, one by one, soldiers who had gone into yonder white pit for the bloody kiss of death, and had got it on their faces, were borne by. Vittoria and Laura knelt in this horrid stream of mortal anguish to give succour from their stores in the carriage. Their natural emotions were distraught. They welcomed the sight of suffering thankfully, for the poor blotted faces were so glad at sight of them. Torture was their key to the reading of the battle. They gazed on the field no longer, but let the roaring wave of combat wash up to them what it would.

The hill behind Pastrengo was twice stormed. When the bluecoats first fell back, a fine charge of Piedmontese horse cleared the slopes for a second effort, and they went up and on, driving the enemy from hill to hill. The Adige was crossed by the Austrians under cover of Tyrolese rifle-shots.

Then, with Beppo at their heels, bearing water, wine, and brandy, the women walked in the paths of carnage and saw the many faces of death. Laura whispered strangely, "How light-hearted they look!" The wounded called their comforters sweet names. Some smoked and some sang, some groaned; all were quick to drink. Their jokes at the dead were universal. They twisted their bodies painfully to stick a cigar between dead lips, and besprinkle them with the last drops of liquor in their cups, laughing a benediction. These scenes put grievous chains on Vittoria's spirit, but Laura evidently was not the heavier for them. Glorious Verona shone under the sunset as their own to come; Peschiera, on the blue lake, was in the hollow of their hands. "Prizes worth any quantity of blood," said Laura. Vittoria confessed that she had seen enough of blood, and her aspect provoked Laura to utter, "For God's sake, think of something miserable;—cry if you can!"

Vittoria's under lip dropped sickly with the question, "Why?"

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"Because——" Laura stated the physical necessity with Italian naïveté.

"If I can," said Vittoria, and blinked to get a tear; but laughter helped as well to relieve her, and it came on their return to the carriage. They found the spy Luigi sitting beside the driver. He informed them that Antonio-Pericles had been in the track of the army ever since their flight from Turin; daily hurrying off with whip of horses at the sound of cannon-shot, and gradually stealing back to the extreme rear. This day he had flown from Oliosi to Cavriana, and was, perhaps, retracing his way already as before, on fearful toe-tips. Luigi acted the caution of one who stepped blindfolded across hot iron plates. Vittoria, without a spark of interest, asked why the Signor Antonio should be following the army.

"Why, it's to find *you*, signorina."

Luigi's comical emphasis conjured up in a jumbled picture the devotion, the fury, the zeal, the terror of Antonio-Pericles—a mixture of demoniacal energy and ludicrous trepidation. She imagined his long figure, fantastical as a shadow, off at huge strides, and back, with eyes sliding swiftly to the temples, and his odd serpent's head raised to peer across the plains, and occasionally to exclaim to the reasonable heavens in anger at men and loathing of her. She laughed ungovernably. Luigi explained that, albeit in disgrace with the Signor Antonio, he had been sent for to serve him afresh, and had now been sent forward to entreat the gracious signorina to grant her sincerest friend and adorer an interview. She laughed at Pericles, but in truth she almost loved the man for his worship of her art, and representation of her dear peaceful practice of it.

The interview between them took place at Oliosi. There, also, she met Georgiana Ford, the half-sister of Merthyr Powys, who told her that Merthyr and Augustus Gambier were in the ranks of a volunteer contingent in the king's army, and might have been present at Pastrengo. Georgiana held aloof from battle-fields, her business being simply to serve as Merthyr's nurse in case of wounds, or to see the last of him in case of death. She appeared to have no enthusiasm. She seconded strongly the vehement persuasions addressed by Pericles to Vittoria. Her disapproval of the presence of her sex on fields of battle was precise. Pericles had followed the army to give Vittoria one last chance, he said, and drag her away from this sick country, as he called it, pointing at the smoky land from the windows of the inn. On first seeing her he gasped like one who has recovered a lost thing. To Laura he was a fool; but Vittoria enjoyed his wildest outbursts, and her half-sincere humility encouraged him to think that he had captured her at last. He enlarged on the perils surrounding her voice in dusty bellowing Lombardy, and on the ardour of his friendship in exposing himself to perils as tremendous that he might rescue her. While speaking he

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pricked a lively ear for the noise of guns, hearing a gun in everything, and jumping to the window with horrid imprecations. His carriage was horsed at the doors below. Let the horses die, he said; let the coachman have sun-stroke. Let hundreds perish, if Vittoria would only start in an hour—in two—to-night—to-morrow. "Because, do you see,"—he turned to Laura and Georgiana, submitting to the vexatious necessity of seeming reasonable to these creatures,—"she is a casket for one pearl. It is only one, but it is ONE, mon Dieu! and inscrutable heaven, mesdames, has made the holder of it mad. Her voice has but a sole skin; it is not like a body; it bleeds to death at a scratch. A spot on the pearl, and it is perished—pfoof! Ah, cruel thing! impious, I say. I have watched, I have reared her. Speak to me of mothers! I have cherished her for her splendid destiny—to see it go down, heels up, among quarrels of boobies! Yes; we have war in Italy. Fight! Fight in this beautiful climate that you may be dominated by a blue coat, not by a white coat. We are an intelligent race; we are a civilised people; we will fight for that. What has a voice of the very heavens to do with your fighting? I heard it first in England, in a fir-wood, in the month of May, at night-time, fifteen miles and a quarter from the city of London—oh, city of peace! Sandra—you will come there. I give you thousands additional to the sum stipulated. You have no rival. Sandra Belloni! no rival, I say"—he invoked her in English,—"and you here—you, to be a draggle-tail vivandière wiz a brandy-bottle at your hips and a reputation going like ze brandy. Ah! pardon, mesdames; but did mankind ever see a frenzy like this girl's? Speak, Sandra. I could cry it like Michiella to Camilla—Speak!"

Vittoria compelled him to despatch his horses to stables. He had relays of horses at war-prices between Castiglione and Pavia, and a retinue of servants; nor did he hesitate to inform the ladies that, before entrusting his person to the hazards of war, he had taken care to be provided with safe-conduct passes for both armies, as befitted a prudent man of peace—"or sense; it is one, mesdames."

Notwithstanding his terror at the guns, and disgust at the soldiery and the bad fare at the inn, Vittoria's presence kept him lingering in this wretched place, though he cried continually, "I shall have heart disease." He believed at first that he should subdue her; then it became his intention to carry her off.

It was to see Merthyr that she remained. Merthyr came there the day after the engagement at Santa Lucia. They had not met since the days at Meran. He was bronzed, and keen with strife, and looked young, but spoke not over hopefully. He scolded her for wishing to taste battle, and compared her to a bad swimmer on deep shores. Pericles bounded with delight to hear him, and

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said he had not supposed there was so much sense in Powys. Merthyr confessed that the Austrians had as good as beaten them at Santa Lucia. The tactical combinations of the Piedmontese were wretched. He was enamoured of the gallantry of the Duke of Savoy, who had saved the right wing of the army from rout while covering the backward movement. Why there had been any fight at all at Santa Lucia, where nothing was to be gained, much to be lost, he was incapable of telling; but attributed it to an antique chivalry on the part of the king, that had prompted the hero to a trial of strength, a bout of blood-letting.

"You do think he is a hero?" said Vittoria.

"He is; and he will march to Venice."

"And open the opera at Venice," Pericles sneered. "Powys, mon cher, cure her of this beastly dream. It is a scandal to you to want a woman's help. You were defeated at Santa Lucia. I say bravo to anything that brings you to reason. Bravo! You hear me."

The engagement at Santa Lucia was designed by the king to serve as an instigating signal for the Veronese to rise in revolt; and this was the secret of Charles Albert's stultifying manœuvres between Peschiera and Mantua. Instead of matching his military skill against the wary old marshal's, he was offering incentives to conspiracy. Distrusting the revolution, which was a force behind him, he placed such reliance on its efforts in his front as to make it the pivot of his actions.

"The volunteers north-east of Vicenza are doing the real work for us, I believe," said Merthyr; and it seemed so then, as it might have been indeed, had they not been left almost entirely to themselves to do it.

These tidings of a fight lost set Laura and Vittoria quivering with nervous irritation. They had been on the field of Pastrengo, and it was won. They had been absent from Santa Lucia. What was the deduction? Not such as reason would have made for them; but they were at the mercy of the currents of the blood. "Let us go on," said Laura. Merthyr refused to convoy them. Pericles saw him go off; drove with him an hour on the road, and returned in glee, to find Vittoria and Laura seated in their carriage, and Luigi scuffling with Beppo.

"Padrone, see how I assist you," cried Luigi.

Upon this Beppo instantly made a swan's neck of his body, and trumpeted: "A sally from the fortress for forage."

"Whip! whip!" Pericles shouted to his coachman, and the two carriages parted company at the top of their speed.

Pericles fell a victim to a regiment of bersaglieri that wanted horses, and unceremoniously stopped his pair and took possession of them on the route for Peschiera. He was left in a stranded carriage

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between a dusty ditch and a mulberry bough. Vittoria and Laura were not much luckier. They were met by a band of deserters, who made no claim upon the horses, but stood for drink, and having therewith fortified their fine opinion of themselves, petitioned for money. A kiss was their next demand. Money and good humour saved the women from indignity. The band of rascals went off with a "Viva l'Italia." Such scum is upon every popular rising, as Vittoria had to learn. Days of rain and an incomprehensible inactivity of the royal army kept her at a miserable inn, where the walls were bare, the cock had crowed his last. The guns of Peschiera seemed to roam over the plain like an echo unwillingly aroused that seeks a hollow for its further sleep. Laura sat pondering for hours, harsh in manner, as if she hated her. "I think," she said once, "that women are those persons who have done evil in another world." The "why?" from Vittoria was uttered simply to awaken friendly talk, but Laura relapsed into her gloom. A village priest, a sleek gentle creature, who shook his head to earth when he hoped, and filled his nostrils with snuff when he desponded, gave them occasional companionship under the title of consolation. He wished the Austrians to be beaten, remarking, however, that they were good Catholics, most fervent Catholics. As the Lord decided, so it would end! "Oh, delicious creed!" Laura broke out! "Oh, dear and sweet doctrine! that results and developments in a world where there is more evil than good are approved by Heaven." She twisted the mild man in supple steel of her irony so tenderly that Vittoria marvelled to hear her speak of him in abhorrence when they quitted the village. "Not to be born a woman, and voluntarily to be a woman!" ejaculated Laura. "How many, how many are we to deduct from the male population of Italy? Cross in hand, he should be at the head of our arms, not whimpering in a corner for white bread. Wretch! he makes the marrow in my bones rage at him. He chronicled a pig that squeaked."

Why had she been so gentle with him?

"Because, my dear, when I loathe a thing I never care to exhaust my detestation before I can strike it."

They were on the field of Goito; it was won. It was won against odds. At Pastrengo they witnessed an encounter; this was a battle. Vittoria perceived that there was the difference between a symphony and a lyric song. The blessedness of the sensation that death can be light and easy dispossessed her of the meaner compassion, half made up of cowardice, which she had been nearly borne down by on the field of Pastrengo. At an angle on a height off the left wing of the royal army the face of the battle was plain to her; the movements of the troops were clear as strokes on a slate. Laura flung her life into her eyes, and knelt and watched, without summing one sole thing from what her senses received.

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Vittoria said, "We are too far away to understand it."

"No," said Laura, "we are too far away to *feel* it."

The savage soul of the woman was robbed of its share of tragic emotion by having to hold so far aloof. Flashes of guns were but flashes of guns up there where she knelt. She thirsted to read the thing written by them; thirsted for their mystic terrors, as souls of great prophets have craved for the full revelation of those fitful underlights which inspired their mouths.

Charles Albert's star was at its highest when the Piedmontese drums beat for an advance of the whole line at Goito.

Laura stood up, white as furnace-fire. "Women can do some good by praying," she said. She believed that she had been praying. That was her part in the victory.

Rain fell as from the forehead of thunder. From black eve to black dawn the women were among dead and dying men, where the lanterns trailed a slow flame across faces that took the light and let it go. They returned to their carriage exhausted. The ways were almost impassible for carriage-wheels. While they were toiling on and exchanging their drenched clothes, Vittoria heard Merthyr's voice speaking to Beppo on the box. He was saying that Captain Gambier lay badly wounded; brandy was wanted for him. She flung a cloak over Laura, and handed out the flask with a naked arm. It was not till she saw him again that she remembered or even felt that he had kissed the arm. A spot of sweet fire burned on it just where the soft fulness of a woman's arm slopes to the bend. He chid her for being on the field, and rejoiced in a breath, for the carriage and its contents helped to rescue his wounded brother in arms from probable death. Gambier, wounded in thigh and ankle by rifle-shot, was placed in the carriage. His clothes were saturated with the soil of Goito; but wounded and wet, he smiled gaily, and talked sweet boyish English. Merthyr gave the driver directions to wind along up the Mincio. "Georgiana will be at the nearest village—she has an instinct for battle-fields, or keeps spies in her pay," he said. "Tell her I am safe. We march to cut them (the enemy) off from Verona, and I can't leave. The game is in our hands. We shall give you Venice."

Georgiana was found at the nearest village. Gambier's wounds had been dressed by an army-surgeon. She looked at the dressing, and said that it would do for six hours. This singular person had fully qualified herself to attend on a soldier-brother. She had studied medicine for that purpose, and she had served as nurse in a London hospital. Her nerves were completely under control. She could sit in attendance by a sick-bed for hours, hearing distant cannon, and the brawl of soldiery and vagabonds in the street, without a change of countenance. Her dress was plain black from throat to heel, with

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a skull cap of white, like a Moravian sister. Vittoria reverenced her; but Georgiana's manner in return was cold aversion, so much more scornful than disdain that it offended Laura, who promptly put her finger on the blot in the fair character with the word 'Jealousy;' but a single word is too broad a mark to be exactly true. "She is a perfect example of your English," Laura said. "Brave, good, devoted, admirable—ice to the heart. The judge of others, of course. I always respected her; I never liked her; and I should be afraid of a comparison with her. Her management of the household of this inn is extraordinary."

Georgiana condescended to advise Vittoria once more not to dangle after armies.

"I wish to wait here to assist you in nursing our friend," said Vittoria.

Georgiana replied that her strength was unlikely to fail.

After two days of incessant rain, sunshine blazed over the watery Mantuan flats. Laura drove with Beppo to see whether the army was in motion, for they were distracted by rumours. Vittoria clung to her wounded friend, whose pleasure was the hearing her speak. She expected Laura's return by set of sun. After dark a messenger came to her, saying that the signora had sent a carriage to fetch her to Valeggio. Her immediate supposition was that Merthyr might have fallen. She found Luigi at the carriage-door, and listened to his mysterious directions and remarks that not a minute must be lost, without suspicion. He said that the signora was in great trouble, very anxious to see the signorina instantly. There was but a distance of five miles to traverse. She thought it strange that the carriage should be so luxuriously fitted with lights and silken pillows, but her ideas were all of Merthyr, until she by chance discovered a packet marked '*chocolate*' which told her at once that she was entrapped by Antonio-Pericles. Luigi would not answer her cry to him. After some fruitless tremblings of wrath, she lay back relieved by the feeling that Merthyr was safe, come what might come to herself. Things could lead to nothing but an altercation with Pericles, and for this scene she prepared her mind. The carriage stopped while she was dozing. Too proud to supplicate in the darkness, she left it to the horses to bear her on, reserving her energies for the morning's interview, and saying "The farther he takes me the angrier I shall be." She dreamed of her anger while asleep, but awakened so frequently during the night that morning was at her eyelids before they divided. To her amazement she saw the carriage surrounded by Austrian troopers. Pericles was spreading cigars among them, and addressing them affably. The carriage was on a good road, between irrigated flats, that flashed a lively green and bright steel blue for miles away. She drew down the blinds to cry at leisure; her wings were clipped,

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and she lost heart. Pericles came round to her when the carriage had drawn up at an inn. He was egregiously polite, but modestly kept back any expressions of triumph. A body of Austrians, cavalry and infantry, were breaking camp. Pericles accorded her an hour of rest. She perceived that he was anticipating an outbreak of the anger she had nursed overnight, and baffled him so far by keeping dumb. Luigi was sent up to her to announce the expiration of her hour of grace. "Ah, Luigi!" she said. "Signorina, only wait, and see how Luigi can serve two," he whispered, writhing under the reproachfulness of her eyes. At the carriage door she asked Pericles whither he was taking her. "Not to Turin, not to London, Sandra Belloni!" he replied; "not to a place where you are wet all night long, to wheeze for ever after it. Go in." She entered the carriage quickly, to escape from staring officers, whose laughter rang in her ears and humbled her bitterly; she felt herself bringing dishonour on her lover. The carriage continued in the track of the Austrians. Pericles was audibly careful to avoid the border regiments. He showered cigars as he passed; now and then he exhibited a paper; and on one occasion he brought a general officer to the carriage-door, opened it and pointed in. A white-helmeted dragoon rode on each side of the carriage for the remainder of the day. The delight of the supposition that these Austrians were retreating before the invincible arms of King Carlo Alberto kept her cheerful; but she heard no guns in the rear. A blocking of artillery and waggons compelled a halt, and then Pericles came and faced her. He looked profoundly ashamed of himself, ready as he was for an animated defence of his proceedings.

"Where are you taking me, sir," she said in English.

"Sandra, will you be a good child? It is anywhere you please, if you will promise——"

"I will promise nothing."

"Zen, I lock you up in Verona."

"In Verona!"

"Sandra, will you promise to me?"

"I will promise nothing."

"Zen, I lock you up in Verona. It is settled. No more of it. I come to say, we shall not reach a village. I am sorry. We have soldiers for a guard. You draw out a board and lodge in your carriage as in a bed. Biscuits, potted meats, prunes, bon-bons, chocolate, wine—you shall find all at your right hand and your left. I am desolate in offending you. Sandra, if you will promise——"

"I will promise—this is what I will promise," said Vittoria.

Pericles thrust his ear forward, and withdrew it as if it had been slapped.

She promised to run from him at the first opportunity, to despise

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him ever after, and never to sing again in his hearing. With the darkness Luigi appeared to light her lamp; he mouthed perpetually, "To-morrow, to-morrow." The watch-fires of Austrians encamped in the fields encircled her; and moving up and down, the cigar of Antonio-Pericles was visible. He had not eaten or drunk, and he was out there sleepless; he walked conquering his fears in the thick of war-troubles: all for her sake. She watched critically to see whether the cigar-light was puffed in fretfulness. It burned steadily; and the thought of Pericles supporting patience quite overcame her. In a fit of humour that was almost tears, she called to him and begged him to take a place in the carriage and have food. "If it is your pleasure," he said; and threw off his cloak. The wine comforted him. Thereupon he commenced a series of strange gesticulations, and ended by blinking at the window, saying, "No, no; it is impossible to explain. I have no voice; I am not gifted. It is," he tapped at his chest, "it is here. It is imprisoned in me."

"What?" said Vittoria, to encourage him.

"It can never be explained, my child. Am I not respectful to you? Am I not worshipful to you? But, no! it can never be explained. Some do call me mad. I know it; I am laughed at. Oh! do I not know zat? Pèrfectly well. My ancestors adored goddesses. I discover ze voice of a goddess: I adore it. So you call me mad! It is to me—what you call me—juste ze same. I am possessed wiz passion for her voice. So it will be till I go to ashes. It is to me ze one zsing divine in a pig, a porpoise world. It is to me—I talk! It is unutterable—impossible to tell."

"But I understand it; I know you must feel it," said Vittoria.

"But you hate me, Sandra. You hate your Pericles."

"No, I do not: you are my good friend, my good Pericles."

"I am your good Pericles? So you obey me?"

"In what?"

"You come to London?"

"I shall not."

"You come to Turin?"

"I cannot promise."

"To Milan?"

"No; not yet."

"Ungrateful little beast! minx! temptress! You seduce me into your carriage to feed me, to fill me, for to coax me," cried Pericles.

"Am I the person to have abuse poured on *me?*" Vittoria rejoined, and she frowned. "Might I not have called you a wretched whimsical money-machine, without the comprehension of a human feeling? You are doing me a great wrong—to win my submission, as I see, and it half amuses me; but the pretence of an attempt to carry me off from my friends is an offence that I should take certain care to punish in

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another. I do not give you any promise, because the first promise of all—the promise to keep one—is not in my power. Shut your eyes and sleep where you are, and in the morning think better of your conduct."

"Of my conduct, mademoiselle!" Pericles retained this sentence in his head till the conclusion of her animated speech,—"of my conduct I judge better zan to accept of such a privilege as you graciously offer to me;" and he retired with a sour grin, very much subdued by her unexpected capacity for expression. The bugles of the Austrians were soon ringing. There was a trifle of a romantic flavour in the notes which Vittoria tried not to feel; the smart iteration of them all about her rubbed it off, but she was reduced to repeat them, and take them in various keys. This was her theme for the day. They were in the midst of mulberries, out of sight of the army; green mulberries, and the green and the bronze young vine-leaf. It was a delicious day, but she began to fear that she was approaching Verona, and that Pericles was acting seriously. The bronze young vine-leaf seemed to her like some warrior's face, as it would look when beaten by weather, burned by sun. They came now to inns which had been visited by both armies. Luigi established communication with the innkeepers before the latter had stated the names of villages to Pericles, who stood map in hand, believing himself at last to be no more conscious of his position than an atom in a whirl of dust. Vittoria still refused to give him any promise, and finally, on a solitary stretch of the road, he appealed to her mercy. She was the mistress of the carriage, he said; he had never meant to imprison her in Verona; his behaviour was simply dictated by his adoration:—alas! This was true or not true, but it was certain that the ways were confounded to them. Luigi, despatched to reconnoitre from a neighbouring eminence, reported a Piedmontese encampment far ahead, and a walking tent that was coming on their route. The walking tent was an enormous white umbrella. Pericles advanced to meet it; after an interchange of opening formalities, he turned about and clapped hands. The umbrella was folded. Vittoria recognised the last man she would then have thought of meeting; he seemed to have jumped out of an ambush from Meran in Tyrol:—it was Wilfrid. Their greeting was disturbed by the rushing up of half a dozen troopers. The men claimed him as an Austrian spy. With difficulty Vittoria obtained leave to drive him on to their commanding officer. It appeared that the white umbrella was notorious for having been seen on previous occasions threading the Piedmontese lines into and out of Peschiera. These very troopers swore to it; but they could not swear to Wilfrid, and white umbrellas were not absolutely uncommon. Vittoria declared that Wilfrid was an old English friend; Pericles vowed that Wilfrid was one of their party. The prisoner was clearly an

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Englishman. As it chanced, the officer before whom Wilfrid was taken had heard Vittoria sing on the great night at La Scala. "Signorina, your word should pass the Austrian field-marshal himself," he said, and merely requested Wilfrid to state on his word of honour that he was not in the Austrian service, to which Wilfrid unhesitatingly replied, "I am not."

Permission was then accorded to him to proceed in the carriage.

Vittoria held her hand to Wilfrid. He took the fingers and bowed over them.

He was perfectly self-possessed, and cool even under her eyes. Like a pedlar he carried a pack on his back, which was his life; for his business was a combination of scout and spy.

"You have saved me from a ditch to-day," he said; "every fellow has some sort of love for his life, and I must thank you for the odd luck of your coming by. I knew you were on this ground somewhere. If the rascals had searched me, I should not have come off so well. I did not speak falsely to that officer; I am *not* in the Austrian service. I am a voluntary spy. I am an unpaid soldier. I am the dog of the army—fetching and carrying for a smile and a pat on the head. I am ruined, and I am working my way up as best I can. My uncle disowns me. It is to General Schöneck that I owe this chance of re-establishing myself. I followed the army out of Milan. I was at Melegnano, at Pastrengo, at Santa Lucia. If I get nothing for it, the Lenkensteins at least shall not say that I abandoned the flag in adversity. I am bound for Rivoli. The fortress (Peschiera) has just surrendered. The marshal is stealing round to make a dash on Vicenza." So far he spoke like one apart from her, but a flush crossed his forehead. "I have not followed you. I have obeyed your brief directions. I saw this carriage yesterday in the ranks of our troops. I saw Pericles. I guessed who might be inside it. I let it pass me. Could I do more?"

"Not if you wanted to punish me," said Vittoria.

She was afflicted by his refraining from reproaches in his sunken state.

Their talk bordered the old life which they had known, like a rivulet coming to falls where it threatens to be a torrent and a flood; like flame bubbling the wax of a seal. She was surprised to find herself expecting tenderness from him; and, startled by the languor in her veins, she conceived a contempt for her sex and her own weak nature. To mask that, an excessive outward coldness was assumed. "You can serve as a spy, Wilfrid!"

The answer was ready: "Having twice served as a traitor, I need not be particular. It is what my uncle and the Lenkensteins call me. I do my best to work my way up again. Despise me for it, if you please."

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On the contrary, she had never respected him so much. She got herself into opposition to him by provoking him to speak with pride of his army; but the opposition was artificial, and she called to Carlo Ammiani in heart. "I will leave these places, cover up my head, and crouch till the struggle is decided.'"

The difficulty now was to be happily rid of Wilfrid by leaving him in safety. Piedmontese horse scoured the neighbourhood, and any mischance that might befall him she traced to her hand. She dreaded at every instant to hear him speak of his love for her; yet how sweet it would have been to hear it,—to hear him speak of passionate love; to shape it in deep music; to hear one crave for what she gave to another! "I am sinking; I am growing degraded," she thought. But there was no other way for her to quicken her imagination of her distant and offended lover. The sights on the plains were strange contrasts to these conflicting inner emotions: she seemed to be living in two divided worlds.

Pericles declared anew that she was mistress of the carriage. She issued orders: "The nearest point to Rivoli, and then to Brescia."

Pericles broke into shouts. "She has arrived at her reason! Hurrah for Brescia! I beheld you," he confessed to Wilfrid,—"it was on ze right of Mincio, my friend. I did not know you were so true for art, or what a hand I would have reached to you! Excuse me now. Let us whip on. I am your banker. I shall desire you not to be shot or sabred. You are deserving of an effigy on a theatral grand staircase!" His gratitude could no further express itself. In joy he whipped the horses on. Fools might be fighting—he was the conqueror. From Brescia, one leap took him in fancy to London. He composed mentally a letter to be forwarded immediately to a London manager, directing him to cause the appearance of articles in the journals on the grand new prima donna, whose singing had awakened the people of Italy,—and proscribed all eggs from all the inns of Lombardy! he added laughing, as if it were part of the letter, when an innkeeper lifted ten fingers into that vacancy whither the eggs had flown. "But I can now digest bad provision," Pericles said. "The mystery that keeps you going, my friend, I also can accomplish."

Another day brought them in view of the Lago di Garda. The flag of Sardinia hung from the walls of Peschiera. And now Vittoria saw the Pastrengo hills—dear hills, that drove her wretched langour out of her, and made her soul and body one again. She looked back as on a cast-off self.

"We beat you there," she said to Wilfrid.

He answered, "You generally do when you are in the opposite ranks."

"To beg your forgiveness, dear Wilfrid, if I hurt you."

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"Ah, yes; you have my forgiveness whether you hurt me or not."

"There you speak like my best, best friend."

"I believe I am one of a dozen," said Wilfrid.

"Is it time to part?"

"Not yet. I wish it were never! Pardon me for the evil I have done to you. I entreat it again and again."

She had to stop her mouth. The old charm, which had slumbered hitherto, was mastering him. He shook like a pole fixed in the rush of a tide.

"When the war is over, you shall know Count Ammiani," she said.

Wilfrid thanked her, and at once rose to bring the carriage to a halt; but Pericles was in some alarm. The horses were going at a gallop. Shots were heard. To the left of them, somewhat in the rear, on higher ground, there was an encounter of a body of Austrians and Italians; Tyrolese riflemen and the volunteers. Pericles was raving. He refused to draw the reins till they had reached a village, where one of the horses dropped. From the windows of the inn, fronting a clear space, Vittoria beheld a guard of Austrians surrounding two or more prisoners. A woman sat near them with her head buried in her lap. Presently an officer left the door of the inn and spoke to the soldiers. "That is Count Karl von Lenkenstein," Wilfrid said in a whisper. Pericles had been speaking with Count Karl and came up to the room, saying, "We are to observe something; but we are safe; it is only the fortune of war." Wilfrid immediately went out to report himself. He was seen giving his papers, after which Count Karl waved his finger back to the inn, and he returned. Vittoria sprang to her feet at the words he uttered. Rinaldo Guidascarpi was one of the prisoners. The others Wilfrid professed not to know. The woman was the wife of Barto Rizzo.

In the great red of sunset the Tyrolese riflemen and a body of Italians in Austrian fatigue uniform marched into the village. These formed in the space before the inn. It seemed as if Count Karl were declaiming an indictment. A voice answered, "I am the man." It was clear and straight as a voice that goes up in the night. Then a procession walked some paces on. The woman followed. She fell prostrate at the feet of Count Karl. He listened to her and nodded. Rinaldo Guidascarpi stood alone with bandaged eyes. The woman advanced to him; she put her mouth on his ear; there she hung.

Vittoria heard a single shot. Rinaldo Guidascarpi lay stretched upon the ground. The woman stood over him.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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THE RELIGION OF SAVAGES.

One of the children's magazines of a quarter of a century ago, I think *The Child's Companion*, related how a certain preacher or teacher impressed on the minds of a class of school-children a useful practical lesson. Bent on teaching them where and how they might rightly bestow their sympathy, he told them a story of a broomstick. "It was on a Christmas Eve," he said; "the afternoon was closing in, the whole family had assembled in their comfortable home, a party of visitors had come to tea, the fire was blazing brightly in the parlour, the light gleamed out through the chinks of the shutters into the cold and darkness without; but there, outside in the cold, leaning against a brick wall, stood a broomstick that no one had remembered to bring in. After a while you might hear from inside the clattering of the cups and saucers as the parlour-maid carried out the tea-tray, the rattle of the coals tumbling out of the coalscuttle as the fire was made up, then the uproar of a new game of romps just beginning. But outside it grew colder and colder, and darker and darker, yet no one came out for the broomstick. It had been quite forgotten. Presently the snow began to fall and hang upon it in thick heavy flakes." Here the audience began to be visibly affected. "Hour after hour passed on, and the piercing cold chilled the wretched broomstick to the very heart. The fun and laughter within rose louder and louder, then grew quiet for a while, then the hall door opened to let out the visitors setting off for home, then it closed again, and now there was no hope left for the poor frozen outcast; there it must stay till, next day, or perhaps the next day after that, it might catch some friendly eye and be released from its misery." The children's tears had begun to flow copiously ere this; and now, having worked their feelings up to the proper pitch, the teacher turned upon them. "You silly children," he said, "don't you know that a broomstick is a bit of wood with no sense, and can't feel the cold, and doesn't know or care whether it is left out or taken indoors? Now remember for the future that you must keep your sympathy for creatures that can really feel pleasure and pain, and not waste it on insensible broomsticks." Then, having as it were with his heavy boots trodden this moral lesson into the children's poor little minds, he sent them home to be more practical in future.

Many boys and girls must have read this story with a dim feeling of disgust for the teacher and his chapter out of the great gospel of commonplace. But it is only older years that bring the clear understanding that our professor of practical philosophy was nothing but

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what German students call a Philistine, one of the most prominent features of whose special type it is, that the exertion and development of the mind for its own sake, where they cannot be estimated by a material equivalent in money or position or comfort, are things lying out of his own regular track, and are therefore the objects of his scarcely tolerant contempt. It is thoroughly in character that this particular Philistine should blunder down upon one of the fundamental principles of early poetry, philosophy, and religion, and, seeing nothing in it but a piece of childish silliness, should kick it contemptuously aside.

The childlike mind which can so attribute to any lifeless object a personal existence, a share of human life and thought, a sense of human pain and pleasure, is indeed in the condition to which the religion and philosophy of the lower races for the most part evidently belong, and many of their deepest and most lasting ideas may still be traced to an origin in the child's simplest and crudest conceptions. To show this, it may be convenient to forget for the moment the existence of new or militant theories, to take as a standard of received opinion what an ordinary national schoolmaster might teach in our own day, and with this to compare the notions of savage tribes on personal existence, the nature of spirits, souls, and ghosts, and the government of the universe.

The old and simple theory which explains the world at large as directly animated by a life like our own, or directly resulting from such life, has been for ages at war with an ever-accumulating and ever-encroaching scientific knowledge. The conflict lasts on still in our own day, and in the various regions of human society the ground has been very differently gained and lost. Even the children of our story knew as well as their dull pedant that the broomstick was not really, but only ideally alive. The National Schoolmaster, if asked what beings are personal, would probably say that animals, spirits, angels, &c., and God, are personal, but that stocks and stones, tools and weapons, sun and stars, even plants, are not. He might give a reason also for his definition, and say that the distinguishing quality of personal beings is that they have each not only a life but a will of their own, and this assertion he might make good as to the higher orders of animal life, though it might be embarrassing among polyps and corallines. This test of personality by the presence of volition is, however, a great advance beyond the philosophy of the savage, whose attention in such matters seems generally fixed on two other attributes,—the breath, and the soul, idea, or phantom. The act of breathing, so characteristic of the higher animals during life, and coinciding so closely with life in its departure, has naturally been often identified with the life itself, and the etymology of words which have since assumed very abstract or theoretical meanings, still

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shows their starting-point in this primitive thought. Thus, in the first chapter of Genesis, *nephesh chayyâh*, "breath of life," has already come to designate the living creatures which the earth brings forth, and indeed the Hebrew Bible shows us *nephesh*, "breath," passing into all the meanings of life, soul, mind, and animal in general. So with Latin *anima, animus*, Greek ψυχή, German *geist*, English *ghost*, in all which the original sense is that of breath. With that untaught but self-developed materialism which makes her history so singularly instructive to the student of the lower human life, Laura Bridgman once made the gesture of taking something away from her mouth. "I dreamed," she explained in words, "that God took away my breath to heaven." But this highly valuable test of personal life does not extend far enough for the savage, who attributes to many things which evidently do not breathe an animate existence and something of the nature of a soul or spirit. This something usually resembles in form and dimensions the material object it belongs to, is often perceptible to the senses of sight and hearing, sometimes seems solid enough to be touched, but is more usually impalpable and capable of being passed through by solid objects as well as of passing through them, and while thus unhindered in its free course by any material barrier, it possesses a power of locomotion far exceeding even that of the bird or butterfly which so often personates it. So closely does this conception fit with the ordinary phenomena of dreams and waking hallucinations, that we may with a good deal of confidence connect it with them, and this especially in the mind of man at the lowest stage of culture, the wild hunter and fisher, whose life of alternate famine and repletion makes him so peculiarly liable to these affections, while his crude philosophy leads him to consider them as among the most important of actual events. How the two notions of the spirit or breath, and of the phantom, are so widely through the world united in a single conception, may be instanced from a remarkable compendium of the theology of the Indians of Nicaragua, the record of question and answer in an inquest held by Father Francisco de Bobadilla in the early days of the Spanish conquest. Asked, among other things, concerning death, the Indians said: "Those who die in their houses go underground, but those who are killed in war go to serve the gods (*teotes*). When men die, there comes forth from their mouth something which resembles a person, and is called *julio* (Aztec *yuli*, 'to live'). This being is like a person, but does not die, and the corpse remains here." The Spanish ecclesiastics inquired whether those who go on high keep the same body, features, and limbs as here below; to which the Indians answered, "No, there is only the heart." "But," said the Spaniards, "as the hearts are torn out (they meant in the case of warriors who fell into the hands of the enemy), what happens then?" Hereupon the

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Indians explained: "It is not precisely the heart, but that which is in them, and makes them live, and which quits the body when they die;" and again they said, "It is not their heart which goes up on high, but that which makes them live, that is, the breath coming out from their mouth, which is called *julio*." "Then," asked the Spaniards, "does this heart, *julio*, or soul, die with the body?" "When the deceased has lived well," replied the Indians, "the *julio* goes up on high with our gods; but when he has lived ill, the *julio* perishes with the body, and there is an end of it."

Now inanimate as well as animate objects appear to us in dreams, and we find accordingly that in savage theology what we call animals and what we call things may have souls alike. Father Charlevoix is explicit in his description of what the North American Indians understood by souls; they are, he says, like shadows and animated images of the body, and it is from this principle that it follows that everything is animate in the universe. Another missionary, Father Le Jeune, tells us that the souls, not of men and animals only, but of hatchets, kettles, and such like things as well, have to pass across the water which lies between their home in this life and the Great Village out where the sun sets in the far west. And again in the South Sea islands, Mariner heard tell of the river where one may see the souls of men and women, of dead beasts and plants, of broken tools and utensils, floating down into the other world. The Karens of Burmah, holding every object to have a *kelah*, a spirit or genius which can come and go, quite logically set themselves to call back a man's *kelah* when it has wandered, and the rice's *kelah* when the crop looks ill. Across in Borneo Mr. St. John hears again of this spirit, or living principle, which the Dayaks attribute alike to man, and beast, and rice; its temporary absence from the body causes sickness, its total departure, death. The souls of bows and kettles, of trees and corn, of dogs and horses, are indeed no isolated or inconsequent fancies, but have an important office to fill in savage life; they go to furnish that home beyond the grave which, in the usual opinion of the savage, is to be but a shadowy copy or variation of this, and which Europeans, only hearing its description, have seen at once to be modelled on the phenomena of dreams. In the ghostly land of Bolotu, where the air is full of sweetest odours, and splendid birds perch on every bough, and where the mortals who were once driven ashore there walked right through the unresisting phantoms of the trees and houses, as in the happy hunting-grounds where endless game and fish await the bow and spear of the Red Indian brave, the souls of whatever pertained to the living warrior, of his wives, his dogs, his horses, his weapons, his pipe and pouch, have all a fitting home.

It is when we examine the laws of sacrifice, and especially of those

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funereal rites which recur with such astonishing uniformity through so large a part of our race, that the full extent and importance of this lower doctrine of the nature of spirits becomes fully manifest. By the aid of this doctrine, actually found existing in well-known times and places, it is possible to frame a consistent hypothesis by which to account at one stroke for a great province of religious rites found flourishing and intelligible among the lower races, and lingering, often mutilated in form and changed in meaning, among the higher. According to this hypothesis, the rites in question were once performed for a direct and practical purpose, the evidence for which extends far beyond the few cases here cited as examples, but which has commonly dropped out of sight when, as so often has happened, the ancient ceremony has continued its existence to become a symbol in a higher religious system, or to sink into a mere purposeless superstition.

To set down in how many countries has been found the custom of sacrificing the dead man's wives and slaves at his burial would be to write a tedious catalogue of a great part of the known tribes of mankind; and the perfectly clear and recognised purpose of this murderous rite is that the souls of the victims shall go to serve their lord in the next world as they have done in this. But so far from only human souls being thus sent to accompany the dead, we find the whole apparatus of everyday life, horses, dogs, houses, food, clothing, ornaments, bows and lances, pots and kettles, devoted in a like way, that their souls too may go with the souls of wives and slaves to do their master's service. It would have been utter disgrace to the Fijian chief to go like some mean slave unattended into the world of spirits, but when his wives and dependants were slain to be his ghostly retinue, the things which he prized in life were buried with him as well; his club was laid by his side, and a "whale's tooth" put in his right hand; when he came to the land of the dead, his spirit must throw the spirit of this whale's tooth at a certain phantom tree, and if he succeeded in striking it, he might then go on his way uphill, there to await the spirits of his strangled wives. In reading accounts of such funeral ceremonies, as they occur all over the world, we see that there is no break in the consistent chain of rites which provide the dead man's soul alike with the souls of servants, of horses, of weapons, of food and clothing. Why should the warrior of North America be buried with his club, his pipe, and his gun, and the squaw with her paddle, her kettle, and her strap to carry burdens? From our modern civilised point of view, we might misunderstand such ceremonies if we looked at them alone, but when we see that the same warrior's horse is killed upon his grave, to be ready for him to mount in the land of shadows, how can we doubt why the gun and the paddle are sacrificed as well? The Japanese strew

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the tombs of their dead relatives with flowers or green branches, and pour a little water into a hollow made for the purpose, and leave some rice, which the poor or the birds soon carry off. No doubt they know perfectly what they mean by this, for the Chinese feast of the dead is avowedly set out that the ghosts may eat the spirit of the food; when they have done, the survivors scramble for its bodily remains. But a more cruel custom of the Japanese will serve to bridge over the gap which lies between their state of mind and that into which an ordinary European can at least enter. A number of any great man's servants engage during his lifetime to kill themselves at his death, and thus accompany him to the other world. As the souls of the servants are to attend on the soul of the master, so the souls of the flowers and the food are to be enjoyed by the soul of the dead ancestor. If the corpses of the slain servants decay, and the beggars or the birds carry off the mere material bodies of the grains of rice, what matter? So in India, if we would clearly understand on what fundamental idea rests the great Brahmanic rite of offerings of food and drink to the spirits of ancestors, we should see how in the remote antiquity of the Vedic ceremonial the dead warrior's bow was to be placed in his hand, then strung, broken, and cast upon the funeral pile, to be consumed with the instruments of sacrifice which he had used in this life and was to go on using in the next; "when he shall have passed to the other life, he will faithfully practice the worship of the gods."

One of the facts which most clearly shows that we may not judge the original meaning of the sacrifice of what we call inanimate objects as something essentially different from the original meaning of the sacrifice of men and beasts, is this. As a man or beast must be killed to separate his body from the soul which is to be set free to serve other souls, so it is very usual to kill even food and clothing, hut and weapons, so far as their different natures will permit. To burn what will burn, and so to send its soul up with the smoke into those upper regions of the air, where it flits like a bird or a butterfly; to cast down the libation of drink upon the earth, that it may "die, and be as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again;" to break things offered to the dead, and so spoil their bodies for earthly use, or to leave them to perish by natural decay in the damp ground, or exposed to wind and weather above; to let the deserted hut fall to ruin of itself, or to throw it down, or burn it; to let birds or beasts or pilferers or beggars carry away the offerings of food, or to give them to be consumed by the officiating priest, like the Hindu, to whom it is all one whether his offering is devoured by the flames or eaten by a Brahman, "for there is no difference between the fire and a Brahman—such is the decision of those learned in the Veda;" these are some of the ways in which the sacrifice

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to the dead has been consummated in many an age and many a country. When the Red Indian will send with a dead man's soul the soul of a gun or a kettle, the corporeal gun and kettle may either be simply left to perish, or killed first by maiming the gun-barrel and dashing a hole through the bottom of the kettle. For the purpose in hand the one plan is as good as the other. Perhaps the idea of communicating with the world beyond the grave by means of the souls of inanimate objects reached its utmost development in the custom recorded by Marco Polo: "If the son of a Tartar die before he has been married, and the daughter of another die unmarried also, the parents of the deceased meet together, and celebrate a marriage between the dead, and making a draft in writing of that contract, they paint men and women for servants, and horses, and other creatures, with clothes of all sorts, and paper money, and burn them together with the contract; by the smoke whereof they say that all these things are carried to their children in another world, where they are married; and the fathers and mothers consider themselves to be joined together in such a bond of affinity as if these marriages had been celebrated while the married pair were still alive."

That the original purpose of sacrifices made to other spiritual beings, genii, fairies, gods, did not differ from that which in the first instance actuated those offered to the spirits of the dead, there seems no sufficient reason to doubt, for savage theology makes no specific distinction between these two classes of spirits. It is only through the direct keeping up of the attributes of the living man on the one hand, and the close correspondence with the phenomena of dreams on the other, that the nature and wants of the spirits of the dead have been shown to be so uniform, and have become so well-defined as to give us a very full understanding of the intention of sacrifices offered for their benefit. But savage notions of other spiritual beings, except in so far as they are strictly anthropomorphic, are more vague and difficult to grasp, and thus in examining into the primary meaning of sacrifices made to them, it is convenient to take the offerings to the dead as types of offerings in general, a leading position which the enormous importance of ghosts in the religion of the lowest human tribes is of itself almost enough to justify. But even the clear statement that the object of sacrificing to the gods is that they are to consume or enjoy the souls of the things sacrificed, is to be met with among savage tribes. "Of the great offerings of food made by the Fiji islanders," says the Rev. Thomas Williams, "native belief apportions merely the *soul* thereof to the gods, who are described as being enormous eaters. The substance is consumed by the worshippers." Again, it fits perfectly with Marco Polo's story of the marriage of the spirits of the dead bride and bridegroom that in an ordinary Chinese marriage of a living man and woman, one copy of the contract is burnt in

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the face of heaven and earth as a witness to good and evil spirits. To show how the soul of the victim goes to the gods to whom the sacrifice is made, the account given by Herodotus of the Getæ and their god Zamolxis may serve as well as another. They hold themselves, he says, to be immortal, for when they die they go to the demon Zamolxis. Every five years they choose one by lot, and despatch him as a messenger to this deity, commissioning him to make known their several wants. They send him thus; part of them hold up three spears, and others, seizing the messenger by the hands and feet, throw him up into the air, and he is caught upon the spears. Many centuries later, Dietmar of Merseburg puts on record the account he has heard of the great Scandinavian nine years' sacrifice, when "they immolate to their gods ninety and nine men, and as many horses, with dogs, and cocks offered in place of hawks, holding it for certain, as I have said before, that these will serve them in the shades below, and make atonement for crimes committed." It is more consonant with the ideas to which we have been accustomed from childhood, for us to appreciate the motive of sending the souls of living creatures as messengers or servants to the gods, than of offering them mere food and drink. Yet, as I have said, there is no definite line of demarcation in the mind of man in a very early stage of education, on the one hand between the offerings to the spirits of the dead and those to other spirits, or on the other hand between the sacrifice of animate creatures and of inanimate things. The gods of the Khonds of Orissa, says Major Macpherson, have bodies of human form, but of ethereal texture, and their food (among other things) consists in the flavours and essences drawn from the offerings of their votaries. Whether or not these consecrated meats become poor and flavourless to the taste when the spirits have thus devoured their souls, I do not know, but even this idea has been recorded as found in existence somewhere.

For the truth of the theory here put forward as to the original motive of the rite of sacrifice, it is not at all necessary that this motive should be still generally apparent where we find the same rite practised by races comparatively high in culture. That in the course of intellectual progress in the world, ancient ceremonies should be carried on with meanings vastly changed from those which gave them birth, is so far from being a matter of surprise to the student, that it is what experience leads him to look for almost as a matter of course, and this is what seems to have happened in the present case. Yet even here we may discern what may very well be a vestige of an earlier state of thought, when we see how the worshippers among so many tribes, when they have slain their beast and offered it to their deities, without scruple sit down and eat part or all of it themselves; for this proceeding is perfectly intelligible on the principle of the

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Fijian, that the gods have eaten its soul, while they are only devouring its body. It is usual to find that the higher races no longer literally believe that their gods really snuff up into their nostrils the savour of their burnt offerings, or really feed their ghostly bodies on ghostly food, which is the soul of bodily meat and drink, but the sacrifice is still offered that the death of the victim may symbolise, or be an actual substitute for, the death of the offending worshipper. Or more frequently the offering is still held to be acceptable because, though the receiver may not profit save by the idea of honour, fear, or gratitude so conveyed, the giver's merit is still the same. From the ghost of an offering to the idea of it, is no very abrupt transition. Thus (if this view be well founded) the ceremony assumes that changed meaning which language has followed also when we speak of "sacrificing" anything we value, and thus sacrifice now comes upon the same footing as those fasts, penances, and mortifications which are to have the like negative effect by the infliction of pain upon the worshipper.

Our popular ideas of the nature of sacrifice are to a great extent taken from the Jewish law and history; but these, as it seems to me, represent its meaning in a far advanced stage of thought and belief, where the ancient rite, once performed with a definite practical end, has now become a mere symbol taken up into a higher religious system. That this should be the case is quite consistent with the general tenour of the Biblical history, which scarcely concerns itself at all with any state of civilisation which an ethnographer would call low. A mention of a state of things when bronze and iron were unknown, and had to be invented; a ceremonial use of stone knives, which looks like a lingering relic of the same Stone Age; the usual survival among the common people of the doctrines of a lower religious state, cropping out here in tendencies to relapse into idolatry and animal-worship; a few such points as these are all the details which the Bible gives us of a state of culture below the stage of thought and art to which the level of its earlier narrative belongs, and which has been not inaptly compared with that of the Bedouin of the desert and the city. Even the great funereal rite of the lower races, though holding its ground so often and so firmly in the higher races, is discarded by the Israelite; he leaves it to the "mighty fallen of the uncircumcised, which are gone down to hell with their weapons of war, and they have laid their swords under their heads." We should be scarcely likely to find well marked among so far advanced a people, those rudimentary phases of religion and philosophy which may be observed among the savage tribes of even modern times. As to the way in which ceremonies survive the total change of their former meaning, if an instance be wanting to substantiate a process so familiar, it may be found in the fact that the

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transition of this very rite of sacrifice into a third and distinct stage may still be studied among ourselves. From the mind of the Catholic or Protestant, who hangs a wreath of everlastings on the grave-cross, or flings flowers upon the coffin, the idea of sacrifice, of conferring a practical benefit on the departed spirit, has now mostly passed away. Pressed for an explanation, such a one would hardly maintain that the reason for the funeral offering was anything but a mere sentiment. But it is just such mere sentiments that the student of the lower phases of human nature is so often able to trace to their source, when he sees in them the relics, inherited through long and changing ages, of what were once cogent and practical views of life. The great class whose minds are set too narrowly on utilitarian ends, they whom Jacob Grimm so aptly described as being "sunk in the present," see poetic fancies, old wives' tales, peasants' superstitions, in a very different light from the ethnographer, who discerns in such things the long lingering remnants of a younger time. From the stage where the soul of the offering is thought to be fed upon by the soul of the departed friend, through the stage where the act of sacrifice is thought to convey to that soul a direct feeling of pleasure, down to the stage where the intention of the funeral garland has dwindled to the satisfaction of a mere imagination,—through all this utter change of signification the ceremony of the offering to the dead has held on its unbroken course, and will hold it till old men forget that they were once children, and a hard, middle-aged world that it, too, was once younger.

It is a help in understanding how the notion of personality became more and more restricted in the world, to notice the deep traces which may still be discerned of an intermediate stage, which allows a sort of individual life to some inanimate objects, but only to some. In two ways the history of language clearly records this transitional state. The first is in the distinction of grammatical gender, by masculine, feminine, and neuter, as in Latin and German, or still better by animate and inanimate, as in certain languages of North America. Thus, Mr. G. W. Cox, in his "Tales of the Gods and Heroes," aptly comments on the difference between the dead neuter ὄνειρον and the personal masculine ὄνειρος, the Dream who stands over Crœsus when he sleeps, and makes known to him the evils which shall befall him in his son. The Algonquin tribes of North America divide the world grammatically between two great classes, things animate and things inanimate; but many things which our national scholar would put into the inanimate class here encroach upon the living; such are the sun and moon, the stars, trees and fruits, the stone altar of sacrifice, the eagle's feather, the kettle, the calumet and the wampum-belt. The other way in which language gives animate being to lifeless things is by giving them personal names; for, all the world over,

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personal name means personal nature more or less seriously imagined. Thus, Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology" tells of the chief Ngahue and his two sharp stone axes, Tutauru and Hauhau-te-rangi; with these axes were made the canoes Arawa, Tainui, and the rest, and Tutauru was the axe with which they cut off the head of Uenuku; and the canoe of Taipa-rae-roa had two paddles, and their names were Rangihorona and Kautu-ki-te-rangi, and two balers, and their names were Tipuahoronuku and Rangi-ka-wheriko. Can we read these things and yet miss the sight of that childlike state of thought which survives in Thor's hammer Miölnir, whom the giants know as he comes flying through the air; in Arthur's brand Excalibur, whom the arm brandished three times, and drew him under in the mere; in the brand Tizona, whom the Cid apostrophises, "Take heed, thou valiant sword," and vows to bury in his own breast if she be overcome through cowardice of his?

When, prepared by such evidence as books of travel lay so plentifully before us, we come to study the mythological conceptions of sun and stars, trees and rivers, winds and clouds, we can see that these ideas rest upon a substratum which is neither poetic fancy nor transformed metaphor, but simply a philosophy of the nature of things, early and crude indeed, but quite soberly and seriously meant. In such phenomena of nature as bear most likeness to living animals in their look and habits, this view comes out very prominently. In the philosophy of the North American Indians, as Father Charlevoix says, the sun is a man, though of a higher species than ourselves, and the moon is his wife; and the South Americans tell us the same thing. The heaven is a personal being, who pours down the rain and darts the lightning upon us. The earth is a mother who brings forth other living creatures, the trees and plants. This Mother Earth, says the New Zealand mythology, was once all but submerged in ancient days; and the beings who did this deed were Terrible-Rain, Long-continued-Rain, Fierce-Hail-Storms, and their children were Mist, and Heavy-Dew, and Light-Dew.

It is not, I think, at the very outset of our attempt to explain how Sun, or Rain, or River were conceived of as animated beings, that we have to ask the aid of that theory of mythology which Max Müller has put forth with such skill and marked success. The simple anthropomorphic view, as it seems to me, is itself the fundamental principle of mythology, and while it concerns itself with such visible, palpable, active, individual objects as these, Language only needs to accompany and express it. It is only in a further advanced stage that the celebrated definition of mythology as a "disease of language" need be brought into play, when myths come to be built upon mere names, and the notion of personality is stretched to take in whatsoever can be spoken of. Then Time and Nature arise as real entities, then the

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Curse becomes a personal being, flying through space till it can light upon some victim, or coming like a chicken home to roost. How conceptions, once definitely meaning what they literally purport, but now expressing the mode of thought of a far different state of culture, yet hold on from age to age, like the ceremonies of an old faith fossilised into the symbols of a new one, it is the business of the student of early history to trace out. It is only by knowing when and by whom the old form of speech is used that we can distinguish what the savage means as actual matter-of-fact, from what the philosopher or the poet uses in conscious metaphor. We know well enough with what intent the Sun is said to rejoice as a strong man to run a race, or Tiber to struggle hard and toss his tawny mane; but the savage who says such things as these means a great deal more than we do. To write in a modern English book that a child is "animated by a spirit of disobedience," is to use what a schoolmaster would call a figure of speech; but there was a time when such words simply meant what they said, that there is a real concrete creature, a Spirit of Disobedience, who enters into the child and possesses it. And at last we may see the grand old doctrine of personality fallen to its lowest degradation in the hands of Puff in the *Critic*:—

Puff.—Is the Thames dressed?

[*Enter* THAMES *with two* ATTENDANTS.]

Thames.—Here I am, sir.

Puff.—Very well, indeed! See, gentlemen, there's a river for you! This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy, you know—and very useful in my case; for as there must be a procession, I suppose Thames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer.—But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff.—Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer.—His banks?

Puff.—Yes, one crowned with alders, and the other with a villa,—you take the allusions? But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side. Here, sir, come round. Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks. [*Bell rings*.] There, so! now for 't. Stand aside, my dear friends! Away, Thames! [*Exit* THAMES *between his banks*.

Just thus, no doubt, will our own modern philosophy one day be had out, old and blind, to make sport for the Philistines of the future.

Upwards from the simplest theory which attributes life and personality to animal, vegetable, and mineral alike—through that which gives to stone and plant and river guardian spirits which live among them and attend to their preservation, growth, and change—up to that which sees in each department of the world the protecting and fostering care of an appropriate divinity, and at last of one Supreme Being ordering and controlling the lower hierarchy—through all

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these gradations of opinion we may thus see fought out, in one stage after another, the long-waged contest between a theory of animation which accounts for each phenomenon of nature by giving it everywhere a life like our own, and a slowly-growing natural science which in one department after another substitutes for independent voluntary action the working out of systematic law. One phase after another of the contest is set before us in minute and abundant records. "The whole universe," says Schoolcraft, speaking of the North American Indians, "is regarded indeed as animated, either in part, or symbolically. Each class of creation is believed to have its representative deities, who have eyes and ears open to everything that exists, transpires, or is uttered. Viewed in this light, winds have voices—the leaves of the trees utter a language—and even the earth is animated by a crowd of spirits who have an influence on the affairs of men." The great powers of the forest, which the Siberian Yakuts worship with ceremonial chants, are the bears and the elves. To the latter, and especially to the great "Spirit of the Forest," they offer horsehair, symbolic of their most valued possession. Numberless such offerings are hung upon the trees; nor is the sacred tree hung with offerings peculiar to this race. This ceremony manifests indeed one of the most universal types of savage worship, done in every quarter of the globe in direct and acknowledged reverence to the wood-spirits, or adopted into higher religions, even into Christianity, within whose pale it flourishes still. If we ask, again, what is it that makes trees grow—have they souls like animals? the Dayak of Borneo will tell us how a human soul passes through one transformation after another till at last it enters the trunk of a tree, and may be seen there, damp and blood-like, but no longer sentient. Or, if the tree is not actually a living person, does not a spirit enter and animate it? Certainly. We may read, for instance, in Hardy's "Manual of Budhism," how Bodhisat was once the dewa or divine spirit who resided in a tree, and he said to a Brahman who every morning asked the protection of the tree, and made offerings to it continually: "The tree is not sentient; it hears nothing, it knows nothing; then why do you address it or ask from it assistance?" At last, when even this entrance of a creating or preserving spirit into the inanimate object has to yield to the imperious exigencies of growing knowledge, the old theory has still one place of abiding left. There must be a cause why rivers run, rocks stand, plants grow; and it is congenial to the theory of animation to ascribe such phenomena to personal action. If, then, the phenomenon be formed into an imaginary entity, and personified, we all know how it becomes the very cause, reason, and explanation of itself. As Bastian so aptly illustrates the principle, "even when a leaf falls from the tree it is easiest to say the god Caducus threw it down; Edusa makes children eat, Potina makes

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them drink, Rumina makes them suck, Abeona takes them out, Adeona brings them home," and so forth. From this there is but a step to what Comte called the "metaphysical" stage of thought, in which the world exists and changes by virtue of incorporeal entities, who are really but the personified abstractions of the very things they are set up to account for and to do. Nature, Fate, Law, are still thought and reasoned of in our own day as real beings whose life and position in the world is a kind of shadow of the life and place of man.

Readers familiar with the study of human thought in its lower phases will ere this have missed the familiar name of "fetishism," as denoting this very opinion "by which man conceives of all external bodies as animated by a life analogous to his own, with differences of mere intensity;" but the word is so utterly inappropriate and misleading that I have purposely avoided it. A *fetish* (Portuguese *feitiço*, "charm, sorcery") is an object used in witchcraft; and the mistake of applying the word to religion at all has arisen from the images and other inanimate objects used by sorcerers[1] being confounded with idols, which we thence find commonly, but very wrongly, called fetishes. The theory which endows the phenomena of nature with personal life might perhaps be conveniently called Animism. Now, the Animist may or may not be an idolater; the Parsee fire-worshipper, for instance, has the deification of the powers of nature as a prominent part of his ancient faith, but he does not use idols; whereas the Hindu does. To the Animist, however, in that stage of his opinion which regards plants and minerals as preserved and controlled by personal spiritual beings who from time to time may enter into them and possess them, there is a particular appropriateness in the use of an idol which such a spiritual being may enter into and animate. This, for instance, is most distinctly the Polynesian view of the nature and function of an idol. It may be that this conception has actually led up to the view which an educated Hindu, for example, will own to, that the idol is nothing but a symbol of the spiritual being in whose name it receives worship, an opinion which scarcely differs from that belonging to the use of figures and pictures as aids to the devotion of educated Greek and Roman Catholics. It may be even that the very doctrine of *ideas*, as their very name of ἰδέα or visible shape so strongly suggests, may lie in the deepest connection with that early and savage opinion which sees both in waking and sleeping thought the Lucretian simulacra, the impalpable forms, shades, souls, ghosts, or phantoms, not of men and beasts alone, but of trees and

(1) I have elsewhere (*Early History of Mankind*, chap. vi.) endeavoured to show the real nature of sorcery, and to trace it to an origin in a well-known and intelligible principle of the lower philosophy. It seems no proper part of religion, though so often mixed with it.

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clouds, rocks and rivers, clothes and tools and weapons. But I must here pass these problems by with a mere mention, limiting these remarks to those opinions of crude and early religion which have been sketched out.

In supporting and exemplifying the opinion that we may see in Animism an elementary religious phase, and in propounding a theory as to the origin of one of the most important of religious rites, that of sacrifice, it has not been necessary for me to assume imaginary or hypothetical states of human culture. The opinions in question being actually found in existence in a more or less perfect state, all that is hypothetical in the matter is the sequence in which they are supposed to have arisen one out of another. Men are found expressing their belief in so many words that animals, trees, rivers, winds, rain, stars, are creatures inhabited and controlled by souls or spirits; and they emphatically recognise the personal character of these spirits by praying to them! A man does not pray to a phenomenon, or a law, or a principle, or a cause. They are also found sacrificing to the souls of their ancestors and to other spiritual beings, with the expressed purpose of sending to them the souls of the victims which, to use our expressive idiom, they *dispatch*. When in one district we read of prisoners of war slain to go and serve the gods, or in another of poor souls appearing to their kindred in dreams, naked and shivering, to complain that no clothes have been burnt at their burial, and so there is nothing for them to wear, we cannot deny the existence of these opinions. But the evidence for these being conceptions out of which others have grown, must rest on what we know of the general way of intellectual movement among mankind. It seems consistent with this to consider that the belief came first that sun and moon are man-like creatures walking in the sky, and that eclipses are caused by monsters swallowing and disgorging them, before men, growing wiser, rose to the higher opinion that the heavenly bodies are set mechanically to perform an appointed course, and that their eclipses are mechanical also. Both classes of opinion survive side by side in India in our own day. The Brahmans of the Vedas maintain the old mythological astronomy as matter of orthodox belief, while the native astronomers are familiar with the physical system as matter of science. No one would doubt the order of succession of opinion here; nor does this case seem an unfair type of what has been the usual course of intellectual progress in these matters throughout the world. Of course new errors arise from time to time, and doctrines belonging to very low phases of knowledge hold on and even burst out into new vigour in the midst of a generally advancing education. Astrology has still its votaries in England, and the modern spiritualism, as every ethnographer may know, is pure and simple savagery both in its theory and the tricks by which it is supported.

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But the question is, did the stage of thought to which astrology and spirit-rapping belong arise out of the stage to which natural science belongs, or rather was it not just the contrary? Again, as to the rite of sacrifice: if we start with the more advanced view that it is merely done with the object of expressing fear or reverence, and try from this point of view to explain why a family of savages should burn an offering of food and clothes for their dead father, we are met with the very fair and pertinent demand for a sufficient motive. It is of course an open theory, that the origin of sacrifice was purely symbolic, that it was originally intended only to transmit a mere idea to the Being worshipped. But, on the other hand, the destruction of the offering that its spirit may be taken possession of by the spirit of the dead, does satisfy the question, "*cui bono?*" "who profits by it?" and its direct and practical purpose fits it for being considered an original motive for a ceremonial observance.

It is, I think, a principle to be held fast in studying the early history of our race, that we ought always to look for practical and intelligible motives for the habits and opinions we find existing in the world. When we read the accounts written by missionaries or naturalists who have really become acquainted with a rude tribe, we may catch a glimpse of what savages have suffered at the hands of mere superficial travellers. The very assertion that their actions are motiveless, and their opinions nonsense, is itself a theory, and, I hold, a profoundly false one, invented to account for all manner of things which those who did not understand them could thus easily explain. Savages are exceedingly ignorant as regards both physical and moral knowledge; want of discipline makes their opinions crude and their action ineffective in a surprising degree; and the tyranny of tradition at every step imposes upon them thoughts and customs which have been inherited from a different stage of culture, and thus have lost a reasonableness which we may often see them to have possessed in their first origin. Judged by our ordinary modern standard of knowledge, which is at any rate a high one as compared with theirs, much of what they believe to be true, must be set down as false. But to be false, is not the same as to be motiveless. The tendency of research in this as yet little worked field is indeed to show more and more throughout the life of the lower races reasonable motives of opinion, and practical purposes of action, or at least the influence of ancestral tradition which once had itself a like intelligible basis.

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

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THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

If, as was once said by Talleyrand, the centre of gravity of the world is on the lower Danube, it must be confessed that the prospect of the establishment of a stable political equilibrium in Europe is anything but cheering. For the last twelvemonth the people of the Principalities, or of Roumania, as they now insist on calling themselves, have been swayed to and fro by endless disturbing forces—now threatening separation, now clamouring for union, now demanding independence, and finally taking up arms against the Power whose strongest interest it is to prevent their yielding to foreign dominion. During this time the various phases of the political situation in the Principalities have succeeded one another so rapidly that it has been scarcely possible fully to appreciate their significance. The period of constant change has, however, now been followed by one of comparative permanency. Both the Porte and the guaranteeing Powers have consented to recognise Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as Hospodar of Roumania; and although the question of the Principalities is as unsettled as ever, it is probable that it will now remain at its present stage for some little time to come.

It has of late been the fashion among politicians of the Liberal school, both in and out of Roumania, to class that country in the category of "oppressed nationalities," and to look forward to the time when all the Roumans will be united in one independent State. Such aspirations are apt to become dangerous, and it is important that before any attempt is made to encourage them, it should be clearly evident that they are both justifiable and founded on a correct appreciation of the character and capabilities of the nation to which they refer. Let us see, in the first place, what the "Rouman nationality" is. It was originally formed by Italian colonists in the second century, who emigrated into the territories conquered by Trajan from Dacia. These territories, together with others where Italian colonies were also formed, comprised the whole of the country between the Dniester and the Theiss, namely, Bessarabia, Moldavia, Wallachia, the Bukovine, and part of Bulgaria. After undergoing numberless vicissitudes, and seeing their country invaded by the Goths and the Gepidæ in the third century, the Huns in the fifth, and the Magyars in the tenth, the descendants of these colonists founded the duchy of Wallachia in 1241, and of Moldavia in 1293. Meanwhile, Western Wallachia and Upper Dacia, which had been also partly colonised by Italians, were attached to Hungary, the former under the name of the Banat, and the latter under that of Transylvania. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Roumans defended the rich territories

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which still remained to them against the Turks, the Hungarians, and the Poles, with bravery and success; but though they proved themselves unconquerable by force of arms, they were unable to resist the insidious attacks of foreign intrigue. The Fanariote Greeks of Constantinople, who, after their country had been seized by the Turks, basely cringed at the feet of their conquerors, settled in the eighteenth century like a swarm of locusts on the Principalities, corrupting everything they touched and sucking the life-blood of the people. Finding that they were utterly powerless to cope with this new evil, the Roumans appealed to Russia for aid. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg, ever ready to seize an opportunity of approaching Constantinople, eagerly responded to the appeal, and was rewarded for its officiousness by the cession, in virtue of a treaty concluded at Bucharest with the Sultan, on the 8th of May, 1812, of Bessarabia, which province Russia still retains, though the small portion of it which commands the mouth of the Danube was restored to Moldavia after the Crimean war. The "protection" of Russia during this period was of as little use to Roumania as that of the Porte, for both Powers favoured the Fanariote Greeks who were preying on her entrails, and neither of them opposed the demand of Austria for the Bukovine and part of Little Wallachia, which were ceded to that state in 1777.

It will thus be seen that in order to apply the principle of nationalities to Roumania, it will be necessary to take Bessarabia from Russia, part of Bulgaria from Turkey, and part of Transylvania, the Banat, and the Bukovine, from Austria. Whatever may be said of the power of the last two states (and it is not improbable that Austria's withdrawal from the Germanic Confederation will very considerably strengthen her, especially for action in the East), we may be sure that the utmost exertions of the Roumans will never enable them to take the smallest scrap of territory from Russia, and that no great Power would assist them in so insane an undertaking. Supposing, however, that by some extraordinary combination of circumstances the Roumans should succeed in establishing that Daco-Rouman empire which is the dream of the party of action in the Principalities, would Europe have reason to congratulate itself on such a result? In order to answer this question, it will be necessary to touch upon some of the principal difficulties of European policy in the East.

Most people are aware that the great political problem which is known as the Eastern question is, broadly stated, how to prevent Russia from making herself mistress of Constantinople. The chief means which she has adopted towards this end have been her panslavonic propaganda in the Christian provinces of Turkey, which has almost completely failed since the last Polish insurrection opened the eyes of the Slavonians to the real tendencies of the Cabinet of

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St. Petersburg; her self-imposed protectorate over her co-religionists in those provinces; and, above all, the establishment of her influence in the Principalities—an important political instrument which she has used far more openly and successfully than any other. The fatal step taken by the Roumans in asking for the protection of Russia against the machinations of the Fanariote Greeks has already been noticed. This was done by the hospodars Cantimir and Brancovano in 1711; and in the same year the Russian troops crossed the Pruth for the first time. They found the country reduced to a frightful state of misery and abasement by the Greeks who had been let loose upon it by the Ottoman Government—men without a spark of conscience or honour, who only used their authority over the unfortunate people of the Principalities as a means of making their fortunes by shameless acts of pillage and extortion. Russia, while professing great friendship for the Roumans, and earning their gratitude by occasionally interfering between them and the Fanariotes, soon contrived to establish a good understanding with the latter, whose good-will, as being the men in power, she was especially anxious to secure; so that practically the Roumans were as badly off as before, with the additional danger of an annexation to Russia in prospect. The Russians, however, acted with great caution, carefully avoiding to appear as invaders, and only seeking to establish themselves in the country in order to secure a favourable basis of operations against Turkey. Accordingly, although they occupied the Principalities from 1769 to 1774, from 1789 to 1791, from 1808 to 1812, from 1828 to 1834, in 1848 and in 1853, these occupations only took place under the guise of "protection;" the Russians came to the Roumans as friends, not as conquerors. Even the Hetæro-Russian conspiracy of Ypsilanti in 1821, which at length opened the eyes of the Porte to the understanding which existed between the Fanariotes and Russia, and led to the reappointment of native hospodars, was cleverly turned by Russia in her favour. She calmly bided her time until the outburst of indignation which produced the peasant insurrection against Ypsilanti under Theodore Valdimiresco had passed away, and then suddenly (7th of May, 1828) marched 150,000 men into the Principalities under the pretext of protecting them against the innovations of the new hospodars. One of these, Stourdza, was taken prisoner: the other, Prince Gregory Ghika, escaped to Transylvania. The Russians now took the government of Roumania into their own hands, and did not leave the country until they had completely remodelled its institutions after their own fashion. The famous "organic regulation," which reminds one in some particulars of the "organic statute" introduced by the Emperor Nicholas into Poland, after the insurrection of 1830, was skilfully devised by Count Kisseleff, the Russian governor, so as to increase the power and privileges of

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the landowners, and at the same time to reduce the peasants to the condition of serfs. Its effect was, in fact, to assimilate Roumania to the condition of a Russian province, which Russia hoped it would soon become in reality as well as in appearance. The introduction of this measure did not produce so violent a change in the existing state of things as might be supposed, and indeed the Russian pseudo-reformers did their work on such congenial soil that the "organic regulation" at first almost looked like a liberal and progressive measure.

There are perhaps few sadder or more instructive contrasts in history than that between the Roumania of the fourteenth century and the same country in the nineteenth. The former was a nation of hardy warriors, holding their own against their powerful neighbours with all the sturdy bravery of the old Roman race from which they sprung, animated with a heroic patriotism, and presenting numerous instances of courage and self-sacrifice not surpassed in the annals of Sparta or of their own mother-city. The nobles of this gallant nation were the "men of war" (boyards, from *boï*, war), whose duty it was to defend their country against the incessant attacks of foreign enemies, and who were rewarded by grants of land for the arduous services they performed. When, however, the Greeks poured into the Principalities to retrieve their shattered fortunes after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, a new nobility began to be formed—that of the officials, on the same principle as the Russian "tchins." A certain rank, together with the privileges of nobility, was attached to each public appointment, and this so enhanced their value, that they at length, under the Fanariote hospodars, became the objects of the most shameless intrigues. Each post as it became vacant was simply sold to the highest bidder, without the slightest regard to his qualifications for it; and the successful candidate, who only regarded his appointment as a means of enriching himself, made no scruple to use his newly-acquired power in despoiling the inhabitants. This, however, was the smallest of the evils inflicted upon the Roumans by the Greek immigrants. They not only seized upon nearly all the landed and other property of the country, and persecuted the inhabitants to such a degree that thousands were forced to expatriate themselves:[1] their pernicious influence extended even to the hearts and minds of this ancient and warlike people, who had till then been as remarkable for the simplicity of their manners as for their undaunted courage. The Roumans gradually became cringing, false, and dissolute, like their oppressors; their ancient and glorious

(1) "The country was depopulated, the peasants fled; of a hundred and sixty thousand families, eighty thousand only remained; the general misery was at its height in the middle of the eighteenth century. The richest of the Boyards were thrown into prison, and flogged until they gave up the titles by which they held their estates."—*Régnault, Hist. des Principautés Danubiennes.*

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nobility degenerated into an official hierarchy, recruited from the Greek pastry-cooks and lemonade-sellers of Constantinople;[1] and their old military spirit and chivalrous frankness were replaced by a base subserviency to power and a peculiar faculty for intrigue which eminently adapted them to be the tools of a great and unscrupulous State.

Such was the nation whose institutions Russia now attempted to model after her own despotic system, and perhaps it would be difficult to find another that was so well adapted for the purpose. Fortunately, however, for the safety of Europe, the Russian "protection" of the Principalities did not last long enough to be gradually converted into possession. The first opposition to her designs came from the Principalities themselves; the "party of action," represented in Roumania by MM. Tell, Rosetti, the Bratianos, and the Golescos, rose in 1848 (23rd June) against the Russian protectorate, and, although their small revolution was unsuccessful, for the first time called the serious attention of the statesmen of Western Europe to the policy of Russia on the lower Danube. It is worth remarking here that the authors of this revolution, which is described by Russia (circular of 31st July, 1848), not entirely without truth, as "the work of a turbulent minority, whose ideas of government are borrowed from the democratic and socialist propaganda of Europe, and whose emissaries summoned the Wallachians of Moldavia, the Bukovine, Transylvania, *and even* Bessarabia, to rise and form an independent state under the name of the Daco-Rouman Kingdom," are among the most prominent of the members and supporters of the present government of Roumania.

There can now be little doubt that the revolution of 1848 only had the sympathies of a small minority of the Roumans. Russia was at that time not at all unpopular either at Bucharest or at Jassy, and the resistance of the Radical party, which was then very small, was rather caused by vague aspirations towards a chimerical independence than by any real hostility to the government of the Czar. Even now, when the Radical party has come into power, the influence of Russia is unmistakably strong in the Principalities—much stronger than that of any other foreign Power. England, as in most Continental countries, is rather admired than loved; Austria is cordially hated since her occupation of the Principalities in 1854, when her troops behaved with almost incredible barbarity and rapaciousness; Turkey, too, is detested, not without reason, seeing that the present corrupt state of the country is mainly due to her insidious policy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and France, though the favourite of the Radical party, as the protector of "the Latin race"

(1) Vaillant, "La Roumanie." Under the reign of the hospodar Stirbey, Joanides, his valet, became Grand Boyard, and Minister of the Interior.

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all over the world, is too far off to inspire much sympathy in the masses. The influence of Russia is especially strong in Moldavia, where she has carefully fostered those strong separatist tendencies which will doubtless yet give a great deal of trouble to the present government. The following description, by an acute and intelligent traveller,[1] of an incident which he himself witnessed on the banks of the Pruth, aptly illustrates the means adopted by Russia to make herself popular among the Moldavians:—

"While we were exploring the banks of the river, five boatmen stole some fowls from a farm, and made off with their booty. The cries of the farmer brought down the Russian detachment, which arrested the delinquents. They were Moldavians, and the theft had been committed on Russian territory. A discussion now took place between the officer commanding and the Rouman Commissioner. The latter insisted on the culprits being put under arrest and flogged; but the Russian officer only made them give up the fowls, inflicted upon them a slight penalty, and then liberated them in the midst of the applause of the people on the right bank. Was this indulgence the effect of calculation, or merely a piece of generosity? It was very politic in any case, and Russian influence has thereby gained some partisans. This is the system adopted all along the frontier; the Russian authorities proceed with less severity than the Moldavian."

It must not be inferred, however, from the above remarks, that there is anything like unity of feeling in favour of Russia or of any other Power, or indeed of any policy at all, in the Principalities. In spite of the boastful and somewhat profane title of "one and indivisible" which has been given her in the constitution lately passed by the Chamber at Bucharest, Roumania is to this day what she has been during the last two centuries, the diplomatic cockpit of Europe—her people being too frivolous and indifferent to make their own policy, and letting any strong Power that happens for the moment to have the upper hand make it for them. It is hardly necessary to remark that this alone is fatal to the theory of a Rouman nationality, the doctrine of nationalities having no *raison d'être* where there does not exist a strong and united national will. For all practical purposes, one might as well talk of an Ojibeway or a Dahomey nationality as of a Rouman nationality. There is plenty of political intrigue always going on, no doubt, both at Bucharest and Jassy; but the only politicians in the country, with a few rare exceptions, are unscrupulous adventurers and foreign agents. The nation itself neither knows nor wishes to know anything about politics, and does as it is told by the faction which happens to be in power. This extraordinary state of things, and the opportunities which it offers for the constant re-opening of the Eastern question by means of foreign intrigue, will be better understood from a brief description of the classes into which the inhabitants of the two Principalities are divided.

(1) G. Le Cler, "La Moldo-Valachie." Paris, 1866.

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The population of Roumania is about 4,000,000, 2,500,000 in Wallachia, and the rest in Moldavia. Of this population 50,000 are nobles (nearly all of them belonging to the mushroom nobility founded by the Fanariote princes), 100,000 clergy, and 3,130,000 peasants. There is also a small middle class at Bucharest; at Jassy it can hardly be said to exist, trade, commerce, and the professions being almost entirely in the hands of Jews. The peasants, both by their numbers and the comparative purity of their race, constitute the backbone of the country; but they are sunk in ignorance and superstition, and the effects of the miserable state of semi-destitution in which they have been kept for the last two centuries are painfully evident in their sullen, subdued looks, and worn-out frames. So backward indeed is education, even for the higher classes, that it is by no means unusual for a stranger who has taken up his residence in the country, and wishes to learn its language, to send for a Rouman grammar to Paris, being unable to obtain such an article at Bucharest or Jassy. As for the clergy, there are doubtless many educated men among them, but as a rule they are corrupt and servile in the higher ranks, and extremely ignorant in the lower. No priest can aspire to be a bishop unless he has a large sum of money at his disposal for "presents," and the cost of the election of an archbishop is considerably greater than that of the most expensive seat in the British Legislature. M. Le Cler relates a case where a monk who began by serving as cook in a monastery, rapidly ascended all the steps of the ecclesiastical ladder, and ultimately reached the archiepiscopate, but not without paying 80,000 ducats (nearly £40,000) for his last elevation. The power of the clergy before the secularisation of the monasteries in 1863 was very great, as they had three-fifths of the landed property of the country in their hands, and were moreover backed by Turkey, who claimed to exercise a sort of protectorate over them on the ground that their head, the Patriarch of Constantinople, is also under her protection. All this, however, is now changed; the immense revenues of the "dedicated convents," which under the old system were sent to Constantinople, have been appropriated by the State, and the clergy are now in the receipt of government pay, and hence to a certain extent subject to government influence.

It might perhaps be thought that the brilliant capitals of Moldavia and Wallachia, with their large population, their elegant society, and their wealthy nobility, would naturally become centres of political action, which would gradually extend the study and practice of politics all over the country. Unhappily, the society of both of these towns is rotten to the core. The "city of pleasure,"[1] which,

(1) Bucharest, from *bucur*, pleasure. A French traveller having asked a lady of Bucharest, known for her *bon-mots*, how people employed their time there, replied—"On y fait l'amour ou bien on en parle";—a remark as truthful as it is laconic.

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seen from the bare hills which border the Dimbovitza, looks with its green masses of foliage like an oasis in the midst of the parched and boundless plains of Wallachia, but sinks, on a closer view, to a dreary wilderness of mean houses and filthy courts, is a faithful counterpart of the character of the people. The educated Rouman has a fascinating manner, a highly polished exterior, speaks pure Parisian, is remarkably quick of intelligence,—abounds, in fact, with the showy qualities that make a man delightful in society; but behind this brilliant outer crust there is an utter vacuity of thought, feeling, and principle. The character of the modern Moldavians and Wallachians is, indeed, in the strongest possible contrast to that of their Roman ancestors. Nor is this surprising when it is considered how great and various a number of races have been grafted on the ancient stock. There are perhaps few territories in Europe that have been overrun by so many different nations within the same period of time as Roumania. Each of these has more or less left its impress on the Rouman race—the Slavonian, the Russian (an essentially different type from that of the purer Slavonian races), the Greek, the Turk, and even the Tartar. The Jews, too, and the gipsies—the former of whom (who are very numerous in both Principalities) constitute the only middle class in Moldavia, and the latter chiefly abound in Wallachia—although they have not perhaps mixed so much with the Roumans as other races, have beyond a doubt contributed largely to the formation of the national character. Everywhere nearly all the tradesmen, merchants, and bankers are Jews; and it is a curious fact, which strikingly illustrates both their monopoly of all branches of commerce and finance, and the crass ignorance of even the town population of the Principalities, that whenever a drought or a bad harvest causes a rise in prices, the sure consequence is an insurrection of the people of Bucharest and Jassy against the Jewish inhabitants, whom they religiously believe to be connected in some inexplicable way with the dearness of provisions.[1]

The extreme dissoluteness of manners, which far surpasses anything of the kind even in London or Paris, will go far to explain the laxity of principle and total want of earnestness in the Rouman character. Divorce is so common and easy in the Principalities that the intercourse between the sexes is but little short of promiscuous. By the Rouman law every one is allowed to be divorced three times in his or her lifetime, and the clergy never make the slightest objection to divorce any couple that may be tired of each other, on payment of an

(1) The author of the very interesting and graphic "Letters from the Principalities," which appeared in *Blackwood* in the latter half of the year 1864, says he once visited a Moldavian town of 8,000 inhabitants, where the principal official in the place could not tell him what o'clock it was because it happened to be a Jews' holiday, and the only people who knew the time were the Jews.

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appropriate fee. This ceremony has, indeed, so thoroughly become the custom of the country, that people who apply for a divorce do not even take the trouble to discover any legitimate ground for their claim. M. Le Cler tells a highly characteristic story of a young lady of two-and-twenty who, young as she was, came to her priest to be married for the third time. The priest, while performing the ceremony, thought it necessary to observe to the fickle bride that this was her last chance. "I beg your pardon," the lady coolly replied, "my first marriage doesn't count, for I married my cousin." Another traveller[1] gives an amusing illustration of the prevalence of divorce in the Principalities, by describing a quadrille in which each of the dancers had been married at some time in his or her life with each of the others. Still more demoralising is the practice of gambling, which at Bucharest is carried to an almost incredible extent. It is said that one lucky gambler made so much money in this way that he is now a millionaire, with a magnificent palace, over the door of which a pack of cards is sculptured in commemoration of the source of his wealth. It is hardly necessary to add that with an educated class entirely given up to exhausting pleasures, and a peasantry steeped in ignorance and superstition, anything like a national political feeling must be an impossibility.

The Roumans have, however, had their fair share of constitutions, revolutions, and party struggles. The position of their country naturally marked it out for the intrigues of political adventurers, but in all these scenes the Rouman people were merely puppets, the adventurers in question pulling the strings. It has been remarked that the Roumans are diplomatists at fourteen; it would be more correct to say that at that age they become intriguers. There is too much political indifferentism about them, and too little political maturity, to entitle them to the appellation of diplomatists. Never was there a country with such splendid opportunities so totally neglected as Roumania. Her soil is unsurpassed for its richness, and yet it is almost uncultivated; she has magnificent forests, the greater part of which are still in a virgin state; a level country without railways, and valuable salt and other mines without workmen. She has for many years had all the institutions of a civilised state; but her sovereigns have been adventurers, her deputies tools of foreign intrigue, her judges scandalously venal. There is in theory perfect freedom of election; every peasant that pays 48 piastres in taxes, and every townsman who pays (according to the size of his town) from 80 to 110 piastres, has a right to vote; but this right is practically inoperative, for before each election a member of the government goes the rounds of the electoral districts, and, by the aid of bribes or threats, makes matters go any way he likes, unless,

(1) "Letters from the Principalities." *Blackwood* for July, 1864.

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indeed, he is out-bribed by a leader of the opposition. As for the army, it is insubordinate, cowardly, and given up to pleasure; and is not of the slightest use for the defence of the country against foreign attack.[1] The only portion of it which is at all efficient are the regiments of *granitzari*, or frontier guards, who are at least physically qualified for the work of soldiers, although they are sadly wanting in the military qualities of subordination and discipline. With these qualifications for political organisation, it is no wonder that Roumania finds it so difficult to get a ruler, and that the Duc de Morny refused the throne with the pithy sentence: "Je préférerais être concierge dans la rue de Bac que roi en Moldavie."

The public documents which have been issued from time to time by the various Governments of the Principalities furnish some specimens of official literature which are perfectly unique in their grotesque extravagance, and are especially valuable as affording an indication of the sort of style which pleases the political tastes of the Rouman people. Quite recently, just before the election of the present Hospodar, an address was issued to the Roumans by M. D. Bratiano, President of the Municipality of Bucharest, which was printed in the Rouman papers at the time, but has not apparently found its way into either the German, French, or English press. It is so characteristic, and so utterly opposed to all our notions of what such a document should be, that it deserves to be quoted, both as a political curiosity and as a specimen of Rouman statesmanship:—

"ROUMANS!

"In scarcely two months you have lived through a period of two centuries. Born but a short time ago to a life of freedom, you have become the teachers of the civilised world. Old Europe has laboured for more than a century in vain to discover the amount of liberty which nations have a right to obtain, and you have now shown her that only entire liberty can secure order, strength, and productiveness in a nation. Your glorious revolution has obtained for us the admiration of the world. Europe, amazed at your wise patriotism, has suspended her labours, expecting everything from Roumania, the Messiah of suffering humanity. Roumans! all Europe has boundless faith in your deeds; and will you not have the same faith at the moment when you have to pronounce your last word? Do you not feel the divinity within you? The members of the Provisional Government, and the Ministers elected by you, call upon you on this great day. If you doubt the sincerity of their voice, listen to that which is in the depth of your souls. A Rouman sovereign cannot be elected by a few, but must be elected by all; for the voice of the nation, and of the whole nation only, is the voice of God. You have been given six days to finish the edifice of your nationality, of your great brotherhood; you have finished it in six hours. And you, citizens of Bucharest, show yourselves to be what you are—the leaders of the nation which leads all other nations. You, who have opened the way to heaven by your faith, do not allow the sun to go down before you have

(1) The reader will recollect the famous Rouman campaign in Moldavia in 1863, when 250 Poles held at bay the greatest part of a division of the Rouman army, and it was found necessary to bring up the whole of the disposable force of the country to capture them.

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finished your work; anticipate it, so that the sun of liberty may never go down on the land of Roumania. Citizens! do not lose a moment; and you, priests of the living Rouman Church, complete before the whole world the holy tabernacle of this day. Anoint the Prince of Roumania with the chrism of your faith, and he will become the Rouman hero. I know that before you have ended reading this your souls will have overflowed with love for the new prince. I too, in my turn, like a true Rouman, will now exclaim, 'Long live Charles I., Prince of Roumania, one and indivisible.'"

This burlesque mixture of outrageous braggadocio and silly profanity (which in the present case has been considerably softened in translation) is a very fair sample of what commonly passes in Roumania for political eloquence. In another document, issued about the same time by the Ministry, and signed by such well-known names as John Ghika, Rosetti, and others, these would-be politicians show an ignorance of history of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. They speak of Frederick the Great as a sovereign "who, by his knowledge and strong will, converted the *small duchy* which had been entrusted to him by the nation into the strongest monarchy in Europe," and of Prince Charles's father as having "sacrificed himself *for the unity of Germany*, by voluntarily abdicating his throne." This marvellous production terminates with the following maudlin trash:—

"In this sacred moment, when heaven seems to be opening to Roumania, we swear most solemnly in your presence, and in that of God and of all Europe, that we are certain Charles I. will lead the Roumans on the road of law, virtue, and freedom, and that only with and through him can we fulfil the great mission which has been marked out for us by Providence. Arise then, Roumans! the hour of salvation has struck. The book of the future life of Roumania is open before you; place, then, one hand on your recent and bleeding wounds, and with the other write with life-giving pen in the book of universal suffrage, Charles I., Prince of the Roumans. Providence, wishing to enlighten us by visible signs, has decreed that on the very day of the completion of the *plébiscite*, namely, on the 8th (20th) April, Charles I. will end the 27th year of his life. Providence, wishing to cheer us, has decreed that the Danube, that river to which we owe the protection of Europe, should flow from the country in which our Charles was born.

And this is the nation that pretends to be "the teacher of the civilised world," the "nation which leads all other nations," and which has acquired in a few months the experience of centuries! Surely never were more extravagant national pretensions put forward on more slender grounds than in these curious state papers, which, for eccentric bombast, are hardly surpassed even by the proclamations of the Emperor Soulouque. Nor should it be forgotten that they are not the production of the street demagogues, but of the most eminent statesmen of Roumania, and may therefore be safely accepted as a test of the political capacity of the nation.

That the establishment by such a people of a Daco-Rouman empire would, even if it were possible, only create an additional element of

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disorder in the East, will now be pretty evident. The difficulties created by its internal disorganisation and want of political capacity, moreover, are still further complicated by the anomalous position it occupies in the European political system. When the great Powers turned their attention to the affairs of the Principalities after the Crimean war, justly considering that the best security for a permanent peace in the East would be an organisation of Roumania on such a footing as to make her an effectual barrier between Russia and Turkey, they found that the political relations between the Porte and the Principalities were of a very vague and unsatisfactory character. These relations were chiefly based on treaties which had been concluded in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenthc enturies, between the Sultans and the Moldavian and Wallachian princes. By the treaty of Nicopolis, signed in 1393 by Mircea I., Prince of Wallachia, and Bajazet I., and that of Adrianople, signed in 1460 by Vlad V. and Mahomet II., Wallachia was to have her own laws, the Porte was not to interfere in her administration, no mosques were to be built on Wallachian territory, and no Turk was to be permitted to settle in Wallachia. The prince, moreover, though his election had to be recognised by the Porte, was to be a Christian, and elected by the metropolitan, the bishops, the boyards, and the representatives of the nation. The protection of Turkey was, in fact, limited to the defence of the country against foreign aggression; and in return for this protection she received from Wallachia a tribute of 10,000 piastres (£100). The arrangement between Turkey and Moldavia was of a somewhat similar kind. It was also established by two treaties, one in 1513 between the Moldavian prince Bogdan and Selim I., and the other in 1529, between Peter Rares and Soliman II. By these treaties Moldavia was recognised as "a free and unconquered country," its laws, customs, and rights were to be for ever inviolable, the election of its prince, who was to be recognised by the Porte, was not to be interfered with, and the Turks were not to buy land or establish mosques on Moldavian territory. Moldavia was to be styled "independent" in all official communications from the Ottoman Government, which further engaged to guarantee her against aggression in consideration of the payment of a yearly tribute of 4,000 ducats (£2,000). It is important to bear in mind the provisions of these treaties, as they are constantly appealed to, even to this day, as the basis of the relations subsisting between Turkey and the Principalities. They were, however, repeatedly violated by the Porte, which has for centuries treated the Principalities as conquered territory. The introduction of the Fanariote hospodars was in direct contradiction to the stipulation that the Rouman princes should be elected by the people, without foreign interference; while the cession of the Bukovine to Austria, and of Bessarabia to Russia, without the

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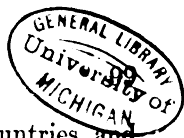
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concurrence in either case of the inhabitants of those countries, and the arrangements effected between Turkey and Russia by the treaties of Kutchuk-Kajnardji in 1774, of Jassy in 1791, of Ackermann in 1826, and of Adrianople in 1829, for making over the protectorate of the Principalities to the latter Power, made the obligations into which Turkey had entered to defend them against foreign aggression practically a dead letter. As for the right of suzerainty, which has lately been so often referred to, such a right was never conferred on the Porte by either Moldavia or Wallachia, and it was only mentioned for the first time in the treaty of Adrianople, in concluding which the Principalities had no part.

This was the diplomatic situation in Roumania when the representatives of the Great Powers met at Paris to conclude a treaty of peace after the Crimean war. By that treaty, which was signed on the 30th of March, 1856, the Principalities were freed from the protectorate of both Turkey and Russia, and their rights and privileges were placed under the guarantee of Europe. These rights are defined as consisting of an independent and national administration, and total freedom of religion, legislation, commerce, and shipping. The suzerain rights of Turkey were also to be preserved; she was empowered both to defend the country against foreign attack, and, with the concurrence of the guaranteeing Powers, to restore order if the public peace should be endangered in either Moldavia or Wallachia. At the same time it was provided that a commission should be appointed to ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants in regard to the final organisation of the Principalities. This at once stirred the Radical party into action. The cry of "Union and a foreign prince," which has ever since been the political watchword of the more sensible and honest of the Rouman politicians, was raised both at Bucharest and Jassy, and the agitation was pursued with such success, and, it must be added, by such unscrupulous means, that in the divans which were convoked for the purpose of eliciting the feeling of the Principalities on the subject of their future organisation, the programme of the Radical party was adopted unanimously at Bucharest, and with only two dissentients at Jassy. The result of the voting in the latter town was especially suspicious, for until very recently the Moldavians have been strongly opposed to a union. Be this as it may, however, the decision of the divans filled Turkey with consternation. Obviously a union would be the first step towards absolute independence, and the selection of a foreign prince would be a second and even more decided step in the same direction. The Powers were all more or less taken by surprise, except, perhaps, France, who at once declared herself with suspicious alacrity in favour of the union. Turkey protested, and was supported by Austria, who began to fear lest the Daco-Rouman agitation should spread to the Rouman territories of her empire. The other Powers

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remained neutral, but it was eventually decided to maintain the separation. In regard to the other wishes expressed by the divans, the task of the Commission was far easier. In compliance with those wishes a convention was signed on the 19th of August, 1858, granting to the Roumans, in the words of Count Walewski's circular of the day following, "an elective assembly, voting laws and controlling budgets; responsible ministers; equality before the law, and in the matter of taxation; the enjoyment of political and religious liberty; the liberty of the individual guaranteed; the abolition of class privileges—privileges which have been much abused; and the principle of permanency introduced into the magistracy." A native hospodar was to be elected for life (instead of for seven years, as before) in each principality, and to do homage and pay tribute to the Sultan—the Moldavian a million and a half of piastres (£14,000) and the Wallachian two millions and a half (£23,000).[1]

These bran-new institutions, modelled with exemplary care by the diplomatists at Paris after the most approved constitutional patterns, were soon found not to work. To use the picturesque expression of one of her own statesmen, Roumania was as yet, politically speaking, far too young for all this apparatus of self-government, and looked in her new dress like a child with his grandfather's coat on. She had an army, but it was useless for all purposes of defence; a representative assembly of which, there being no middle class, the only members belonged to the aristocracy; a complicated bureaucracy, with the most inextricable disorder in the affairs of the State; and a free press, nearly every organ of which was inspired by the Government that happened to be at the head of affairs. The Radical party, moreover, encouraged by the differences which existed among the guaranteeing Powers on the question of the union, were by no means disposed to accept the convention to the letter. When the two Turkish Kaimakams, or governors, of Moldavia and Wallachia gave up their appointments on the 1st of November, 1858, it was determined to evade the provision which stipulates that each principality should elect its own hospodar, by making the election in both fall on the same man. This highly characteristic stratagem succeeded perfectly, and what makes the whole affair still more characteristic is that the man who was elected was a colonel in the Moldavian militia, of considerably damaged reputation, who was scarcely known, even at Jassy, except in the billiard-room where he passed his days and the greater part of his nights. The "Rouman nation" soon found reason to repent its choice. Prince Couza plundered the State treasury as unscrupulously as any of his Fanariote predecessors, changed his ministry twenty-seven times in seven years, dissolved his chamber

(1) One of the conditions of the recognition of Prince Charles by the Porte is that this tribute should be doubled.

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three times in the same period, and finally established, by a *coup d'état*—which was an exact copy, *minus* the massacres, of the Napoleonic one—a new constitution abolishing ministerial responsibility, vesting in the sovereign alone the right of initiating new laws, extending the franchise to nearly the whole of the peasant class, and withdrawing it from four-fifths of the artisans, and stipulating, like the well-known article in the Prussian constitution, which has been so freely used by Count Bismarck, that if the budget is not voted by the chamber, it shall be calculated upon the same scale as that of the previous year, and applied irrespective of the vote. Thus was the Convention of 1858 violated in all its most important provisions; yet the political charlatan who took this bold step was not only not taken to task by the guaranteeing Powers, but was decorated for his achievement by the Sultan, whom he had probably persuaded that the great danger after all of the Principalities becoming independent would lie in their getting too much liberty. Such is the value of a European protectorate and a Turkish suzerainty to Roumania.

The incidents which followed Prince Couza's *coup d'état*—the Bucharest massacre, the Prince's expulsion from the Principalities, and his succession by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, are doubtless still fresh in the memory of the reader, and have been fully described in the articles entitled "Public Affairs" in this Review. It only remains to consider the present position of Roumania, and her probable prospects for the future. Few will now deny that the guaranteeing Powers, in framing the Convention of 1858, made a great mistake. That convention not only established a state of things which it was impossible to maintain, but imposed on the Powers obligations which they have not made the slightest attempt to fulfil. The whole of the system they bound themselves to keep up has broken down, and they have hardly even expressed regret at the result. Whatever may be the future fate of Roumania, it is scarcely possible to avoid anticipating that her connection with Turkey—which it was the chief object of the Powers to consolidate—must before long be dissolved. So long as a Couza sat on the throne of the Principalities, his subjection to the Porte was rather a convenience to him than otherwise, as it served to screen him from the consequences of his rapacity and tyranny; but the son of the wealthy prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and relative of the two most powerful monarchs on the Continent will naturally take the first opportunity of freeing himself from what he cannot but regard as a humiliating bondage. Nor, looking at the matter from a European point of view, does there seem to be any advantage in retaining the connection. Experience has proved that Turkey is powerless to stop the spread of Russian influence in Roumania, while no European Power would dream of preventing her resisting by force of arms an incursion of

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the Russians into the Principalities merely because she had lost her suzerain rights. It is true that the secession of Roumania would afford a dangerous precedent for that of Servia and Montenegro, which countries Turkey holds by a similar tenure; but her connection with them will in any case be broken as soon as they are strong enough to strike for their independence. Moreover, the "sick man" shows no sign of recovery, and his illness has lasted so long that his final dissolution cannot now be far off.[1]

The position that would in such an event be occupied by Roumania is a fascinating, though somewhat hazardous subject of speculation. That she does not at present possess the elements of a powerful State is but too certain; and the development of such elements will require a long period of wise government, and of peace at home and abroad, which the present state of Eastern Europe does not justify us in anticipating. Prince Charles has begun his rule sensibly and modestly; but he has already shown a tendency to lend himself to aggressive projects, and his political inexperience and total ignorance of the country will make it difficult for him to avoid becoming the tool of foreign intrigue.

The only way of regenerating the Principalities as an independent nation would be to place their affairs in the hands of a man who would be thoroughly acquainted with the people; who would have sufficient firmness to put down abuses, and at the same time sufficient moderation and wisdom to give the Roumans a fair share in the management of their own affairs; who would not only give them free institutions, but see that they are properly used, and inexorably punish any infringement of the law; and who would bring with him Ministers who, like himself, would be free from local prejudices and jealousies—a man who, in a word, would *make* the nation, as well as govern it. But where is such a man to be found? Possibly some of these qualities may be latent in Prince Charles, and he ought to be given a fair trial. Should he fail, however, like his predecessors, it will be difficult to avoid the conclusion that the establishment of Roumania as an independent nation is a hopeless task, and that her manifest destiny is to be annexed to a strong Power, which would enable her to share in its political and material prosperity. If—as every friend of European peace and security should hope—she escapes being united to Russia, it is probable that she will gravitate towards the Power that is in possession of Constantinople. This will not be, as some may suppose, practically the same thing. It has already been observed that since the Polish insurrection the feeling of the Slavonians in both Austria and Turkey has been as anti-Russian as it was pro-Russian before that period. The idea of panslavism still exists,

(1) This, of course, only refers to the existence of Turkey as a European Power. As an Asiatic Power she would be strengthened by such an event.

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but it has now taken the form of the establishment of a panslavonic state from which Russia shall be excluded. Even the Czechs, who before the insurrection were the strongest advocates of a Russian regeneration of the Slavonic races, have withdrawn their favour from Russia, so much so that MM. Palacki and Rieger, the apostles of the Russian theory of panslavism, who were once their most powerful political leaders, have now lost much of their influence among them. There is, therefore, little danger of a Slavonic insurrection against Turkey in the interest of Russia.

What form the new Slavonic State which would rise on the ashes of the empire of the Sultans would assume it is of course impossible to predict. The mission of Greece in the East is a dream which has long been given up by all practical politicians; and whether the intriguing and ambitious Prince of Servia, with his sham liberalism and half-civilised population, will be able to gather round him the Slavonian races in his neighbourhood, is very doubtful. What the disorganised provinces of European Turkey will want is a bond of cohesion, which can only be afforded by a civilised and beneficent government; and this want no Power could supply so well as Austria, if she would only reconcile herself to abandon that ambition for predominance in Germany which has been all but fatal to her, and accept the by no means contemptible *rôle* of the Slavonian Power of the future. The task will be a difficult one, for it will require much self-denial and political tact to recover the loss of prestige and the internal disorganisation which have been brought upon Austria by the war, and the discontent which her neglect of their just claims has produced among her Slavonian subjects; but such a policy is the only means of saving Austria from utter destruction, and it is one to which every Power that has an interest in effecting a permanent and peaceful settlement of the affairs of Eastern Europe must wish success, for the establishment of a strong and at the same time unaggressive State on the Bosphorus would put an end once for all to the dangerous and complicated Eastern question.

ADAM GIELGUD.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

HER Majesty's Speech on August 10th dismissed her faithful Lords and Commons, to the great relief of her Majesty's newly-appointed Ministers. Not having had time to acquaint themselves with the current business of their offices, they were assailed with questions which they constantly found it very difficult to answer, and feared being led into avowals of policy before they had had full time to consider their position. Their predecessors had formed all the Estimates, and were responsible for the measures which in various stages of completion were before the two Houses of Parliament; so that all they could do was to carry forward the work of other men, which they had not had the opportunity of preparing, but for which they became responsible if they pressed them upon the House. Their plan, therefore, of course has been to transact only the business which was absolutely necessary, and to get rid of Parliament as fast as they could.

A session has ended, eventful for nothing but a change of ministry. Social reforms have been postponed that a great question might receive its solution; but no settlement has been arrived at, and wearisome but not useless debates have only resulted in proving that on all sides there is an admission that some electoral reform is needed, but that the great majority of the nation do not wish it to be too extensive. With the exception of the unfortunate scenes at Hyde Park, all the reform demonstrations have been conducted in a peaceable and orderly manner, and although all persons of note, except Mr. Mill, seem studiously to have avoided them, there has been a good attendance of the working classes, and many who have not taken part have watched them with great sympathy and interest. It is highly desirable, as Mr. Mill said, that the inevitable changes which must accompany the progress of society, should take place without violence. Such has been our happy mode of advance in England, and we must be inferior to our fathers if such ceases to be the case. The peaceful development of the country has proceeded now for nearly two hundred years without any violent changes. The crown had to yield a portion of its power to the great families in the last century; the great families had to share their influence with the middle classes at the time of the great Reform Bill, and now the middle classes are called upon to grant to the working classes a greater share in legislation than they have hitherto possessed. But this change, the necessity for which will go on increasing every year as the working classes get richer and better educated, has nothing terrible about it, and with good management might have been effected this year. The country is evidently in favour of moderate reform, and as the late Ministry, from not being able to keep their party together, failed to carry out the wishes of the country, it is already whispered that the new Ministry intend to try their hand at a Reform Bill in the next session. The Conservative leaders who advised a similar course in 1859 are again in power, and if Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli then disdained merely the function of a drag-chain, they will probably now make a manly effort to meet the real wants of the country.

It is lamentable to see how many important measures have been postponed owing to the reform debates and the change of government. "The massacre of the innocents," as the abandonment of bills at the end of the session is called

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in Parliamentary phrase, has this year been unusually large. The commission "for inquiring into the employment of women and children" had revealed some frightful details of misery, and degradation, and stunted growth in large rich districts, especially where there are mining and iron works, which yield millions to rich proprietors. These abominations in the land have now been officially known and reported for two years, yet nothing has been done to remedy them. The Bill tardily proposed by Sir George Grey on the subject has been abandoned, and another year will now elapse without improvement. Again, the report on our public schools showed disgraceful deficiencies, with vested interests standing in the way of necessary reforms. This bill has been twice brought in and twice abandoned. Eton for another year will remain an aristocratic nursery of idleness—where the proper stimulus for honourable exertion seems wanting, and the boys can no more learn than they can play cricket; where the rich tradesman who sends his son to learn aristocratic habits has rather Lord Dundreary placed before him as a model than Sir Philip Sidney or Lord Falkland, or any other honourable exemplar. There is another subject forcing itself on public attention which has had to be postponed. The government of this vast city of London is in a most anomalous condition. The rich, who become so from the labour of the poor, live entirely separated from them, so that West London and East London are synonymous with boundless wealth and most abject poverty; but the poor are left to bear their own burdens in their own parishes, without assistance from those their whole lives are spent to enrich. The consequence is the frightful treatment of the poor which has been revealed in the last few months, and has made so deep an impression on the public mind. The poor are ill-treated in the workhouses, and they are forced into the workhouses by diseases and bad habits engendered by bad lodging, bad water, insufficient schooling and want of religious instruction. They are deficient in all these requisites for decent life because the well-to-do people have migrated to pleasanter parts of London, and left them all alone and uncared-for. The remedy is to improve the government of this huge city, to make each portion of it feel that it is a part of the great whole, and to allow none to escape their fair burdens. This great subject requires an able and persevering Minister to deal with it, for the present local administration of London is expensive and unsatisfactory, and in the hands of those who will pertinaciously resist change. Mr. Mill brought forward a Bill on the subject, which he abandoned, and Mr. Walpole and Mr. Hardy have a fine opportunity of proving their business capacity if they can organise a well-ordered and economical local government for this vast city, which is as populous as many a small State.

One of the Bills most to be regretted was the Tenure and Improvement of Land Bill (Ireland), which proposed to put the relations of landlord and tenant on a better footing in that unhappy country. The great difference in this matter between England and Ireland is that in England the landlord generally makes all improvements and charges the tenant for them, whereas in Ireland, where the landlords are poor, the tenants make the improvements with their own capital, and then sometimes, or often, get turned out without any compensation. This is one cause of the bitter feeling between landlord and tenant so often found prevailing in Ireland, and this Bill wisely proposed to give some kind of protection to the tenant, by providing that if a tenant made improvements to which the landlord did not at the time object, after due notice was given to him that they were about to be made, he could not then turn out his tenant without granting him compensation for them. This seems so fair a

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course, that it is difficult to understand how this Bill can have caused such an outcry among the landlords in Ireland. It is popular among the tenants, and the strong opposition to it in our opinion shows its necessity. It simply makes law in Ireland, what good feeling and a sense of justice make custom in England, and if the Conservatives oppose the measure next year, when it will assuredly be brought in—if they refuse to adopt it, they will be leaving one of the worst evils in Ireland unremedied, and perpetuating discontent. Ireland continues, as it has been, the great difficulty to every ministry, and one of the last acts of the Session, agreed to almost with mournful unanimity, has been to suspend there again the Habeas Corpus Act. There is a seething discontent, not only among the lowest, but the middle classes, which may any day break out into acts of violence, and which will continue till the land, church, education, and other questions have been settled on a just and impartial basis. A wise Conservative Government could more easily deal with these questions than a Liberal one, because they have more influence with the Protestants, from whom the chief opposition arises. Until in some way or other we become reconciled with the Irish people, Ireland will be a just reproach to us in the mouths of foreign nations; our free institutions must be in continual danger of suspension, and we must remain at the mercy of a foreign government, when our own discontented subjects threaten our own distant possessions.

The lamentable outbreak in Jamaica has likewise been the subject of discussion during the last days of the session. It was very proper that the report of the special commission sent out to inquire into the whole subject, and so ably presided over by Sir Henry Storks, should be brought to the notice of the House, although the question is so complicated that it is difficult to see what action can be taken upon it. All agree in commending Governor Eyre for his conduct during the first days of the outbreak, all agree in condemning the cruelty of himself and his subordinates after the outbreak had been suppressed. There can also be no doubt of the illegality of his proceeding in forcibly taking Gordon from a place where martial law had not been proclaimed, to a spot where he became amenable to it, and then taking advantage of this forcible abduction to try him by court martial and hang him. The report of the commission also says "that the punishments inflicted were excessive; that the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent; that the floggings were reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous; that the burning of a thousand houses was wanton and cruel, and that among the sufferers were many who were neither directly nor indirectly parties to the disturbances."

All these occurrences are deeply to be regretted, but when it comes to the question as to punishing our authorities in the colony for an excess of severity in most trying circumstances, very great deliberation is required. No doubt they would have been most deeply blamed in England had they not taken very energetic measures to put down the disturbances; the life of every white in the island would have been sacrificed, and probably it would have been much worse in the end for the blacks themselves. But it is not so easy in an emergency to act with just the proper amount of energy. The boundary where necessary severity ends and cruelty begins is difficult to trace. After all, the proper thing was done, and the revolt suppressed, and if there was error it was on the right side. If we are to remain the possessors of a great empire, and hold peoples in subjection, we must make ourselves feared; and we have had an example in Hayti that a very little laxity may lead to frightful results. If we yield too

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much to Quakerism and philanthropy, we shall cease to be Englishmen of the old imperial stamp. Governor Eyre is a man who bears the highest character, and doubtless he now regrets much which took place in Jamaica. He has been, however, most severely tried and punished already; and we doubt the expediency, at any rate, of the Government bringing him to trial for the murder of Mr. Gordon. Mrs. Gordon, we know, in the most Christian spirit, renounces all intention to do so; and it only remains for Mr. Mill and the Jamaica Committee to vindicate, if they like, offended justice. Meanwhile the effect of the discussion of the subject, and the condemnation of the cruelty of the officials by public opinion in England, will have a great effect, and make our authorities abroad justly careful in the exercise of power placed in their hands.

At last the Atlantic cable has been successfully laid, and the Old World and the New are placed in instantaneous communication. Great as are the advantages to us on this side of the water, they are still greater to the inhabitants of the new hemisphere. The Old World has still a vast influence on the New; and for science, literature, the arts, as well as trade and commerce, they are more dependent upon us than we upon them. The writer was pr sent at New York in 1858, when for a moment it was thought that telegraphic communication across the water was permanently established. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm and delight of the American population at that event—the processions, the banquets, and the joyous ovation to which Cyrus Field was treated. The pleasing sentiment was in everybody's lips that henceforth misunderstandings between England and America would be impossible, on the principle, we suppose, that more knowledge would bring more liking, that quarrels originate from a false impression of what are the true sentiments of those we consider our adversaries.

The laying of the cable is a triumph of perseverance and energy, of the highest practical skill and science devoted to a noble end, and w emay hope that those who now for the third time have sunk such vast sums at the bottom of the Atlantic will reap the reward of patient trust.

A second cable will shortly be laid to render communication secure, and the time is rapidly approaching when the electric wire will encircle the earth. The Russians have long ago carried it from St. Petersburg to China, across the wilds of Siberia, and are now continuing it across Behring's Straits, and down the coast of Russian America, we believe, to Vancouver's Island. On the other side, emigration has pushed up from the States as far as the Red River settlement, and even beyond it, so that there will shortly only remain the space from Fort Garry to British Columbia, across which the British Government might be asked to lay and maintain the wires in order to complete the circle of the globe. The other, and possibly the more easy, completion of the system may be to lay the wire from Vancouver's Island down to San Francisco instead of to Fort Garry.

THE reports from AUSTRIA represent the state of that country in a very melancholy light, and confirm the views we expressed in our last number on the future of the empire, which might, perhaps, have appeared to some too despairing. Since then, the state of siege has been extended over Vienna and the whole of lower Austria; the most loyal journals are no longer able openly to express their opinions, and the most respectable of them all, the *Ost Deutsche Post*, has announced that it would cease to appear until "more liberal times;"

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the Emperor can no longer show himself in the suburbs without hearing the ugly word "abdicate" constantly thrown in his teeth by the public; the Austrian Germans await, with ill-suppressed indignation, the time when the less civilised elements of the monarchy will dictate laws to them; the Slavonian rejoices that the German *régime* has brought matters to so lamentable a conclusion, and the Magyar hopes, more than ever, that the centre of gravity of the State will fall in the direction of Pesth, as Bismarck had warned Count Karolyi that it would a year ago. How a happy future can emerge from this sea of contradictions and hatreds it is difficult to say.

The only event, besides their two victories by sea and land over the Italians, on which the Austrians have of late been able to congratulate themselves, was the fact that Kossuth's appeal to his countrymen found no echo in their breasts. We can now point with satisfaction to what we said on this subject a month ago. When, at that time, the Prussian and Italian papers already talked of a Hungarian insurrection as imminent, we declared that such an insurrection would only be possible if the war was prolonged, and even then only if the generals of the Hungarian emigration could break into their country by the side of a strong body of either Prussian or Italian regular troops. With the Hungarian legion alone nothing was to be accomplished, as it would have been speedily dispersed by the Austrian garrisons; and as regards the Garibaldians, who it was said were to march from Fiume, or some other point on the coast, through Croatia and Slavonia in order to assist the revolutionary party in Hungary, they ought heartily to congratulate themselves that they have been spared an expedition which could only have been fatal to them. The moderate-liberal party of Hungary, which is now, under the leadership of Déak, predominant in the Diet and the country, did very wisely in maintaining a passive attitude with regard to the appeal of the emigration; nay more—in bringing all its influence to bear in opposition to their efforts. This, too, we predicted would be the case, for what object would the Hungarians have in making a bloody revolution just at the moment when they have arrived so much nearer to the fulfilment of their wishes without any bloodshed at all? Why should they risk a war to force the government at Vienna to comply with their demands when the Prussians have already done their work for them? Why should they endanger their lives and properties in attacking the Austrian regiments on the Waag, when the latter have laid down their arms on the Danube before the Prussian conditions of peace? The party in Hungary which still dreams of separation from Austria is small, without any distinguished talent, and is chiefly composed of young men, for whom no plan can be too rash or adventurous. On the other hand, men of more advanced age, in whose memories the sorrows of the revolutionary war of 1848 are still fresh, do not wish them to fall upon their country a second time, and, far from believing in the practical possibility of establishing an independent Magyar State, as they did after their brilliant victories over the imperial armies in 1849, they now only think of wresting out of the hands of the humiliated House of Hapsburg their old constitutional liberties, and of meeting the hitherto preponderant German element, if not on a superior, at least on an equal footing. As for the establishment of a Magyar kingdom, which, even if it comprised Croatia, Slavonia, Transylvania, and the Militärgrenze, would still, being surrounded by strong States, always remain a third-rate Power whose existence would be in constant danger, neither Déak, nor Andrassy, nor any of the other well-known leaders dream of such a thing. And they are right, for the days of the small States of Europe are numbered. In an age

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whose mission it seems to be to put an end to the numerous German principalities, even though their existence is guaranteed by treaties and their sovereigns are related to the ruling families of all the great European States, it would be an inconsistency to found another small State which would contain from its birth the seeds of dissolution in the diversity and hostility of the races comprising it. This would be an anachronism, of which the sensible statesmen of Hungary will not be guilty so long as the obstinacy of the government of Vienna does not drive them to despair. Such a feeling would, no doubt, make them blind, but despair is an element which cannot be admitted into any political calculation. We must be satisfied with recognising the fact that Hungary will first endeavour to obtain its demands in a peaceful way; that the Cabinet of Vienna has, under the pressure of a bitter necessity, made proposals for a compromise; and that these proposals have been again rejected by the Hungarian leaders as insufficient. As regards Klapka and his volunteers, who have been armed by Prussia with the cannon and muskets she has won from the Austrians, it will be sufficient to mention that the rumour spread by the Vienna papers that both he and Kossuth had made an unsuccessful attempt to enter Hungarian territory has no foundation. When Prussia is again at peace with Austria, Klapka will do wisely to bid Germany a hasty farewell, for he will soon find himself under a single powerful master, not only from a military and diplomatic, but also from a police point of view. Formerly when any one was so unfavourably regarded by the Prussian police that he had good reason to fear making its nearer acquaintance, he used to escape to Saxony or Bavaria. Liberals from Würtemberg and Hanover have often fled to Baden or Coburg, and *vice versâ*, so as at least to remain on German ground, if the police forbade them with its flaming sword from treading the paradise of their more restricted German fatherland. The best men of Germany have often been driven in this way by the police from one small State to another; and it was only when they were considered so dangerous that none of these States would give them shelter that they fled either to the Swiss mountains, the Boulevards des Italiens, the purlieus of Leicester Square, or the virgin forests of America. This advantage—to be expelled by the police of one's own small fatherland, Nassau or Darmstadt, for instance, without necessarily being obliged to turn one's back on the universal German fatherland, must come to an end, unfortunately perhaps for some very worthy and liberal-minded men, as soon as the smaller States are absorbed by Prussia. In this point at least the system of small States in Germany was beneficial to the liberal cause. But on the other hand it can never be seriously believed that the German people will fall into a state of political apathy only because they have been deprived of the advantage of having thirty-six different police establishments and as many court theatres. All smaller considerations must necessarily yield in the end to the greater one.

To return to Austria, it is to be remarked that hitherto all the reports that have been in circulation of an approaching ministerial crisis have rather been based on the wishes of the population than on any settled facts. There can, indeed, be no doubt that the Emperor will be obliged to obtain either a new or a considerably modified cabinet, and we think it probable that if it become necessary to give the Hungarians a ministry of their own, the Emperor, in order to appease the other principal non-German nationalities of the State, will give a place in his councils to a Polish and a Czech statesman. Already are MM. Rieger, Palatzky, and Goluchowski named as candidates for the future portfolios; but the negotiations have not yet come to a conclusion, which indeed

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it is hardly possible they should do so long as the relations of Hungary with the rest of the Empire are not regulated. For the present it is the most pressing care of the Government to get rid of its unwelcome Prussian guests as speedily as possible, as Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia are being eaten up by them, to say nothing of the fact that it is by no means pleasant to know that the enemy is so near to one's gates that he may be clearly seen from the highest points of the capital. The money with which the Emperor will pay for the departure of the Prussians has already been provided in bankers' bills: the National Bank will issue on these bills the stipulated sum of £2,000,000 in silver, and when the treaty of peace is signed, which will probably be done at Carlsbad, to which place the King of Prussia is about to go for three weeks, the money will at once be paid, and the Prussian army will return to its country which it has in a few weeks so marvellously enlarged.

How far this enlargement will extend no one can, as yet, say for certain, except perhaps Count Bismarck, who is to obtain the title of prince or duke as soon as the treaty of peace is signed. Not only to the Italians, but to the Prussians, too, does "l'appétit vient en mangeant;" and it comes the more strongly to the latter, and, be it added, with the more right, that they have honourably deserved it by their brilliant victories. From each of the smaller German States, where there is a Prussian party—and such a party, whether great or small, exists in each of them—comes the appeal to the Prussian Government not to stop half-way, and to annex as much as possible. King William is urged not to allow the Elector of Hesse-Cassel and the King of Hanover to cross the thresholds of their respective states, and Count Bismarck's organs in the Berlin and provincial papers are not wanting in exhortations to a radical policy of annexation. After the way in which Prussia has recklessly begun and conducted the war, it seems to us that a thorough policy of annexation is really the only sensible one she could adopt. A fortnight ago we wrote as follows on this subject:—"King William's conscientious scruples may be deserving of respect, and his pride in having royal vassals who are entirely dependent on his will at Hanover and Dresden, is intelligible; but looking at the matter from an exclusively political point of view, it must be confessed that Bismarck's programme was the wiser one. When one has gone so far, it is a mistake to stop half-way. If Prussia is to be mistress of Germany, it is as well she should be so in name as well as in reality. Why replace old fictions with new? Although the diplomatic representation of the whole of Northern Germany, as well as its army, is in future to be placed in the hands of Prussia, she will yet have to struggle against much active and passive opposition from the reluctantly obedient courts of the countries under her supremacy, which will be unpleasant, and in the end intolerable. It would therefore have been wiser to do now what must be done in any case before long." What we said then we adhere to still, and the more so because many German and English papers have since adopted the same view. The organs of the Prussian Government, for the present, only speak of incorporations in the north of Germany, which are to extend in the south down to Frankfort and Mayence at the farthest; but this so-called moderation should not deceive any one.

In due course of time Prussia will exert such pressure on the States of the South (Baden especially) that they will find it necessary to conclude conventions with her which will make their independence a mere fiction, like that of Saxony, whose king is only enabled to retain his throne in consequence of the urgent representations of Austria and France. The action of the Zollverein

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alone would be sufficient to drive the whole of the industrial population of Southern Germany into the Prussian camp, to say nothing of the circumstance that Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, even together with the German provinces of Austria, would constitute but a very weak political and military confederation of States, in presence of a North Germany under the supremacy of Prussia. There would be but one means of avoiding the predominance or absorption of Prussia, and that is, to lean on France, and to a certain extent accept a French protectorate. How dangerous such a step, which would touch the national feeling of Germany in its tenderest point, would be, has only lately appeared from the fact that the appeal of Austria to the intervention of France instantly deprived the former power of all the sympathy of the German people. If the kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg now comfort themselves with the thought that they may ensure the preservation of their crowns by leaning on France, they would do much better to sell them for cash or throw them into the sea. We are convinced that there will be no permanent peace in central Europe so long as the north and south of Germany stand in opposition to each other, and we do not share in the general belief that Europe will obtain guarantees, at the conclusion of the peace negociations which will soon begin at Carlsbad, for a solid peace which will last to the end of the present century. It seems to us that within the next few years there will be at least either a great war, in which France will no longer be a spectator, but the principal agent, or a chronic state of tension which will be no less oppressive than a real war.

The Prussian people do not in any way deceive themselves as to the future. Great storms are felt to be impending, but they are anticipated with calmness and confidence in the victories which have just been won, and the additional strength which will be given to the army by the annexations in Northern Germany. There may be a little national conceit in this, but who would at this moment find fault with the Prussians for such a feeling? They are just now puffed up with the belief that they can do everything, and that the Government would support them in every rash enterprise. The latter, on its side, has considered the moment favourable to address the representatives of the people for the first time for many years in words of conciliation. In his speech from the throne, the King has at length admitted that the *régime* without a budget, which the Premier has hitherto refused to regard as unconstitutional, was not in accordance with the law, and has declared that the Government would therefore ask the Chamber for a bill of indemnity. The bridge of reconciliation has thus been constructed, and the means of an understanding provided. As, moreover, the Chamber will to all appearance represent by its majority the principle of the Liberal-Conservative party, the constitutional machine ought for some time to do its work regularly. How long this will go on, is quite another question. A victorious general of the character of the present Prussian King, and a Premier who, thanks to the orderly state of the finances, has found it possible to rule without a budget, and make war without increasing the taxes or contracting loans, are the last persons to yield before the opposition of the Chamber. The latter will have to behave with great moderation and tact if it wishes to avoid the treatment which has hitherto been the fate of all the Parliaments that have assembled under the Bismarck Ministry. The same may be said of the universal German Parliament whose meeting seems to have been again postponed. As matters now stand, a universal parliament of this kind would be an anachronism; for those who are to be

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summoned to it are still under the power of the invading Prussian army. Such a parliament, therefore, if now convoked, could have no practical influence on the Prussian Government. And in what town ought it properly to assemble? Surely not in Frankfort, where they have only just buried the chief magistrate who hanged himself; nor in Dresden, or Hanover, which are still sighing under military contributions. It is as yet too early to send the German Deputies to Berlin, which after all would unquestionably be the town best fitted for such a purpose.

THE fighting in ITALY being now over, for the present at least, it will be useful to cast a glance at the results which it has achieved. That the battle of Custozza, great as was the loss on both sides, was not, in a military sense, a decisive one, is now admitted on all hands. It neither enabled the Austrians to crush their enemy before he could recross the Po, nor did it inflict on the Italians anything like the disorganisation which prevailed in the Austrian army after the battle of Königgrätz. But it had this great advantage for both parties, that it gave Austria a pretext for withdrawing honourably from the possession of Venetia, and at the same time saved the Italians from a defeat to which it is only too probable that their headlong rashness would have exposed them. An Italian victory at Custozza would very likely have been one of the greatest disasters that could have befallen the Italian arms, for it would inevitably have resulted in a reckless attack on the Quadrilateral—a step which, in the opinion of the most experienced military men of Europe, would have been fatal to the army that attempted it, and from which the brave and experienced General Fanti did his utmost on his death-bed to dissuade his colleagues. It should be remembered, too, that although the Italian army behaved with great courage and firmness, these qualities were in a great degree neutralised by the incapacity of their leaders. The strategical combinations of General La Marmora in Italy were almost ludicrously inefficient compared with those of General Moltke at Berlin, and the marvellous accuracy with which the movements of the Prussian divisions were calculated, and their concentration effected just at the right time, was in strong contrast to the loose and irregular way in which Victor Emmanuel and Cialdini crossed the Po, and their utter ignorance of each other's movements, which exposed them to be beaten in detail by their enemy. This was, no doubt, attributable in part to the far superior military organisation of the Prussians; but the mistakes of La Marmora were so obvious that many have since accused him of treason in so arranging matters as to make the Italian army fall an easy prey to the enemy, and thereby place Italy at the mercy of France. As for the subsequent march of Cialdini through the eastern part of Venetia, it has done nothing to retrieve the reputation of the Italian strategists, for, considering that it was a mere *promenade militaire*, it should have been completed in one-third of the time. The military qualities of Cialdini, which since La Marmora's failure have been placed by the Italians on a par with those of the most famous generals of Europe, seem to have been very much over-estimated. We have heard a very competent authority say of him that "he is the only man that can ruin the Italian cause, for unfortunately he always promises a great deal more than he can perform." On the whole, it cannot be said that the Italian regular army has established a reputation in the last campaign that will entitle it to be ranked among the most efficient armies of Europe. With the single exception of the small but brilliant and well-sustained battles fought by General Medici in the

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Italian Tyrol, its conduct during the campaign has been marked either by foolish rashness, or culpable inaction.

The campaign of the Garibaldians in the mountain passes north of the Lake of Garda has been equally brief and inglorious. It has now been proved beyond a doubt that raw volunteers are worse than useless in a campaign against regular troops, even when the operations are not conducted in the open field. The vast and undisciplined crowd of officials, shopkeepers, and boys fresh from school, whom the patriotic enthusiasm of the country had collected round Garibaldi, only acted as a clog on his movements without in any way adding to the strength of his army. Probably, if he had been spared the co-operation of these well-meaning, but useless patriots, and had only had under his orders, together with a few Bersaglieri regiments—the hardy and thoroughly-disciplined warriors with whom he fought in 1859, he would have been in Trent long before the armistice was signed. As it was, much time was wasted, and many valuable lives sacrificed, in overcoming the reluctance of the great majority of the troops, most of whom had never before been in action, to advance against the enemy.

The most disastrous event, however, for the reputation of the Italian arms was the sea-fight at Lissa. Admiral Persano has very naturally and deservedly been called to a severe account of his conduct; but, as generally happens in such cases, people seem inclined to make him a scapegoat for the sins of others, and to attribute the defeat entirely to his mismanagement. At the beginning of the war the administration of the Italian navy, which had for some time been conducted by a dashing cavalry officer, General Angioletti, and then came into the hands of M. Depretis, an energetic and painstaking lawyer, who did not, however, add a knowledge of naval affairs to his legal acquirements, was in a very disorganised and inefficient state. Italy possessed a fine and numerous fleet; but it was wretchedly equipped and insufficiently manned. It was for this, and no other reason that Admiral Persano did not attempt to support the operations of the army by an attack on Venice or Trieste, and thereby afforded a fruitful subject of ridicule to the comic papers of Naples and Florence. Every effort was made both by the Admiral and the Minister to make the fleet efficient; but it was too late. One of the greatest deficiencies of the Italian navy was the want of engineers; and engineers were not to be had, for the foreigners, who usually perform this duty on Italian ships, declined to serve in the navy in time of war. The equipments of every kind, that were also wanting, were more readily obtained; but it was found to be impossible to fit up the fleet with them in less than several weeks. Meanwhile the popular indignation at the inaction of the fleet daily increased; and when Persano, after the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff had twice defied him to come out and fight before Ancona, sailed on the 12th of July, only to return on the 16th without having come into collision with the enemy, the outcry against him was so loud and general that the Minister himself went to Ancona to push on the operations. At the same time Ricasoli, seeing that the conclusion of an armistice was imminent, telegraphed to the Admiral that he must effect a landing, cost what it may, on the Dalmatian coast, so as to place the Italians in an advantageous position in the forthcoming negotiations. It is very characteristic of the two Governments, that while the Italian Ministry urged its Admiral to this, as it turned out, exceedingly unfortunate expedition with the greatest possible eagerness, the Cabinet of Vienna did its best to dissuade Admiral Tegethoff from doing what has for the present virtually assured to Austria the command of the Adriatic.

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It is known that when the Italian fleet began the attack on the fortifications of Lissa, Admiral Tegethoff was still with part of his fleet at Pola. On learning that Persano had left Ancona, he telegraphed to Vienna, to ask whether he might attack the Italian fleet; but the only reply he received was a laconic "No." When, however, the intelligence reached him that the Italian fleet was bombarding Lissa, he determined to risk an action on his own responsibility, and Austria has to thank him for an act of disobedience which has procured her the only solid victory she has gained in the course of the war.

The political advantages which Italy has gained by the campaign have, it must be confessed, been but small, considering the heavy sacrifices she has made. It was not Italy, but Prussia, that made Austria give up Venetia; and it is very doubtful whether the small conquests of Garibaldi and Medici in the Italian Tyrol will be held as sufficient to establish her right to that district. That its possession is necessary to Italy as a strategic frontier is undoubted, and it seems to us that this alone is a sufficient justification of her claim to it. The population, however, has shown some hostility to the Italian Government, and Austria might plausibly argue that a Power which professes to be based on the Napoleonic principle of nationalities cannot claim to annex, for strategic reasons, some hundreds of thousands of people who are opposed to its rule. Indeed, she seems disposed to back her view of the subject by arguments of another and far more forcible kind, if we may judge by the large bodies of troops which she is despatching to her southern frontier. Italy, on the other hand, has at present no alternative but either to support her claims by a war in which she would certainly be defeated, or entirely to abandon them by making a peace with Austria the terms of which will probably overthrow the government that concludes it, if it does not lead to revolutionary manifestations.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT continues to watch attentively the course of events in central Europe, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that it has entirely withdrawn from all participation in the arrangement which is being arrived at between the late belligerents. The negotiations between Prussia and Austria are, it is true, now going on without its intervention; but this is simply because MM. Benedetti and Grammont have been excluded from them, and is by no means attributable to a desire on the part of France to let the two Powers adjust their quarrels by themselves. As for Italy, she is still represented by France in the negotiations with Austria, and no official communications have yet passed between the Cabinets of Vienna and Florence.

The eagerness of France to have a hand in the settlement of affairs in Central Europe is curiously illustrated by the fact that within the last few days she has again changed her policy, which, as is known, was at first strongly in favour of Austria, and then gradually became only pacific, without any leaning to either side. Having decided not to intervene by force of arms in favour of Austria, the Emperor Napoleon could not, consistently with his dignity, take any prominent part in the negotiations so long as he sided with that Power; he therefore abandoned Austria altogether, and is now gradually leaning towards Prussia. Several reasons appear to have induced him to take this step. In the first place was that above mentioned—the desire to be admitted to the negotiations, which was only to be fulfilled by his taking the winning side. Another strong inducement was the fact that the most eager adversaries of Prussia in France are the Legitimists and Catholics, whose views, they being his natural

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opponents, he was of course strongly inclined to regard with suspicion. Finally, the attitude of Russia in favour of the small German States, and her hints that the moment would be an opportune one for a Congress, still further confirmed the view that the adversaries of Prussia were the representatives of those principles of Conservatism and Legitimacy which are abhorrent to the Napoleonic mind. While thus showing a decided leaning for Prussia, France remains on good terms with Austria, who indeed has now become quite reconciled to her old adversary. It is also worthy of remark that in the preliminaries of peace which have been signed at Nikolsburg it is for the first time officially stated that the Emperor Napoleon has accepted Venetia from the Emperor of Austria, and that he will not give it up to the Italians until he thinks proper. As for the idea of a Congress, which has been broached by Russia in the interest of the small German princes, there is at present no prospect of its being realised, both France and Prussia having shown themselves averse to it, the first because her influence in a Congress would necessarily be subsidiary to that of Count Bismarck, and the second because she is not disposed to admit the interference of the other powers in her designs.

The result of the foregoing statements and observations appears to be that notwithstanding the threefold armistice between the belligerent powers, and though, after the preliminaries had been signed, peaceful negotiations have been carried on uninterruptedly between the respective parties, the state of things is yet very complicated and anything but free from danger. We have already pointed out the difficulties by which the Italian Government are beset with respect to the tenacity of Austria, the clamours of their own people for the possession of South Tyrol, and the rather mysterious policy of the Emperor of the French, who at this moment is still the rightful possessor of Venetia. But there are other, and even more serious, difficulties to contend with. There is, for instance, the Grand Duchy of Baden, which demands to become a member of the North German Confederation, while, according to the Nikolsburg Convention, all German territories south of the Maine, Baden included, should form a separate confederation. There is, again, Saxony with her guaranteed sovereignty, but who might be pressed so hard by Prussian contributions that she would perhaps prefer being incorporated into Prussia at once. And, finally, there are, if reports speak true, the demands of France for the restoration of her frontier as it existed in 1814, viz., the frontier which was granted to her by the Paris Convention, on the 23rd of April, 1814. If it be true that the Emperor now demands the restoration of the French frontier of 1814, on the part of Prussia, he evidently asks for a "rectification" which is beyond the power of Prussia to grant, Saarlouis alone belonging to her, while Landau is the property of Bavaria, and the two other named places are Belgian property. Whether the Emperor really thinks the present moment favourable for robbing Belgium of two important fortresses, whether he really asked of Prussia what Prussia has no right to concede, whether in the end he would be satisfied with Saarlouis, and whether there really exists a secret arrangement between him and the Prussian Premier bearing upon the "rectification" of the French frontier, it is impossible seriously to discuss so long as we have no better facts to guide us than a meagre and ill-worded telegram from Paris.

***August* 11*th*.**

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA; THE PAGAN CHRIST OF THE THIRD CENTURY. An Essay by ALBERT REVILLE, Doctor in Theology, and Pastor of the Walloon Church in Rotterdam. Authorised translation. J. C. Hotten. 1866.

IN these days of hurry and hard work, a thoroughly good monograph, intelligent, interesting, reliable, brief, is a boon to the general reader; but a thoroughly good monograph requires very superior workmanship. To discriminate between the essential and the non-essential, bringing the former into full light and casting the latter away; to give perfect truth of perspective when the scale on which figure and incident are delineated is necessarily minute; to convey in the firm, free, decisive touches of a sketch, the soul and substance of all that a picture could reveal; this requires the "mallet hand." In Carlyle's Diamond Necklace, Count Caliostro, Mirabeau, and in Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings, we have samples of this species of composition so excellent that the English critic is severe in his demands. Dr. Reville's Essay on Apollonius of Tyana is sensible, useful, and short; but it has neither the brilliancy, the raciness, nor the compact and trenchant vigour of our best modern work in this kind. More might have been made of the admirable materials available in this instance for the purposes of the biographic sketcher, and there is hardly enough of originality in the theory maintained respecting the character of Apollonius, and the book in which Philostratus portrays him, to have made it imperative to translate the piece into English. No harm is done, however; for the essay is pleasant and instructive so far as it goes, and any one who, knowing nothing of Apollonius, has but a couple of hours to devote to the subject, may be safely referred to Dr. Reville's performance.

"The acknowledged triumph of Christianity"—thus commences Dr. Reville—"during the reign of Constantine, has always been considered one of those unaccountable revolutions and one of those historical surprises which, unconnected as they seem to be with any phenomena of the past, might almost be deemed miraculous." This is much too strongly put. It is recognised by all who are informed upon the subject, that the period during which Christianity supplanted Paganism—a period embracing at least four centuries—was one of general intellectual and spiritual transition. A process of disintegration and dissolution was going on in the Pagan system. The heart of mankind was filled with an inarticulate but mighty yearning for the new, though the sympathies and associations of the past were still powerful, and the eye of the race was beginning to look with strange irresistible fascination towards the spiritual dawn, so beautiful in its golden and roseate gleaming on the azure of heaven, so tender in its radiance on the dewdrops of earth, though tears would still rise at the thought that the ancient lights, "so loved, so honoured once," must be extinguished. It was a time when profound modification was taking place in the ideas and feelings which had reigned supreme in the classic civilisation; when polytheism, in the gross anthropomorphism of its conceptions of deity, and the rude sensuality of its views of pleasure, was being rejected by intelligent minds; but when attempts

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were still made to retain an aftershine of that splendour of polytheistic fable and mythology which had so long charmed the world. Ghosts of dead philosophies were called up to inhabit the empty, swept and garnished mansions of Olympus. The old, it was fondly hoped, would not be thrown off, as the husk from the expanding leaf, as the blossom from the growing fruit, to be blown away by the wind or trodden under foot (which appears to be nature's inexorable method); but would be transfigured by the new light, animated by the new spirit, and thus dowered with immortality. To moralise and spiritualise Paganism was the grand intellectual effort of the time; an effort not confined to philosophical schools, but participated in by all cultivated circles; an effort partly religious, partly mystical, partly philosophical, and not unconnected with impulses of national and patriotic feeling; an effort, therefore, which had peculiar interest for the female mind, and showed itself as well in the evening parties of blue-stocking empresses as in the lecture-hall of Hypatia. Dr. Reville errs in supposing that, in the cessation (which was gradual) and the failure (which it took several centuries to make plain) of this effort of the human mind, there was anything sudden, surprising, or miraculous. Three or four centuries constituted neither an unnaturally long nor a surprisingly short period in which to effect the change from Paganism to Christianity and enable man to recognise, to enter, to habituate himself to, his new spiritual domicile.

Dr. Reville believes that the Apollonius of Philostratus originated in a desire to eclipse the Jesus of the Christians by a Pagan Christ. The biography of the rhetorician of Lemnos had, he conceives, an express controversial aim. This is doubtful. The age, except in so far as it was already Christian, was eclectic, not polemical. Had Philostratus wished to disparage the Christian Messiah, it is scarcely credible that he would have omitted to mention the name of Jesus. It was as another, not a rival Christ, that Apollonius was set up; and one of the organic ideas of the work of Philostratus, that virtue is of the essence of deity, and that therefore all good men are gods, would consist far more nobly with a recognition of the Divine excellence of the character of Christ than with its disparagement in favour of Apollonius. The peculiarity of the religious and philosophical position of the Empress by whose command Philostratus wrote, and of the society by which she surrounded herself, was ambiguity or universalism of religious opinion. That use was made of the evangelical memoirs in filling in the details of the history of Apollonius, I have no doubt; that the outline of the narrative was to some extent modelled upon that of the history of Jesus, I admit. Apollonius was mysteriously born, after annunciation by Proteus. A chorus of swans, sent by Apollo, celebrated his birth. He displayed in youth a miraculous precocity of religious development. He engaged for a time in enterprises of a public and beneficent character. He worked miracles. He delivered discourses. Dr. Reville thinks that there followed "a passion, a kind of resurrection, and an ascension." These are more shadowy, and less recognisable. On the whole, however, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the apostolic accounts of Christ were deliberately imitated by Philostratus. But they were imitated with the purpose and in the spirit rather of a rhetorical artist than of a controversialist.

More credit, perhaps, is due to Dr. Reville for signalising, as one of the important agencies in this time of transition, the influence of "a priestly family composed entirely of women," which predominated in the imperial palace under the dynasty of Septimius Severus. In the year of our era 193, Septimius Severus,

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grasping the sceptre which had fallen from the nerveless hands of Didius Julianus, Pescennius Niger, and Albinus, commenced a vigorous reign of eighteen years. He had married Julia Domna, the daughter of a priest who ministered in the temple of the Sun, at Emesa, in Cœlesyria. By her beauty and talent she gained a strong influence over her husband, and her literary, philosophical, and religious enthusiasm, attracting as it did to the court a number of men eminent in intellectual pursuits, threw a mild lustre over the society of the military emperor not unlike that which Queen Sophie Charlotte threw over the Court of the Hohenzollerns in Brandenburg. Dion Cassius, the historian, Paulus, Papinian, and Ulpian, lawyers, and Philostratus, the fanciful sophist and rhetorician, were among the celebrities patronised by Julia Domna, and to the request or suggestion of the imperial lady the world is indebted for the remarkable biography on which rests the claim of Apollonius to our veneration. Julia Domna continued, after the death of Septimius Severus, to influence Caracalla, his son and successor, who reared a temple to Apollonius. She died a few days after Caracalla. Julia Maesa, her sister, whose character resembled her own, perpetuated the influence of the family. Bringing Elagabalus from the temple of the Sun in Syria, she declared him the son of Caracalla by her daughter Soemis, and presented him to the troops as their emperor. The soldiers, devoted to the house of Septimius Severus, proclaimed him, and, as he proved a foolish, sensual boy, Julia Maesa and Soemis reigned for him. Elagabalus and Soemis were soon assassinated by the troops, but Julia Maesa had induced the emperor to adopt Alexander Severus, son of her daughter Julia Mamœa, and he was proclaimed emperor. His mother held him in absolute control, and the influence of the eastern priestesses was thus perpetuated until A.D. 235. For nearly forty years the imperial court had been what it was made by these women. They seem to have been of speculative, theosophistic turn, with an hereditary fondness for sun-worship, a desire to elevate and refine the old Paganism, and a leaning towards Christianity. Alexander Severus had the statue of Christ, along with those of Abraham, Orpheus, and Apollonius, among his household gods. The imperial court, however, while acting upon its age, was itself the creation of the time, affording but one illustration of that vast, all-embracing tendency which sought to inaugurate a deeper and more spiritual civilisation upon the cherished ruins of a civilisation which was felt to be passing irrevocably away.

It is now agreed on all hands that the work of Philostratus is a philosophico-religious romance, and the difficulty is to separate the small modicum of historical truth which the book contains from the huge pile of embellishment under which it lies buried. Apollonius, it is probable, was born at Tyana, a city of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, about the time when Jesus was born in Palestine. He was a philosophical enthusiast, a practiser of the discipline of Pythagoras, a peripatetic teacher and lecturer. His sanctity, or his skill in art-magic, impressed his contemporaries, and his name was sufficiently known in the time of Philostratus to make it possible for the latter to weave round it the romance of hero-worship which he gave to the world as the story of his life. Philostratus is at no pains to impart historical verisimilitude to his narrative. He writes in a genial, flowing, free-and-easy style, with none of the gravity of the theologian, none of the fierceness of the polemic, none of the earnestness of the prophet. Large sections of the book are connected inseparably with a scheme of geography as imaginary as that of Jean Paul's novels, and we have

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minute details of conversations which purport to have taken place on the ridges of an impossible Caucasus, or in the palaces of a Babylon of the brain. There are traces, I think, in Philostratus, of a high-stalking, pedantic, but not unenjoyable humour, and one can sometimes see him smile at the expense of his hero, with that complacent, ceremonious, rather priggish smile which would befit a rhetorical ornament and luminary of the Empress's blue-stocking and long-robe parties. At all events the travels of Apollonius the sage are as entertaining as those of Sindbad the sailor. You are constantly coming on passages like this (I use Berwick's translation): "It is now time to notice the Hyphasis. . . . This river is as large as the Danube, allowed to be one of the most considerable streams of Europe. The same species of trees grow on the banks of each, from which distils a liquor used by the Indians in making a nuptial oil, with which, if a new married couple are not anointed all over by the persons appointed for the purpose, the union is thought incomplete, and made *invita venere*. There is a grove near the Hyphasis dedicated to Venus, and a fish called the peacock only to be found in it. This fish has the same name as the bird, from its fins being blue, its scales spotted, and its tail of a yellow colour like gold, which it can raise and spread at pleasure. Besides, there is an insect belonging to the same river which looks like a white worm, and when melted produces an oil, from whence issues a flame of such a nature as only to be contained in a glass vial. This insect is the king's sole property, and is used by him in destroying the walls of besieged towns, for the moment it touches the battlements it is said to kindle such a flame as cannot be put out by any of the common means for extinguishing fire." We hear of a woman "of diminutive stature black from her head to her bosom, and white to her feet;" of pepper-bearing trees "under the husbandry of the ape;" of a species of lion which "when sick lies in ambush for the ape, whose flesh he finds a restorative in illness;" of the Empusa, a devil-possessed spectre, seen in the pale moonlight, with but one leg, the parent, as is supposed by certain etymologists, of all ghosts which hop,—hence hop, or *hob*-goblins. Mr. Punch, I observe, prefers to connect hob-goblins more directly with the hob, tracing them to pictures in the fire. There is a deal of pretty nursery reading in Philostratus about dragons. "All India is girt in with dragons of a prodigious bulk, as it were with zones." The dragons of the plains are "fiery red, with backs like a saw, and beards, which raise their necks, and have scales shining like silver. The pupils of their eyes are like stones of fire, and possess a virtue which is all-powerful in the discovery of secrets." The mountain dragons are, if possible, still more eminent. "They have scales of a golden colour, and are larger than the dragons of the plain. They have beards yellow and bushy, and eyebrows more elevated than the others, underneath which are eyes of a stern and terrible aspect. In their tortuous windings under the earth they make a noise like that of brass; their crests are red, from which flashes a flame brighter than that of a torch. These dragons conquer the elephant, and in their turn are conquered by the Indians in the following manner:—they spread a scarlet coat before their holes, embroidered with golden letters, which, being charmed, bring on a sleep that at last subdues those eyes which would be otherwise invincible. Other spells, consisting of many words extracted from their occult philosophy, are used, by which the dragon is so fascinated that he puts his head out of his hole and falls asleep over the letters. Whilst he remains in this situation the Indians rush upon him with poleaxes, and after cutting off his head, strip it of its

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precious stones. The stones found in the heads of these mountain dragons are said to have a transparent lustre, which emits a variety of colours, and possesses that kind of virtue attributed to the ring of Gyges." That fascinating passages, selected from the occult philosophy of the Indian sages, might be powerful spells of a sleep-producing character, is not inconceivable. Of the martichora, with man's head, lion's form and stature, tail armed with bristles which it shot off, Parthian-like, against its foes in retreat,—of griffins and their gold-digging propensities,—of the phœnix, which visited Egypt once in 500 years,—of trees which bowed politely when they saw philosophers,—of the mountain of wisdom with its purifying fire, its oracular well, its large stone vases, containing, one wind and the other rain, to be dispensed as the sages determined, it is unnecessary to speak. The reader will probably feel that he is already in a position to judge of the historical pretensions of the work of Philostratus.

Damis is the attendant and disciple of Apollonius, accompanying him in his Indian travels, and following him in his subsequent wanderings in the west, Damis is something between Johnson's Bozzy and Don Quixote's Sancho Panza, with hardly a tincture of the apostle of the evangelical history. There is some felicity in the conjunction and contrast of Damis and Apollonius. The master stalks along in philosophic mantle, conscious to the finger-tips of his own sanctity and superiority, his mouth primmed for some unexceptionable remark, always in attitude, long-winded, wise, wearisome, sententious, a bore of the first magnitude, though with the best intentions, and devoting himself immoderately to the good of the species. Damis is another man altogether. Judicious, canny, wide-awake; cultivating philosophy with fine ardour, but never forgetting the main chance; admiring beyond expression a water-drinking Apollonius, but limiting his own potations exclusively by Cuddy Headrigg's proviso that the drink be "gude," Damis is in no danger of proving too bright for human nature's daily work. He has a notion, with Gehazi, that miracles and good advice may be gracefully paid for, and would like, upon the whole, to make the most of both worlds. Thus, when Apollonius, in his high-flown, wealth-despising way, is going to decline a present of camels, Damis will out with it that the condition of their camels is so deplorable "that instead of their carrying the philosophers, the philosophers will probably be obliged to carry them, and therefore," he adds, "I just hint the necessity of our getting others." A man like that is of some use to a sage as he goes about the world commercing with the skies. "I just hint," quoth Damis; "I don't commit myself, you will please to observe." Was this invaluable person a native of Scotland?

The sayings and doings of Apollonius are, as was to be expected, sometimes good, sometimes bad, very often indifferent. The main idea of his character is that he is a Pythagorean philosopher, and I should say that the aim of Philostratus in his biography is as much to exalt Pythagoras as to exalt him. In the defence which Philostratus puts into the mouth of Apollonius when brought to the bar of Domitian, he professes himself simply a follower of Pythagoras. That philosopher, he informs the Emperor, "left the earth its animals, and lived on its genuine productions, from an idea of their being clean, and sufficient to support soul and body. Garments made from what hath life, and which are worn by the bulk of mankind, he held as impure; and on that account he clothed himself in linen, and wore shoes, in obedience to the same rule of discipline, made out of the bark of trees. From

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this pure mode of living he derived many advantages, and above all, that of knowing his own soul, for he knew he lived at the time when Troy was besieged on account of the rape of Helen; that he, who was the most beautiful of the sons of Panthus, wore the finest clothes, was killed in the flower of his age, and was lamented by Homer for his untimely fate. After migrating through various bodies, agreeable to the Adrastian law, which requires the soul's passage through different states, he at length assumed the human form, and was born of Mnesarchus the Samian, being changed from a barbarian into a sage, and from a Trojan into an Ionian, and rendered so immortal in death that he never forgot he was Euphorbus. I have now given the father of my philosophical system, and proved that it is not my invention, but that of another, and is come to me as an inheritance." Apollonius hardly rises above this tone of mild and watery sermonising. If it were possible, which it is not, and Blount admits as much, to institute anything like a comparison between him and Jesus Christ, the mere fact that Apollonius is constantly insisting upon the importance of linen-garments, water-drinking, abstinence from animal food, and the like, whereas the words of Christ are spirit and life, cutting ever to the central and eternal truth in morals, would place an infinite distance between them. There is no proof that Apollonius had a firm grasp of any of those truths which, in the progress of religious civilisation, have been gradually developed, and at last recognised and adopted. His mind floats vaguely between pantheism, polytheism, and monotheism, and he has unlimited belief in all kinds of necromancy. His philosophy of life is a quiet stoicism; his prayers to the gods are all to this effect, "grant me few possessions and no wants." There is an occasional ring of manliness and patriotism in his expressions, as when he says that the men who died for liberty at Thermopylæ made the spot on which they fell the highest ground in Greece, or that "there is nothing in human affairs sufficient to terrify a wise man." Sometimes a vigorous sentiment is neutralised by the addition of a silly argument in its support. He tells the people of Smyrna that, beautiful as their city is, "it derives greater honour from being adorned with men than with porticoes and pictures, or even with more gold than what it has at present." This sounds well, but it is not the majesty of man, or the glory of goodness, excelling all material splendour, that Apollonius is thinking of. "Buildings," he goes on, "are fixed to the spot on which they are erected, and are to be seen in no other part of the earth; but good men are seen everywhere, are celebrated in all parts of the world, and render the city which gave them birth famous on the earth." Once, at Ephesus, with a view to removing the plague, he has a harmless, half-starved beggar stoned to death. The creature wails piteously for mercy, but Apollonius knows him to be a demon in disguise, and is inexorable. This is, of course, atrocious. The story of his compelling the serpent-demon, which had bewitched Menippus Lucius under the form of a beautiful woman, to break her spell and disappear, has furnished the subject of one of the most delicately fanciful and exquisitely ornate poems in the English language—Keats's "Lamia." The description of Apollonius,

> "With curled gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,
> Slow-stepped, and robed in philosophic gown,"

is a capital portrait of the complacent, self-conscious pedant of Philostratus. The poet takes the part of Lamia and her lover against the philosopher:—

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"For the sage,
Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful Rainbow once in heaven:
We know its woof, its texture; it is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomèd mine,
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade."

The insoluble problem in estimating the historical value of the romance of Philostratus, is to ascertain how much of it is due solely to Philostratus and to his desire to achieve creditably the task appointed him by the Empress. Philostratus is far too important a person in his own eyes to be particular about the memory of Apollonius, or reverently afraid of imputing to him anything he did not say or do. On the unsophisticated, unlearned, unspeculative minds of the men who followed Jesus of Nazareth, the words of the Master fell as the sunbeam falls on the colourless plate of the photographer, and a portrait was produced whose sole and transcendent merit is its accuracy. Whatever materials might exist at the end of the second century for composing the biography of Apollonius, they were lost to all purposes of historical truth when put into the hands of the rhetorician, sophist, and fine-talking courtier, who worked them up at the bidding of Julia Domna. Apollonius is as good a Christ as could be expected of Philostratus,—that is all. While the claims of Christianity were weighed in the scales of ridicule, and seriousness was out of the question, a Voltaire or a Blount might edge their witticisms with references to the sage of Tyana as well as to any other man or thing; but no one would now, I presume, attempt to found an argument against the Christian religion on the work of Philostratus. "What would have been the fate," asks Dr. Reville, in the concluding passage of his book, which is also its best, "of our Western world if Christianity had not baptised it with a new spirit and animated it with a new life? Let us ask ourselves the question, and I think we can solve it without presumption by the following alternative. Either the condition of barbarism would have been irremediable, and the brilliant Greco-Roman civilisation would have had no successor; or after a time, thanks to municipal institutions, and when the waters of destruction had found their level, a certain form of social order, a coarse copy of the society of the ancients, would have been gradually established. In the latter case it is easy to foresee to what a height of civilisation we should have attained. China is there to give us an idea of it. Hollow forms which only serve to hide, and that faintly, a state of barbarism in social habits, a hopeless want of moral vigour and taste for the infinite, a certain barrenness and incorrigible shallowness of mind, the grossest superstitions joined to the most listless indifference to religious and scientific truth—such would have been our condition. It is quite possible that under such circumstances the recollection of a human being indistinctly known by the name of Pythagoras would have floated in our memories as the Buddha of the West. . . . I may be mistaken, but when I look at Apollonius the sage, with his everlasting maxims, the foolish Damis, and Philostratus the rhetorician, and all those emperors and empresses who, in the quietness of their domestic

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circles, decide how the world is to be restored to virtue—when I look at all those councils of women, and men of letters, and others well versed in the ritualisms of the age, I seem to have before me a picture of Chinese life with all its most characteristic traits. They wish to appear as though they were in earnest; they wish to look imposing, but they are simply absurd. . . . How pleasant it is to think that at the very time when this old comedy was being played out, the gospel of freedom, of more intimate communion with God, of progress through holiness, truth, and charity, was already telling upon these grown-up children who were in the midst of their games playing at making gods, and that the feeble and aimless questionings of these outstripped apostles of Conservatism were being answered by the fresh, clear voice which, rejoicing in the full vigour of its youth, and resting upon the immovable foundation of infinite love, proclaimed both to the individual and to society at large the sacred duty of a never-ending reform!" PETER BAYNE.

CHRONICLES OF MEAUX ABBEY. (CHRONICA MONASTERII DE MELSA, A FUNDATIONE USQUE AD ANNUM 1396, AUCTORE THOMA DE BURTON, ABBATE. ACCEDIT CONTINUATIO AD ANNUM 1406, A MONACHO QUODAM IPSIUS DOMUS.) Edited, from the Autographs of the Authors, by EDWARD A. BOND, Assistant Keeper of the MSS. and Egerton Librarian in the British Museum. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. Longmans.

DOES it ever occur to a traveller who comes upon the ruins of some old monastery in the course of his summer rambles, to inquire to which of the monastic orders the building formerly belonged? We have now-a-days among our tourists a fair proportion of amateur geologists, who can tell igneous from sedimentary rocks, and speculate on the causes which shaped the hills or produced those markings on the hard surface of the granite. But to the great majority, we suspect, one abbey and another are very much alike, only differing in regard to the picturesque. Imagination suggests nothing in their history but a repeated chanting of Latin hymns, and the mind finds no employment in endeavouring to recall a past which appears to us a mere dull monotony. Yet it might possibly give additional interest to those ruins, even where the surrounding scenery alone is enough to engross the mind, to think of the community that once inhabited their walls as an offspring of one of the great religious movements of the Middle Ages. Such interest could not but be felt if those movements were better understood.

The oldest religious houses in England were of the Benedictine order. All monasteries erected before the Conquest followed the rule of St. Benedict. Such were the famous abbeys of Glastonbury, St. Alban's, Westminster, Malmesbury, Evesham, Selby, St. Mary's at York, and a great number of others. Almost all the mitred abbots in England were Benedictine, and a large proportion of the greater monasteries; nor was it until the era of the Crusades that any serious innovations were made on the discipline and mode of life enjoined upon the followers of St. Benedict. Abuses, however, had crept in, and discipline generally had become more lax when Robert, Abbot of Molesme, in Burgundy, endeavoured, towards the close of the eleventh century, to revive

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the original strictness of their rule. Unable to effect his purpose, he withdrew along with a few faithful followers, to Citeaux, in the diocese of Chalons, where they set up a community by themselves, the better to serve God according to their own ideal. His success even here did not equal his ardent hopes, and the community languished until the time when St. Bernard arrived among them with thirty companions, determined expressly to devote themselves to a more ascetic life than that which prevailed in other monasteries. The influence of St. Bernard's example was immense; reformed monasteries, called Cistercian as being after the model of Citeaux, sprang up everywhere over Europe, and about sixty are said to have been founded by St. Bernard himself.

Everything connected with the Cistercian rule was calculated to keep the brethren in mind of the one great object, purity. All their monasteries were dedicated to the Virgin, whose worship had at that time reached its greatest ascendancy. The dress of the monks was a white cassock, in marked distinction to the black gowns of the Benedictines. The localities they inhabited, unlike the older monasteries, which were generally found just outside the walls of populous cities, were all secluded valleys or lonely spots, which their own industry made beautiful by cultivation; for their own industry must support them if they were to exist at all so far from human intercourse. Even to this day the neighbourhood of a Cistercian ruin is commonly a solitude. Of the old Benedictine abbeys, some few, like St. Alban's and Westminster, have been kept up for the purpose of Protestant worship; but Cistercian monasteries have been invariably left to moulder. And such is the general loveliness of their situations, as well as the picturesqueness of their remains, that no abbey ruins are so frequently visited by tourists, or so often become subjects of the artist's sketches. Tintern amid the exquisite scenery of the Wye, Melrose in the sweet valley of the Tweed, the fine cultivation of which at this day is not a little owing to the monks of old, Netley on the banks of Southampton Water, Jorevalle, Fountains, Kirkstall, Furness, and many other instances might be quoted of beautiful Cistercian ruins in beautiful situations. It was, indeed, the design of St. Bernard that his followers should be brought to contemplate the works of the Creator in these seclusions, and not be carried away by that love of art and magnificence which distinguished the rival order of the Cluniacs. He did not even encourage them to form valuable libraries. "Believe me," he said to one of his companions, "you will find more lessons in the woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you what you cannot learn from masters. Have you forgotten how it is written, 'He made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock?'[1] You have need, not so much of reading as of prayer; and thus may God open your hearts to understand His law and His commandments." Art and luxury were, therefore, things positively prohibited in the first constitutions of the Cistercian order. "Their buildings," says Mr. Bond, "were to be free from ornamentation; the bell-towers not to be built of stone, and even the wooden structure to be of moderate height. No coloured glass was to be used, excepting in abbeys formerly of a different order, in which the existing stained glass might be retained. No extravagances or noticeable refinements in sculpture, painting, building, or pavement were allowed, nor any pictures excepting of our Saviour. The altar paintings were to be in one colour; and visitors of the houses were enjoined to enforce this regulation. The dress of the monks was to be of the plainest description, and they were suffered to shave themselves only once a

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month. Even this was a concession made out of reverence for the Holy Communion. They were to give unqualified obedience to their superior, and all appeal to the chapter of their order was prohibited under penalty of excommunication. With a view apparently to check litigious dispositions in the convent, it was ordered that no works in canon or civil law were to be kept in the common book chests of the monasteries. Every abbey was to have its strong prison in which criminals, such as thieves, incendiaries, forgers, and homicides, should be locked up at the pleasure of the abbot."

It is a question how far these rules were enforced, and how far they advanced the best interests of religion. Very different characters of the Cistercian order were given by the writers of a later age. Cardinal de Vitry, in the thirteenth century, speaks in the highest terms of their widespread reputation for holiness; but Walter Map, whom modern writers have miscalled Mapes, never mentions them without a bitter sneer. To such a length did he carry his animosity against them, that having heard of two Cistercians becoming apostates to the Jewish religion, "I wonder," he said, "that if they wished to quit their abominable order, they did not turn Christians!" They had doubtless many prejudices to contend with, and Map's prejudices were of a most vigorous growth. Still, what has been seen in other cases most probably was true of the Cistercians. Human nature takes its revenge on rules framed to promote austerity, and in this instance the rules themselves must have withdrawn the monks from more wholesome influences than even the strictest discipline could have supplied. Their seclusion from the world, as it gave them the less occasion to exercise the old monastic virtue of hospitality, may have rendered them the easier victims of selfish, sensual indulgence. For, as pointed out elsewhere by Map, it was not a seclusion like that of the ancient hermits, who retired into the desert. The very fact that there was a considerable community to support made it necessary that they should fix upon places which, though uninhabited, were fertile, and capable of cultivation. All the means of existence must be found upon the spot; the brethren would have no neighbours to depend upon. Some wealthy founder, whose broad acres had not yet been thoroughly utilised, gave them generally at first a little portion of ground on the margin of some large forest, where they could find fuel in abundance, and had a plentiful supply of wholesome water. Forthwith they began clearing away the trees and cultivating the land; "to find time for which occupation," Map cynically remarks, "it was necessary to give somewhat the less, perhaps, to prayers." The land improved vastly under their skill and labour, and their domains were enlarged at the same time by the piety of new benefactors. Soon all, or most of the neighbourhood became their own; and, true to their ancient principle of solitude, they allowed no other monastery, even of their own order, to come into their vicinity. There they enjoyed undivided the fruits of their own orchards and their own cornfields, yet were not forbidden to receive from pious donors a yearly pipe of Gascon wine, or at intervals a butt of Malmsey. The absolutism of their abbot's rule was tempered by the fact that they elected him, and he could hardly impose on others a severity that he himself, perhaps, did not always affect.

We have before us the first volume of a history of one of these settlements compiled within the walls of the monastery at the beginning of the fifteenth

(1) Deut. xxxii. 13.

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century. The Abbey of Meaux, a few miles east of Beverley, in Yorkshire, was founded in the year 1150, during the reign of Stephen, and while St. Bernard, the father of the Cistercian order, was still alive. The writer of this chronicle was an abbot of the house, whose tastes seem to have been a little too studious and his rule too severe to gain him the cordial goodwill of his brethren; for after little more than three years' administration of the monastery, he gave up his charge, and a later pen informs us that his resignation was the chief benefit he had conferred upon the house. However that may be, he appears to have been a man of praiseworthy industry, and from the neglected or forgotten records of the monastery he composed the present narrative of its history from the date of its foundation to his own day. Of the substance of this narrative Mr. Bond gives us in his preface a very interesting and useful summary, to which we must content ourselves merely to refer the reader, as we have hardly left ourselves space for an extract, and would be loth to condense still further any portion of what is there so well epitomised. Suffice it to say that the monastery experienced very various fortunes during the two centuries and a half to which the chronicle relates, and that even the general reader will find much to interest him in many things, such as the graphic account given at the commencement of the foundation of the abbey by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, the mode in which the abbot acquired certain lands mortgaged by William Fossard to the Jews, the heavy fine of a thousand marks imposed upon the monastery by King John, which led to the dispersion of the brethren for a time, the mode in which their services and burials were conducted during the interdict laid upon the kingdom by the Pope, the discipline applied to the unruly lay brethren, and other matters relating alike to the private history of the convent and the general history of the kingdom.

The work appears to be very carefully edited from two MSS., both of which are autographs of Abbot Burton and his continuator. When completed it will be an important accession to the materials for English history hitherto accessible in print.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

VENETIAN LIFE. By WM. D. HOWELLS. N. Trubner and Co. 1866.

THE author of this volume is a young man who is held in high esteem among literary men in America as the writer of some lyrics of peculiar merit, and of various excellent papers on the dramatic literature of Italy. He was appointed by President Lincoln to the American Consulate at Venice more on account of his acquaintance with European languages and literatures than from any political considerations. Four centuries of commercial decay have, we may assume, left but little official duty for the consul of an active nation in that city; but they equally imply abundance of occupation for an intelligent observer and a scholar, and Mr. Howells appears to have been never less idle than when idle. Holding his position—which was of three years' duration—by consent of the Austrian Government, he preserved a strict neutrality with regard to the intimate politics of Venetia, and, though he has resigned his consulship, he is still careful in his book to limit himself in that direction to the social anomalies referable to political causes, which have gradually hardened into characteristics of the people. Those who look into this volume to discover anything new concerning the present "situation" will be disappointed;

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and yet to those who reflect how deeply any external forces that may affect a country must be qualified by the internal condition of that country, there are many profoundly suggestive facts and statements here.

The particular value of this book is that it brings before us, with a simplicity and freshness of which the subject might have been thought unsusceptible, the every-day life of Venice and the traits of its people. The Objects of Interest with Mr. Howells are rarely those indicated in one's guide-book. He was evidently not one of the suspected consuls, but has been able to go into the blindways of Venetian life, and reports to us what, in that shadowy realm, housekeeping, dining, study, love-making, and social life really mean. He tells us also, with subtlety of expression, something that almost explains the noble habits and professions peculiar to that region for which there are no English names,—as the *Dolce far niente*, and that expressed in the proud reply of a Venetian father, when asked his son's profession, "*E in Piazza!*" He gazes on Venice sculptured in snow; he sees—still more hears—the uproarious people emerging under the first touch of spring; and he sinks with the city into the summer sleep, where "the slumbrous bells murmur to each other in the lagoons; the white sail faints into the white distance; the gondola glides athwart the sheeted silver of the bay; the blind beggar, who seemed sleepless as fate, dozes at his post."

The glitter of the Piazza San Marco has allured Mr. Howells less than the shrine-tapers in the byways, of which they were once the only illumination, and where they still perhaps shine dimly on the most real life of Venice. Some of his sketches of lowly figures and incidents around him are excellent. Occasionally he may forget that soldi are, after all, not florins, and may make too much of some old coffee-grinder or fancier who may have provoked his humour; but generally these etchings are made with exquisite art.

We forbear to speak of the many *errata* which the book contains, as Mr. Howells leaves "to the mercy of the reader" the imperfections "which refuse to be detected in manuscript," and which the publication of his work at a distance of three thousand miles from its author prevented his correcting in print. Mr. Howells is a serious, careful writer, and therefore it is with some surprise that one finds hin, now and then, betrayed into such sentimentalism as the "narrow, narrow" this, the "gentle, gentle" that, and even, in one instance, falling into the "blue, blue sea!" MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE LITURGIES OF 1549 AND 1662. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Joseph Masters. 1866.

IN the "Church and the World," a volume which has been already noticed in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, Mr. Shipley has an essay entitled "The Liturgies of 1549 and 1662 Contrasted and Compared." It is curious and interesting, because, like the other essays in the volume, it contains the views, forcibly and clearly expressed, of the extreme ritualist party—of the men who regard the Holy Communion as the highest mystery of our faith, who talk largely of sacramental efficacy and priestly power, who treat of postures and genuflexions, of altar-cloths and confession, of the blessedness of celibacy, and the duty of praying for the dead; of men who, calling themselves Catholics, are singularly exclusive, and who discuss with equal seriousness the great doctrines of the

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Christian faith and the most trivial details of ecclesiastical upholstery. It is impossible not to honour the ritualists for their earnestness, their practical piety, their self-denial, and for the energy with which they have undertaken to reform (according to their notions of reformation) the Church of England. As a body they have done much good by stirring up the zeal of more moderate Churchmen, and they have succeeded in removing, or in lessening, many serious abuses. The publications of the ritualists, however, reveal their weakness as well as their strength; and the very able papers published in the volume to which I have alluded will not be likely to have much weight with those who have been educated in a more healthy school, and whose Protestant proclivities forbid their seeking for the advance of Christianity in the extension of priestly power and the revival of patristic superstitions.

Mr. Shipley maintains that the First Liturgy of King Edward VI. is considerably in advance of our present office, and that if a revision be forced upon the Church, this is the standard to which she ought to appeal. From a Catholic point of view, he considers that this Liturgy "ever has been, and is still at the present day, the standard of ritual in the Church of England." In the little volume placed at the head of this notice, the two Liturgies are so arranged as to enable the reader to compare them. The variations between the earlier and later forms are many, and in some instances important. King Edward's Liturgy does not contain the Ten Commandments, and it does contain more than one passage from which sound Protestants would dissent, but which the Anglican treasures as dear to the Catholic mind.

As a ritualist, Mr. Shipley lays down a number of rules—the revival of old usages—for the instruction of good Anglicans; as, for instance, that the sentences of the Offertory should be said as an antiphon, *i.e.* facing east, and not as an exhortation, *i.e.* facing west; that to the wine used in the Holy Communion should be added "a little pure and clean water;" and he asserts that the mystical symbolism of the mixed Chalice is not hard to discover. At the same time he proposes other and less technical alterations which appeal to the good sense of his readers, as when he proposes that the Beatitudes of the New Law, or the Summary of both Laws, in the words of Christ, should be substituted at certain seasons for the Ten Commandments, which form so discordant a portion of the Communion Service.

It will be evident from these few remarks that neither the small volume containing the Liturgies of 1549 and 1662, with the editor's introductory remarks, nor the essay which he has written on the subject, will have much interest for a non-Anglican; but Mr. Shipley's concluding statements are of wider importance, as they show the wishes and determination of a large section of the Church. He observes that the Church party, which means his party, deprecates any alteration in the Prayer-book, but that if those favourable to revision are urgent in their demands, certain changes may be effected for which they are not prepared, and that "a Catholic restoration in conformity with the standard of the First Book of Edward VI., is, to take a low ground, not more improbable than a Protestant revision in accordance with the second book of that king's reign."

JOHN DENNIS.

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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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A HUNGARIAN ELECTION.

When I left Pest for G—— in the middle of last November to be present at the elections, there was a spell of exceptionally cold weather. I therefore thought it advisable to hire, at the rate of 60 kreutzers, Austrian currency, per diem, a warm Hungarian *bunda*, or pelisse, lined with wolf's skin. This practice of hiring a *bunda* for a journey is very common among such classes as live in towns, and are not in the constant habit of travelling in all sorts of weather. Such an article of clothing is not merely very expensive—*ein ganzes capital*, as they say here—but also very cumbersome and unwieldly. Not only is it of no use in summer, but even in the cold of winter it is difficult, not to say impossible, to walk in one. The *bunda* I got on this occasion covered me from above the ears to below the ancles, and in this armour I felt safe against all the assaults of King Frost, even when sitting in the light open waggon (a truly Scythian conveyance) in which so much of one's travelling has to be done in Hungary.

The traveller who goes from Pest to G—— has the choice before him of going by railway or by steamer. He will in most cases prefer, as I did, the latter, as thereby he gains in comfort without losing in time. Railways in this part of the world are so few that they are not subject to the least shade of wholesome competition, and their trains, which, as a general rule, start only once in the twenty-four hours, are as deliberate in their movements as the slowest on the Great Eastern line in their slowest days. The Government has further aggravated the matter by requiring the lines to be laid down in all sorts of curves and zigzags out of a regard to "strategical considerations." Thus it takes about the same time to go by train or by stage-coach from Pest to Miskolcz, a town which in the palmy days of Popish independence was an important emporium for Tokay

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and other Hungarian wines, and still boasts of a well-to-do population of 30,000 inhabitants.

When I had arrived at G—— my friend X. said, "The voting for the different elections in the county takes place all on the same day; you must, therefore, choose at which one of them you will be present, and after that is over you will have plenty of time to return and see the borough election if you are so inclined." As I anticipated that the election at T—— would be the one most hotly contested, I determined to proceed thither, and Mr. X. accordingly introduced me to the secretary, or, as he is here styled, the notary, of the "deputation," charged with the conduct of the election. The permanent committee, in whose hands, as I have explained in my former papers, is at present vested *de jure*, though not *de facto*, the administration of the county, elect out of their own number a so-called "central committee," of which the constitutionally elected *al-ispány* is *ex officio* president. This "central committee" is entrusted with the carrying out of all matters connected with the election, such as the registration of voters for instance. I must here observe, as a point in which Hungarian practice differs from English, that this registration takes place only before an election, and especially with reference to that particular election. The laws of 1848 direct that this registration, or *conscriptio*, as it is called, must begin at the soonest twenty-one days, at the latest thirty days, after the proclamation of the election. During fourteen days the work of registering, or conscribing, the qualified voters is carried on by a "deputation," which travels for that purpose from village to village throughout the whole district. Then a space of three or four days must intervene between the completion of the list and the actual day of election, in order to allow of objections being made against its correctness, which objections are heard, and either approved of or quashed by the "central committee" sitting in the county town. Before the Diet meets the only appeal against the decisions of this body lies to the Minister of the Interior. As, however, there is at present no Hungarian ministry in existence, all parties concerned have agreed to consider the *Statthalterei* (*Concilium Locum tenentiæ*), or Council of Lieutenancy, as filling the place of a Minister of the Interior. The "central committee," having charge of the elections in all the electoral districts within the county, how many soever they be, sends out separate "deputations" to each of them. Each "deputation" consists normally of three members—a president, a vice-president, and a notary. Each of these officers may, however, be represented by a substitute, or assisted by an adjunct. The "deputation" has to report directly to the "central committee," and is responsible to that body, subject to the further appeal to the Minister, as above mentioned.

The principle involved at the contest at T—— was one which

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admits of being easily made intelligible to the English reader, and I may as well state it briefly before I proceed to make him acquainted with the new friends I made at the election. Just at the time when politicians, desirous of figuring in Pest as deputies, were beginning to sound their friends and neighbours as to their chances of success, while parties and constituencies were looking out for fit representatives, an important and decisive step was taken by one, from whose hands, I think I may venture to say, the apple of discord was not expected. The venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Esztergom, the Prince-Primate of all Hungary, addressed a pastoral to his flock, in which he called to their remembrance the zeal which had been displayed at the last elections in 1861 by persons who did not belong to the one only saving Church in carrying out the election of candidates of their own way of thinking in religious matters. The venerable prelate reminded the faithful of the danger to which the Church would be exposed if such persons were again to display the same zeal with a like success, and of the disgrace which would fall upon a Catholic nation—the nation which in other days had produced such saints as St. Stephen, St. Imre, and St. Ladislaus—if they were to allow themselves to be represented by men who, whatever might be their other qualifications, were without the pale of the Church. He therefore exhorted all the faithful to exert themselves in all electoral districts in carrying the elections of Catholic candidates wherever such presented themselves, and, where "*a-Catholic*" candidates were already in the field, it called on true sons of the Church to come forward to oppose them.

It would indeed be a libel on a body which contains so many good patriots as the Roman Catholic clergy to assert that they all took part in the half-political, half-religious agitation which followed the publication of this pastoral. Still this agitation was sufficiently general to excite a very extensive dissatisfaction on the part both of the educated Catholic laity, and of the Protestants. The portion of the pastoral which especially irritated the latter was the assertion with which it opened, and on which its whole argument was based—to wit, that the Protestants had in 1861 shown a spirit of religious exclusiveness by always supporting, and, where they were able, carrying only Protestant candidates. A number of letters from different parts of the country forthwith appeared in the columns of the *Hon* (country, fatherland), written to prove that in this or that district the Protestants were either in an actual majority, or from a combination of circumstances virtually commanded the election, and had none the less given their support to a Catholic candidate. In private life, too, I had often to listen to most animated—I had almost written most violent—debates as to which party felt, or exhibited, the most intolerance. In spite of the greater vehemence with which

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my Calvinist friends argued, or shall I say on account of it, I still inclined to the opinion I formed on this subject during my first visit to the country. This was that although the amount of tolerance, or indifference, call it what we will, which prevails among the Hungarian Calvinists is much greater than would be generally approved of in England, yet a still greater amount prevails among the Hungarian Catholics. Nor is the cause of this far to seek. A sincere belief in some strong distinctive tenet is necessary to all religious intolerance. Now, although a large proportion of my Hungarian friends are Catholics, and many of them very devout ones, fulfilling, as far as a stranger can judge, all their religious duties, yet I do not recollect in the behaviour of any of them any sign of their considering either myself or their Protestant neighbours without the pale of salvation. On the other hand, the Calvinists certainly do believe, and they are occasionally so impolite as to parade this belief in society, that the worship of the Church of Rome is a scarcely modified idolatry, at variance with Scripture and common sense. Besides which, I have found among the Hungarian Calvinists that undefinable assumption of intellectual superiority which their co-religionists assume all over the world whenever their attention is turned towards the errors of the "poor benighted Papists;" than which I can conceive few things more galling.

Still, in spite of everything, the professors of the two religions contrive for the most part to live in peace and amity with each other. A proof of this is afforded by the great number of mixed marriages, in which the wife is generally the Catholic;—at least such has been the tenor of my experience, and I have sought to explain the fact by the inequality of the law regulating the education of the offspring of such unions. When the husband is a Catholic, all the children *must* be brought up as such; where, however, the husband is a Protestant, he is *allowed* to bring up the sons in his own faith, while the daughters *must* follow the religion of their mother. I have often been an inmate of houses in which the mistress receives the parish priest or the monk from a neighbouring convent as a frequent and honoured guest, fasts upon Friday and during Advent and Lent, goes regularly to mass, &c., &c., and yet lives in perfect conjugal harmony with her heretic husband, and conscientiously abstains from all attempts to influence the faith of her heretic sons. Where such attempts are made, I have found them made by the Protestant party, which has contrived to evade the provisions of the law and the vigilance of the priest, neither of which present in this country any really insuperable obstacle to a determined parent blessed with a compliant or indifferent spouse. On the other hand I have known one instance in which a Catholic lady, judicially separated from an eccentric and ill-conditioned husband, belonging to a well-known

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family among the Calvinists, but who had put the finishing stroke to his previous strange conduct by apostatizing to Catholicism—scandal said from interested motives—actually exerting herself to prevent his carrying his young sons over with him to what had thus become their common Church.

Amongst such a people it may be easily imagined that the Primate's pastoral was received with great indignation by the large majority of the Catholic gentry, who were indeed more irritated by it than their Protestant brethren. As patriots they were especially indignant at the attempt thus made to divide into two hostile camps the defenders of a common country; that at the very moment when the calmest deliberation was required, men's minds should be inflamed and their reason disturbed by an appeal to their religious feelings. It was an additional aggravation that such an attempt had been made by one, from whose great age and exalted station a wiser and sounder course of policy was to be expected, especially when they remembered the enthusiastic loyalty (the expression is scarcely too strong) which had been manifested by persons of all classes and all creeds towards this same old man in 1861. But besides that they condemned, as patriots, the step taken by the chief pastor of their Church, they also resented, as Catholic laymen, what they considered an encroachment on the part of the clergy on matters lying without their peculiar sphere. The texts, "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," and "My kingdom is not of this world," were freely quoted. Surely they, the "nobles" of Hungary, the hereditary defenders of her liberties, might be trusted to elect the national senate, or to guide the mass of their fellow-countrymen in their choice. At any rate they did not choose in this matter to submit to the dictation, or even the advice, of the lords spiritual, who, it was now remembered, had often shown a disposition to be subservient to the Court, and to embrace with eagerness all sorts of anti-national importations from Germany.

Such was the state of feeling just before the last elections, and such the sentiments which I either heard in conversation around me, or picked out of the provincial correspondence which at that time filled so large a space in the daily papers of Pest. The county of G—— was one of those in which these feelings were especially aroused. Not only are both the Bishop and the Chapter of G—— among the richest in Hungary, but three wealthy monastic Orders, the Benedictines, the Cistercians, and the Præmonstratensians, have large landed estates in the county. The other proprietors are for the most part small, nor do the Protestants of both denominations make up more than a fourth part of the population of the county and borough together. Yet, in spite of all these grounds for expecting an ascendency of conservative and clerical influences, out of the four

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deputies returned by these two municipalities in 1861, two were Protestants, and all four were, or were supposed to be, decidedly liberal, if not ultra, in their political views. This time, however, the clergy determined to put forth all their might, and, as will be seen, they were to some extent successful.

The laws of 1848 direct that in appointing the polling place of a district especial regard is to be had to a central position, and facility of communication with the whole of the district. I ought, by-the-bye, to mention that in no case can there be more than one polling place, or indeed than one polling-booth, in a district; and in order that an election should be legal, the votes must be received uninterruptedly as long as electors continue to present themselves. Thus if night falls before their work is over, the Deputation must continue it through the night, as to adjourn it till the morning would invalidate the whole. According to the Hungarian way of looking at it, such adjournment would be equivalent to shutting the door in the face of a qualified elector, and thus curtailing his legal rights. In many cases it would be very inconvenient for a peasant to call again the next day. There were instances during the late elections, where the voting went on until two o'clock in the morning, and in the other contested election in the county of G—— it was eleven o'clock at night before the result was proclaimed. As in consequence of these arrangements the main point to be considered in fixing on a polling place is accessibility to the whole constituency, many of them are little places of no other importance. T—— is a case in point. Even in Hungary it bears only the title of a village, and in that country many places are called towns which we in England should consider as villages. It is a large straggling labyrinth of cottages, most of them substantial and comfortable, with a broad highroad running right through it. The population is estimated at 2,000 souls. As is generally the case with Magyar villages, the population belong to different religious denominations; which fact is made evident to the outward eye by its two churches, one Catholic, and the other Lutheran. The former is comfortably situated in the midst of the village, the atter lies outside. Originally it stood in the very centre, but Maria Theresa, a very religious lady, who from a tender solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her subjects, waged during her long reign of forty years a cautious but continuous war against the heresies of Protestantism and the schism of the Greek Church, ordained that though the former might retain their churches, these were not to stand within the village bounds. T—— was one of the places in which the Lutherans were so weak or their opponents so powerful, that the ordinance was carried into effect. The former site of the church was still marked by the belfry which was left standing. Thus the bells of the Protestants sounded in the midst of the houses, and at their

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summons the congregation trooped out to their isolated house of prayer. These facts were communicated to me by the *esperes*, an officer in the Protestant churches corresponding to our archdeacon. It was at his house that I dined on the day of the election. But I am anticipating.

As I mentioned above, the "deputation" sent out by the "central committee" to conduct an election, consists nominally of three persons—a president, a vice-president, and a notary. The president on this occasion was indisposed, and consequently represented by a substitute, a gentleman with whom I did not become so well acquainted as with the other members. The morning after my arrival at G——, I started with the notary in his light, open waggon, each of us wrapped up in our wolfskin *bundas*, for his *puszta*, distant about half an hour's drive from the village of T——. He was a quiet, sensible Protestant, who had not long married a young wife and built a new house, and had a young family springing up around him. In the afternoon we were joined by the vice-president, who slept, as I did, at the lonely farm. He, be it observed, was a Catholic. He was taller than the Hungarians generally are, but to the full as broad-shouldered and stout-limbed as any of them. But the physical peculiarity, which displayed itself to most advantage at the election, was the power and endurance of his lungs. Although, after a long day's work, shouting out the names of about 1,800 voters, and occasionally explaining with some acerbity of language, to a confused peasant, what he was expected to do or say, he assured us that "*die Brust ist schon beim Teufel*," he did it in such a loud, gruff tone of voice, that it was impossible to believe him.

The "deputation" are technically supposed to be quite impartial as regards the two candidates. In the present case, although I neither saw nor heard of anything which could be construed into an act of unfairness, the "deputation" did not take the useless trouble to disguise their sympathies in favour of my Protestant friend, the former representative of the district in 1861. In this respect the vice-president, though a Catholic, was as decided as any one of them. This was the more interesting because I found that his opinions were to a great measure conservative, and even what many persons in England would call anti-liberal. Such, for instance, were his ideas as to the necessity of keeping a tight hold upon the peasant, whom, however, he admitted to have a strong, sound, natural sense of justice. His philosophy on this point was summed up in one sentence, which he delivered with regard to the management of the Hungarian common soldier. "An officer," said he, "who understands a hussar, will always beat him when he deserves it, and will beat him severely; but he will take care first of all to ascertain clearly whether he has deserved it or not."

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After this gentleman had come over from his own house on the edge of the district to stay at the notary's, it was determined to call on the candidate, who lived in the village, which we forthwith proceeded to do. The open waggon was again brought out, with its pair of active, little Hungarian horses; cigars were lighted, our wolfskin pelisses again hung around us, and away we rattled. When I use the word "candidate," I probably give the reader an entirely mistaken idea of the gentleman's character and conduct. On our arrival we had to wait some time before he appeared, for he was busy—measuring oats in the granary. One of us compared him to Cincinnatus; nor was the comparison inapposite. If the senate sent for him to save Rome, well, he would do his honest best to save her; till then, he preferred attending to his little farm. I conversed with him about the probability of his success on the morrow, about the support which had been promised him, and such-like things. But I found him not merely calm, almost indifferent on the subject, but to a great extent ignorant. He said: "The Protestants who will vote for me to-morrow I know, because I am accustomed to meet them in the consistory; but I do not know the Catholics who will vote for me. These gentlemen are good enough to interest themselves in my election, and to canvass for me; but I myself have not asked a single Catholic for his vote."

This indifference was not at all affected or assumed. If he left his property to go and live as a deputy at Pest, he would certainly gain no pecuniary advantage for himself; and, as he belonged to the "Left,"—not to say the "extreme Left,"—he entertained little or no hopes of any fair terms being obtained from the Emperor's government. To what end, then, should he disturb the even tenor of his daily life? Meanwhile, he showed us a rambling diatribe against him which was being circulated by the opposite party. Its purport may be summed up in the text quoted at the outset, *multi sunt antichristi.* Apropos of this squib, I observed that it was easy for me to imagine the sort of arguments which the priests brought against his re-election, but what I wanted to know was what sort of arguments his supporters could use in his favour which could be adapted to the understanding of a Catholic peasant. The best answer I could get to my question was the somewhat vague one given by the vice-president, who said: "*Die Intelligenz imponirt dem Bauer;*" that is, the peasant is affected, or impressed, by the opinion of the educated classes. I believe that is about the truth of the matter. The strongest argument which a richer landed proprietor can use to a poorer landed proprietor, is that of the community of their interests. I once put a similar question to a Transylvanian count, whose answer was substantially this: "I say to him, 'Thou seest that I live from my land, my farm, as thou dost from

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thine; if it were for thy interest to elect a man who would go to Vienna, much more would it be mine; if thereby thou wouldst have less taxes to pay those fellows, I should be much more relieved, inasmuch as my farm is much greater than thine; if, now, thou art fool enough to follow the advice of *the officials who are paid by the Germans*, rather than my example, do so.'" Of course it is only a man, of whose pecuniary independence and superior information the peasant has no doubt, and who, besides, has interests obviously identical with his own, that can speak to him in this tone with effect. Next to the landlord, he has most confidence in the priest or the pastor, as the case may be; but of the government official, the lawyer, the shopkeeper, and the Jewish wool or corn factor, he has an extreme distrust. They are people who dwell in towns, levy executions, and grow rich upon bargains made with him, in which, he shrewdly suspects, he comes off second best.

Again, as was observed to me with respect to the present agitation, even the peasant is not so crass as not to see the glaring impropriety of painting up *Dicsértessék Jézus Krisztus* (Jesus Christ be glorified) over the door of a pothouse where wine is given away in return for promised votes. Altogether the impression produced upon me was that the clergy had made a great mistake in trying to ride roughshod over their flocks, and to force them to vote for the clerical candidate, partly by denunciations from the pulpit, partly by abusing the opportunities of intimidation afforded by their position as large landholders and employers of labour. Now the feature of the Magyar's character which especially distinguishes him from the other nationalities of the country is that he is *nyakos* (stiff-necked); the more he is driven, the more he kicks against the pricks. This obstinacy is often accompanied by a generous pride, for the Magyar peasant is in his own estimation an aristocrat, and ought therefore to behave as such. A man who held a farm under the Chapter, told the canvassers of the liberal party that, situated as he was, he could not vote on the right side; "but," added he, "my son is free, and you can depend upon his vote." However, as the day of the election drew near he felt so uncomfortable under the restraint of his position that he scraped together, as he best could, the requisite funds, went to the agent, paid himself out, and then voted for the liberal candidate.

A more extreme instance was next mentioned, in which the canvassers of the same party invited the peasants of a certain village into the public-house to discuss the question over a glass of wine. They declined the invitation with respectful thanks, as they said they did not wish to have it cast in their teeth that their convictions were the result of the wine they had drank. Honesty, however, compels me to state that such extreme delicacy is very rare in Hun-

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gary. A large measure of extraordinary hospitality is looked upon as one of the primal bounden duties of a candidate. The friend at whose *puszta* I stayed during the summer told me afterwards that though his election was unopposed, he had had an extraordinary run of guests of all sorts for weeks before the election, and on one occasion had had to provide ham and sausages and wine for a deputation of three hundred electors, who had heard, they said, a rumour to the effect that he did not intend to come forward, and were come to persuade him to do so.

But the case over which the vice-president most chuckled was the answer given by a village of Swabians, or German colonists, to the clerical canvassers. The latter had told the peasants they must vote against the liberal candidate, for his party proposed to confiscate the estates of the clergy. "But," was the blunt answer, "that is the very thing we want to see done." In order to appreciate the point of this story, it must be remembered that, although we associate the ideas of Germany and Protestantism, in Hungary the case is exactly reversed. The greater part of these Swabian colonists were planted by the princes of the House of Austria in the beginning of the eighteenth century, after the expulsion of the Turks, and the suppression of a series of Protestant insurrections, followed up by an extensive confiscation of Protestant property, had once more made Catholicism dominant in the lands belonging to the crown of St. Stephen. Under such circumstances we may be sure that only true Catholics received permission to immigrate, or the government support and patronage necessary to tide them over the difficulties of the first years of their colonisation. Hence in Hungary Catholicism is often called *a német vallás* (the German religion), while Calvinism is known as *a Magyar vallás* (the Hungarian religion). The Germans have besides the reputation of being very conservative, and having a great respect for the powers that be. If, then, such men turned against the clergy, where were they to look for popular support?

I have dwelt thus at length upon the views which the peasants took, or might be expected to take, of the matter, because the electoral laws of 1848 have thrown the rural elections practically into the hands of that one class. Under the old system of labour rent, the landed proprietors, tax-free "nobles," had some centuries ago converted a large portion of their estates into copyhold property, held by peasants, non-nobles subject to taxation, on condition of performing a certain amount of agricultural labour. In the reign of Maria Theresa, the government interfered to prevent the landlord either oppressing the taxable peasant, so as to render him unable to bear the burdens of the state, or (what it feared still more) resuming peasant land, making it "noble," and thus withdrawing it from the

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category of taxable property. This was the origin of the so-called "Urbarium," a survey of all peasant holdings throughout Hungary, in which the obligations of the peasant copyholders were severally defined and recorded. In 1848 Kossuth and his fellow-reformers, proceeding on the theory that the peasant had, by bearing so long a disproportionate share of the public burdens, acquired a claim on the state, determined to indemnify him by converting his copyhold farm into a freehold estate, while the landlord was to be compensated out of the public treasury. They thus created all over Hungary a large mass of small landed proprietors and freehold cottagers. Of this class all who hold land to the extent of eighteen or twenty acres are entitled to a vote; and in the rural districts these voters form not merely a majority, but an overwhelming majority.

Next morning we all three drove over to the village, the two members of the deputation dropping me at the house of the *esperes*, who, after a short conversation, took me out to the end of the village, where we posted ourselves upon a high bank, unencumbered with any pretence of a hedge, to look out for the arrival of the voters. They did not make their appearance till it was long past nine. Meantime those resident in T—— itself were, so to say, already under arms, with banners flying, dressed in their holiday clothes, and fluttering with ribbons. Neither party had any distinctive colour. As each claimed to be the true, national Hungarian party, each bore aloft the national tricolour—red, white, and green. The only difference to be observed was in the names of the candidates inscribed on the white portion of the flag. The village of T——, in which both these gentlemen resided, was pretty evenly divided between the two parties, but they were severally collected before the public-houses which each party had engaged.

I had now to learn that besides other distinctions between the two parties, there prevailed to a great degree a geographical one also. The broad plateau, in the centre of which stands the village of T——, is bounded on the south-west by a range of low hills, and on the north-east by a river. The majority of the villages in the former direction had made up their minds decidedly to support the liberal candidate, while those along the banks of the river furnished the chief strength of the clericals. The Protestant clergyman had led me out to the upper end of the village, being himself most interested in the arrival of the strength of his own party. As I have mentioned, they were rather long in coming, so that we had to wait about exposed to a nipping north wind. I had to amuse myself by watching the crowd of voters, who, in front of the inn, were keeping themselves warm by dancing the *csárdás*, which national dance can be performed either with or without partners, as occasion serves. In the middle of the group the standard-bearers made their

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flag-poles jump up and down and twirl about, almost as actively as any of them. The music of the gipsy band (an indispensable accompaniment of any merrymaking in this country) was accompanied not merely by the clashing of the dancers' spurs, but also by an election song, composed expressly for the occasion. As it enjoyed great popularity among the liberal peasant-electors of the county of G——, and is a fair specimen of the Hungarian popular songs, I give it in full.

"The dawn breaks o'er us anew:
—— —— (shall be) our deputy;
Of such a man have we need;
He will never desert us.

"The season is autumn; the flies fall;
Hungarian, be watchful;
To such an one entrust thou the country,
Who can stand the trial.

"There is nothing sweeter than honey;
He who loveth aught gazeth thereon;
I love freedom;
—— —— (is) my deputy.

"To Pest goeth the steamship;
There is now need of the words of sense;
—— —— (shall be) our deputy;
Of such a man have we need."

At last the watchers on the mound raised the cry, "They come! they come!" Along the two roads which traversed the plain were seen long dark masses ever drawing nearer. After a little while their approach was heralded by a rattling train of light waggons, either empty or containing none but non-combatants, so to say,—women and boys. These waggons had conveyed the richer or more aged of the voters over the greater portion of their political pilgrimage. Now, however, that they were to enter the field of battle, they formed in marching order. Village by village, they came in in double file, the elder peasants leading the van of each community, and bearing a flag inscribed with the name of the favourite candidate, or, in some few cases where the village was nearly equally divided between the two parties, a flag for each of them. For the processionists were divided not so much according to party as according to village, and the judge of each was present, as a reliable authority to identify each individual voter before the "deputation."

But I ought not to have forgotten the *kortes-vezér* (leader of the electors) of the liberals, who had ridden out to welcome the new-comers, a man in the very prime of early middle age, mounted on a sleek black charger, with a bright new crimson cloth girthed under

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his saddle, dressed in correct national costume, and bearing a tricolour flag of portentous dimensions—a perfect Hungarian "cavalier."

When the processions had quite passed by me into the village, I also returned. By this time I found that the voters from the river side had also come in, and then for the first time I saw what I thought—as it turned out erroneously—was an outward party badge. The peasants from the hill side were all in their winter costume, wearing jackets or spencers of dark blue cloth with trousers of the same colour and stuff, their lower ends encased in high, coarse boots, which reached almost to the knee. The older men, who might claim the privilege of age to feel chilly, wore over all their great sheepskin pelisses with curious capes of black lambs' wool. The men from the river side, who seemed with one voice to be shouting lustily long life to the clerical candidate, were dressed in exactly the same costume with one difference—the colour was light blue. In fact it was, in a coarser form, the same contrast as is presented at the University boat race. I subsequently learned that this difference was no party distinction, but rather a geographical one, the light blue dress being traditional in some villages along the river side, while the greater portion of the peasantry in the neighbourhood have worn time immemorial dark blue.

It is the Hungarian practice to ascertain the majority in the first instance by acclamation. If after that the party, whom the president of the "deputation" has decided to be in the minority, are not satisfied with the result, they may demand a poll. This demand must, however, be made by ten qualified voters, whose names are taken down by the notary and inserted in the "protocol." The two parties now grouped themselves in two dense masses, not far from each other, and close to the platform on which the "deputation" had taken their stand, and to which the local celebrities and myself as the "distinguished foreigner" of the day, had been admitted. It was a temporary scaffolding of boards, surrounded by a wooden rail, erected on the gable roof of a wine-cellar. These wine-cellars in Hungary are horizontal excavations in a hill, or at any rate in rising ground, and, except that they are somewhat larger and often have a facing of solid masonry, present to my eyes a great resemblance to what in Radnorshire is called a "potato-tump." Travellers who have ventured further east than I have might perhaps compare them to the sepulchral caves of Egypt and Arabia. Between the two comparisons my readers may get some idea of their appearance. Leaning over the stone pediment of its front, we looked down upon the swarm of human faces which were all turned in our direction. When the pro-president put the question, "Whom do ye will to have as deputy?" the name of the liberal candidate was returned as answer, accompanied by vociferous *éljens*. Once started, the crowd,

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so it seemed, never would give over cheering, while the minority, concentrated on the right, kept up a fire of counter-*éljens* for the clerical champion.

The confusion and noise was so great that we on the platform could scarcely hear our own voices, while the crowd of electors below seemed to have a suspicion that things were not going on quite right, and that the only way to remedy matters was to redouble their demonstrations of enthusiasm, which they did with a will. Meanwhile a gentleman below began to converse with the pro-president above, who could not well hear what he had to say, because, as he expressed it, the "plebs" made so much noise. Indeed after he had himself two or three times in vain attempted to address the crowd, and had made all sorts of gestures to induce them to be quiet, he began to lose patience visibly. In such a confusion a novice like myself may be pardoned for not having a very clear idea of what was going on. But I understood so much as that the clerical party did not intend to be content with the decision which the pro-president had given, although it was obvious to more senses than one that the vast majority of the crowd was against them. The younger men on the platform, who were all partizans, began to murmur audibly "impudence," "ridiculous;" the clericals, however, as events turned out, knew what they were about.

But suddenly another less pleasing turn was given to the drama. I ought ere this to have mentioned what I had heard on my arrival at G——, that the military had been called upon to lend their assistance in maintaining order at T——. As I passed through the day before and when I came in this morning, I had observed several white-coated cuirassiers hanging about the cottage doors. Still I had been told that, though it was an excellent precautionary measure, no occasion would arise for their interference. I myself did not see any occasion at the present moment, but those in command, it appears, thought otherwise. In fact the gentleman down in the street who had spoken to the pro-president on the platform turned out to be the magistrate—the provisional *(provisorisch)* magistrate, of course, not the constitutionally elected one—of the hundred, who is known in the Latin, Hungarian, and German languages respectively as *judex nobilium* (colloquially *judlium*), *szolga-biró*, *stuhlrichter*. Doubtless, the appearance of the military was the subject on which they had conferred.

At any rate from whatever cause, or in obedience to whatever commands, on came the cuirassiers with swords drawn and their captain at the head of them. They first manœuvred so as to get between the minority and the majority, and then steadily drove the latter from their position in front of the platform. The peasants retired slowly indeed, but still they retired, before this armed intervention. But many of them pressed still closer to the front of the

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cellar, and with loud cries, and indignant gestures, implored the intervention of the "gentlemen." Especially conspicuous in so doing was a village schoolmaster, who had just before been foremost in shouting *eljen* himself and in instigating his fellows to do the same. The indignation on his broad, jocund visage wore almost an expression of anguish, an expression in which the pathetic bordered on the ludicrous. Certainly at the time I only felt an indignant sympathy, as did several unofficial persons on the platform, who exclaimed bitterly, "Constitutional freedom!" As, however, no evil consequences followed all this pother, I cannot now help smiling when I remember that look of intense, despairing earnestness. Some of us went so far as to call out to the soldiery in German (for the officer in command did not understand Hungarian), "Enough, enough." But fate and the cuirassiers were alike inexorable, and they did not leave off backing and stamping about, now this way, now that, till the mass of dark-coated voters were crammed away on the left side of the platform, between which and the ranks of the troopers an open space was now left. The peasantry wisely restrained the manifestations of their discontent to yells and maledictions, which seemed to produce on the cuirassiers even less effect than on the beasts they rode. Their curses were, however, not so obstreperous as their former enthusiasm, so that I had now leisure to turn round, and see what was going on on the platform.

When the "deputation" had seen the decided character of the majority, they had for a moment indulged the hope that they would not have to go through the wearisome drudgery of the poll; and now that they found the clerical party determined to go on, their irritation was proportional to their disappointment. I found them trying to "capacitate" a tall, gaunt priest, but finding their efforts ineffectual they said, "Well, then, reverend Sir, please let us see your ten voters." The priest descended into the crowd, and after a pause of a few minutes returned with his light-blue jackets. Before taking down their names, the vice-president began to read them a lecture on their unreasonable obstinacy, which—naturally enough—was listened to in sullen silence, as an unwarrantable interference with their electoral rights. Seven out of the ten were from the village of R——, two were from another village, and the tenth from a third. Their names being taken down, the "deputation," &c., adjourned to an empty cottage belonging to an attorney of the town, which had been placed at their disposal for the day.

When they left I lingered yet a little while on the platform to study the aspects of the crowd. Many ladies and peasant women came up thither to enjoy the spectacle. Just then a young gentleman came, bringing with him a peasant in a light-blue jacket. The latter, after looking to the right and left, exclaimed "Certainly, sir,

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four times as many." In answer to my inquiries, I was informed that the man was from the above-mentioned village of R——. There the great majority were in favour of the clerical party, but about fifteen or sixteen electors had pledged themselves to the liberals. An evening or two before election day, a faction-fight broke out in the public-house, and the clericals, having the superiority in numbers, gained a complete victory; it was, in fact, a double one, for being equally strong in fighting and swearing, they knocked down and disabled half their opponents over-night, and the next morning got the rest of them locked up as having been the aggressors. By good luck, the peasant I now saw before me and his son had been absent from the village the night of the row, and thus they two were the only liberal voters from their village who could come and record their votes.

The slow process of recording individual votes was tiresome, not merely for the members of the "deputation," but for all concerned. But the Hungarian peasant is a sort of man who generally contrives to make himself at home anywhere, and is not put out by little inconveniences. When he travels from home he always carries a sort of wallet, wrought in diverse colours, slung over one shoulder. This contains a lump of his dark bread, made of a mixture of wheat and rye, and his smoked bacon, which he eats raw. For this purpose he is always provided with a large pocket clasp-knife. Two of the popular epithets applied to the genuine Magyar are *szalonnás* (bacony) and *bicskás* (provided with a pocket-knife). When several go together, and are likely to be away some time, they carry besides a large wooden bottle, in the shape of a flat spheroid, capable of containing some quarts of wine or brandy. This is stopped with a wooden plug, which screws into the neck, and is then carried, like the wallet, slung by a leathern strap over one shoulder. As the day, although cold, was fine and dry, and the gipsy band played with that unflagging perseverance and spirit of which only a gipsy band is capable, and the village furnished partners, the voters took to discussing their luncheons, and then either dancing themselves or criticising those who did; whilst above all was heard the song, "There is nothing sweeter than honey," &c., repeated over and over again.

While the "plebs" were thus amusing themselves in the fresh, clear air, their superiors were hard at work in the cottage, which served as a polling-booth. As it had two doors communicating between the courtyard and the first and last room of a suite of three, it was very well adapted for the purpose to which it was now put. In the first and second rooms, which were almost quite bare of furniture, having only a table and a couple of benches between them, clustered the peasants whose turn to vote had nearly come. Besides them there were generally to be seen one or two persons of somewhat

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superior appearance, and no doubt a good deal of "capacitation" went on there, the means employed being, I am afraid, not always pure logic or unassisted rhetoric. In the third room, which was warmed by a vast stove reaching to the rafters, and covered with green earthenware, round a large four-cornered table of plain, unpainted wood, sat the "gentlemen." Besides the "deputation" there must be present at the taking of the votes two representatives of each candidate to watch the proceedings in his behalf; and, as the law requires publicity, other persons were also present. As is the case with our law courts, in theory everybody might enter, but in practice the small space of the room did not admit of a large number of spectators. The representatives of the liberal candidate were two attorneys; while the interests of the clerical candidate were looked after by the land agent of one of the estates belonging to the chapter, and the parish priest of the village of R——, a tall, good-looking young man, who left the work to be done for the most part by his secular coadjutor. And here I must observe that not only these gentlemen "serve," without any remuneration or compensation, but the members of the "deputation" do so likewise. In fact, they have to pay out of their own pockets the expenses which they may incur in the performance of their duties.

The villages were called over in alphabetical order. As each village came up in its turn, the "deputation" began by calling in to their assistance its "judge," in order that he might identify to their satisfaction each individual elector from his commune. For this purpose he was kept standing behind the chairs of the pro-president and vice-president while the electors from his village passed through a corner of the room, in at one door and out at the other. His assistance was, indeed, often needed, for the peasantry in Hungary, as in some other countries, are rather limited in their supply of Christian and family names. As the representatives of either side were on the look-out to prevent fraud, the objection was often made against a voter that the same man, or rather, that some one in his name, had already voted. In such cases no one could explain so readily or clearly as the "judge" that the voter present was *kis Szabó Mihály*, Michael Taylor the little, while the former man was *nagy Szabó Mihály*, Michael Taylor the big, and that it was all right.

As the villages were called over in alphabetical order, so also were the names of the individual voters in each village. As each answered the call and came into the room in which the deputation sat, he was asked first his own name, and then for whom he voted. The vote was then recorded in a sort of double-entry system. While the notary set it down in one of two lists, according as he voted for one or the other party, the vice-president made a mark against the name in his copy of the register, indicative of his having voted, and how.

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As long as the voters came in in the alphabetical order in which they were called, the work of recording their votes, though slow and toilsome, was comparatively unirritating. But it continually happened that as they were recording the votes of the village of E—— an elector, say Barna József (Joseph Brown), did not answer to his name when called over by the vice-president. It was echoed through the two anterooms and the courtyard into the streets by officious peasants, but in vain. Joseph had strayed away from the array of his fellow villagers, and was now courting, or dancing, or drinking, or peradventure cheapening a horse. There was no doubt as to whether he had come or not, as the "judge" of the village was there to state that he had joined the procession (*kortes*) which left E—— that morning. The process of recording votes went on without him, when, suddenly, as they are taking down the votes of the hamlet of M——, in he comes. As it is pretty well known on which side he will vote, the representatives of that side require that his name be put down. With this the registries have to be turned over till it is ascertained that such a name from such a place had been wanting. At this point the representatives of the opposite side interfere, and suggest a doubt as to his being the very Barna József or not. "Where is the 'judge' of E——?" Now he is not to be found; and some delay occurs before the little imbroglio is settled to the satisfaction of all parties—a delay which makes the stentorian voice of the vice-president louder and harsher, and the patient notary, lighting a fresh cigar, discovers the air of the room is very close. After dinner these irregularities occur so often that the "deputation" determine to go straight on in regular order, and to postpone all such voters as did not answer when called, until the end of the poll; thus leaving it to the whips of either party to keep their men together if they could.

There was a good deal of variety in the way in which the votes were given. The vice-president to whose conservative opinions I have before alluded, would have it that the "noblemen" gave their votes in a more manly, self-confident manner than the peasants. I must say that I could not myself see it. But, then, I was one of the uninitiated. The only way in which I could guess that the elector before me was a "nobleman" was when his clothes were especially old and patched, and his appearance afforded other indications of poverty; for I then thought, "Surely this man can have no other qualification for the franchise than an hereditary one." I was standing by the side of the parish priest of R——, while a whole village, many of whom presented such an appearance, were voting one after the other for the liberal candidate. "I suppose, sir," said I to him, "that these men are 'noble.'"—"So it seems," answered he, with a smile. These "nobles" gave their votes with the alacrity

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of men who had never felt any hesitation about the matter, and a certain gaiety of manner which showed that they were conscious of the sympathy of the "gentlemen" present. Indeed, occasionally one of the latter would grant a mark of recognition to a poorer fellow-citizen in the form of a "*servus András*," or "*servus Péter*." A day or two afterwards, riding to town in the vice-president's carriage, I observed that he acknowledged the greetings of the peasantry by a hurried nod, or a hasty "Good-day;" but if we passed a "nobleman" he shook his hand to him in a friendly way, and inquired after his health, and then after that of his father, his son, or his brother, as the case might be. This interested me as a relic of the old days before 1848, when the "short nobility," as it was called, determined all the county elections, municipal and parliamentary.

When a man voted for the clerical party in opposition to the majority of his fellow villagers, I observed that he often did so without any enthusiasm, and even with a certain embarrassment of manner; as if he had been subjected to a good deal of pressure, moral or immoral, from both sides, and had at last made up his mind after a calculation as to which of two evils was the least. But when those staunch Catholics from R—— trooped in, and gave the name of the clerical candidate, they did so with looks of stern, almost sullen, resolution, as if they expected their right to vote as they liked to be gainsayed. But then the letter R is rather low down in the alphabet, so that their turn did not come till long after dinner-time. By that time the whole crowd was affected with a sort of combative irritability, in part owing to their being tired out with waiting so many hours for the final result, and in part to the wine with which both parties had been freely supplied.

It was now evident why the priests had declined accepting the result of the acclamation as final, for their party had been largely reinforced during the afternoon. They now pressed tight up towards the right side of the courtyard gate, while their opponents hugged equally closely the left side. The entrance itself was kept clear, and the two bodies of electors, fierce with impatience and wine, kept apart only by the repeated movements of the cavalry, and the threats and authority of the *szolga-biró*. His attendant *pandur* walked about in the gateway, dressed in a long overcoat, with a solitary pistol stuck in his belt, and in his hand a long stick, useful in keeping order among a crowd of curious boys, who were continually trying to elude his sorely-tried vigilance, and get into the courtyard. But the persons most to be pitied were the unfortunate cuirassiers, wearing out the weary day, sitting in line on their tired chargers, doing nothing. Their captain sought what little consolation he could get out of the conversation of the *szolga-biró*, who calculated how much

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longer their troubles would last, and criticised severely the democratic character of the laws of 1848. As to the probability of there arising any occasion for actual military intervention, he said, "They ought to be able to keep the peace, with so many of the 'intelligence' about." I am very much mistaken if the German officer did not ride back to G—— the next morning with strong convictions about the futility, absurdity, and general inconvenience of constitutional government.

As the two parties could not come to blows, they relieved their feelings by *éljens* and mutual abuse. The Liberals shouted *Eljen a Magyar szaladság* (Long live Hungarian freedom). The others ominously answered, "Wait a bit; we do not yet know whether we shall get this Hungarian freedom after all." Another time a Liberal began with, "It is all very well for *you* to be waiting here, but *we* did not come for daily wages." To such a flagrant insinuation the clericals indignantly answered, "That is a lie;" while the *pandur* termed round and addressed the aggressor with, "Are you not ashamed of yourself? How can you say anything so foolish?" Next the clericals seemed to think that something might be done by flattering the soldiery, and began to say, "Long life to these gallant gentlemen; long life to the servants of our lord the king."

As matters turned out, no breach of the peace actually occurred; but I dare say that was owing to the precautions taken. The Magyars are decidedly a pugnacious people. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that when for a long time there has been no fight in a village, one is got up for the mere fun of the thing. The Magyar does not fight with his fists like an Englishman, and the use of the knife, which is said to be so common in Southern Europe, is, at the least, as unfrequent in Hungary as in England; but he is great in the use of the stick. Not only is the peasant himself proud of his prowess, and the effect with which he handles that weapon, but even persons belonging to a somewhat superior class in society are proud of that accomplishment of their under fellow-countrymen. One of them once observed to me: "If only there were no cannon, muskets, and such like, to which the peasant is not accustomed, and all wars were fought out with the stick, I would back Hungary against the rest of Europe." But he had not travelled far from home, and was quite ignorant of the glories of a "sprig of shillelagh." Indeed, in this matter of fighting, and in one or two others, perhaps, the Magyars do resemble the Irish; and these points have been made the most of by certain German and English admirers of the Viennese government, with whom the comparison of those two nations is a very favourite one. If I have not written altogether in vain, the reader will see that the Magyars might with just as much truth, or rather show of truth, be compared to the English; but, in

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act, all such comparisons are as fallacious as they are odious. The Hungarians have a character of their own which in some points resembles that of the English, in others that of the Irish, and in many points neither of them.

Meantime, the darkness of the evening and the impatience of the captain increased visibly. The short November day had now come fairly to an end, and still the "gentlemen" went on receiving and recording votes by candle-light. They had at last got to counting and adding up the votes recorded on either side, when the captain entered their room and told them that his men had been kept in the saddle well-nigh the whole day, and that he could not keep them so any longer. They, however, assured him that things were in the last stage; and contrived to seat him in their midst until they had finished their work. No sooner was the result—namely, 1154 for the liberal candidate, 658 for the clerical candidate—ascertained and accepted as correct by all the persons officially concerned, than one of the *compossessores* of the village hurried out, mounted the platform, which had been lighted by an improvised collection of lamps, and made a speech to the liberal electors. He thus engaged their attention, while the formalities of signing the protocol, &c., were being gone through. At the same time a message was sent in all haste to the successful candidate, to congratulate him on his triumph, and to call upon him to address his friends. Neither he nor his rival had been seen in public the whole day.

When the *compossessor* informed the liberals of the triumph of their cause, they gave way to a series of *éljens,* only inferior in vigour to those they had uttered in the morning, when the struggle was all before them. Their shouts were renewed when the pro-president himself mounted the platform and officially announced the result of the poll. Hearing these sounds, the clericals also began to flock towards the platform, and to yell out their dissatisfaction. No sooner did the captain hear this—I have before mentioned that he was ignorant of the Hungarian language—than a sudden fear seized him that the fighting had already begun, that he had kept his men under arms the whole day to no purpose, and that his conduct would, after all the trouble and annoyance he had endured, become liable to censure. In a moment the cuirassiers were in motion; again they repeated the manœuvres of the morning; and when the newly-elected *követ* arrived, he found himself face to face with the ranks of the military. This sadly marred the effect of the whole scene. It was so ridiculous to hear him addressing the white-coated Germans as *polgár-társaim* (fellow-citizens). He was in this moment of success as cool, and, to all appearance, as unconcerned, as the evening before when measuring his oats in the granary. His speech was brief and very general in its terms, and no sooner was it ended than the

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cuirassiers began to disperse the crowd on either hand with threats and entreaties, imploring the "gentlemen," wherever they met them, to help them in so doing, for that they were tired to death. In a very short space of time the peasantry had either rattled away in their light waggons or disappeared into the wineshops or the cottages of their friends.

The election was over. In describing it I have been necessarily very diffuse, but I hope that I have not rendered the reader quite as tired of the whole business as were the captain and his men. I had intended at the outset to have given him some idea of the merry-making which followed, as we went from house to house till past midnight; how two sturdy peasants raised in their arms *az Angol sogorunk* (our English brother-in-law); from which unstable elevation I had to stammer a speech in broken Magyar; and of other extemporised gaieties. But I feel that I must not abuse the indulgence hitherto vouchsafed me. Still less can I venture on the borough election, which came off the following week, where the voting was by ballot; and the whole proceeding confirmed my previous prejudices (somehow, one's experience generally does confirm one's previous prejudices) against secret voting. Suffice it here to state that the Bishop and the Chapter and their friends the bureaucracy gained a victory as signal as the defeat they suffered in T——. If my sketch should, in spite of its many shortcomings, induce another Englishman to take as much interest in any future general election in Hungary as I did in that last year, I shall not have written it in vain. Of one thing I can at any rate assure him, that is, of a reception as hospitable and as courteous as was extended to myself. I am not at all blinded by national prepossessions when I say that there is no people whose good opinion the Hungarians value so highly as that of the English.

ARTHUR J. PATTERSON.

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HOLBEIN AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

I.

To some of the readers of this Review it may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in a foreigner to venture to write on the subject of the British National Portrait Exhibition in an English periodical. The writer, however, may be permitted to remark, by way of apology, that it was chiefly this exhibition which induced him to visit the English metropolis. Occupied with writing the "Life of Holbein," the first volume of which has already been published, he expected to find here the best opportunity for forming a correct view of Holbein's activity in England. Apart from this, the writer found the exhibition in all respects one of the highest interest. A special predilection for portraits is an old peculiarity of English taste. The first portrait painters of the Continent were, in times gone by, engaged in London. It was here that in two succeeding centuries Holbein and Vandyck—who, together with Velasquez, are considered the greatest masters that ever existed in portrait painting—achieved their universal fame. At a later period, when the development of an independent style in art had already commenced in England, many of the most celebrated artists, such as Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, chiefly excelled in portrait painting. In some respects this peculiarity may be considered to denote a narrowness in English taste. But on the other hand it may be viewed as the natural result of that accurate estimation of personal worth, of that perfect acknowledgment of the individual independence of man, which forms so important a trait in the character of the English nation. Hence it follows that the present exhibition, regarded either in a historical or in an artistic point of view, is of the highest importance, and such as could not be produced in any other country in the world except England. For our purpose it will suffice to contemplate it from the artistic point of view.

The portraits of persons on view in the National Exhibition date as far back as the twelfth century. The committee, it may be politely intimated, might have exercised a little more caution and greater circumspection in this respect. A modern lady in the costume, as it may be seen on the stage, of the sixteenth century, bears the name of Rosamund Clifford, King Henry II.'s mistress, and takes the lead as No. 1. This certainly might have been avoided. One of the most valuable among these ancient portraits in the eastern corridor, is No. 7, the more than life-size picture of King Richard II., belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. Unfortunately the whole picture,

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belonging, it is true, not to King Richard's time, but to the beginning of the fifteenth century, has been painted over in oil colours, especially the face, whilst the brilliant royal robes in which Richard is dressed show still some traces at least of the original painting. Of other persons of the fourteenth century may be seen, although not the contemporaneous original portraits, yet copies of them. There are specimens, for instance, of likenesses of King Henry IV., among which, No. 10, from Windsor Castle, claims especial attention, as well as the little picture of Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet (No. 8), lent by the Bodleian library of Oxford. Highly interesting, although likewise only later copies, are the portraits of the celebrated General John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, and his consort (Nos. 19 and 20), belonging to the Marquis of Northampton. Both represent the bust of a figure painted in an attitude of prayer; and to the left there is visible a glory, to which they have lifted up their eyes. Talbot is wearing brassards and a tabard; his face, beardless, as was the fashion in his time, exhibits an expression of genuine piety. Both figures have probably been copied from parts of an epitaph picture.

An exquisite original painting of the fifteenth century is the portrait of Edward Grimston (No. 17), ambassador at the Court of Burgundy, in the reign of Henry VI., and known as the framer of the treaty between Burgundy and England. This picture, which is the property of the Earl of Verulam, is by one of the most celebrated pupils of the brothers Van Eyck, named Petrus Christus, and bears, as the Catalogue tells us, the name of the artist, and the year, 1446, on the reverse side. The works of this artist, especially his portraits, are very rare, and therefore this highly characteristic head occupies a very prominent position in the history of the fine arts.

There are two other original pictures of the Flemish school of that time, formerly in the possession of Horace Walpole, now belonging to the Duke of Sutherland. These are not without interest as works of art, but scarcely deserving a place in the Portrait Exhibition, as Mr. Nichols lately demonstrated in one of the numbers of *Notes and Queries*. No. 27, in which Walpole inclined to recognise Humphrey Plantaganet, Duke of Gloucester, and John Kempe, Archbishop of Canterbury, consists merely of fragments of a small altar, in the middle of which an adoration of the kings must have formerly had a place. Only the wings of the altar are exhibited, which contain some portions of this composition, viz., one of the kings and St. Joseph (whom the Catalogue passes off as the Duke of Gloucester clad in pilgrim garments). Two other panels, now inserted between these two parts, it is probable, formed the exterior parts of these wings. The figures of two of the four Church Fathers are visible on them,

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one of whom the Catalogue very erroneously introduces as John Kempe. As regards their artistic character, these fragments appear to be akin to the style of Roger van der Weyden. By a less celebrated and somewhat later master of the same school, towards the close of the fifteenth century, is the little picture which passes as a representation of the wedding of Henry VI., verbosely described as such by Walpole, and even engraved in the recent editions of his Anecdotes of Painting. The subject it represents is the Betrothal of the Holy Virgin.

No. 18, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, is a perfect gem of the art of painting—a small folding altar. "Van Eyck or Memling" is the name of the artist given in the catalogue. It is painted by neither of the Van Eycks, but by Memling; which must be apparent to every one acquainted with the productions of this delightful artist, and has been universally admitted by the learned in art. Sir John Donne, with his wife and a little daughter, are kneeling before the Virgin and the Child, to whom an angel presents fruit, whilst a second angel plays to him on the violin. By his side is standing St. Catherine, by the side of his wife St. Barbara, the patron saints of Sir John Donne; the two St. Johns are visible on the wings, and a charming landscape, such as Memling loves, with a pleasant green, a bridge, a mill, and grazing cows, fills the background. A painting like this is an agreeable variety in an exhibition which is made up mainly of portraits. No doubt the portrait figures have in reality been the principal subjects in small altars like this painted for private devotion; but in those pious modest times, when a head of a house resolved upon having portraits of himself and his family, he usually preferred to be represented in the company of God and his saints. In fact, there is nothing more sublime or more poetical than this *genre* for a family picture. The noblest feelings that could animate their souls are visibly expressed in these persons whilst in serene contemplation and exalted devotion they kneel by the side of the Holy Virgin and the Divine Child. No family pictures, as they are painted in modern times—even if composed by the refined taste of a Vandyck—are capable of producing such a touching impression as this work by Memling, or as Holbein's celebrated Madonna with the Meyer family[1]—a picture in which the whole family, old and young, men and women, are seen kneeling in devout adoration before the Holy Mother, and being blessed with the benediction of the Divine Child whom she holds in her arms.

The most valuable pictures of the commencement of the sixteenth century are works of Dutchmen. For instance, two very fine pictures, the relation of which to English history, however, is very

(1) The original is in the possession of the Princess Charles of Darmstadt; a copy, partly painted by Holbein's own hand, in the Dresden Gallery.

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problematical figure in this collection. One of them, from Hampton Court (No. 58), does not, as has been hitherto believed, represent the children of Henry IV., but those of King Christian of Denmark. Mr. George Sharf has conclusively proved this in an essay in Vol. xxxix. of the *Archæologia*. It is a work by Mabuse, somewhat cold in the colouring of the flesh, like almost all his pictures, but one of his best productions. The other picture (No. 54), belonging to Mr. H. Musgrave, is said to represent the portraits of Henry VII. and Ferdinand of Arragon, but it contains in reality the likenesses of the Emperor Charles V. and King Francis I. of France, as proved by Mr. Sharf. Charles's physiognomy, with the immoderately long chin and the Hapsburg lip, is unmistakable. Besides this, he wears the Order of the Golden Fleece, and holds in his hand a globe with a view of the pillars of Hercules, his well-known device, upon it. The name of the artist is also wrong. There can be no greater mistake than to attribute this picture to Holbein. The style differs entirely from his, and it is no doubt the production of a Dutch painter of the time and style of Quentin Matsys. The arrangement and the conception, as well as the somewhat reddish tint of the flesh-colour, plainly betray the influence of this latter painter, but some exaggerations in the drawing, especially in the hands, forbid its being ascribed to him. It is, indeed, not surprising that this picture bears a wrong name when we consider the number of pictures which in this exhibition pass under the name of Holbein. The great artist, who during the reign of Henry VIII. lived for many years in England, has been made responsible for almost all portraits that in his time, and also many years previously as well as afterwards, were produced in this country. This exhibition shows how enormous is the abuse made of his name. There are not less than sixty-three pictures ascribed to Holbein, and among these there are only *nine* originals painted by him. Mr. Wornum, who is also writing a work on Holbein, is of the same opinion, and differs from the writer of this article simply with regard to the portrait of the Duke of Norfolk (No. 165), the genuineness of which he doubts, but which I accept as an original.

The latest researches respecting Holbein all tend to prove that the great master belonged far more to his own fatherland and less to England than was, up to recent times, believed to be the case. Some years ago, it is well known, Mr. Black discovered in London the will of Holbein, proving that he died in 1543, and not in 1554, consequently eleven years earlier than had generally been supposed. Not long afterwards the writer of this article proved that the artist was not born in 1498 but three years earlier, in 1495. His researches also prove that the time Holbein stayed in Germany was longer, and the time he stayed in England shorter, than has been hitherto

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believed. Moreover, the latter period is diminished still more by the fact that the first visit which Holbein paid to his native country after he had taken up his abode in England was not a transitory one, but lasted for several years. We know that, by the latest discoveries in the Archives of Basle, he was occupied there from the year 1529 to 1531. Moreover, all the works that Holbein painted in England are no longer preserved here. A number of his most excellent pictures have found their way to the Continent. Among all his productions, as far as they are known to me at present, there are five which must be pre-eminently considered the *chefs d'œuvre* of his English period. Of these there are two in England and three in Germany. The best picture by Holbein which I have seen in England is the portrait of the Duchess-Dowager of Milan at Arundel Castle. It surpasses even the beautiful and well-known picture in the collection of Lord Folkestone at Longford Castle, representing the life-size portraits of Sir Thomas Wyatt and an unknown learned gentleman. The three other works, which are found in German collections, are the portrait of the goldsmith, Mr. Morrell, in the gallery at Dresden, that of the merchant, George Gyzen, in the museum at Berlin, and that of Queen Jane Seymour, in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. An inferior copy of this picture is in the exhibition (No. 125).

The highly important discovery of the year of Holbein's death has essentially and considerably diminished the number of pictures ascribed to his genius; and yet, many collectors make such an indiscriminate use of his great name, by which they attempt to shed a lustre on their artistic treasures, that they disregard alike historical truth and facts. In the Catalogue of the Exhibition there are still enumerated many pictures which could only have been painted after Holbein's death. This reminds one of the story which is reported to have occurred many years ago in the kingdom of Saxony. Holbein's portrait of Mr. Morrell, in the gallery at Dresden, was ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, until learned men demonstrated the erroneousness of this pretension, especially with reference to W. Gollar's engraving of this portrait, which divulged the real name of the painter as well as that of the person represented. The late King of Saxony could on no account be prevailed upon to have the name of the artist corrected in the catalogue. "We shall have no Leonardo da Vinci then," was the conclusive objection with which he met all remonstrances on the subject; and it was not until after his death that the correct name of the artist was permitted to be attached to the picture, upon which occasion the Board of Administration, as in duty bound, speedily procured another "Leonardo da Vinci" for the Gallery in its place.

In the National Portrait Exhibition this *naïveté* is carried so far

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that various pretended pictures by Holbein are exhibited which notoriously cannot but have been painted *after* 1554, the formerly accepted year of Holbein's death. Sir John Thynne (No. 161, the property of the Marquis of Bath) is signed 1566; the Countess of Lennox (No. 236, from the collection at Hampton Court) is painted in 1572; and Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who was born in 1530, and only thirteen years of age at the date when Holbein died, is represented as an old gentleman with grey hair (see picture No. 302, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury). As the present Portrait Gallery is a collection of pictures which have been lent for the purpose of exhibition, the arrangers of it naturally determined to leave all names given by the owners untouched, and their Catalogue, therefore, very properly declines all responsibility in this respect. Acting on these principles, we venture to think that it was unnecessary for the editor of the Catalogue, Mr. Samuel Redgrave, to side with the owners of the pictures in discrediting the correctness of the real year of Holbein's death. He says: "There is yet, we venture to think, just sufficient absence of absolute proof of the identity of the testator with the painter to allow of that further examination of a question of so great interest which the present collection very opportunely offers."

Mr. A. W. Franks, who dilated on this discovery in an article published in the *Archæologia*, tendered the proof of the identity of the painter with the testator, who is named "John Holbein, servant to the King's Majesty," in the most striking and convincing manner. Moreover, all other arguments become nearly needless by the discovery, about six months ago, of a document in the archives at Basle. This document, found by Mr. His-Hensler, and published in my work, "Holbein und seine Zeit," is a letter written by the burgomaster and council of Basle in the year 1545, which refers to Philip Holbein, the hitherto entirely unknown son of the celebrated painter, at that time a goldsmith's apprentice. In this letter the great artist is mentioned as "weiland Hans Holbein selig" (the *late* Hans Holbein).

Of every nine so-called Holbein pictures in the Exhibition, there is, on an average, but *one* original. This proportion may be admitted for England in general, but in some places it is still less. On this occasion it may be observed that of the twenty-seven pictures bearing the name of Holbein in the collection at Hampton Court, only *two* can be considered originals, namely, the portrait of Reshemeer, a gentleman from Cornwall, and the likeness of Lady Vaux, which, on account of its being very much painted over, is scarcely admissible. A picture, dated 1512, said to have been painted by Holbein, of his parents, is a very interesting one, and the production, I think, of a Holbein; but certainly not of Hans Holbein, the son,

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but of Hans Holbein, the father. The whole conception and technical treatment shows this very clearly, especially the landscape, which even in the smallest details corresponds with the treatment of the landscape in the Basilica of St. Paul in the Augsburg Gallery, the principal work of that artist. The drawing of the hands, which is rather weak, affords another proof. It is true the picture has been somewhat injured by cleaning, but that the drawing of them was originally defective is easily discernible. Such is never the case in the works of Holbein, the son—not even in his very earliest productions; the father, on the contrary, however excellent he may have been as an artist, and especially in portrait-painting, the worthy precursor of his son, was weak in the technical treatment of the extremities. The tradition which in the figures of the portrait recognises Holbein and his wife, is not supported by any reliable proof, and is as worthless and unreliable as all "tradition" is in the history of the fine arts. Moreover, it is of a recent date. The picture was in the possession of King Charles I., and is described in the Catalogue of his collection, but without any mention of the name of Holbein: "Item. A picture in a black frame of a German in a furr'd cap and habit, together with his wife, in one piece, dressed with much linnen[1] about her head, in a landscape, half figures less than life, painted upon the right light. Bought out of Germany by Sir Henry Vane, Treasurer of the Household, and given to the king. Done by some good German painter." The persons represented in the portrait are good, well-to-do burghers; the man, dressed in a fur coat and cap, does not in the least resemble that interesting bearded head which is displayed in the real portraits of the elder Holbein. This head is known by the engraving in Sandrart's "Teutsche Academie," the original of which—a drawing by the young Hans Holbein—Sandrart declares to have had in his possession. (It is now the property of the Duke d'Aumale, and is at Orleans House, Twickenham.) It is an intelligent, exquisitely amiable countenance, drawn in silver-pencil, like the numerous other sheets in the Augsburg sketch-books of Hans Holbein, the son, which are preserved in the print and drawing cabinets at Berlin, Basle, and Copenhagen. It bears the following inscription, which exactly corresponds with that given by Sandrart, viz.:—

Hans
Holbain Der als.
Maler.

As to the other so-called Holbein pictures in the collection at Hampton Court, we find among them not only the very inferior copies of his pictures of Erasmus and Trobenius, but also all kinds of purely trade-like productions, such as representations of battles and festivities

(1) Vertue says, by a mistake, for muslin.

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of the time of Henry VIII., which have nothing whatever to do with him, and likewise a Christ appearing to the Magdalen, which picture seems to be by Bartholomew Bruyn, a Cologne painter, and a little landscape which is evidently the work of H. de Bles. If such is the case in the Royal Gallery, what is one to expect of private collections?

Returning to the exhibition, there is the portrait of Sir Thomas More (No. 157), belonging to Mr. Henry Huth, which is perhaps the most beautiful of all the paintings to be found here by Holbein's hand. It is one of the first, if not *the* first portrait which the artist executed in England. It bears the inscription of the year 1527, and in the latter part of the summer of 1526 Holbein had entered upon his first residence in England. He was received, on the recommendation of his friend Erasmus, into the house of Sir Thomas More, and it is more than probable that he remained in the chancellor's country-house at Chelsea until his return to his native land in 1529, a guest and partaker of that charming family life which Erasmus describes with such enthusiasm in a letter to Ulrich von Hutten. He extols it as the school of genuine Christian sentiment—as a household the fate and destiny of which seems to be felicity. It is probable that Holbein gave the first proof of his art in a portrait of his host. The head of this great scholar and statesman, the countenance of this pure and excellent man, with the deep, searching look of the philosopher, and the sweet gentleness which is expressed in his features, impresses itself indelibly on the mind of the spectator.

On the other hand the specimen of the large family picture of Thomas More (No. 163), which belongs to Mr. Charles Wynn, is a copy, and a very indifferent one too. The family of More was very numerous, and it is possible that the celebrated picture was, even in former times, repeatedly copied for the different members who were desirous to possess their beloved relatives united in one group. It is not surprising that the original itself should have disappeared. It is very likely that in consequence of the terrible fate which a few years later befell Sir Thomas More, when, through the caprices of his cruel master, he suffered on the scaffold and had his estates sequestrated, the picture perished at a very early period. The more valuable are Holbein's own studies, which have been very fortunately preserved. Seven large heads belonging to that picture are in the collection of her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The museum of Basle, moreover, enjoys the distinction of numbering amongst its treasures the original sketches of the whole picture—a photograph of which has lately been published. A letter written by Erasmus shows that this drawing was brought to the great scholar by Holbein himself on his return from England in 1529. Erasmus, who by this time had quitted his abode at Basle, and taken refuge in Friburg, in Brisgau, on account of the disturbances of the iconoclasts at the

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former place, expresses in a letter to Margaret Roper, the favourite daughter of Sir Thomas More, his heartfelt delight at the picture, which contained the likenesses of both her parents and of all the family. The sketch came into the Basle Museum in the collection of Boniface Amerbach, which had been the orginal nucleus of the Museum; Amerbach himself inherited it from his friend Erasmus, by whom he had been appointed sole heir. Although the sketch was intended only to serve as a basis for the whole composition, the likeness of the portrayed persons is, notwithstanding the mere outlines and the small proportions, strikingly perfect. Mr. Wynn's copy proves that the large picture in several points was different from the original sketch. In the latter Alice, the wife of Sir Thomas More, is kneeling down, and next to her are written the words in German, in Holbein's own handwriting, "Diese soll sitzen" (she is to be sitting). It seemed to the painter to agree better with the *ensemble* of the whole composition if he represented her in a sitting attitude, and such is the case in the copy. The servant of Sir Thomas More, who is leaning at the door, is also wanting in the sketch; and so is the view into a second room, in which a man is sitting reading. No. 150 is a worse copy still of the two centre figures of the family picture—viz., Sir Thomas More and his father. No. 78, which pretends to be the portrait of Queen Catherine of Arragon, is nothing but a copy of the likeness of Margaret Roper, who in the family picture is in front on her knees, to the right of the spectator.

The portrait of William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury (No. 86, from Lambeth Palace), is likewise one of the pictures which Holbein produced in the first year of his sojourn in England. The venerable old gentleman of more than threescore years and ten makes an imposing impression on the spectator by his priestly dignity and the firm energy of his appearance. The hands especially, which rest on a pillow in front of him, are noble and full of character. Regarding the manner of painting, there is a certain difference apparent between this picture and the half-length portrait of More. In the latter there is still predominant that warm brownish tint of the earlier times of the great master, whilst in the former a colder tint prevails, which gives to the shade an appearance of grey. The technical treatment in this picture appears to be more broad and free; nevertheless all accessories—for instance the cushion of gold brocade on the balustrade, and especially the magnificent crozier, with its blaze of jewels, are treated with wonderful care and accuracy. The study of this head in the collection at Windsor Castle seems to be the finest of all the drawings which are kept there.

Like this portrait, that of Sir Henry Guildford (No. 149, from the collection of Windsor Castle) also bears the inscription of the year 1527. It seems that Holbein at this time painted only such persons

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as belonged to the more intimate circle of friends of Sir Thomas More. Both Warham and Guildford—the latter a warrior and a scholar, who fought against the Moors in the wars in Spain, and was afterwards appointed Master of the Horse to Henry VIII.—were on friendly terms with him and with Erasmus. Holbein has in this portrait displayed all his masterly talent in the exquisite treatment of splendid garments: the gold-embroidered dress, the gorgeous collar-chain—everything is executed with a rare perfection. The vigorous countenance, full of thought and energy, excites great interest. The strikingly yellow tint of the face is surprising. It has been taken for granted that the head has been painted over; but such is not the case—on the contrary, it is in a remarkably good state of preservation. The colour must have been a peculiarity of the portrayed person. This may be inferred from its being indicated in a like manner in the drawing at Windsor Castle. The observation may be made here that there is another picture which passes for a portrait of Sir George Guildford painted by Holbein (No. 129); which, however, neither represents the former nor is executed by the latter.

Having been during his first stay in England principally employed by Sir Thomas More and his nearest friends, Holbein, on his second visit to England (1532), was chiefly patronised by his German fellow-countrymen, the rich merchants of the German Hansabund, who had their establishments in the Steelyard. For the latter he executed the grand but now lost pictures with the triumphal processions of Opulence and Poverty, almost the only compositions in this high style of art which he produced in England. He painted besides the portraits of many of these merchants, which are now dispersed among the various galleries of England and Germany, and almost all of which bear the inscription of the years 1532 and 1533. The finest among all these is the portrait of George Gyzen, in the museum at Berlin, dated 1532. Two other portraits of merchants for the Steelyard are in the galleries at Vienna and Brunswick, one signed with the name of the represented person, Dursk Beritt, and with the year 1536, in the collection of Lord Leconfield, at Petworth; but two very valuable ones are in the collection at Windsor Castle, viz., an interesting beardless youth, a front figure—according to the name given underneath, Derick Born—painted in 1533, and a man with a long beard, holding a letter in his hand, in which the word Stahlhof (Steelyard) is legible; this picture is dated 1532. These pictures, which represent no English celebrities, were, of course, not eligible for the present exhibition.

At this time Holbein could scarcely yet have been in the service of the king, as Mr. A. W. Franks undertook to prove in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxix. p. 4. His name is neither mentioned in

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the accounts of Sir Bryan Tuke, Treasurer of the Chamber, extending from 1st October, 20th Henry VIII. (1528), to May, 23rd Henry VIII. (1531); nor in the privy purse expenses of the same king, extending from November, 1529, to December, 1532. As the accounts of the next years are wanting, the documentary evidence of Holbein's occupation at the Court commences not earlier than with the year 1538. His works, however, prove that already previous to that year, in the time of Queen Jane Seymour, he was known to the king, and received commissions from him. There are certainly extant so-called "portraits of Queen Anne Boleyn by Holbein," but neither of them represents the queen, nor, if so, have they been painted by Holbein, as may be seen in the present exhibition. Among the works of this later period, during which Holbein painted almost all the celebrated persons at the Court and in the kingdom, we may quote the portrait of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex (No. 126). Of all the pictures of the great master collected here, this one makes the least favourable impression, because of its having been much injured. Its originality, however, cannot be doubted. The portrayed person is sitting on a wooden bench, with a high back attached to it. In his hand he holds a letter, with the following address:—

"To our trusty and right welbeloved
Counsailler Thomas Crom-
well, Maister of our Jewelhouse."

This was the first high office which was conferred by the king on the former favourite of Cardinal Wolsey. Later on he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and created Earl of Essex. His character is less clearly depicted in this injured picture than in another painting by Holbein, which is in the possession of Captain Ridgway, 2, Waterloo-place. The original unfortunately is not in the exhibition, but only a very defective copy (No. 103). Capt. Ridgway's picture shows only the profile of the head, in an oval space, with a stone frame, but the expression of character is exceedingly striking. The hair is invisible because all the back part of the head is covered by a black cap; the cheek is trimmed with downy whiskers. It is an uncommonly massive face, with small lips, a large nose, and small keen blue eyes. The fat neck is wrinkled like a bull's; the features betray cunningness and malice, and one cannot help feeling that a man with such an expression depicted in his countenance could not be trusted. His fall, which was as precipitate as his career was brilliant, was in a very great measure the result of his own acts. He was beheaded on Tower Hill in the summer of 1540, hated by the Catholics and deplored by the Protestant party. He is the hero of a well-known old English tragedy which Ludwig Tieck was inclined to regard as a work of Shakspeare.

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An excellent half-length portrait is that of Lady Rich, the wife of the Chancellor (No. 74, belonging to Mr. W. Moseley). The drawing of this portrait, in the collection at Windsor Castle, made it possible to determine the correct name of the likeness, which in the catalogue is marked as the portrait of Queen Catherine of Arragon. It is a matron with austere, expressive features. She wears a large gold medal which represents a male and a female figure standing by a corpse.

Mr. Pole Carew has lent the portraits of Sir William Butts, principal physician to the king, and that of his wife Margarette, daughter of John Bacon, Cambridgeshire. He is stated to have been painted at the age of fifty-nine, and she at the age of fifty-seven years.[1] The heads of both are very much restored, and that of the doctor, besides, has been very coarsely painted over. His face, with the strongly developed chin, expresses ease, cleverness, and kindness. In the second scene, fifth act, of Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.*, he is introduced as playing a part which at once characterises his kind heart and his influence with the king. He is an eye-witness of that degrading scene when the accused Archbishop Cranmer is compelled to wait among the menials at the door of the judges' chamber, and he calls the king's attention to this view. The portrait of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, with the white stick of the Earl Marshal's office and the gold stick of the First Lord of the Treasury in his hands, exists in several copies. The best copy I have seen is the picture in the exhibition (No. 165) from her Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle, and I think it may be Holbein's original work. The head has been much injured, the small lean hands, however, are very well done. An old copy at Arundel Castle is not to be compared with this one; and the portrait preserved in Norfolk House, London, is a copy of the seventeenth century.

The number of Holbein's original pictures in the exhibition is at an end with this work; but with these eight oil-paintings must be classed another work by his hand—a large cartoon (No. 134) belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which is one of the most important pieces in the whole exhibition. The cartoon represents the sketch of the one half of a grand fresco painting which Holbein executed in a room in Whitehall, in the year 1537, and which contained the colossal figures of Henry VIII. and his queen, Jane Seymour, and a little farther back the parents of the king, Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The background shows a rich and beautiful architecture in the Italian style. The painting itself was destroyed by the large fire in Whitehall in 1697, but fortunately the little copy which Remigius van Leemputte had made of it by order of Charles II., and which in

(1) As we know the year of the Doctor's death (1545), but not the year of his birth, it is not possible to give the exact date of the pictures.

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the exhibition is to be seen beneath the cartoon (No. 135), gives an idea of the whole composition. Vertue has engraved this copy on a copper-plate. The cartoon proves that Holbein, who had formerly painted a great many frescoes at Basle, was also capable of producing representations of portraits in a true monumental style. Henry stands there with his enormous legs astride, and his huge broad shoulders. The right hand, which holds a glove, is set a-kimbo, and the left is playing with a poniard. The utmost splendour is bestowed on the costume, which is ornamented all over with embroidery and jewellery. All the strong passions and all the bad qualities of the king are expressed in his countenance and in his whole bearing. We see before us the violent and energetic man who knew how to assert his absolute powerful will, and we see at the same time the cruel tyrant, swayed by perverseness and filled with brutal egotism, whilst an unbounded conceit speaks out in his face and demeanour. That is the "overheerlijk portret" of which the oldest biographer of the painter, Van Mander, says, it is "zowel getroffen, dat hes den beschouwer mit verbaastheid andoet" (the likeness is so striking that it fills the spectator with dismay). "It seems to breathe," he continues, "and to move head and limbs as naturally as if alive." A few steps higher stands Henry VII., dressed with a small cap and a long mantle, leaning against a parapet. His face, beardless according to the fashion of the 15th century, shows a somewhat melancholy expression. The picture seems to have been painted at Whitehall, over the throne of the king, which in the middle part of it reached as high up as the parapet just mentioned. R. van Leemputte in his copy has filled the empty space with Latin verses.

This matchless portrait was made use of as a prototype for numerous images of the king. Wherever there was a portrait required of Henry VIII., it was copied from this. In the exhibition, for instance, there are two half-length portraits (Nos. 77 and 109) from the collection at Windsor Castle, and a third (No. 118) belonging to Viscount Galway, which are more or less faithful imitations of it. A very good old copy from it, and one of the best among the painted portraits of Henry collected here, is the large life-size painting (No. 144) belonging to Mr. H. D. Seymour, M.P. It agrees even in all the details of the costume with the little copy by Van Leemputte. The latter differs greatly from the cartoon in which Henry's head is not seen so much in full. None of the painted portraits of the king in the exhibition is an original by Holbein, and, up to this time, I have never seen a genuine work by Holbein among the numerous portraits painted in oil of Henry VIII. The portrait of the king from Warwick Castle (No. 99)—a painting of real artistic merit—was formerly considered a Holbein; but since objections have been raised against its genuineness (especially by Mr. J. G. Nichols in the

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"Archæologia," vol. xxxix. p. 31), even the name has no longer been mentioned in the Catalogue. It is evidently painted *after* Holbein's time, in the last years of Henry's life, for the hair and the beard begin to grow white with age, and the features are more swollen than previously: also the costume belongs to a later period. The hands are painted well, but the head seems more feeble; and the execution of the rich costume is very inferior, compared with Holbein, who always displays the greatest mastery in the details. The king's portrait, from the collection of the Duke of Manchester (No. 75), which is ascribed to Holbein, is only an old copy from the last picture. A copy on canvas, a knee-piece, is preserved in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. It bears the inscription—

ANNO DNI. ÆTATISSVÆ.
1544. 55.

There is a discrepancy, for Henry was born 28th June, 1491. The inscription, however, can hardly be the invention of a later copyist; it is more probable that he has made a mistake in one of the two figures. But assuming even that one or the other of the two be correct, it would still determine the time for this type of pictures to be posterior to the death of Holbein.

Everything considered, it must be admitted as probable that Holbein did not often portray the king. Persons of high rank are not usually inclined to sit very often to the same artist, and Henry VIII. most probably did so less frequently, as he had at the same time several other artists—Luke Horneband, Anthony Toto, Bartholomew Penni—in his pay. Holbein certainly was never employed in executing portraits not painted from life, which were produced in large numbers to be given away as presents to persons attached to the Court and to foreign ambassadors. He never acted like the Saxon Court painter, Lucas Cranach, who issued from his studio, with his monogram, pictures of his sovereigns which were manufactured by him not by the dozen only, but, as is well known from documentary evidence, almost, one might say, by the hundred.

In fact, C. van Mander mentions only one more portrait of the king by Holbein, besides the fresco-painting in Whitehall—namely, the large picture in Barbers' Hall, in which Henry VIII. was represented granting the charter to the united company of the Surgeon-Barbers.

It is a pity that this picture is not on view in the exhibition; but it was sometime ago exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. As it is of very great interest, a few remarks upon it may not here be out of place.

The picture on a first view makes a very uncertain impression. It

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is not beautiful either in the manner of execution or in composition. And yet some heads are so excellent that the masterly hand of Holbein is unmistakable. Others, on the contrary, are so repulsive and poor that they produce the greatest doubts as to its genuineness. If we look for an explanation of this contradictory impression, we find it in the following passage of Van Mander, the oldest writer on the subject. He says: "Volgends bet gevoelen van eenigen zonde Holbein das stuck zelf nieb volvoerd hebben, naar het outbreckende door iemand anders erbij geschildert ziju: 't goen, wauneer bet eene warbeid ware, zoude moeten docu befluiten, dat de voltoojer de manier van Holbein zo verstandig heeft wecten te volgen, das geen Schilder of Kunslenaer met groud oordeelen kan, bet van ver schillende Handen te ziju." (According to the impression of some it is assumed that Holbein himself did not finish the picture, but that it was completed by the hand of another painter. If that be true, it leads to the conclusion that the finisher has been able to follow the manner of Holbein so closely that no painter or artist can reasonably judge it to have been painted by different hands.) This opinion does not give a favourable idea of Van Mander's knowledge and taste. The absence of harmony in the conception, the deviations from Holbein's art, are too glaring. We do not know whether ancient reports have given rise to the opinion that Holbein left the picture unfinished, or whether it may have been merely assumed from artistic judgment. At all events it is interesting for us to know that such an opinion was already prevalent at an early period. Historical data perfectly support this view. The Act of Parliament granting common corporate rights to the Surgeons' and Barbers' Company is dated from the 32nd year of Henry VIII.'s reign, 1541. The picture which represents the granting of that charter was of course ordered some time afterwards. Holbein died in 1543, and being, as the painter of the king, no doubt a man overwhelmed with work, the progress of so large a picture, it may be assumed, could only be very slow.

The writer of this article has examined the picture twice in clear weather, which, on account of the darkness of the Barbers' Hall, is very necessary. Moreover, standing on the sideboard, he inspected each head and every part of it very closely, and he believes himself to have obtained a correct knowledge of the whole so as to be able to offer a reliable opinion upon it. Holbein certainly painted no more of this picture than the outline of the whole composition and the faces of several members of the company from life, in the order in which they respectively sat to him. None of the heads are in their original state, but many of them have nevertheless a very splendid effect, as, for instance, immediately to the right of the king, the old and venerable W. Chambers, whose head exactly corresponds with his portrait in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna; then, to the left of the king,

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Aylef, whose head seems to be the best of all. Next there is Harman, a very lively face with a flat nose, and behind him, Monforde, a full beardless face, which bears a striking resemblance to that of Dr. Martin Luther. The other faces—for instance, that of Sir William Butts, next to Chambers—are too much injured to pass any judgment upon them. A second row of six heads is most decidedly of a later period. There is not a touch of Holbein's pencil in them. They are wretchedly drawn, not one chin is correct, and the colour is a dirty, yellow-looking compound. Henry's face is painted over; originally it may possibly have been painted by Holbein. But the figure of the king is certainly not by him. Although placed a little backwards, the seated figure is larger than the other figures kneeling in front before the king. It is possible that Holbein himself was compelled to give way to the want of taste of those who ordered the picture, and who carried their reverence to his Majesty so far as to wish him to appear, according to ancient custom, taller than themselves. But even then the body could not have been so badly drawn, especially in its fore-shortening, and the carelessness in the treatment of the costume and of all details, is a thing utterly impossible in Holbein. The state of the picture does not give us a very favourable idea of the taste of the members of the company, who allowed Holbein's unfinished work to be so barbarously injured. A dauber finished the picture, and he has not even spared the parts painted by Holbein himself. The whole background is covered with very rudely-painted fruits and flowers of a much later time. The names of the persons are written in large letters, each several inches in height, across the figures, with a dirty-looking gold colour, which is a shocking vandalism. At the top to the right there was, as seen in a copy in the College of Surgeons, painted in the beginning of the seventeenth century, a window, with a view of a Gothic church steeple. At a later time a large Latin inscription, on a white ground, was substituted for it. Nevertheless, even this ruin may be of inestimable value for every one who has knowledge enough to distinguish in it the traces of Holbein's pencil.

The exhibition shows also a large picture belonging to the Bridewell Hospital with the portrait of King Edward VI. presenting at Whitehall, in 1552, charters to the three hospitals of Christ, Bridewell, and St. Thomas. This picture (No. 192), and that in Barbers' Hall, were, in former times, usually mentioned together as two principal pictures by Holbein, and in the catalogue it still appears under his name, though the discovery of the real year of his death has mercilessly destroyed this illusion. The picture, which shows an act taking place nine years after Holbein's death, and which, we think, is painted even at a later period, is a very mediocre production. The legs of all the figures are extremely feeble, the expression of the

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countenances is indifferent, and the colour and modelling without effect.

Among the other pictures which bear the name of Holbein, there are, at all events, some copies from his paintings. For instance, the portrait of the astronomer Kratzer (No. 72, the original is in the Louvre); next that of Sir Nicholas Poyntz (No. 111); then that of Sir Richard Southwell (No. 101, the original is at Florence); that of the Duchess Christina of Milan (No. 104); and the half-length picture of young Prince Edward at the age of two years (No. 176). This picture, which belongs to the Earl of Yarborough, is a very good copy, and perhaps I should have taken it for an original, had I not recently seen the true original in the Guelph Museum at Hanover (formerly in the royal palace at Herrenhausen). This, of course, surpasses the Earl of Yarborough's copy; the fat little hands of the child are exquisitely painted. It is, without doubt, the "table of the picture of the prince's grace" which Holbein presented to the king as a new year's gift at the commencement of the year 1539, as is stated by the accounts of Sir Bryan Tuke. Another portrait of the Prince of Wales is to be seen at Sion House, the country seat of the Duke of Northumberland. It is, or at least *was*, an original by Holbein, but it has been very much injured, like almost all pictures in that collection. It has been so much rubbed, that the drawing of the outline is visible in several parts. It is not, as the one mentioned before, a half-length portrait, but it shows the whole figure of the little boy. The head, showing the full face, as well as the scarlet dress, are the same; the hands are somewhat altered.

It would be tedious to give an opinion about all pictures erroneously attributed to Holbein. A head behind a lattice window, said to be Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester (No. 138, from the collection at Hampton Court), is a work of the seventeenth century. The true face of Somers is to be seen in the family picture of King Henry VIII. (No. 170, from Hampton Court). Holbein is entirely innocent of this picture; which was painted after his time. The Queen is not Jane Seymour, as stated on the frame, and in the catalogue, but, as Mr. George Sharf has proved, Catherine Parr, Henry's last consort; for the boy standing between the two is at least seven or eight years old. We are also indebted to Mr. Sharf for the proof that the inscriptions on the frames have reversed the names of the two princesses, Elizabeth and Mary. The picture is not given to Holbein in the catalogue of Charles I.'s Gallery.

The picture from Hampton Court, which is said to be Holbein's likeness by himself (No. 73), neither shows his features, nor is it painted by him. It bears the monogram, HB. A.D. 1539.

Holbein never made use of this monogram. It is the sign of several German painters of that time, of Hans Brosamer, of Hans Burgkmair,

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who, however, died in 1531, and of Hans Baldung Grien, although he more frequently joined a G to those two letters. I should incline to consider him the author, notwithstanding the absence of any very striking resemblance with his style. The picture shows a young man with full beard, in the dress of a Knight, with an elegant sword, and with the cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre on his breast; his features are noble, with a daring expression, and it may be the portrait of some German prince or nobleman of that time. We have only two authenticated portraits of Holbein by himself. The first is that well-known handsome face of a young man, not much more than twenty years old, wearing a hat, the original of which, a coloured drawing, is preserved in the Basle Museum. The second is a signed drawing in the Museum at Berlin, which is given in the title page of my book, showing the painter at the age of fourteen years, and, in the same sheet, his elder brother Ambrose Holbein.

The best way of appreciating the merits of Holbein is to compare his works with all that was produced contemporaneously with him, and directly after his death. We know that several other good painters were staying at the court of King Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but not one is to be compared with the great German painter. Their history is still shrouded in obscurity. We have the names of a great many artists, and we have a large number of pictures of that time; but nobody can tell which names are to be connected with the various pictures. I was, therefore, not able to make this portion of the exhibition an object of more exact study, and I must, on that account, content myself with mentioning two pictures of different masters of this period which, in an artistic point of view, are the most valuable.

The first is a knee-piece, representing Edward VI., at the age of about twelve, delicate in detail, and pleasing in point of colouring (No. 172, from Windsor Castle). William Street, a Flemish artist, was the best painter at King Edward's court. This picture may be by him, but as no real work by him is known, this question cannot be decided. The second picture is a likeness of Queen Elizabeth, when a young Princess of about fifteen or sixteen years of age (No. 247, St. James's Palace). In the catalogue, of course Holbein is mentioned as the artist, although he was dead at that time, and although the style and composition are entirely different from his. We evidently have before us the work of a Dutch artist, and indeed of one of the best of those who were employed in England. A bright colour of extraordinary delicacy permeates the whole picture. The pale tint of the flesh, though most likely the effect of much cleaning, was originally very light, with a fine reddish hue. The artist has wonderfully succeeded in harmonising with it the red dress, richly ornamented with gold or precious stones. There is, however, something stiff in this figure, and this is made apparent still more by the

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tasteless style of dress which was in fashion at that time. The hands are conspicuous for their long small shape and their leanness. The young princess holds a book in her hand, and a second book is lying beside her, on the table. The expression of her countenance is pleasing, and discloses a quick and clever mind.

A painter of first-rate quality, about whom we are much better informed, made his appearance at the time of Queen Mary the Catholic: Sir Anthony More, born in 1518, died in 1588, a Flemish artist, and a pupil of John Schoral. His earliest picture, which bears his name and the year 1544, shows the half-length figures of two Canons of the Cathedral at Utrecht, and is preserved in the Museum at Berlin. Already in this picture Anthony More takes a very high rank as a portrait painter, and is distinguished for his remarkable faithfulness of expression, and his bright colouring. In later years he improved even more by travelling. He was in Italy, and, by the recommendation of Cardinal Granvelle, entered the service of Charles V. Thence he went to England, probably sent by Philip II., to paint the portrait of his consort Queen Mary. He remained in this country for some time. His works are distinguished by the combination of the realistic character of Flemish and German art, and of the study of the great Italian masters. He is not the author of all the pictures attributed to him in the exhibition, and especially not of the small portrait of Queen Mary (No. 196). But three eminent works show all the power of his art. The first is his own likeness (No. 186), which is the property of Earl Spencer. It shows a stately person of fashionable appearance with a brown taper beard. His left hand reposes on his hip, the right pats the head of a large dog; he wears a long gold chain. Still more beautiful is the second, the portrait of Sir Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, and father of the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth (No. 263, belonging to the Earl of Yarborough). He is seated, visible as far as the knees, in an arm-char, attired in black, with auburn curly hair, and taper beard. Manly vigour and a lively quickness characterise his expression. Equally excellent is the third picture, a portrait of the merchant Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange almost at his own expense (No. 179, belonging to Mr. Leveson Gower, M.P.). This portrait has been engraved in the *Illustrated London News*. He, as well as Essex, in the former picture, is seated in an easy chair. The bluish-black of his coat is painted in a masterly style. The Imperial Gallery at Vienna enjoys the reputation of possessing the best paintings by Sir Anthony More, but the above three do not yield the palm to any of them.

ALFRED WOLTMANN.

P.S.—This paper was written before the close of the exhibition.

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THE OXFORD REFORMERS OF 1498.

CHAPTER VI.

1. ERASMUS GOES TO BASLE TO PRINT HIS NEW TESTAMENT (1514).

IT was on a July morning in the year 1514 that Erasmus again crossed the Channel. The wind was fair, the sea calm, the sky bright and sunny; but during the easy passage Erasmus had a heavy heart. He had once more left his English friends behind him, bent upon a solitary pilgrimage to Basle, in order that his ponderous edition of the works of St. Jerome and his Greek New Testament might be printed at the press of Froben the printer. But, always unlucky on leaving British shores, he missed his baggage from the boat when, after the bustle of embarkation, he looked to see that all was right. To have lost his manuscripts—his Jerome, his New Testament, the labours of so many years—to be on his way to Basle without the books for the printing of which he was taking the long journey—this was enough to weigh down his heart with a grief, which he might well compare to that of a parent who has lost his children. It turned out, after all, to be a trick of the knavish sailors, who threw the traveller's luggage into another boat in order to extort a few coins for its recovery. Erasmus, in the end, got his luggage back again; but he might well say that, though the passage was a good one, it was an anxious one to him.[1]

On his arrival at the castle of *Hammes*, near Calais, where he had agreed to spend a few days with his old pupil and friend, Lord Montjoy, he found waiting for him a letter from Servatius, prior of the monastery of Stein, in Holland—*the* monastery in which against his will, by treachery and foul play, he had been ensnared when a youth into monastic vows.

It was a letter doubtless written with kindly feeling, for the prior had once been his companion; but still he evidently felt it as a letter from the prior of the convent from which he was a kind of runaway, not only inviting, but in measure *claiming* him back again, reproachfully reminding him of his vows, censuring his wandering life, his throwing off the habit of his order, and ending with a bribe—the offer of a post of great advantage if he would return!

Erasmus return! No, truly; that he would not. But the very naming of it brought back to mind the wrongs which in his youth he had suffered; the cruelty and baseness of his guardians, his miserable experience of monastic life; how hardly he had escaped out of it, his

(1) Eras. Ammonio. Eras. Epist. clix.

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trials during a chequered wandering life since; but it also brought to mind his entry upon fellow-work with Colet, the noble-hearted friend with whom he had been privileged to come in contact, the noble work in which they were together now engaged. What! give up these to put his neck again under a yoke which had so galled him in dark times gone by! And for what? To become perchance the father-confessor of a nunnery! It was as though Pharaoh had sent an embassy to Moses offering to make him a taskmaster if he would but return into Egypt.

No wonder that Erasmus, finding this letter from Servatius waiting for him on his arrival at the castle of his friend, took up his pen to reply somewhat warmly before proceeding on his journey. His reply lies as a kind of way-mark by the roadside of his wandering life, and with some abridgment and omissions may be thus translated :—

Erasmus to Servatius.

"... Being on a journey, I must reply in but few words, and confine myself to matters of the most importance.

"Men hold opinions so diverse, that it is impossible to please everybody. That *my* desire is in very deed to hold by that which is really the best, God is my witness! My intention was neither to change my mode of life nor my habit; not because I approved of either, but lest I should give rise to scandal. *You* know well that it was by the pertinacity of my guardians and the persuasion of wicked men that I was forced rather than induced to enter the monastic life. I knew at the time how entirely unsuited it was for me, yet I was overruled by the taunts of Cornelius Wertem and the bashfulness of youth. . . . But it may be objected that I had a year of what is called 'probation,' and was of mature age. Ridiculous! As though any one could aver that a boy of seventeen, brought up in literary studies, could have attained to a self-knowledge rare even in an old man, should have learned in one year what many men grow grey without learning! Be this as it may, I never liked the monastic life; and I liked it less than ever after I had tried it; but in the way I have mentioned I was ensnared into it. For all this I am free to confess that a man who really is a good man may live well in any kind of life.

"I have in the mean time tried to find that mode of living in which I am least prone to evil. Without indeed saying that I have found it, I have lived with sober men, I have lived a life of literary study, and these have drawn me away from much vice. It has been my lot to live on terms of intimacy with men of true Christian wisdom, and I have been bettered by their conversation. Whenever the thought has occurred to me of returning into your fraternity, it has always called back to my remembrance the jealousy of many, the contempt of all; converse how cold, how trifling! how lacking in Christian wisdom! feasting how unintellectual; the mode of life, as a whole, one which, if you subtract its ceremonies from it, has nothing left that seems to me worth having. Lastly, I have called to mind my bodily infirmities, now increased upon me by age and toil, by reason of which I should have both failed in coming up to your mark and also sacrificed my own life. For some years now I have been afflicted with the stone, and its easy recurrence obliges me to observe great regularity in my habits. I have had some experience both of the climate of Holland and your particular diet and habits, and I feel sure that, had I returned, nothing else could have come of it but trouble to you and death to me.

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"But it may be that you deem it a blessed thing to die at a good age in the midst of your brotherhood. This is a notion which deceives and deludes not you alone, but almost everybody. We think that Christ and religion consist in certain places, and garments, and modes of life, and ceremonial observances. It is all up, we think, with a man who changes his white habit for a black one, who substitutes a hat for a hood, and who frequently changes his residence. I will be bold to say that, on the other hand, great injury has arisen to Christian piety from what we call the 'religious orders,' although it may be that they were introduced with a pious motive. . . . Pick out the most lauded and laudable of all of them, and you may look in vain, so far as I can see, for any likeness to Christ, unless it be in cold and Judaical ceremonies. It is on account of these that they think so much of themselves; it is on account of these that they judge and condemn others. How much more accordant to the teaching of Christ would it be to look upon all Christendom as one home; as it were, one monastery; to regard all men as canons and brothers; to count the sacrament of baptism the chief religious vow; not to care where you live, if only you live well! . . . . . . And now to say a word about my works. The *Enchiridion* I fancy you have read. . . . The book of *Adages*, printed by Aldus, I don't know whether you have seen. . . . I also wrote a book, *De Rerum et Verborum Copia*, which I inscribed to my friend Colet. . . . For these two years past, amongst other things, I have been correcting the text of the *Letters of Jerome*. . . . By the collation of Greek and ancient codices, I have also corrected the text of the whole New Testament, and made annotations not without theological value on more than one thousand places. I have commenced Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, which I shall finish when the others are published; for I have made up my mind to work at sacred literature to the day of my death. Great men say that in these things I am successful where others are not. In your mode of life I should entirely fail. Although I have had intercourse with so many men of learning, both here and in Italy and in France, I have never yet found one who advised me to betake myself back again to you. . . . I beg that you will not forget to commend me in your prayers to the keeping of Christ. If ever I should come really to know that it would be doing my duty to *Him* to return to your brotherhood, on that very day I will start on the journey. Farewell, my once pleasant companion, but now reverend father.

"From Hammes Castle, near Calais, 9th July, 1514."[1]

This bold letter written, Erasmus took leave of his host, and hastened to repay by a short embrace the kindness of another friend, the Abbot of St. Bertin.[2] After a two days' halt to accomplish this object, he again mounted his horse, and, his servant and baggage riding behind him, set his face resolutely towards Basle: cheered in spirit by the marks of friendship received during the past few days, and anxious to reach his journey's end that he might set about his work. But all haste is not good speed. As he approached the city of Ghent, while he chanced to be turning round *one* way to speak to his servant, his horse took fright at something lying on the road, and turned round the *other* way, giving thereby to Erasmus's back a most dangerous sprain.

It was with the greatest difficulty and torture that he reached

(1) Eras. Epist. App. viii.
(2) Eras. op. iii. 160. A.

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Ghent. There he lay for some days motionless on his back at the inn, unable to stand upright, and fearing the worst. By degrees, however, he became again able to move, and to write an amusing account of his adventure to Lord Montjoy;[1] telling him that he had vowed to St. Paul that if restored to health he would complete the commentaries he was writing on the Epistle to the Romans; and adding that he was already so much better that he hoped ere long to proceed another stage to Antwerp. Antwerp was accordingly reached in due course, and from thence he was able to pursue his journey.

At Maintz he appears to have halted a while, and he afterwards informed Colet[2] that "he had done great things there." What he meant by this may in part be conjectured, for it was at Maintz that the Court of Inquisition had sat in the autumn of the previous year, which, had it not been for the timely interference of the Archbishop of Maintz, would have condemned the aged Reuchlin as a heretic. At Maintz Erasmus would probably fall in with many of Reuchlin's friends, and as the matter was now pending the decision of the authorities at Rome, they may well have tried to secure his influence with the Pope, to whom he was personally known. Be this as it may, from the date of his visit to Maintz, Erasmus seems not only never to have lost an opportunity of supporting the cause of Reuchlin at Rome or elsewhere, but also to have himself secured the friendship and regard of Reuchlin's protector, the archbishop.[3]

Leaving Maintz, he proceeded to Strasburg, where he was surrounded and entertained by a galaxy of learned men. Another stage brought him to Schelestadt.[4] The chief men of this ancient town having heard of his approach, sent him a present of wines, requested his company to dinner on the following day, and offered him the escort of one of their number for the remainder of his journey. Erasmus declined to be further detained, but gladly accepted the escort of *John Sapidus.*

After having been thus lionised at each stage of the journey, Erasmus, to prevent a similar annoyance, on his arrival at Basle requested his new companion to conceal his name, and if possible to introduce him to a few choice friends before his arrival was generally known. Sapidus complied with this request. He had no difficulty in making his choice.

(1) Eras. Epist. clxxxii.

(2) Coletus Erasmo, Epist. lxxxv. App.

(3) Ranke's History of the Reformation, bk. ii. c. 1. See Erasmus's mention of Reuchlin in the letter written this autumn to Wimphelingus, appended to the 2nd edition of "De Copia." Schelestadt, 1514. And Eras. Epist. clxvii. and clxviii. As to his friendship with the Archbishop of Maintz, cccxxxiv.

(4) See letter to Wimphelingus, Basil ii. Kal. Oct. 1514, ubi. supra, for these and the following particulars.

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Round the printing establishment of Froben, the printer, had gathered a little group of learned and devoted men, whose names had made Basle famous as one of the centres of reviving learning. There was a university at Basle, but it was not this which had attracted the little knot of students to the city. The patriarch of the group was *Johann Amerbach.* He was now an old man. More than thirty years had passed since he had first set up his printing press at Basle, and during these years he had devoted his ample wealth and active intellect to the reproduction in type of the works of the early Church fathers. The works of St. Ambrose and St. Augustin had already issued from his press at vast cost of labour, time, and wealth. To publish St. Jerome's works before he died, or at least to see the work in hand, was now the aged patriarch's ambition. Many years ago he had imported Froben, that he might secure an able successor in the printing department. His three sons, too, he had educated in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, so as to qualify them thoroughly for the work he wished them to continue after he was gone; and the three brothers Amerbach did not belie their father's hopes. They had inherited a double portion of his spirit. Froben, too, had caught the old printer's mantle, and worked like him, for love, and not for gain. Others had gathered round so bright a nucleus. There was Beatus Rhenanus, a young scholar of great ability and wealth, whose gentle loving nature endeared him to his intimate companions. He, too, had caught the spirit of reviving learning, and thought it not beneath his dignity to undertake the duties of corrector of the press in Froben's printing office. Gerard Lystrius, a youth brought up to the medical profession, with no mean knowledge both of Greek and Hebrew, had also thrown in his lot among them.

Such was the little circle of choice friends into which Sapidus, without betraying who he was, introduced the stranger who had just arrived in Basle, who, addressing himself at once to Froben, presented letters from Erasmus, with whom he said that he was most closely intimate, and from whom he had the fullest commission to treat with reference to the printing of his works, so that Froben might regard whatever arrangement he might make with him as though it had been made with Erasmus himself. Finding still that he was undiscovered, and wishing to slide easily from under his *incognito*, he soon added drily that Erasmus and he were "so alike that to see one was to have seen the other!" Froben then to his great amusement discovered who the stranger was. He received him with open arms. His bills at the inn were forthwith paid, and himself, servant, horses, and baggage transferred to the home of Froben's father-in-law, there to enjoy the luxuries of private hospitality.

When it was known in the city that Erasmus had arrived, he was besieged by doctors and deans, rectors of the University, poet-laureates,

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invitations to dine, and every kind of attention which the men of Basle could give to so illustrious a stranger.

But Erasmus had come back to Basle not to be lionised, but to push on with his work. He was gratified; and, indeed, he told his friends, almost put to the blush by the honours with which he had been received; but finding their constant attentions to interfere greatly with his daily labours at Froben's office, he was obliged to request that he might be left to himself.[1]

At Froben's office he found everything prepared to his hand. The train was already laid for the publication of St. Jerome. Beatus Rhenanus, and the three brothers Amerbach, were ready to throw themselves heart and soul into the work. The latter undertook to share the labour of collating and transcribing portions which Erasmus had not yet completed, and so the ponderous craft got fairly under weigh. By the end of August he was thoroughly immersed in types and proof-sheets, and to use his own expression, no less busy in superintending his little enterprise than the Emperor in his war with Venice.[2]

Thus he could report well of his journey and his present home to his English friends. He felt that he had done right in coming here, but, none the less on that account, that his true home was in the hearts of these same English friends. In his letters to them he expressed his longing to return.[3] His late ill-fortune in England he had always set down to the war, which had turned the liberality of patrons into other channels, and he hoped that now, perhaps, the war being over, a better state of things might reign in England and better fortunes be in store for the poor scholar.

What Colet thought of this and things in general, how clouds and storms seemed gathering round him, may be learned from his reply to his friend's letter, brief as was his wont, but touchingly graphic in its little details about himself and his own life during these passing months. He was already preparing to resign his preferments, and building a house within the secluded precincts of the Charterhouse, wherein, with a few bosom friends, he hoped to spend the rest of his days in peace, unmolested by his evil genius, the Bishop of London.

Colet to Erasmus.[4]

"Dearest Erasmus,—I have received your letter written from Basle, 3 Cal., Sept. I am glad to know where you are, and in what clime you are living. I am glad, too, that you are well. See that you perform the vow which you say you made to St. Paul. That you accomplished as much as you say you did at Maintz I can easily believe. I am glad you intend to return to us some

(1) Erasmus to Montjoy, Epist. clxxxii., and the letter above mentioned to Wimphelingus.

(2) Epist. clxxxii.

(3) Epist. Erasmi, clix; and Epist. lxxxv. App.

(4) Epist. lxxxv. App.

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day. But I am not very hopeful about it. As to any better fortune for you, I don't know what to say. I don't know, because those who have the means have not the will, and those who have the will have not the means. All your friends here are well. The Archbishop of Canterbury keeps as kindly disposed as ever. The Bishop of Lincoln (Wolsey) now reigns 'Archbishop of York!' The Bishop of London never ceases to harass me. Every day I look forward to my retirement and retreat with the Carthusians. Our nest is nearly finished. When you come back to us, so far as I can conjecture, you will find me there, '*mortuus mundi*.' Take care of your health, and let me know where you go to. Farewell.

"From London, 20th Oct. (1514)."

2. Erasmus returns to England.—His Satire upon Kings (1515).

Erasmus had at first intended to remain at Basle till the Ides of March (1515), and then in compliance with the invitation of his Italian friends, to spend a few weeks in Italy.[1] But after working six or eight months at Froben's office, he was no longer inclined to carry out the project; and so, a new edition of the "Adagia" being well-nigh completed, and the ponderous folios of Jerome proceeding to satisfaction, under the good auspices of the brothers Amerbach, when spring came round Erasmus took sudden flight from Basle, and turned up, not in Italy, but in England. Safely arrived in London, he was obliged to do his best, by the discreet use of his pen, to excuse to his friends at Rome this slight upon their favours.

He wrote, therefore, elegant and flattering letters to the Cardinal Grimanus, the Cardinal St. George, and Pope Leo,[2] describing the labours in which he was engaged, the noble assistance which the little fraternity at Basle were giving, and which could not have been got in Italy or anywhere else; alluding in flattering terms to the advantages offered at Rome, and the kindness he had there received on his former visit; but describing in still more glowing terms the love and generosity of his friends in England, and declaring "with that frankness which it becomes a German to use," that "England was his adopted country, and the chosen home of his old age."[3] He also took the opportunity of strongly urging the two cardinals to use their utmost influence in aid of the cause of Reuchlin. He told them how grieved he was, in common with all the learned men of Germany, that these frivolous and vexatious proceedings should have been taken against a man venerable both on account of age and service, who ought now in his declining years to be peacefully wearing his well-earned laurels. And lastly, in his letter to the Pope, Erasmus took occasion to express his hatred of the wars in which Europe had been recently involved, and his thankful-

(1) Epist. ad Wimphelingum. (2) Epist. clxvii., clxviii., and clxxiv.
(3) Eras. op. iii. p. 141. C and D.

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ness that the efforts of his Holiness to bring about a peace had at last been crowned with success.

Peace had indeed been proclaimed between France and England, while Erasmus had been working at Basle, but under circumstances not likely to *lessen* those feelings of indignation with which the three friends regarded the selfish and reckless policy of European rulers. For peace had been made with France merely to shuffle the cards. Henry's sister, the Princess Mary (whose marriage with Henry's ally, Prince Charles, ought long ago to have been solemnised according to contract), had been married to their common enemy, Louis XII. of France, with whom they had just been together at war! In November Henry and his late enemy, Louis, were plotting to combine against Henry's late ally, King Ferdinand; and England's blood and treasure, after having been wasted in helping to wrest Navarre from France for Ferdinand, were now to be wasted anew to recover the same province back to France from Ferdinand.[1] On the 1st of January this unholy alliance of the two courts was severed by the death of Louis XII. The Princess Mary was a widow. The young and ambitious Francis I. succeeded to the French throne, and he, anxious like Henry VIII. to achieve military glory, declared his intention on succeeding to the crown, that "the monarchy of Christendom should rest under the banner of France as it was wont to do."[2] Before the end of July he had already started on that Italian campaign in which he was soon to defeat the Swiss in the great battle of Marignano—a battle at the news of which Ferdinand and Henry were once more to be made secret friends by their common hatred of so dangerous a rival![3]

These international scandals, for such they must be called, wrung from Erasmus other and far more bitter censure than that contained in his letter to the Pope. He was laboriously occupied with great works passing through the printing press at Basle, but still he stole the time to give public vent to his pent-up feelings. It little mattered that the actors of these scandals were patrons of his own—kings and ministers on whose aid he was to some extent dependent, even for the means wherewith to print his Greek New Testament. His indignation burst forth in pamphlets printed in large type, and bearing his name, or was thrust into the new edition of the "Adages," or bound up with other new editions which happened now to be passing through Froben's press.[4] And be it remembered that these works and pamphlets found their way as well into royal courts as into the studies of the learned.

What could exceed the sternness and bitterness of the reproof contained in the following passages:—

(1) Brewer, i., lxix. and ii., i. *et. seq.* (2) Brewer, ii., xxxviii.
(3) Brewer, ii., liv. (4) See Eras. Epist., App. xxvii., xxi. and xxiii.

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"Aristotle was wont to distinguish between a *king* and a *tyrant* by the most obvious marks: the tyrant regarding only his own interest; the king the interests of his people. But the title of 'king,' which the first and greatest Roman rulers thought to be immodest and impolitic, as likely to stir up jealousy, is not enough for some, unless it be gilded with the most splendid lies. Kings who are scarcely men are called 'divine;' they are 'invincible,' though they never have left a battle-field without being conquered; 'serene,' though they have turned the world upside down in a tumult of war; 'illustrious,' though they grovel in profoundest ignorance of everything noble; 'Catholic,' though they follow anything rather than Christ.

"And these divine, illustrious, triumphant kings . . . . . have no other desire but that laws, edicts, wars, peaces, leagues, councils, judgments, sacred or profane, should bring the wealth of others into their exchequer—*i.e.* they gather everything into their leaking reservoir, and, like the eagles, fatten their eaglets on the flesh of innocent birds.

"Let any physiognomist worth anything at all consider the look and the features of an eagle—those rapacious and wicked eyes, that threatening curve of the beak, those cruel jaws, that stern front . . . . . will he not recognise at once the image of a king?—a magnificent and majestic king? Add to this a dark, ill-omened colour, an unpleasing, dreadful, appalling voice, and that threatening scream at which every kind of animal trembles. Every one will acknowledge this type who has learned how terrible are the threats of princes, even uttered in jest. . . . . . At this scream of the eagle the people tremble, the senate yields, the nobility cringes, the judges concur, the divines are dumb, the lawyers assent, the laws and constitutions give way, neither right nor religion, neither justice nor humanity, avail. And thus, while there are so many birds of sweet and melodious song, the unpleasant and unmusical scream of the eagle alone has more power than all the rest. . . . . . Of all birds the eagle alone has seemed to wise men the type of royalty—not beautiful, not musical, not fit for food; but carniverous, greedy, hateful to all, the curse of all, and with its great powers of doing harm, surpassing them in its desire of doing it."[1]

Again:—

"The office of a prince is called a 'dominion,' when in truth a prince has nothing else to do but to administer the affairs of the commonwealth.

"The intermarriages between royal families, and the new leagues arising from them, are called 'the bonds of Christian peace,' though almost all wars and all tumults of human affairs seem to rise out of them. When princes conspire together to oppress and exhaust a commonwealth, they call it a 'just war.' When they themselves *unite* in this object, they call it '*peace*.'

"They call it the extension of the empire when this or that little town is added to the titles of the prince at the cost of the plunder, the blood, the widowhood, the bereavement of so many citizens."[2]

These passages may serve to indicate what feelings were stirred up in the heart of Erasmus by the condition of international affairs, and in what temper he returned to England. The works in which they appeared he had left under the charge of Beatus Rhenanus, to be printed at Basle in his absence. And some notion of the extent to which whatever proceeded from the pen of Erasmus was now devoured by the public may be gained from the fact that Rhenanus,

(1) Eras. op. ii., pp. 870—2; and in part translated in Hallam's Literature of the Middle Ages, c. iv.

(2) Eras. op. ii. p. 775.

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in April of this very year, wrote to Erasmus, to tell him that out of an edition of 1,800 of the "Praise of Folly," just printed by Froben, only 60 remained in hand.[1]

3. Returns to Basle to finish his Works.—Fears of the Orthodox Party. (1515.)

It will be necessary to recur to the position of international affairs ere long; meanwhile, the quotation we have given will be enough to show that, buried as Erasmus was in literary labour, he was alive also to what was passing around him—no mere bookworm, to whom his books and his learning were the sole end of life. As we proceed to examine more closely the object and spirit of the works in which he was now engaged, it will become more and more evident that their interest to him was of quite another kind to that of the mere bookworm.

Before the summer of 1515 was over he was again on his way to Basle, where his editions of Jerome and of the New Testament were now really approaching completion. Their appearance was anxiously expected by learned men all over Europe. The bold intention of Erasmus to publish the Greek text of the New Testament with a new Latin translation of his own, a rival of the sacred Vulgate, had got wind. Divines of the traditional school had already taken alarm. It was whispered about amongst them that something ought to be done. The new edition of the "Praise of Folly," with notes by Lystrius, had been bought and read with avidity. Men now shook their heads, who had smiled at its first appearance. They discovered heresies in it unnoticed before. Besides, the name of Erasmus was now known all over Europe. It mattered little what he wrote a few years ago, when he was little known; but it mattered much what he might write now that he was a man of mark.

While Erasmus was passing through Belgium on his way to Basle, these whispered signs of discontent found public utterance in a letter from Martin Dorpius,[2] of the Louvain University, addressed to Erasmus, but printed, and, it would seem, in the hands of the public, before it was forwarded to him. He met with it by accident at Antwerp.[3] It was written at the instigation of others. Men who had not the wit to make a public protest of this nature for themselves, had urged Martin Dorpius to employ his talents in their cause, and to become their mouthpiece.[4]

(1) Eras. Epist., App. xxi.

(2) Martinus Dorpius Erasmo. D. Erasmi, &c., Enarratio in primum psalmum, &c. &c. Louvain. Oct. 1515.

(3) See the commencement of the reply of Erasmus.

(4) "Martinus Dorpius instigantibus quibusdam primus omnium cœpit in me velitari. . . . . Scirem illum non odio mei huc venisse, sed juvenem tum, ac natura facilem, aliorum impulsu protrudi."—*Erasmus Botzemo*, b. vi.

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Thus this letter from Dorpius was of far more importance than would at first sight appear. It had a representative importance which it did not possess in itself. It was the public protest of a large and powerful party. As such it required more than a mere private reply from Erasmus, and deserves more than a passing mention here; for it affords an insight into the plan and defences of a theological citadel, against which its defenders considered that Erasmus was meditating a bold attack.

"I hear" (wrote Dorpius, after criticising severely the "Praise of Folly"), "I hear that you have been expurgating the epistles of Saint Jerome from the errors in which they abound, ... and this is a work in all respects worthy of your labour, and by which you will confer a great benefit on divines. . . . . . But I hear, also, that you have been correcting the text of the New Testament, and that 'you have made annotations not without theological value on more than one thousand places.'"

Here Dorpius evidently quotes the words of the letter of Erasmus to *Servatius*, so that *he* too is silently behind the scenes, handing Erasmus's letter about amongst his theological friends,—perhaps himself inciting Dorpius to write as he does.

" . . . . . If I can show you that the Latin translation has in it no errors or mistakes" (continued Dorpius), "then you must confess that the labour of those who try to correct it is altogether null and void. . . . . . I am arguing now with respect to the truthfulness and integrity of the translation, and I assert this of our Vulgate version. For it cannot be that the unanimous universal Church now for so many centuries has been mistaken, which always has used, and still both sanctions and uses this version. Nor in the same way is it possible that so many holy fathers, so many men of most consummate authority, could be mistaken, who, relying on the same version, have defined the most difficult points even in *General Councils;* have defended and elucidated the faith, and enacted canons to which even kings have bowed their sceptres. That councils rightly convened never can err in matters of faith is generally admitted by both divines and lawyers. . . . . . What matters it whether you believe or not that the Greek books are more accurate than the Latin ones; whether or not *greater* care was taken to preserve the sacred books in all their integrity by the Greeks than by the Latins;—by the Greeks, forsooth, amongst whom the Christian religion was very often almost overthrown, and who affirmed that none of the gospels were free from errors, excepting the one gospel of John. What matters all this when, to say nothing of anything else, amongst the Latins the Church has continued throughout the inviolate spouse of Christ? . . . . . What if it be contended that the sense, as rendered by the Latin version, differs in truth from the Greek text? Then, indeed, adieu to the Greek. I adhere to the Latin because I cannot bring my mind to believe that the Greek are more correct than the Latin codices.

"But it may be said, Augustin ordered the Latin rivulets to be supplied from the Greek fountain-head. He did so; and wisely in his age, in which neither had any one Latin version been received by the Church as now, nor had the Greek fountain-head become so corrupt as it now seems to be.

"But you may say in reply, 'I do not want you to change anything in your codices, nor that you should believe that the Latin version is a false one. I only point out what discrepancies I discover between the Greek and Latin copies, and what harm is there in that?' In very deed, my dear Erasmus,

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there is great harm in it. Because, about this matter of the integrity of the Holy Scriptures many will dispute, many will doubt, if they learn that even one jot or tittle in them is false, ... and then will come to pass what Augustin described to Jerome: 'If any error should be admitted to have crept into the Holy Scriptures, what authority would be left to them?' All these considerations, my dear Erasmus, have induced me to pray and beseech you, by our mutual friendship, by your wonted courtesy and candour, either to limit your corrections to those passages only of the New Testament in which you are able, without altering the sense, to substitute more expressive words; or if you should point out that the sense requires any alteration at all, that you will reply to the foregoing arguments in your preface."

Erasmus replied to this letter of Dorpius with singular tact, and reprinted the letter itself with his reply.

He acknowledged the friendship of Dorpius, and the kind and friendly tone of his letter. He received, he said, many flattering letters, but he had rather receive such a letter as this, of honest advice and criticism, by far.

He was knocked up by sea-sickness, wearied by long travel on horseback, busy unpacking his luggage; but still he thought it was better, he said, to send some reply, rather than allow his friend to remain under such erroneous impressions, whether the result of his own consideration, or instilled into him by others, who had over-persuaded him into writing this letter, and thus made a cat's-paw of him, in order to fight their battles without exposure of their own persons.

He told him freely how and when the "Praise of Folly" was written, and what were his reasons for writing it, frankly and courteously replying to his criticisms.

He described the labour and difficulty of the correction of the text of St. Jerome—a work of which Dorpius had expressed his approval. But he said, with reference to what Dorpius had written upon the New Testament, he could not help wondering what had happened to him—what could have thrown all this dust into his eyes!

"You are unwilling that I should alter anything, except when the Greek text expresses the sense of the Vulgate more clearly, and you deny that in the Vulgate edition there are any mistakes. And you think it wrong that what has been approved by the sanction of so many ages and so many synods should be unsettled by any means. I beseech you to consider, most learned Dorpius, whether what you have written be *true!* How is it that Jerome, Augustin, and Ambrose all cite a text which differs from the Vulgate? How is it that Jerome finds fault with and corrects many readings which we find in the Vulgate? What can you make of all this concurrent evidence—when the Greek versions differ from the Vulgate, when Jerome cites the text according to the Greek version, when the oldest Latin versions do the same, when this reading suits the sense much better than that of the Vulgate—will you, treating all this with contempt, follow a version perhaps corrupted by some copyist! . . . . In doing so you follow in the steps of those vulgar divines who are accustomed to attribute ecclesiastical authority to whatever in any way creeps into general use. . . . . I had rather be a common mechanic than the best of their number."

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With regard to some other points, it was, he said, more prudent to be silent, . . . but he told Dorpius that he had submitted the rough draft of his Annotations to divines and bishops of the greatest integrity and learning, and these had confessed that they threw much light on Scripture study. He concluded with the expression of a hope that even Dorpius himself, although now protesting against the attempt, would welcome the publication of the book when it came into his hands.[1]

This letter written and despatched to the printer, Erasmus proceeded with his journey. The Rhine, swollen by the rains and the rapid melting of Alpine snows, had overflowed its banks; so that the journey, always disagreeable and fatiguing, was this time more than usually so. It was more like swimming, Erasmus said, than riding. But by the end of August[2] he was again hard at work in Froben's printing office, putting the finishing strokes to his two great works. By the 7th of March, 1516, he was able to announce that the New Testament was out of the printer's hands, and the last colophon put to St. Jerome.[3]

It is time therefore that we should attempt to realise what these two great works were, and what the peculiar significance of their concurrent publication.

4. The "Novum Instrumentum" completed.—What it really was. (1516.)

The New Testament of Erasmus has been regarded by far too exclusively as a mere reproduction of the Greek text, and has been criticised chiefly as such. The labour which falls to the lot of a pioneer in such a work, the multiplied chances of error in the collation by a single hand, and that of a novice in the art of deciphering difficult manuscripts, the want of experience on the part of the printers in the use of Greek type, the inadequate pecuniary means at the disposal of Erasmus, and the haste with which it was prepared, considering the nature of the work,—all tended to make his version of the Greek text exceedingly imperfect, viewed in the light of modern criticism. He may even have been careless, and here and there uncandid and capricious in his choice of readings,—all this, of which I am incapable of forming a conclusive judgment, I am willing to grant by the bye. The merit of the New Testament of Erasmus does not mainly rest upon the accuracy of his Greek text, although

(1) Erasmus to Dorpius. D. Erasmi, &c., Enarratio in primum Psalmum, &c. &c. Louvain, Oct. 1515.

(2) Erasmus to Wolsey. Eras. op. iii. p. 1565; App. Epist. lxxiv., wrongly dated 1516 instead of 1515.

(3) Erasmus Urbano Regio Eras. op iii. p. 1554. App. Epist. liii.

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this had cost him a great deal of labour, and was a necessary part of his plan.

I suppose the object of an author may be most fairly gathered from his own express declarations, and that the prefaces of Erasmus to his first edition—the "Novum Instrumentum," as he called it—are the best evidence that can possibly be quoted of the purpose of Erasmus in its publication. To these, therefore, I must beg the reader's attention.

Now a careful examination of these prefaces cannot fail to establish the identity of the purpose of Erasmus in publishing the "Novum Instrumentum" with that which had induced Colet, nearly twenty years before, to commence his lectures at Oxford. During those twenty years the divergence between the two great rival schools of thought had become wider and wider. The intellectual tendencies of the philosophic school in Italy—the centre of the revival of learning—had become more and more decidedly sceptical. Anything like real belief in Christianity amongst intellectual and scientific men was there fast losing ground before the semi-pagan philosophy to which the revival of classical literature had given rise. As the mediæval Church of St. Peter was giving place to a new structure on a classical model, so the fashion was in high society at Rome to profess belief in the philosophy of Aristotle and Pliny, and to scoff at the Christian faith.[1]

On the other hand, the Schoolmen had bated nothing of their blind bigotry aud ignorant dogmatism. Their own rigidly defined scholastic creed was perfectly satisfactory to themselves; and they could not understand why it should not be so to every one else. What was the use of free inquiry when everything had been long ago infallibly settled by the "irrefragable" doctors?

Erasmus, in writing the preface to his "Novum Instrumentum," had his eye on both these dominant parties. He, like Colet, believed both of them to be leading men astray. He believed with Colet, that there *was* a Christianity which had nothing to do with the dogmatic theology of the Schoolmen on the one hand, and nothing to fear from free inquiry on the other, and to "call men as with the sound of a trumpet" to this, was the object of the earnest "Paraclesis" which he prefixed to his Testament.

He first appealed to the free-thinking philosophic school:—

"In times like these, when men are pursuing with such zest all branches of knowledge, how is it that the philosophy of Christ should alone be derided by some, neglected by many, treated by the few who do devote themselves to it with coldness, not to say insincerity? Whilst in all other branches of learning the human mind is straining its genius to master all subtleties, and toiling to

(1) Ranke's History of the Popes, i., chap. ii. sec. 3.

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overcome all difficulties, why is it that this one philosophy alone is not pursued with equal earnestness, at least by those who profess to be Christians? Platonists, Pythagoreans, and the disciples of all other philosophers, are well instructed and ready to fight for their sect. Why do not Christians with yet more abundant zeal espouse the cause of *their* Master and Prince? Shall Christ be put in comparison with Zeno and Aristotle—his doctrines with their insignificant precepts? Whatever other philosophers may have been, he alone is a teacher from heaven; he alone was able to teach certain and eternal wisdom; he alone taught things pertaining to our salvation, because he alone is its author; he alone absolutely practised what he preached, and is able to make good what he promised. The philosophy of Christ, moreover, is to be learned from its few books with far less labour than the Aristotelian philosophy is to be extracted from its multitude of ponderous and conflicting commentaries. Nor is anxious preparatory learning needful to the Christian. The way is simple, and open to all. Only bring a pious and open heart, imbued above all things with a pure and simple faith. Only be teachable, and you have already made much way in this philosophy. It supplies a spirit as teacher, imparted to none more readily than to the simple-minded. Other philosophies, by the very difficulty of their precepts, are removed out of the range of most minds. No age, no sex, no condition of life is excluded from this. The sun itself is not more common and open to all than the teaching of Christ. For I utterly dissent from those who are unwilling that the Sacred Scriptures should be read by the unlearned translated into their vulgar tongue, as though Christ had taught such subtleties that they can scarcely be understood even by a few theologians, or as though the strength of the Christian religion consisted in men's ignorance of it. The mysteries of kings it may be safer to conceal, but Christ wished his mysteries to be published as openly as possible. I wish that even the weakest woman should read the Gospel—should read the epistles of Paul. And I wish these were translated into all languages, so that they might be read and understood, not only by Scots and Irishmen, but also by Turks and Saracens. To make them understood is surely the first step. It may be that they might be ridiculed by many, but some would take them to heart. I long that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey."

Then turning more directly to the Schoolmen, Erasmus continued:

"Why is a greater portion of our lives given to the study of the Schoolmen than of the Gospels? The rules of St. Francis and St. Benedict may be considered sacred by their respective followers; but just as St. Paul wrote that the law of Moses was not glorious in comparison with the glory of the Gospel, so Erasmus said he wished that these might not be considered as sacred in comparison with the Gospels and letters of the Apostles. What are Albertus, Alexander, Thomas, Ægidius, Ricardus, Occam, in comparison with Christ, of whom it was said by the Father in heaven, 'This is my beloved Son?' (Oh, how sure and, as they say, 'irrefragable' his authority!) What, in comparison with Peter, who received the command to feed the sheep; or Paul, in whom, as a chosen vessel, Christ seemed to be reborn; or John, who wrote in his Epistles what he learned as he leaned on his bosom? If the footprints of Christ are anywhere shown to us, we kneel down and adore. Why do we not rather venerate the living and breathing picture of Him in these books? If the vesture of Christ be exhibited, where will we not go to kiss it? Yet were his whole wardrobe exhibited, nothing could represent Christ more vividly and truly than these evangelical writings. Statues of wood and stone we decorate with gold and gems for the love of Christ. They only profess to give us the form of his body; these books present us with a living image of his most holy mind. Were we to have seen him with our own eyes, we should not have so intimate a know-

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ledge as they give of Christ, speaking, healing, dying, rising again, as it were, in our own actual presence."

Such was the earnest "Paraclesis" with which Erasmus introduced his Greek and Latin version of the books of the New Testament.

To this he added a few pages to explain what he considered the right "method" to be adopted by the Scripture student.

First, as to the spirit in which he should work:—

"Let him approach the New Testament, not with an unholy curiosity, but with *reverence*; bearing in mind that his first and only aim and object should be that he may catch and be changed into the spirit of what he there learns. It is the food of the soul; and to be of use, must not rest only in the memory or sink into the stomach, but must pierce through the very depths of the heart and mind."

Then, as to what special acquirements are most useful in the prosecution of these studies:—

"A fair knowledge of the three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, of course are the first things. Nor let the student turn away in despair at the difficulty of this. If you have a teacher and the will to learn, these three languages can be learned almost with less labour than every day is spent over the miserable babble of one mongrel language under ignorant teachers. It would be well, too, were the student tolerably versed in other branches of learning—dialectics, rhetoric, arithmetic, music, astrology, and especially in knowledge of the natural objects—animals, trees, precious stones—of the countries mentioned in the Scriptures; for if we are familiar with the country, we can in thought follow the history and picture it to our minds, so that we seem not only to read it, but to see it; and if we do this, we shall not easily forget it. Besides, if we know from study of history not only the position of those nations to whom these things happened, or to whom the apostles wrote, but also their origin, manners, institutions, religion, and character, it is wonderful how much light and, if I may so speak, *life* is thrown into the reading of what before seemed dry and lifeless. Other branches of learning, classical, rhetorical, or philosophical, may all be turned to account; and especially should the student learn to quote Scripture, not secondhand, but from the fountain-head, and take care not to distort its meaning as some do, interpreting the 'Church' as the clergy, the laity as the 'world,' and the like. To get at the real meaning, it is not enough to take four or five isolated words; you must look where they came from, what was said, by whom it was said, to whom it was said, at what time, on what occasion, in what words, what preceded, what followed. And if you refer to commentaries, choose out the best, such as Origen (who is far above all others), Basil, &c., Jerome, Ambrose, &c.; and even then read with discrimination and judgment, for they were men ignorant of some things and mistaken in others.

"As to the Schoolmen, I had rather be a pious divine with Jerome than an invincible with Scotus. Was ever a heretic converted by their subtleties? Let those who like follow the scholastic disputations of the schools; but let him who desires to be instructed more in piety than in the art of disputation first and above all apply himself to the fountain-head—to those writings which flowed immediately from the fountain-head. That divine is 'invincible' enough who never yields to vice or gives way to evil passions, even though he may be beaten in argument. That doctor is abundantly 'great' who purely preaches Christ."

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I have quoted these passages very much at length, that there may be no doubt whatever how fully Erasmus had in these prefaces adopted and made himself the spokesman of Colet's views. An examination of the "Novum Instrumentum" itself, and of the Annotations which formed the second part of the volume, reveals an equally close resemblance between the *critical method of exposition* used by Colet and that here adopted by Erasmus. There was the same rejection of the theory of verbal inspiration which was noticed in Colet as the result of an honest attempt to look at the facts of the case exactly as they were, instead of attempting to explain them away by reference to preconceived theories.

Thus the discrepancy between St. Stephen's speech and the narrative in Genesis, with regard to a portion of the history of the Patriarch Abraham, was freely pointed out, without any attempt at reconcilement.[1] St. Jerome's suggestion was quoted, that Mark, in the second chapter of his Gospel, had, by a lapse of memory, written "Abiathar" in mistake for "Abimelech,"[2] and that Matthew, in his twenty-seventh chapter, instead of quoting from Jeremiah the Prophet, as he thought, was really quoting from the Prophet Zachariah.[3]

The fact that in a great number of cases the quotations from the Old Testament are by no means exact, either as compared with the Hebrew or Septuagint text, was freely alluded to, and the suggestion as freely thrown out that the Apostles habitually quoted from memory, without giving the exact words of the original.[4]

All these were little indications that Erasmus had closely followed in the steps of Colet in rejecting the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures; and they bear abundant evidence to prove that he did so, as Colet had done, not because he wished to undermine men's reverence for the Bible, but that they might learn to love and to value its pages infinitely more than they had done before,—not because he wished to explain away its facts, but that men might discover how truly real and actual and heart-stirring were its histories,—not to undermine the authority of its moral teaching, but to add just so much to it as the authority of the Apostle who had written, or of the Saviour who had spoken its Divine truths, exceeds the authority of the fathers who had established the canon, or the Schoolmen who had buried the Bible altogether under the rubbish of the thousand and one propositions which they professed to have extracted from it.

Let it never be forgotten that the Church party which had staked their faith upon the plenary inspiration of the Bible was the Church

(1) Novum Instrumentum. Annotations in loco Acts. vii. p. 382.
(2) In loco Mark ii. p. 299.
(3) In loco Matt. xxvii. p. 290.
(4) See especially pp. 295, 290, 377, 382, 270.

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party who had succeeded in putting it into the background. They were the party whom Tyndale accused of "knowing no more Scripture than they found in their Duns." They were the party who throughout the sixteenth century resisted every attempt to give the Bible to the people, and to make it the people's book. And they were perfectly logical in doing so. Their whole system was based upon the absolute inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and even to a great extent of the Vulgate version. If the Vulgate version was not verbally inspired, it was impossible to apply to it the theory of "manifold senses." And if a text could not be interpreted according to that theory, if it could not properlybe strained into meanings which it was never intended by the writer to convey, the scholastic theology became a castle of cards. Its defenders adopted and in perfect good faith applied to the Vulgate the words quoted from Augustine: "If any error should be admitted to have crept into the Holy Scriptures, what authority would be left to them?" If Colet and Erasmus should undermine men's faith in the absolute inspiration of the Scriptures, it would result, in their view, as a logical necessity, in the destruction of the Christian religion. For the Christian religion, in their view, consisted in loyal devotion to the Church, and in gulping whole the dogmatic creed which had been settled by her "invincible" and "irrefragable" doctors.

But this was not the faith of Colet and Erasmus. With them the Christian religion consisted not in gulping a creed upon any authority whatever, but in loving and loyal devotion to the *person* of Christ. They sought in the books which they found bound up into a Bible, not so much an infallible standard of doctrinal truth as an authentic record of *His* life and teaching. Where should they go for a knowledge of Christ, if not to the writings of those who were nearest in their relations to Him? They valued these writings because they sought and found in them a "living and breathing picture of Him;" because "nothing could represent Christ more vividly and truly" than they did; because "they present a living image of his most holy mind," so that "even had we seen him with our own eyes we should not have had so intimate a knowledge as they give of Christ speaking, healing, dying, rising again as it were in our own actual presence." It was because these books brought them, as it were, so close to Christ, and the facts of his actual life, that they wished to get as close to *them* as they could do. They would not be content with knowing something of them secondhand from the best Church authorities. The best of Fathers were "men ignorant of some things, and mistaken in others." They would go to the books themselves and read them in their original languages, and if possible in the earliest copies, so that no mistakes of copyists or blunders of translators might blind their eyes to the facts as

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they were. They would study the geography and the natural history of Palestine, that they might the more correctly and vividly realise in their mind's eye the events as they happened. And they would do all this, not that they might make themselves "irrefragable" doctors—rivals of Scotus and Aquinas—but that they might catch the spirit of Him whom they were striving to know for themselves, and that they might place the same knowledge within reach of all—Turks and Saracens, learned and unlearned, rich and poor—by the translation of these books into the vulgar tongue of each.

The "Novum Instrumentum" of Erasmus was at once the result and the embodiment of these views.

Hence it is easy to see the significance of the concurrent publication of the works of St. Jerome. St. Jerome was the Father of that school of theology and criticism which now, after the lapse of a thousand years, Colet and Erasmus were reviving in Western Europe. St. Jerome was the Father who in his day strove to give to the people the Bible in their vulgar tongue. St. Jerome was the Father against whom St. Augustine so earnestly strove to vindicate the verbal inspiration of the Bible. It was the words of St. Augustine used against St. Jerome that, now after the lapse of ten centuries, Martin Dorpius had quoted against Erasmus. We have seen in an earlier chapter how Colet clung to St. Jerome's opinion, against that of nearly all other authorities, in the discussion which led to his first avowal to Erasmus of his views on the inspiration of the Scriptures. Finally, the Annotations to the "Novum Instrumentum" teem with citations from St. Jerome.

The concurrent publication of the works of this Father was therefore a practical vindication of the "Novum Instrumentum" from the charge of presumption and novelty. It proved that Colet and Erasmus were teaching no new doctrines—that their work was correctly defined by Colet himself to be "to restore that old and true theology which had been so long obscured by the subtleties of the Schoolmen."

Under this patristic shield, dedicated by permission to Pope Leo, and its copyright secured for four years by the decree of the Emperor Maximilian, the "Novum Instrumentum" went forth into the world.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

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THE ELEMENTS OF MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

There is a certain science called physiology, which, though supposed by many to be the peculiar property of a few men belonging to one particular profession, has in reality the ambition of being some day recognised as the true basis of the art of living, as the supreme instructor and lawgiver in all things that concern the conduct of men's bodies. This is the goal to which it looks forward, though at present it touches practical life at points only few and far between. In health and in sickness men as yet trust in the main to what is called experience and common sense; they shun the teachings of physiology either because they have found its doctrines too unsteady and obscure, or because they have from time to time been duped by false professors passing counterfeit jargon for the true coin of science. And, on the whole, it is perhaps better that in daily life common sense should judge physiology, than that physiology should judge common sense. Nevertheless, time will not be wholly wasted, and common sense will often be usefully sharpened, if we now and then indulge in the habit of altogether shutting our eyes and ears to "experience," while we ask what pure abstract physiology, what the physiology of the lecture-room and laboratory has to say about the cares and duties of the body in the midst of active daily life. Thus for instance we may, regardless of the maxims of the labourer and the athlete, inquire what may be learnt concerning a matter which comes home to by far the greater part of mankind—the best means of acquiring and maintaining muscular strength.

It hardly needs to be said that the subject is one of no little complexity. If a man's strength depended solely on the mass of muscle he carries, and if it were possible to add or take away muscle in the same way that one can add to or take away from the stuffing of a pillow-case, the problem would be a comparatively easy one. Unfortunately, such is not the case. A man's strength, though chiefly, is not mainly, much less solely, dependent on the amount of his muscle; and even if it were so, he is able to renew and gather flesh only under conditions of a most hidden and involved nature.

What, then, are the conditions of muscular strength? Looking at the body as a machine capable of performing a certain amount of work, what are the things which, during the performance of work, help or mar its usefulness? Certain conditions we may at once put on one side as at present at least beyond the range of physiology, namely, mental or psychical conditions; all that relates to the will, the purpose and inducement to work, all that relates to the

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various feelings of trouble or joy, which make labour a burden or otherwise, and all that relates to skill, we may leave untouched. We may, for the present, consider man as a muscular machine, set going by some definite exciting cause, some stimulus of fixed amount. We may compare him, in an example hackneyed because truthful, to a steam-engine. We want to know how it is that, with the driver's hand always in the same position, sometimes this much and sometimes that much of work is accomplished.

In such a machine, then, the chief element of strength is of course the amount of muscular tissue. If a muscular fibre of a given length and thickness will raise say an ounce an inch high, ten such fibres placed side by side will raise ten ounces an inch high, or if joined end to end will raise an ounce ten inches high. The amount of work done is proportionate to the bulk of muscle employed. But by muscle we generally mean an organ which, besides the true muscular substance, the special contractile stuff which actually does the work, is composed of various other matters, such as fat and water; and muscles differ widely in the amount of fat and water they contain. Obviously the strength of a muscle will depend on its quality, on its being firm or flabby, on its possessing the proper proportion of contractile substance. The very contractile substance itself, too, being living matter, not only has different powers in different individuals, but also even in the same body and in the same muscle is liable to and actually does suffer change at every moment of its existence. Our "too, too solid" flesh is in reality liquid or semi-liquid stuff through which there are continually passing waves of molecular motion; and it is upon the order of these waves that the contractility of a muscle, its disposition to shorten when aroused by some exciting cause, in other words, its working capacity, depends. A strong muscle is a muscle which, in obedience to a command of a given intensity, to a given amount of stimulus, will lift a heavy weight; a weak muscle is one which, excited by the same stimulus, will lift only a light weight. The question of strength or weakness is determined by the molecular condition, for the time being, of the contractile substance. Thus a muscle of great contractile power may, by the use of some subtle poison, be reduced, within a few minutes, to a state in which it gives no contraction at all, even when urged by the strongest stimulus; and that, too, without any alteration in bulk, or any obvious change in its composition. Its irritability has been destroyed or suspended through recondite molecular changes induced by the action of the poison. When a muscle has been subjected to violent and repeated calls to action it becomes fatigued, and exhibits an unwillingness to contract; its irritability has been impaired by too great a strain. Similarly, by slight agents, we may produce slight changes in the condition of the contractile substance; such changes as, to a greater

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or less extent, are always taking place in the living body. Every muscle lives on the blood with which it is supplied; from that blood it draws its supplies of food, and therefore of force; to that blood it gives back the material products which result from its vital actions. We may imagine a double current always flowing between blood and muscle. From the blood there pass certain substances which we may speak of under two heads, food and oxygen; and from the muscle carbonic acid and other matters, arising from the transformation of previous food. In every muscle there is, so to speak, a lesser circulation comparable to the greater circulation of the whole body. Interfere with this circulation, and a change in the molecular condition of the contractile substance, in the contractility, in the strength of the muscle, is the inevitable result. Diminish the supply of oxygen. or prevent the escape of carbonic acid, and the muscle loses power; diminish or deteriorate the food, or prevent the escape of waste products, and the muscle again loses power. The strength of a man, then, depends not only on the mass of his muscle, not only on the amount of true contractile substance he possesses, but also on the quality of that contractile substance as influenced by individual peculiarities and previous nurture, and on the condition, at the time of action, of that contractile substance as the result of a due harmony between blood and muscle.

There are, however, many circumstances affecting the working capacity of the body besides those which have directly to do with muscles. Thus the nervous element of strength, as distinguished from the mental excitements to work, &c., is one of great but perhaps underrated importance. We are supposing the animal machine to be set at work by a given stimulus; as, for instance, by the exercise of a given amount of will. That will, we are led to believe, does not act directly on the muscle, without the intervention of any other agents, or without the use of any instruments. On the contrary, in order that the will may reach the muscle, a whole train of processes have to be set a-going in a large tract of nervous matter stretching from (some part or other of) the brain down to the particular muscle or muscles engaged. And these processes, like the process of muscular contraction itself, are stringently dependent on the vital powers, on the irritability of that nervous matter, and therefore on its having been well nourished, on its being well supplied with food and oxygen, with good and sufficient blood, both before and at the time of its being put to work. The strength of the body hangs on the quality and condition of the nerves quite as distinctly as on the quality and condition of the muscles. Probably those sensations after voluntary efforts which we call fatigue, are due quite as much to nervous as to muscular exhaustion; and arise from the initial cerebral processes, the translation of the psychical into apsychical, material

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actions, rather than from the mere propagationof the stimulus along the motor nerves. Very often, with the same muscular expenditure, so great a fatigue does not occur (or rather is not felt) when a more easily acting stimulus, such as an emotion, sets the machine at work.

Since the condition of both nerve and muscle is so closely connected with the state of the blood, it follows that the strength of the body is also dependent on the qualities of that fluid. But the condition of the blood is, as it were, the expression of the condition and conduct of the whole body. Whatever be the work done, whichever part of the body be employed in doing it, be it one limb only or every muscle, the whole body shares in the labour as truly as do the particular muscles specially employed.

When a man is put to a work for which he is unfitted, or to which he is unused, the point in which he fails first is, generally speaking, not any particular limb or muscle, but that which is popularly known as "wind." The power of respiration is the keystone of muscular strength. Throughout the animal kingdom, movement and breathing go hand in hand. In man a special connection between respiration and certain forms of muscular exertion is frequently to be observed. In many kinds of movement it becomes necessary to take a deep breath, and to keep the chest steady in the position of forced inspiration, in order that the arms may have a fixed point from which to work. By these unusual exertions, the respiratory muscles, strained beyond their wont, get wearied, and the workman becomes out of breath. This, however, is only a particular case. In all instances, in labours of all kinds, there is a still deeper bond between breathing and working. The rhythm and depth of the ordinary involuntary movements of respiration are regulated by the amount of carbonic acid and oxygen present in the blood; the exciting cause or stimulus of taking a breath being either a diminution of the latter or increase of the former (it being as yet hardly known which) in the blood carried to certain nervous centres. Hence, when that stimulus is in excess, as in incipient suffocation, the breathing becomes hurried and laboured. Now during muscular exertion, while the muscular machine is hard at work, more oxygen is consumed, and more carbonic acid produced, than when the machine is at rest; consequently there is a greater call upon the respiratory mechanism. If that mechanism be in good working order, if it be capable of performing, without trouble, more than its usual task, the increase of carbonic acid is got rid of, and the loss of oxygen replaced without any very notable effects. But if the mechanism be unable to cope with the additional demand made upon it, then the accumulated carbonic acid and the vanishing oxygen disturb the rhythm of respiration, and distress follows; with that distress there comes of course a failure of general muscular power. For all muscular

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effort it is essential to be able to breathe well: a "good wind" is a great element of muscular strength.

In order to breathe well, however, it is not enough to have merely a broad chest and shoulders, with powerful respiratory muscles. It is certainly necessary that the apparatus for drawing pure air into and driving foul air out of the lungs should be in good working order; but that is not the whole function of respiration. The heart must back up the work of the chest walls by driving the venous blood in due quantity and at a due rate through the lungs; and the blood must possess its proper qualities, be so made up of its proper constituents, that during the passage through the lungs, it may get rid of its burden of carbonic acid, and take up the oxygen that is needed. The heart, that index of all which goes on in the body, sympathises with every movement both of the breath and of the limbs. It is, as it were, at the summit of muscular life, and shows by its actions an exquisite tenderness towards all the influences which hold sway over muscular processes. Its beat is now fast, now slow, now feeble, now strong, varying with the varying conditions of the blood, with the various changes wrought in the nervous system through the exertions which are being undergone. While we work our heart throbs quick and strong, drives its contents with greater rapidity and in larger quantity through the lungs, and thus aids the purification and renewal of the blood. If, however, it be excited too much, its strokes by their very urgency cause distress, or while succeeding each other too quickly, lose in power more than they gain in frequency, and fail to effect what is required of them. And it is the characteristic of a heart too feeble or too slight for the body that it is too easily effected, and hence too easily thrown out of gear by the changes and agitations going on in the system at large. A sound, stout, healthy heart, sensitive to feel, and yet strong to bear the solicitations of a labouring body, is one of the chief elements of muscular strength.

Nor is it hardly less necessary that the blood should be, chemically and otherwise, rich and good. If, for instance, the red particles, those agents of respiration, those chapmen of oxygen and carbonic acid, be lacking, no breadth of chest, or power of heart, or strength of muscle will avail. The air may enter the chest, the blood may course through the lungs, but, with a scantiness of red blood-discs, enough oxygen fails to be taken up: there is to a great extent only the outward show, not the real essence of respiration going on. A pale anæmic girl pants, and is distressed at going up-stairs, not because her chest walls or lungs are at fault, not because her heart and other muscles are so very weak, but because her blood lacks redness, and is unapt for the traffic with the air. And the due redness as well as the other good qualities of blood can only

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be gained through a due action of viscera well supplied with proper food.

Lastly, there is every reason to believe that the waste products of muscular action, when retained within the body, interfere with the development of muscular power, as well as with many other functions. Hence the good working order of the organs by which these products are eliminated from the body claims to be thought an element of muscular strength. Of these perhaps the most important is the skin, since upon its due action that of so many others so closely depends.

We have thus far been considering the body as a muscular machine ready for use, with a certain amount of force stored up in it waiting to be applied; we have been dwelling on the best means of putting forth the power which has been already acquired. We may now ask the question, What are the methods at our disposal for increasing the absolute force of the economy? By what care and nurture can we add to or maintain the store of strength resident in our bodies?

From the brief survey we have taken above, it will be evident that whatever means we adopt must, in order to be effectual, be consistent with and backed up by the maintenance of general health. By health we mean that condition of the body in which all parts, all members great and small, work together in harmony, no one organ daring to make itself conspicuous by not doing what it ought to do, or by doing more than it should. Every part of the body is bound up with and fitly joined to all other parts, and the labour and wants of each are determined and measured out by the labour and wants of all. Any excess or any deficiency of any one part is equally just so much loss to the working power of the whole. The man who wishes to nurse any particular member must have his eye as much fixed on general health as if he were bent on training the whole body to general perfection. If he attempts to bring one part to excellence regardless of the maintenance of corporeal harmony, the disturbance that necessarily follows will soon prove his labour to have been in vain. In order to gain muscular strength it is above all things necessary to strive at general health, and also in all further endeavours to be mindful that the general health is in no way endangered.

In addition to the usual means adopted for the establishment and maintenance of health, measures may be especially directed towards the muscular system in reference to two things—exercise and food.

About exercise there is very little to be said. What has been called "the law of exercise" may be witnessed, not only in all muscular, but in every kind of life. It is, indeed, a fundamental phenomenon of all vital processes (and perhaps the very basis of growth) that any action leading to depression of powers or consump-

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tion of material is, within certain limits, followed by a reaction, not equal to, but a little in excess of, itself. In point of practice it is the limits that have chiefly to be considered. Every muscular exertion is accompanied by loss of power and waste of substance. In some cases this may be carried to such an extent that recovery is impossible. When the body is put to the maximum of exercise of which it is capable, death is occasioned through exhaustion of the heart; the horse may be driven until it drops. A less rigorous, but still excessive demand for work will cause debility. It is only when the labour is proportioned to the condition of the agent that the beneficial effects of exercise make themselves apparent. It is probable that whenever exercise is pushed so as to create "distress," some at least of the benefit that might be expected is lost. In order to obtain from exercise the greatest amount of good with the least amount of expenditure, a man should always set himself such a task as he may accomplish without, as they say, "turning a hair."

The subject of food is one of extreme perplexity—but happily the perplexity of ignorance, not of unwieldy knowledge. Strange as it may seem, the very fundamental question, Does work, as compared with rest, call for an increase of food? cannot be answered by us with any degree of certainty if we allow ourselves to be guided by physiological considerations only. It is not meant, of course, that the working man who does daily a hard day's work does not need any more food than the idle one who does nothing. Such a comparison is not the one we are aiming at. In such a case, the habitually idle man has less muscular material and a smaller working capacity than the working man, and the changes which the tissues of his body suffer are slower and feebler. But suppose two men of similar bodily bulk and texture, of similar nutritive energy and working power, the one going through his usual daily labour, and the other remaining at rest—is it necessary that the former should have a larger supply of food than the latter, in order that both may be on a par at the conclusion of the day? In other words, when we remember the intermittent character of all muscular work, and take into consideration the necessary stage of rest, is it certain that a state of activity, that the performance of work, is always accompanied by an increase in the transformations and chemical changes of the muscular substance, by an increased consumption of material? Of course, if we take two muscles, and while we leave the one at rest, excite the other to powerful contractions, we shall, on examination, find in the latter an accumulation of waste products indicative of an increased consumption. But we must recollect that the labouring muscle at the conclusion of its task is not in a fit state to be compared with the one at rest. The latter is ready for work, the former is exhausted, is unable to do again the work it has done until it has enjoyed a period of rest.

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Now, there are many reasons for believing that during the period of rest consumption of material is lessened. In fact, it has been maintained that (allowance being made for the process of reaction) the diminution of the consumption of material during the after rest is just equivalent to the increase during the period of activity; so that if we take an interval of time long enough to embrace the period of rest and restitution, as well as that of labour, the consumption of material in both active and inactive muscles will be found to be the same. It is certainly a gross error to suppose that in a muscle at rest there is no consumption of material; such a rest, a rest without change, is not found even in death, much less during life. And the idea that during activity the changes are not absolutely increased, but only hurried, only compressed within a shorter space of time, and always accompanied by a subsequent proportional slackening, is borne out by the difficulty experienced in determining the effect of work on the waste products of the body at large. The muscles form so large a part of the animal body, and, whether resting or working, contribute so largely to the material products of animal existence, that one has every right to expect that changes in them should be readily and clearly manifested by changes in the amount of those products. Not only so, but, as we have seen, the whole body, as well as the muscles actually employed, takes part in every muscular work. When we walk or run, our pulse beats faster, our breathing is enlarged, every jot and tittle of our body is in some measure exalted. Hence, over and above what is due to changes taking place in the muscles themselves, we have reason to look for some increased consumption of material and consequent increased elimination of waste products. Yet it is very difficult to demonstrate any such increase. With regard to one class of products, the nitrogenous, the testimony of observers is so contradictory that no conclusion can be drawn unless we are willing to give our credence according to the personal character of the observer, his reputation for accuracy, &c. If we are willing to do this, and therefore listen to Voit, of Germany, and Edward Smith, of England, rather than to other inquirers, we shall be led to adopt the opinion that exercise, even when carried to a very considerable extent, has but a very limited influence on the nitrogenous products of the twenty-four hours, nothing certainly at all comparable to what we should expect were an increased consumption of material necessary for the development of the force actually expended. Even with regard to the carbonic acid, which seems clearly enough to be exhaled in greatly increased quantities during the act of labour, it has been maintained that temporary exercise produces no lasting effect, at all corresponding to the force developed, on the quantity given out during a longer period. If future inquiries establish this view, that work entails not so much an increased as a hurried consumption of material—if it be

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finally settled that the active muscle does not use up more stuff than an idle one, but only disposes of it in a different way, then we shall have no right to recommend for labour an increase of food, with the view of supplying a supposed loss, which in reality is not suffered. Still less shall we be justified in doling out measures of meat and drink on the idea that so much extra diet is a fair equivalent for so much extra work. We shall have to look upon food not so much as a "charge" with which our muscles can be loaded, and which can be let off when occasion demands, but as something necessary to the well-being of the frame, as something which will run up and down the grooves of vital changes, whatever be the conduct of the body, which will suffer transformation and be finally unrolled into lifeless waste matters and living force, whether that force happen to be converted into mechanical effect or merely go out silently and unseen as heat and electricity. At the same time, an ample supply of food is not lost upon the economy, is not wasted even when no work can be shown for it. The greater the amount of food, the greater is the mass of vital material generated, the wider and deeper are the vital changes, the higher is the working capacity of the vital machine, the more apt and ready is it to undergo toil. A rich diet is a necessary element of strength, though a full meal may not be a necessary condition of work.

We may now turn to the question—What quality of food is best suited for muscular strength? In what proportion ought the three great elements of every diet—starch, fat, and flesh—to be mingled in order to obtain a maximum of force? And here, again, we come upon a "fundamental want of bricks" to build with. We have spoken of muscles as the instruments of work, and of the consumption and transformations of muscular force; but are we sure that in the living body all the force that is put forth through the muscle really comes from the waste of muscular substance alone? Through every living muscle there is continually rushing a stream of blood, bringing up materials of food and carrying away materials of waste. May not some at least of that food, during its transit through the blood-vessels of the muscle, suffer change and give rise to force without really becoming part and parcel of the muscle? Because, if so, then we are utterly at a loss for a token whereby to judge of the relations between particular kinds of food and muscular force. Muscle we know we can determine by direct analysis, as well as by theoretical reasoning—whether such and such food helps the laying on of fleshy fibre; and hence, if muscle alone is concerned, we can form an estimate of the influence of that food on strength. But this ground is cut away from our feet when we admit that unknown constituents of the blood may share with the true muscular substance in the production of muscular force. That muscle, and muscle only, is concerned in the matter seems probable from the fact that a muscle wholly deprived of blood

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is able to perform work, and therefore contains within itself all the elements necessary for the production of force. But we have as yet no certain demonstration that within the living body, in the usual course of things, no extraneous assistance is given to it.

If, again, taking muscle as the representative of muscular force, we attempt to pursue the various elements of food in their progress through the body, if we try to find out which becomes flesh, and therefore gives force, we soon find ourselves at a stand-still. We can follow the food into the blood, but no farther; when once it reaches that whirlpool it is lost to our view. We may adopt, as most straightforward and likely, the idea that the flesh (the proteine) of our food (whether of animal or vegetable origin) becomes the flesh of our bodies, but at present we cannot be sure of it. Of course the nitrogen of our flesh must come from the nitrogen of our food, but we do not know to what extent that nitrogen may in the mean time be bandied about in the economy. The acts of nature often seem to us pranks, when we do not see the meaning of them; and it is within the limits of possibility that the transformations of nutrition are far more complicated than we are at present inclined to think them. We know that flesh may split up into sugar or fat and something else, and it is just possible that sugar or fat has to join with something else in order that lifeless meat may become living flesh. If so, sugar or fat would have as much right to be considered a direct nurse of strength as the nitrogen-holder itself.[1] Until these possibilities are settled, one way or the other, we cannot hope to deduce the action of the elements of food from their chemical nature.

If now we turn to the study of what are found to be the actual effects of food on the composition and powers of the vital machine, we shall meet with but little instruction touching muscular strength. We learn that such and such a diet is most conducive to health, that an excess of starchy or fatty food creates obesity, and the like. There is only one general law of nutrition that seems to offer a hint to him who seeks for muscular strength. The elaborate researches of the German physiologists have rendered it extremely probable that the amount and activity of the tissue-changes in the economy are directly dependent on the quantity of flesh or nitrogenous material that is taken as food. By the inordinate consumption of sugar or fat a man may make himself inordinately fat; but he cannot increase inordinately the bulk of his flesh by swallowing and digesting an inordinate quantity of meat. The chief effect of an increase of nitrogenous material as food is an increase in the chemical changes of the tissues, an increase in the vital consumption of bodily stuff, and a consequent

(1) The physiological virtues of nitrogen are most mysterious. Granted that the nitrogen-holders, the proteine-bodies, are the sole sources of muscular force, there still remains the fact that the force is only indirectly connected with their nitrogen. It is their carbon and hydrogen that suffer a force-developing oxidation, not their nitrogen.

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increase in the quantity of waste products. Nitrogenous food seems at once to hurry on through its necessary transformations without showing any great desire to stay and swell out the bulk of the nitrogenous tissues. Since the muscles are the largest nitrogen shareholders in the body, we may infer that additional nitrogenous food means additional transformation of muscular substance, additional consumption and renewal of muscular material; and a rapid metamorphosis, a speedy undoing and remaking of flesh (provided that constructive changes are at least equal to destructive) is surely one element of muscular strength. It must be good for us that our muscles should be always just newly made; it must be of advantage that the body should be kept, as it were, in a state of masked activity, that the steam should be always up, not actually turned on, but ready at a moment's notice to be turned on for the production of movement. We may, moreover, fairly suppose such an activity to be beneficial to the other co-operative organs of the body as well as to the muscular machine itself. What is good for the muscles of the trunk and limbs will be good also for that muscular organ, the heart, and through the strengthening of the heart the whole of the body will be invigorated. Every organ, too, will be encouraged to a larger work by the stress thrown upon it; for the benefit of exercise is not confined to muscle only, but may be witnessed in every tissue or particle that has life.

We might, then, bid the athlete to eat as much meat as he can; but we must at the same time warn him to beware of interfering with general health. Some part of him would suffer through a lack of starch and fat in the food, while, on the other hand, he might push forward his tissue-changes so far that the body would be unable to get rid of the accumulated waste products. In either case discomfort or distress would put a limit to his working power. He must be careful, even for the sake of his muscles, never to put in jeopardy the well-being of his body at large.

In fact, it is a very fair question for inquiry whether health is not after all the one sole condition of strength? Is there not for each man a certain harmony of his corporeal members essential to the due growth and full power of each member, whichever it may be, and reaching perfection only when each member is perfect too? Is there not a normal diet, the diet of true health, different for different men, but fixed for the same man, whatever be the use to which he put his body? To such a diet there would of course be the correlative task, the fixed amount of labour which a man must undergo as an element of health and strength quite as essential as food itself. On all these matters, crude, unlearned experience can never pass an unassailable judgment; the final appeal must be made to physiology. But at present, as we have seen, the voice of physiology, though it is often echoed very loudly, is only an uncertain sound.

M. Foster, Jun.

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THE INSCRIPTION AT ANCYRA.[1]

ANCYRA, once a city of Phrygia, is situated near an insignificant stream, a supposed tributary of the Sangarius, renowned in the river-system of Asia Minor, and doubly renowned in the perennial verse of the Iliad. This city, we are assured by the fable-loving Pausanias, was built by Midas, the son of Gordius—Midas of the fairy gold, the long ears, and the whispering reed, and Gordius of the insoluble knot, which the Macedonian hero so ingeniously untied. When Pausanias wrote, the anchor which the founder of Ancyra had discovered, and which suggested a name for the city, was still to be seen in the temple of Jupiter. There was also visible in those days a fountain called the Fountain of Midas, and reported to be the identical fountain into which the royal son of the insoluble knot maker poured the tempting wine intended to facilitate the capture of the sly Silenus. For it was a curious characteristic of the Greek wizard that, although when sober and awake he could easily elude his inquisitive pursuers, yet if drunk and caught napping he might be made to sing and prophesy at pleasure, hopelessly entangled in the flowery garlands which orthodox prescription held indispensable to his capture. The anchor discovered by Midas at Ancyra is doubtless a purely mythical anchor, and owes its *raison d'être* to a fancied necessity for explaining the origin of the city's name. In a slightly altered form the legendary appellation still survives, and the Angora goat, with its silky hair, serves both as literal and symbolical connecting link between our commercial present, with its steam carriage and metal horse, and the fabulous past, with the ox-drawn chariot of the peasant king, his prophetic eagle and inextricable knot, so skilfully disposed of by Alexander's sword.

Ancyra, however, has a real as well as legendary history. Nearly three centuries before the Christian era the Kelts or Gauls, terrified by the earthquake, tempest, and lightning which followed their attack on the favourite sanctuary of Apollo, and flying before the celestial champions and mortal allies of the radiant god, unwillingly relinquished the gilded statues that as they gleamed along the terraces of Delphi showed like solid gold to the eyes of the covetous marauders, to find a home on the Danube, win a kingdom in Thrace, or enjoy the pay and plunder of a Bithynian prince. The Tectosages, one of the three great divisions of the extensive confederation, succeeded in acquiring possession of Ancyra. Attalus, the spirited ruler of the little state of Pergamum, was the first who refused to pay the tribute exacted by the invaders. The refusal was supported by a battle.

(1) RES GESTÆ DIVI AUGUSTI EX MONUMENTIS ANCYRANO ET APOLLONIENSI. Edidit Th. Mommsen. Accedunt Tabulæ tres. Berolini, 1865.

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Proving victorious in the field, Attalus resolved to confine these brigand immigrants to the region which, borrowing a name from its new proprietors, was afterwards known as Galatia. At a somewhat later period Cnœus Manlius, the Roman consul, completed the humiliation of the Gauls. Triumphing over the Trocmi and Telesboi, Manlius marched on to Ancyra, and about ten miles from that place carried the strong position of the Tectosages. After this, we hear little more of the City of the Anchor. Only we learn from Pausanias that the descendants of the Pergamenians, who expelled its foreign masters, used to display the spoils they had taken from the Gauls, and exhibit pictures delineating scenes suggested by their common history. On the death of the tributary king, Amyntas, B.C. 25, Galatia became a Roman province, and Ancyra, in the reign of the adopted son of Julius, was complimented with the title of Sebaste, with the added appellative Tectosagum, to distinguish it from two other cities of Galatia, Pessinus and Tavium, also called after Augustus. Of this new province Ancyra was the metropolis.

Commanding the road from Byzantium to Tavium and Armenia as well as that from Byzantium to Syria, Ancyra was celebrated as an emporium of traffic. The civilisation of Greece naturally left its impress there. When Hamilton visited it in 1836 he discovered numerous evidences of the former presence of Hellenic art in "portions of bas-reliefs, funeral cippi with garlands, the caput bovis, caryatides, columns and fragments of architraves, with parts of dedicatory inscriptions resembling the walls of a rich museum."

Glorified by legendary and historic association, renowned for commerce, attractive through picturesque ruins, Ancyra has no interest so profound as that which attaches to one grand memorial of the past, an imperfect inscription. In the temple consecrated to the god Augustus and the goddess Rome, erected perhaps in the reign of Tiberius, is a ruined wall, and on this wall engraved in the two classical languages of antiquity, may be read one of the most interesting documents which the old world has bequeathed to the new. That wall glorious in its decay, that wall in which "the angles of almost every stone have been crushed, and the cracks radiating in all directions have caused the outer surface of the marble to exfoliate," has faithfully transmitted to the present age the invaluable deposit given into its keeping more than eighteen hundred years ago. On the inside of the *Antæ* or portico-pillars of the temple may be traced a Latin inscription. On the outer wall of the cella or interior of the temple, a Greek translation confirms or supplements the Latin original. This memorial of antiquity, preserved in the two ruling languages of the past, has long been known to scholars as the *Monumentum Ancyranum.* The inscription exhibits a succinct but imposing recital of the actions of Augustus, drawn up with all the authority of his name,

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and probably compiled by the deified emperor himself. It may be described as an emblazonment or heraldic proclamation of the achievements of the mortal who became the personal centre of the world's life at the very time when, by a perfectly explicable parallelism, a new faith preached in the fields and through the towns of Palestine was about to direct the bewildered thoughts or flaming hopes of men to a very different form of despotic individuality.

To the immediate inspection of this remarkable document we are now invited by the distinguished German historian, Theodore Mommsen. But before we proceed under his guidance to examine the inscription itself, we will first give some account of its discovery and attempted restoration.

Rather more than three centuries ago Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, determined to send an embassy to the court of the Sultan of Turkey, Soliman Vindobona Amasia. The names of the Imperial representatives were Antonius Wrantzius or Verantius, Bishop of Agria, and Augerius Gislenius Busbequius, a native of Holland. Their official visit at Constantinople completed, the travellers passed from Europe into Asia, and in due time arrived at Ancyra. Thus Busbequius and his companions were the first European scholars who saw, recognised, and transcribed the Latin text of the celebrated record of Augustus. More than a century afterwards Daniel Cosson, a countryman of Busbequius, settled at Smyrna, where he was afterwards murdered by pirates, and though he never visited Ancyra himself, succeeded in procuring a copy of the inscription. This copy, while superior to that of his predecessor, was yet far from perfect. In 1701 Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, in obedience to the orders of the King of France, Louis XIV., repaired to the East. The copy which he brought back with him from Ancyra is said to have been almost a fac-simile. Unhappily it was not edited by himself, nor at the time of his return, but by Chishull, twenty-seven years after his return. About four years later than Tournefort, Paulus Lucas spent twenty days in the month of September in transcribing the Latin text on the wall of Ancyra. Lucas, convinced of its accuracy, challenges comparison with the original. Mommsen pronounces it the most complete and by far the most useful of all the older copies. Let us now glance at those which have been made in a more recent time.

Passing over the ineffectual attempts of Rostan and Kinneir in the early part of the present century, Texier's transcripts, consulted by Egger, and Barth's partial copy, submitted to Mommsen, we find Mordtmann, a native of Hamburg, in October, 1859, sharing the antiquarian enthusiasm of previous explorers, and, like them, betaking himself to Angora. A portion of the Greek translation still remained concealed. Anxious to bring it to light, our traveller requested permission to carry out the preliminary operations necessary for the

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purpose, but the proprietors, insisting on the hopelessness of the undertaking, gave an unqualified refusal. In the copy of the Latin text which Mordtmann made he boldly introduced the conjectural amendments of Augustus Zumpt, persuading himself that he saw in the marble, characters that existed only in the imagination of the ingenious Berlin editor; thus recalling the alchemist in Mr. Lewes's illustration, who put into his crucible the gold which he afterwards discovered there.

With the year 1861 we reach the conclusion of the critical history of the Monumentum Ancyranum. In that year Georges Perrot and Edmond Guillaume, commissioned by the French Augustus, Napoleon III., set off for their journey in Galatia and Bithynia. Among other places they visited Ancyra. The tabular representations which they brought back with them are commended by Mommsen for their close resemblance to the original tables, both in shape and size. In the "splendid itinerary" published in 1862 these representations have been made accessible to the archæological student. Perrot's tables of the Greek text are given at the end of Mommsen's recent publication. In this final copy the numerous lacunæ are denoted by corresponding interspaces, and such appears to be the accuracy attained by the transcribers as to preclude the expectation of future improvement.

Hitherto we have been speaking of the Latin version. Let us now turn to the Greek equivalent. The existence of the Greek translation was announced to the learned world by Tournefort. The first rough transcript of it was make by Pococke, who observing a portion of it outside the eastern wall, conjectured that the remaining portion might be on the west side. The letters, he says, appeared to have been gilt on a ground of vermillion. Parts of the wall on which they were impressed were concealed by houses built directly against it. By removing a contiguous mud wall, Hamilton in 1836, and more recently Perrot, succeeded in deciphering eighteen out of the entire number of columns in which the Greek translation was arranged. The first eight have been copied by Perrot, and by Perrot only; the last six by Hamilton, and, with trifling exceptions, by Hamilton only; the ninth still remains covered up. The four immediately following the ninth, fragments of which Hamilton was the first to transcribe, are now satisfactorily exhibited by Perrot. Thus of the nineteen columns of the Greek version one only is wanting; while all the Latin, six in number, have their place in Mommsen's new and admirable collaboration.

The exertions of ingenious and enterprising travellers have been ably supported by the labours of the sedentary scholar. M. E. Egger, about two-and-twenty years ago, and MM. J. Franz and Augustus W. Zumpt not long after employed their learned leisure in the correction and elucidation of the text. Meritorious, however, as their edition

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may be, it is necessarily surpassed by that of their eminent countryman. Availing himself of the researches of his predecessors, and with the unique advantage of having the Greek section first copied by Perrot before him, Mommsen brings an acute critical faculty and copious historical erudition to the execution of his editorial task. The result is that, though still vitiated and defective, we have in the new presentment a proximately faithful transcript of the ancient record in the temple of Augustus. This transcript we owe to the united exertions of three distinguished scholars in France, England, and Germany—Perrot, Hamilton, and Mommsen.

Let us now advert to the circumstances under which the original record was compiled. The third census held in the reign of Augustus had been brought to a close, and the fifty-eighth year of his accession to sovereign power was half over, when, with a presentiment of his approaching end, he determined to particularise in an elaborate and authoritative register the public enterprises which had thrown a lustre on his long career. Intending this register to be preserved in the Imperial archives, Augustus provided by will that it should also be engraved on brazen tablets and placed in front of the mausoleum which he had constructed between the Flaminian way and the bank of the Tiber. Such at least is the account given by Suetonius. And if the *Monumentum Ancyranum* attests that the inscription was copied from the brazen pillars at Rome, the attestation in reality corroborates the historian's account, for the difference between tablets and pillars is not an essential difference. Equally unimportant seems Zumpt's objection that the mausoleum was made, not of brass, but of stone, for the mausoleum might very well be composed of one material and the pillar-formed tablets of another. From these tablets then, the citizens of Ancyra, followed or perhaps preceded by those of Apollonia, obtained permission from the Emperor Tiberius or the Senate to make the transcript, afterwards engraved in marble in the walls of the pronaos and cella of the temple of Augustus. The erection of such a sacred edifice was by no means an uncommon practice in the cities of Asia Minor. In Pergamum, Bithynia, Nicomedia, temples had already been dedicated to the personal symbol of unity, the divine Augustus, and to the imposing abstract entity, the personified capital of the world, the city-goddess Rome.

The character of the record preserved in the marble of Ancyra corresponds with the position of the Imperial protector, whose image was associated,in the popular religious sentiment, with that of the faithful traditional dog and of the Lares, the Romans' household deities; for like these emblems of vigilant supervision, Augustus had kept a long and careful watch over the domestic security of the reposing citizens. This miniature autobiography—this epitomised history—displays the colossal grandeur of the dead man, who, in Shelley's fine language,

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"hangs his mute thoughts on the mute walls around," and speaks to us with silent but impressive eloquence from the many-centuried temple that once bore his name.

Drawn up in the summer of A.U. 767, just before Augustus accompanied Tiberius, then on his way to Illyricum, to the Apulian coast, the record recapitulates the transactions of nearly threescore years. Augustus, who was born on the 23rd September, A.U. 691, had numbered nearly seventy-six revolutions of the sun. Reckoning from his adhesion to the triumvirate, his power had lasted almost fifty-six years. Forty-five years, all but thirteen days, had passed since the great death-grapple in the waters of Ambracia, when the eastern world struck its flag to the genius of the west, and the voluptuous woman of Egypt, followed by her soldier lover, "hoisted the purple sails on her gilded deck," and fled before the ascendant fortune of the avenger of Cæsar. For it is with his public appearance, as the vindicator of the liberty of the commonwealth, as the agent of retribution on the murderers of his adoptive father, that Augustus enters on the imposing recital of his memorable acts. "On attaining the nineteenth year of my age," begins the imperial annalist, "on my own responsibility, and at my own expense, I raised an army, liberated my country from an oppressive and factious rule, banished, in strict conformity with legal procedure, the men that had slain my father, and when they waged war on the Republic, twice defeated them in open field."

Briefly describing the signal victories by sea and land that raised him to his proud pre-eminence, Augustus next records the extension of his clemency to all the *surviving* citizens of Rome as well as to all foreign subjects whom policy permitted him to spare. Had the illustrious chronicler, when he preferred this claim to the admiration of mankind, forgotten the child of Cleopatra, the lineal descendant of the divine Julius, the boy Cæsarion? Had he forgotten Ovinius, the keeper of the Egyptian queen's tapestries? Had he forgotten Cassius Parmensis, the sole survivor of the great Dictator's murderers? Had he forgotten Canidius, whose irresolution in death seemingly so discredited his arrogant profession? Had he forgotten these and others, too, it may be? or shall we repudiate stories which impeach the veracity of the autobiographer, and affirm with Velleius that Octavius put none of his adversaries to death? To call in question the correctness of Mommsen's emendation (superstitibus) is a third alternative. But the Record itself forbids its adoption, for further on we find the clemency of Augustus unequivocally asserted. In the fourth year, after the sea-fight at Actium, it proclaims that the victor was presented with the Crown of Oak, the customary prize awarded for the preservation of the lives of Roman citizens. A fourth alternative is to suppose with Mommsen that Augustus here tells the world not what

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he had actually done, but what he wanted the world to believe that he had done.

Tracing, in fancy, the characters on the walls of Ancyra, let us be momentary spectators of the capture of the six hundred ships, of the gathering of half a million of Romans round the banner of the exultant Triumvir, the treble triumph of Dalmatia, Actium, Alexandria, and the two ovations on the conclusion of the peace with Marcus Antonius and on the prosperous termination of the Sicilian war. Let us glance next at the ceremony, often repeated by Augustus, when, declining the higher military honours, he deposited in the Capitol the laurel that some fresh victory had won him. Let the nine kings, or children of kings, walk slowly before the conqueror's car. Let the prayers of the Commonwealth rise, at the Senate's order, in gratitude to the Immortals that had so gloriously prospered the achievements of the emperor and his vicegerents by sea and land, till the celestial ear grows weary of the importunate devotion of nine hundred days. Or, recalling ever new services, enumerate the endless distinctions that rewarded them. Thirteen times had Augustus worn the Consular laurel and the white and purple robe; thirty-seven years had he exercised the prerogatives of the tribune's office when he began to chronicle his illustrious acts. Consular function and privilege were conferred on him for life, and he enjoyed them more than thirty years. The dictatorship twice offered was twice declined. Saluted Imperator by the admiring soldiers, whose trumpets rang beneath the walls of Mutina, and invested with the highest military pre-eminence, not only on this but on twenty other occasions, Augustus, in the third year after the battle of Actium, attained the highest civil pre-eminence, as Prince of the Senate, and held that valuable priority for forty years. In the second year following his crowning victory, the Chief of the State, accepting the power while declining the title of Censor, interposed to reform and purify the Senate; and about eleven years after, when Prefect of Manners, an office perhaps not exactly identical with the censorship, he again revised that august assembly. In his fifth consulship he proceeded, in constitutional form, to conserve, invigorate, and augment the impoverished and decimated patriciate. In his sixth consulship, associating with him his sagacious and popular son-in-law, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, Augustus solemnised a public act which the agents of Government had omitted for forty-two years. He held a census of the Roman citizens, including those of the provinces. Twenty years later, A.U. 746, he repeated the census; a fact registered only in the marble writing of Ancyra. In the third and final census of Augustus, undertaken only a few months before his death, Perrot's recent researches now enable us to correct previous numerical inaccuracies, and to report the number of Roman citizens in the year 767 of the Foundation as 4,937,000.

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The Prefecture of Manners, already mentioned, was thrice exercised by the master of the world. For the first time in A.U. 735; for the second time in A.U. 736; for the third and last time in A.U. 743, the year in which the national hero adopted the grotesque and quasi-mediæval custom of sitting in the disguise of a beggar at his own palace gate, and receiving the alms of courtly and accommodating contributors. This prefecture involved a project of reform more arduous than that of the Senate, and the stone chronicle at Ancyra inadequately recognises the extent or difficulty of the enterprise. Some idea of the difficulty, however, may be formed, if we reflect that Julia, the thrice-wedded daughter of Rome's imperial master, was accustomed to wander through the streets of the great city by night, attended by her Comus-crew, and hold her licentious symposia in the forum, or at the rostra itself, surrounded by the young nobles, her fellow-revellers or paramours. In carrying out his plans for reformation of life, Augustus did not hesitate to revive old usages, or introduce new laws. Encouragement of matrimony, discouragement of celibacy and illicit love, limitation of expenditure and suppression of bribery, were among the objects which he endeavoured to realise by legislative enactments. If the ambitious reformer succeeded no better in his plans for the moral improvement of his subjects than he did in mending the manners of his daughter, he had little reason to boast of the success of his measures. The lovely, wilful, and witty Julia, whose studies had been minutely registered, whose actions carefully watched, whose words scrupulously weighed, who in short was brought up in so frightfully virtuous a manner as to ensure a retributive wickedness in after-life, profited neither by the discipline nor legislation of Augustus, nor even by the excellent example which he condescendingly exhibited in his own person for the imitation of a degenerate society. In vain were her lovers punished with death or banishment; in vain was the fair sinner herself degraded by registration in the list of ignominious mercenaries. Julia remained incorrigible. She never gave up "sinning and supping" till she finally expiated her treason against virtue and the emperor, by exile, solitary confinement and thin potations, in the city of Rhegium and the island of Pandataria. Augustus might well complain that he had two troublesome daughters, Julia and the Republic. The first of the two he never forgave. He left her no legacy in his will, and he refused her a resting-place in his mausoleum.

About ten years before the disgrace and banishment of the brilliant and beautiful Julia, the triumvir Lepidus went *to join the majority.* Lepidus had long been invested with the sacred office of Pontifex Maximus. Augustus does not omit to signalise his generous forbearance in declining this splendid preferment during the lifetime of his old associate. Early in A.U. 742 the motive for further self-abnegation

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ceased; Lepidus no longer stood in his way, and Augustus was elevated to the chief Pontificate and the formal presidency of the national rites. The other sacerdotal dignities he enjoyed are quietly paraded in this imperial autobiography. As Augur, or diviner, he was entitled to bear the crozier-like wand of office, and announce supernatural signs. As Sodalis Titius, he was privileged to take part in the celebration of the old Sabine rites, or worship of King Tatius. As Frater Arvalis, wearing the corn chaplet with its white band, he had the official right to offer sacrifice for the fertility of the fields, or invoke a blessing on the old Roman territory. As Fetialis, binding his head with a fillet of wool and a wreath of sacred herbs, he had power to demand redress or proclaim war. As one of the Sacred Seven, it was his duty to prepare the couches at the entertainments given to Jupiter and the other gods. As one of the Sacred Fifteen, he had authority to burn the apocryphal books of prophecy; and in this capacity it was that he purified the Sibylline Canon, and deposited it in two golden caskets under the statue of the Palatine Apollo.

Nor were these the only religious distinctions associated with the name or person of Augustus. On his return from the peaceful and prosperous administration of Asia, the Senate erected an altar to Fortuna Redux," "the good genius of the State who had brought her hero home." This altar, as we gather from our marble annals, stood at the Porta Capena, the very gate at which Augustus, marching from Campania along the Appian Way—the great line of communication with the East—would necessarily enter Rome. On the day of that entrance, the 12th of October, A.U. 735, a new festival was instituted called the Augustalia; and the priests and vestal virgins were officially enjoined to solemnise the anniversary of this happy event. Analogous honours awaited his return from a successful career in Spain and Gaul, A.U. 741.

The next division of the inscription is, perhaps, of still greater interest. The Greek copy of Perrot places it beyond all doubt that the Janus Quirinus was thrice shut in the time of Augustus. Hitherto the Latin *ter* was explicable as an abbreviation of *tertio.* The recovery of the Greek word τρίς precludes this explanation. It proves that the symbolical gate which had been closed but twice in all preceding time—once in the days of the saintly Numa, once on the cessation of the first Punic war—was shut not a third time, but three times, by the personal representative of the Pax Romana, when the exhausted world slept under the tranquil majesty of the Eternal City. On the second occasion a fanciful impression is said to have prevailed that Janus had never been closed except in a time of peace, and when the Senate decreed in the year 725 of the Foundation that this solemn act should be repealed by Augustus, the Restorer of the Commonwealth, the vision of a golden age glimmered before the dazzled eyes of his

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idolatrous admirers. Already the people had sighed for peace, and the mystical Virgil given a musical expression to its sighs. Long after, when that summer-dream had almost faded, the sanguine Lucan caught and threw back the melodious echo, with a feeling surely not less Christian than that of the poet of the Apocalypse:—

> "Tunc genus humanum positis sibi consulat armis
> Inque vicem gens omnis amet. Pax missa per orbem
> Ferrea belligeri compescat limina Jani."

Though subsequently called a temple, the Janus was originally a covered gateway containing the statue of the god that opens heaven, begins the year, and initiates action. Its primitive character is recognised in the Greek translation of the Record, where the words Πύλην Ἐνυαλίου are employed as the equivalents of the Latin text. The earliest Janus appears to have been a double-gated passage constructed on the road leading from the Quirinal to the Palatium, when the Roman and Sabine cities were united on terms of equality; perhaps intended to facilitate co-operation in war, or restrict intercourse in a period of peace, or perhaps designed as an occasional gate, available for the egress of a departing or the admission of a returning army; open in war to denote that the deity had gone forth to assist the Roman soldier, and shut in peace to prevent the escape of the protecting god. Of the three occasions on which the Janus was closed by Augustus, two can be indicated with certainty. The first was in A.U. 725, not long after the battle of Actium; the second was in A.U. 729, on the return of Augustus from Spain. The ceremony is supposed to have been celebrated a third time in A.U. 744; but as the Dacian rebellion probably interfered with the execution of the senatorial decree which sanctioned its performance, Mommsen surmises that it was not closed again till the peace-period, A.U. 746—753, which followed the German war. Orosius refers the ceremony to the year 752; but as he places the birth of Christ, the Messianic Prince of Peace, in the same year, his German critic regards the date with suspicion. Presently we shall see what can be said in its favour.

The next incident chronicled in the marble of Ancyra is the introduction into public life of the grandsons of Augustus, his adopted children. Caius Cæsar, the son of the prudent Agrippa and the wild and beautiful Julia, openly presented himself in the forum in A.U. 749. About three years later Lucius Cæsar, his brother, assumed the robe of manhood—the national gown. Already a place in the Senate, a prospective consulship, and the social precedence, in virtue of which they were constituted princes of the Roman youth, had been formally secured to them. To ride at the head of a cavalcade of young nobles was one of the privileges which this precedence carried with it. Accordingly the wall of the temple records the salutation of the Roman knights to the young Cæsars, when they addressed them

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formally with the title of Prince, proffering at the same time the silver shield and silver spear, the prescriptive symbols of their exalted position.

From the honours conferred on the grandchildren of the Imperator we return to the Imperator 'himself. We have the authority of the marble history for asserting that the pecuniary liberality of Augustus was worthy of his imperial supremacy. On three different occasions he replenished the Senatorial exchequer. On a fourth—in the year of the great earthquakes—he made good the deficit arising from the non-payment of the annual tribute in the Province of Asia. In addition to this exceptional munificence, no fewer than eight donatives are accredited to him. The first, a bequest of his great uncle, Julius Cæsar, consisted of a gift of 300 sesterces, or about £3, to every Roman citizen. In the twelfth consulship of Augustus the admitted pensioners on the public bounty, though they subsequently underwent reduction, amounted to no fewer than 320,000. The sum total of moneys, here particularised, as expended in benevolent purposes, was no less than 619,800,000 sesterces, or, on a rough estimate, about five millions sterling. Of course in this liberal distribution the army was not forgotten. In the second year, after his grand triumph, the conqueror gave a thousand sesterces to each of the veterans of his numerous legions, 120,000 in all. Again and again he recruited the strength of the permanent military chest, paying in, now in his own name, now in that of Tiberius, the princely contribution of 170,000,000 sesterces. Nor was this all. For in the year after the battle of Actium Augustus raised enormous sums for lands appropriated as military settlements, and he announces with a conscious but sedate self-applause, that of all the promoters of such enterprises in Italy or the provinces he was the first as he was the only one, who had ever given a pecuniary equivalent for the property of which the rightful owners had been dispossessed.

The social and political reform of Augustus had its material counterpart in the construction or renovation of the public buildings of Rome. The restorer of the commonwealth was also the architect of the city. The well known epigram in which Augustus boasted that he had found Rome brick and left it marble, is justified by the business-like detail of his achievements in masonry, still legible in the inscription of Ancyra. The Augustan edifice which stands first in order in this catalogue is the Curia, called after his adoptive father the Curia Julia. Near the Curia stood the Chalcidicum, which Mommsen confidently declares to have been a temple sacred to Minerva Chalcidice, though this is by no means the universal opinion. On the Palatine, where Augustus was born, stood the imperial residence, constructed soon after his famous victory. In the same patrician locality rose the temple of Apollo, the radiant god who

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had been his champion in the great fight against Antony, and had veiled his face in horror at the fall of his father, the murdered Julius. This temple was celebrated for its magnificence. To the portico which encircled it, Propertius, in a dainty little poem, applies the epithet golden. The columns, more than fifty in number, were of African marble. Between them stood the statues of the daughter of Danaus, and that of the father of the maiden band with sword unsheathed. Here too was a statue of Apollo playing on a lyre, while around the altar, vivid as reality, stood the sculptured oxen of Myron. In the interior was another statue of Apollo, between that of his mother Latina, and that of his sister Diana, the work of Scopas, Cephisodorus, and Timotheus. The temple itself of Parian marble rose dazzlingly white, as in the verse of Virgil. The gates were of ivory, blossoming with storied life. Over the pediment might be seen the chariot of the sun. Adjoining the temple was a valuable library, stored with the choicest product of the intellect of Greece and Rome. At the south-eastern extremity of the Forum rose, at the bidding of Augustus, the shrine of the deified Dictator, with its front to the Capitol. At the entrance of the valley of the Velabrum stood the Lupercal, rebuilt by Augustus. Over a precipice eighty feet in height rose the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus restored by him. On the same imposing elevation rose two other shrines of the Olympian lord, that of Jupiter the Spoil-bearer, and that of Jupiter the Thunderer. The latter had bells hanging to its pediment, and was an offering of gratitude for a providential preservation in a journey, when a slave who had preceded the emperor's litter with a torch had been struck dead by lightning, Augustus himself had escaped unhurt. On the Quirinal rose the new temple of Quirinus, the celestial name of Father Romulus, who was believed to have ascended into heaven. On the Aventine stood the temples of Minerva, of Juno Regina, and, according to Orelli, who is followed by Mommsen, of Jupiter Libertas, the Zeus Eleutherios of the Greek text. On the summit of the Via Sacra rose the temple of the Lares; the Velia was beautified by that of the Penates. On the hill which he had selected as a site for his own residence Augustus erected the temple of Juventus, or Youth, and that of Cybele, the Great Mother. In the Circus Maximus he rebuilt the Pulvinar, on which reclined the images of deity, and where the imperial family sat as spectators of the public games. In the Campus Martius he reconstructed the stone theatre, formerly erected by Pompey, fragments of which, it is said, are still recognisable on the Palazzo Pio and the adjacent edifices. Behind the Curia Julia stood the Julian Forum, which the great uncle had commenced and the great nephew finished. Adjoining the Julian Forum was that of Augustus, one of the finest of his public works. Near it rose the magnificent temple of its presiding

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deity, Mars the Avenger, who thus for the first time was admitted as a resident into the city, in recognition of the distinguished service he had rendered in exacting an appropriate retribution from the murderers of Cæsar. To enumerate all the architectural exploits of Augustus is impossible. In his sixth consulship alone this indefatigable worker built or restored no fewer than eighty-two temples. No wonder that Livy celebrated him as *templorum omnium conditor ac restitutor;* that Horace complimented him as the renovator of the fallen shrines and blackened images of the gods; or that Virgil beheld in the three hundred fanes of his magnificent patron an immortal attestation of his religious devotion.

Over the secular constructions of the imperial architect we must pass more rapidly. The theatre of Marcellus, whose untimely death is recorded in verses that will never die, stood close to the temple of Apollo, not the temple on the Palatine, but the ancient temple between the Circus Flaminus and the Forum Olitorum. Begun by Cæsar, it was finished by Augustus, and ranks among his nobler erections. On the completion and reconstruction of the Basilica Julia, the improvement of the Flaminian way, the repair of the bridges belonging to it, we shall not expatiate. Of the expense incurred in giving efficiency to the old waterworks of Rome we shall say but little. That little concerns the famous aqueduct which borrows its name from the original constructor, Quintus Marcius Rex. The Aqua Marcia had its commencement near the Via Valeria, about thirty-six miles from Rome. Flowing from the Volscian mountains, it passed, partly above and partly under ground, to the brow of the Esquiline hill. Some of the stone arches by which it was conveyed are still in existence. This noble watercourse, which required three thousand men for its formation, was repaired and enlarged by the emperor. The Aqua Augusta, an additional duct which he connected with it, doubled the previous supply.

Augustus was not only the architect, he was also the purveyor of amusements, or master of the revels, to the Roman people. In providing the excitement of the sanguinary combat, the murderous show, or the butcherly fight, his invention was infinite and his resources endless. Eight times he delighted the admiring city with its favourite gladiatorial entertainment. Thrice he exhibited the Greek athletic games—once in his own name, once in that of a grandson. Seven-and-twenty times he presided in right of his office, or in the place of absent magistrates, at the sports of the circus or the representations of the drama. When the Dacian or other conquered barbarians had shed their best blood to make a Roman holiday, the noble savages of the wild were summoned to give it an additional zest. At the dedication of the theatre of Marcellus, his sister's son, six hundred of these captives from the wilds of Africa died in honour of the occasion.

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When the temple of Mars was consecrated, two hundred and sixty lives formed the appropriate offering to the avenging god. Three thousand five hundred of the denizens of forest and plain were despatched in the name of the emperor, of his sons, or his grandsons, to multiply the agreeable sensations of the pleasure-loving people of Rome.

But let us quit the shambles of the chase, and the arena wherein the ten thousand prize-fighters of Augustus successively contended, and throw a hasty glance at the picturesque sea-battle on the other side of the Tiber, near the spot afterwards occupied by the Nemur Cæsarum, the gardens of Caius and Lucius, the silver-shielded princes of the Roman youth. In this mimic combat three thousand men displayed, we will hope, a more harmless prowess. In their number the rowers were not included. The fleet itself consisted of thirty ships of war, but there were vessels of inferior build which participated in the action, probably too many to enumerate. The lake which was the scene of the battle was constructed for the occasion. Its length was eighteen hundred, its breadth twelve hundred feet. It long outlasted the purpose for which it was designed, and in the pages of Suetonius is described as the *Old* Sea-Fighting Place, in contradistinction to that of Domitian.

This sham-battle was fought on the day of the dedication of the temple of Mars, A.U. 752. We must go back fifteen years if we would witness a still more striking scene; the celebration of the Ludi Sæculares. These games of a hundred, or a hundred and ten years, were announced by heralds traversing the streets of Rome and the neighbouring towns, and inviting the inhabitants to attend at a solemn spectacle which none of them had ever yet seen, and having once seen would never see again. Augustus himself was present at this splendid religious ceremonial—distributing the lustral torches, the wheat, the barley, or the beans, the simple gifts prescribed by time-honoured tradition. On the Aventine, on the Palatine, on the Capitoline, thronged the rejoicing citizens; in the Circus the Roman boys recalled the old tale divine, enacting the game of Troy; while in the hall of Apollo, on the Palatine, with the poet's sun, "another, yet the same," shining over temple and palace and statue and garden, burst forth as the glorious conclusion to this great pagan jubilee, the choral music to which the noble youths and maidens chanted the stately hymn which the imperial Augustus had bespoken, and the courtly Horace composed—

"Phœbe silvarumque potens Diana," etc.

Amid all this lavish display of Imperial power and splendour, the chief of the state was simple in his private life, and moderate in his personal expenditure. He could even practise a laudable self-control. Thus he declined the gift of coronary gold, proffered by the municipal

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towns and colonies of Italy; and selling the silver statues erected in his honour, with the proceeds of the sale presented golden offerings to his protector Apollo. In the temples of Jupiter, Vesta, and Mars, were deposited the gems and pearls and bullion of the master of the world. The piety of Augustus was limited by no narrow patriotism. Generous to the deities in Rome, he was just to the celestial powers in Asia. The works of art which the lover of Cleopatra had stolen from the temples in Ephesus, and other cities of the East, were religiously restored by the conqueror of the Egyptian enchantress and her spell-bound paramour. But the favourite of the gods, the reviver of old sanctities, the beautifier of the city, the popular benefactor and the public host, was also the judicious statesman, the able politician, the subduer, the maker, the preserver of kings, and the restorer of social order. In the interest of order the triumvir Octavius had liberated the sea from the hordes of lawless brigands that under Sextus, the degenerate son of Cæsar's great rival, the self-styled child of the ocean-god, infested the waves which their blue-robed pirate-chief seemed to regard as his hereditary domain. The deadly poison of civilised existence—slavery—had produced its retributive effect in the old world. Among the brigands that had formed the fighting-force of the son of Pompey, were numerous slaves who had defied and abandoned their masters, and had asserted a formidable though temporary independence. A terrible retribution awaited these merciless corsairs. Thirty thousand of the outlaws were captured by the future emperor, and surrendered to their masters for legitimate punishment. The legitimate punishment of fugitive slaves was crucifixion. In addition to the thirty thousand particularised by Augustus in his register, an historian affirms that six thousand men who could not be identified, were sent severally to the towns from which they had escaped, where a corresponding number of crosses was provided to vindicate the majesty of Roman law.

With the same sedate and measured egotism which characterises his previous utterance, the imperial autobiographer continues to recite the conquests of the past, or delineate the peaceful triumphs of the future. He points complacently to the extension of the Roman dominion, to the spontaneous recognition of his personal supremacy, to the oaths of the seven hundred consular senators, to the allegiance of Italy, Gaul, Africa, Sicily, Sardinia. He recounts in his catalogue of achievements, the appropriation of distant regions that had never before submitted to the sway of Rome; the pacification of the provinces from Gades to the Elbe; the annexation of the Alps from the Adriatic to the Tuscan Sea; the acquisition of Egypt; the recovery of Cyrene, and the Trans-Adriatic provinces lying towards the East. He notices the successful expedition to Ethiopia and Arabia Felix; the despatching of an ocean fleet from the mouth of the

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Rhine; the flattering embassies from the Cimbri, the Charydes, the Semnones, and other German tribes, to solicit the friendship of the Roman people, and the application of the old State policy to Armenia, which he might have reduced to a province, but to which he preferred to give a king. "In Africa," resumes the sublime egotist, "in Macedonia, Spain, Achaia, Asia, I established military colonies. In Italy, twenty-eight which I founded are already prosperous settlements. In Spain, in Gaul, in Dalmatia, I recovered the standards which former generals had lost. Through me, the spoils and accoutrements of three Roman armies, now deposited in the Temple of Mars the Avenger, were extorted from the Parthians. Through Tiberius, my son-in-law and lieutenant, I reduced to subjection the people of Pannonia, and extended the frontiers of Illyricum to the Danube. From strange Indian princes there came frequent embassies to me;—to me, first and alone of all distinguished Romans. The kings of Bastarnæ, Scythia, Sarmatia; the kings of the Albanians, Iberians, and Medes, implored an alliance with Rome; the kings of Parthia and Britain, of the Sigambri and Marcomanni, were suppliants for my favour. In my sixth and in my seventh consulship, having extinguished the flames of civil war, I surrendered into the hands of the Senate and people of Rome the imperial authority, or supreme military command, which had been unanimously entrusted to me. In requital of this meritorious act, I was honoured with the title of Augustus; the pillars of my house were wreathed with laurel; the civic crown of oak leaves was placed over my gate, and a golden shield deposited in the Curia Julia, bearing on it an inscription, which purported that it was for my clemency, justice, and piety, that it had been awarded me by the Senate and the people of Rome. From this time, while I excelled all men in dignity, I surpassed in power none of my associates in office. When a thirteenth time I had attained the consulship, the Senate, the knights, and the people, conferred on me the title of Pater Patriæ, 'the Father of my Country,' inscribing it on the vestibule of my house, in the Curia under the chariot presented me by senatorial decree, and in the Augustan Forum. When I wrote this I was in my seventy-sixth year."

Thus simply ends this memorable history. A few weeks after the hand of Augustus had traced on his waxen tablets the characters to which the marble of Ancyra gave a more durable existence, the deified mortal who had priests consecrated to his service and temples dedicated to his honour, who gave a name to a calendar month and a festival to the Roman year—the Prince of the Senate, the Cæsar, the Augustus, the Imperator, the Pater Patriæ, lay dead at Nola.

About seventeen years before the death of Augustus there died in a distant country a king to whom historians have given the name of Great, the Idumæan Herod. His fortunes were curiously interwoven with

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those of the chief actor in the struggle for empire which terminated in the triumph of Octavius. Antonius had raised him to the throne of Judæa; Cleopatra had sought to appropriate his political interest by the fascination of her beauty and the proffer of her love; Augustus, when the provincial king had done homage to the sovereign of the world, had replaced the diadem on his head, and given him a foremost rank among the vassal princes of Rome. It is to the reign of this Herod that, according to evangelical tradition, the birth of that mysterious Prophet must be referred in whom Christian interpretation recognises the Messianic King of Hebrew prediction.

The date of the birth of Jesus Christ has long been a contested point. The most circumstantial of his biographers places the event in the days when Cyrenius, the Quirinus of the historians Tacitus and Suetonius, was governor of Syria, and directed the first registration of the Jewish people. Both these functions are assigned to Cyrenius by Josephus, after the deposition of Archelaus, that is, about A.U. 759—760, or A.D. 6; but as this date is later by ten years than that to which the birth of Christ is usually referred, a difficulty presents itself the solution of which has baffled the ingenuity of commentators. The attempt made many years since by Augustus Zumpt to solve the problem has now received the partial support of the great German historian of Rome, Theodore Mommsen. This solution has for its basis the assumption of a prior as well as of a later appointment. Was Cyrenius twice governor of Syria? Mommsen has thought the question worth examination, and with this object has included in the present work a curious historical criticism on the Titulus Tiburtinus.

The Titulus Tiburtinus, discovered about a century since on the road to Tivoli, recites the offices and dignities of some noble Roman, whose name has unfortunately been effaced. Identifying marks, however, remain. The subject of this recitation subdued a people, obtained a triumph, held the proconsulship of Asia, survived Augustus, and was twice governor of Syria. Three of the requisite conditions of the problem are satisfied if we assume Quirinus to have been the now anonymous hero of the *Titulus*. From the pages of Tacitus and Strabo we gather that Quirinus subdued the Homonadenses, a people in the Cilician circle, obtained a triumph, and survived till the fourth year of Tiberius. Positive proof that Quirinus was ever proconsul of Asia is not producible, but his previous consulship, A.U. 742, qualified him, at the expiration of five years, to hold the appointment; and there is no known circumstance in his career which militates against the hypothesis that he actually held it, A.U. 747. There is then a fair presumption that a missing governor of the period B.C. 6—A.D. 6, the unknown governor of the Tivoli inscription, and the Sulpicius Quirinus of the Roman historians, are one and the same person. On independent grounds, too, it may be argued that Quirinus

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was twice governor of Syria; for, as the leader of a military force such as he commanded for the subjugation of the Homonadenses, we may fairly presume that he had the administration of some province in the East; and Mommsen contends that there was no province that he could possibly have held but that of Syria, and no other time at which he could have held it but A.U. 751, 752, several years, perhaps about ten, prior to the administration described by Josephus.

Assuming the year A.U. 752 to be that in which Christ was born, we shall find that it agrees with the date assigned by Orosius to that event, that it justifies the statement of St. Luke that the nativity took place in the governorship of Cyrenius, and that it harmonises with another synchronism of the evangelical narrative; for the writer implies that it occurred fifteen years before the death of Augustus, and as Augustus died in 767, Jesus must have been born in 752. Hence we might conclude with Mommsen that St. Luke had direct access to some then existing source of historical information. On the other hand, we must not overlook the fact that a large residuum of difficulty still remains. If the birth of Jesus fell in the reign of Herod, as St. Luke almost implies and St. Matthew positively asserts, it could not have happened when Cyrenius was governor of Syria, for Herod died in March or April, A.U. 750. Moreover, as Mommsen remarks, if we admit the two governorships of Syria, it by no means follows that we admit the two assessments of Judæa, indispensable to the removal of all discrepancy from the narrative of St. Luke. Add that the real or alleged earlier administration is referred to a period prior to the death of Archelaus, prior therefore to the reduction of Judæa to a Roman province; to a period consequently in which it was not in accordance with Roman usage to institute such an assessment as the writer describes. Add, lastly, that the Census is represented in the context as the result of an imperial decree for universal taxation, and of such a decree history knows nothing. Had Augustus issued such a decree, is it likely that he would have omitted all mention of such a decisive illustration of his world-wide supremacy from the catalogue of splendid performances engraved on the brass before his mausoleum in Rome and on the marble of his temple at Ancyra?

Admitting, then, that the Tiburtine inscription has been correctly restored—admitting that Zumpt and Mommsen have probably succeeded in finding in Quirinus the missing governor, or one of the missing governors, whose omission had left a gap in this portion of the Roman annals—we think it still remains to be shown that the first administration of Cyrenius was that contemplated by St. Luke. Even if we put back the administration to the end of the year 750, instead of selecting the years 751 or 752 as the extended chronological determination, the birth of Christ would still fall *after* the death of Herod—a date which would be quite irreconcilable with the

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narrative in St. Matthew, while the other discrepancies would be rather aggravated than alleviated.

But we must leave Cyrenius with his Syrian reminiscences, and Augustus with his stately memorials in Rome and at Ancyra, just where the Pagan past comes into juxtaposition with the young life that rose to renovate the world. Enthroned amid the fading splendours of the old and the growing sanctities of the new religion, Augustus appears as a visible god, a human deity, an incarnation of absolute power, of that imperialism, that Cæsarism, whose parody in our own day throws a darkening shadow over the majestic commonwealth of the Western world. Can there be a more dangerous political ideal than that which is embodied in the record of the man-god in the temple of Ancyra? The imperial system was the euthanasia of the Roman dominion, not its living glorification. The ultimate suppression of all individual liberty and self-affirmation, of all social and political freedom and energy, was the inevitable consequence of the ubiquitous supervision exercised by the Father of the Country, the Preserver of Society, the vindicator and adopted son, the successor and nephew, of Cæsar.

W. M. W. Call.

WAS SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON A BERKELEIAN?

This question will appear to most people simply absurd. Sir William Hamilton, they will say, identified himself, in the main, with Reid; and he, for his part, confessed his whole movement to have been but a reaction *against* Berkeley. Nay, for that matter, they may say further, if it is Hamilton's friends who ask us to believe that he who cried so vehemently in public for Reid and Realism, did, in secret, pray only for Berkeley and Idealism, then it has been reserved for these friends *morally* to inflict on Hamilton a greater injury than he has yet received *intellectually*, so to speak, from any foe. What has been called the *contradiction* of Hamilton, his assertion, that is, at once of knowledge and ignorance of things in themselves,—this it is, however, that has more than once probably induced apologists to refer to Berkeley. We find, for example, in a pamphlet, "Scottish Philosophy," &c., published by Professor Ferrier in 1856, averments alluded to on the part of followers of Hamilton which seem suggested by some such considerations. Thus, at page 30, Professor Ferrier will be found maintaining that, though he admits Hamilton in other places to contend "for a knowledge of matter only in relation to ourselves,"

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yet in his argument against the idealists he must be held to assert, in agreement with Reid, "that we have, as we believe we have, an immediate knowledge of the external reality"—"of course," adds Ferrier, "a knowledge of it in its independency." In this way this latter philosopher is seen to be aware of the contradiction named, and to have opposed to him views probably which tended to overlook it.

But it is in the article on "Mill's Hamilton," contained in the *North British Review* for last September, that we shall find the quite direct assertion of a virtual agreement between Hamilton and Berkeley. The writer of this article, as there is now no impropriety in saying, is Professor Fraser of Edinburgh; and the assertion, therefore, comes to us with unusual authority—the authority due, namely, not only to the peculiarity of the place, but to the deep-thinking candour of the man. Professor Fraser, however, asserts only *virtual* agreement; he admits *overt* disagreement; and there is thus no pretence allowed for the imputation to Hamilton of—in the midst of his professed realism—a covert idealism. Nevertheless, in so far as Berkeleianism—whether virtual or open—has been at all affirmed of Hamilton, it will be interesting to discuss the general question, and, if possible, settle it.

Of the relation which both Reid and Stewart bore to Berkeley there is no call to speak; it is perfectly well known and universally recognised. Of Hamilton's relation to Reid and Stewart, again, we are hardly required to say more. We may remember only that of both he is the editor, interpreter, commentator, vindicator; and that it has been made matter of public reproach to him "that he did not build up his own philosophical thoughts into a self-contained edifice, instead of piling such ponderous props about the turf-shieling of Dr. Reid and the elegant garden-house of Dugald Stewart." These props, indeed, may be differently spoken of yet, but there can be no doubt of their actual supply, and for the purpose indicated. In short, it is current knowledge that Hamilton asserted for Reid and Stewart the same doctrine of Natural Realism which he asserted for himself. Evidently then the question, Is the Natural Realism of Hamilton but the Dogmatic Idealism of Berkeley? has not much anterior probability on the affirmative side.

Those, nevertheless, who are disposed to answer this question in the affirmative, have it in their power to point to two considerations. These concern Hamilton's own expressions; first, in regard to the doctrine of Berkeley, and, second, in regard to his own.

On the first head, we may refer to pages 816, 817 of Reid's works, where, in the text, Hamilton will be found to class Berkeley along with himself as a *Presentationist* or *Intuitionist;* while in a note he speaks thus:—

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"The general approximation of thorough-going realism and thorough-going idealism, here given, may at first sight be startling. On reflection, however, their radical affinity will prove well grounded. Both build upon the same fundamental fact—that the extended object immediately perceived is identical with the extended object actually existing; for the truth of this fact, both can appeal to the common sense of mankind; and to the common sense of mankind Berkeley did appeal not less confidently, and perhaps more logically, than Reid. Natural realism and absolute idealism are the only systems worthy of a philosopher; for, as they alone have any foundation in consciousness, so they alone have any consistency in themselves."

In view of this evidence, then, it must be admitted, not only that Hamilton unites both doctrines under a common name, but that he asserts for both "a radical affinity." "Both build," he says, "upon the same fundamental fact." But it is to be said at once that things the most opposed have often common sides; and so here the marks that unite cannot be allowed to exclude the marks that divide. We shall not refuse the *generic affinity*, but neither must there be any dispute as regards the *specific difference*. And here, in these pages, this latter is quite as conspicuous as that former. Presentationism, that is, is *I*, the *genus;* but the *species* are: *A*, Natural Realism; and *B*, Absolute Idealism. Further, A is *Dualism*, while B is *Unitarianism*. A, that is, in the interest of realism, abolishes a subjective object—that of the cosmothetic idealist; while B, in the interest of idealism, abolishes an objective object—that, namely, of common sense and the natural realist himself. Such are Hamilton's own definitions; and, even in the note, the very language that brings together in a radical affinity, separates, at the same time, in a polar difference.

The *dualism* of Hamilton, then, is *not* the *unitarianism* of Berkeley; and if they cohere here as both *presentative*, they sunder everywhere else as the one presentative and the other representative. Thus (*Disc.*, p. 56) "all possible forms of the representative hypothesis" are reduced "to three," of which that of Berkeley is directly placed under the first. "The egoistical idealism of Fichte, resting on the *third* form of representationism, is less exposed to criticism than the theological idealism of Berkeley, which reposes on the *first;*" and (p. 60) the latter idealism is directly named a "lower potence" of representationism. Nor can the authority of the article on Perception be subordinated to that of the Dissertations to Reid; for, if published earlier, it was also re-issued later than these, and receives from them the support of many references. The lectures, likewise (as vol. i. p. 296), testify to the same doctrine; and in Reid's works themselves, despite the eulogium on the absolute idealism quoted above, we find, after a manner not unusual in Hamilton, this same idealism styled "a clumsy hypothesis," and subordinated as

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a "ruder form" to that "finer form" of the common doctrine which we know so well under the name of cosmothetic idealism![1]

To separate Berkeley, indeed, as a presentationist, from other idealists as representationists, is a distinction that, on the general question, is of no value. The distinction proper is between Idealism and Realism; and of these the latter, asserting itself to perceive not ideas within but things without, may be allowably named presentative; while the former, asserting itself to perceive not things without but ideas within, may equally allowably be named representative. The "ideal system of Descartes, Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume" shall be representative, then; while it is the natural realism of Reid, Stewart, and Hamilton that shall be presentative. And here we have the true distinction between Berkeley and Hamilton: the former holds himself to perceive an idea within; the latter, a thing without.

But we are met now by the second consideration, which concerns Hamilton's own doctrine, and the expressions in which it is couched. These expressions are held as, in general, quite consistent with a Berkeleian gloss. And, indeed, on this head it is to be admitted that it is only a sense of his danger that will lead the Realist to take such precautions as shall defy the Berkeleian, so far as words go, to claim him for an Idealist. Berkeley "trusts his senses" quite as much as Reid. Berkeley "knows the things he feels and sees, and entertains no doubt of their existence;" and Reid, for his knowledge, can hardly say more. Nay, that very phrase, "those things we immediately perceive are the real things," which has been used by Hamilton so emphatically for his Realism, has been used by Berkeley, before him, and no less emphatically, for his Idealism. As we have seen, indeed, common sense is not more the burthen of the appeal of Reid, than it is that of the appeal of Berkeley.

Nevertheless, it is only the appeal of Reid that is honest; while that of Berkeley is no better than a *double-entendre*, and not quite a creditable one either. For this, then, Reid had a perfect right (*Works*, pp. 283, 299) to censure Berkeley; and the same right (*Disc.*, p. 196) has, very properly, been exercised by Hamilton himself. This *double-entendre* has come down to Berkeley's descendants, all the same; and, if they gain nothing by the use of it, as they certainly do not, they can at least please themselves by the impatience of adversaries who, speaking in all good faith of the matter which Berkeley denies, feel it very unnecessary to be gravely twitted with the matter which Berkeley admits. Of this, however, there is nothing in Professor Fraser.

Hamilton, then,—and the same thing may be said for Reid and

(1) See Reid's Works, pp. 128, 130, 446, notes.

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Stewart, too,—has not been on his guard against the *double-entendre* of Berkeley; and, accordingly, his very strongest realistic utterances are easily, but quite deceptively, susceptible of an idealistic gloss. This we see in such phrases as the following, for example:—"The material reality is the object immediately known in perception;" "knowledge and existence are convertible;" "the reality is known in itself;" "the very things which we perceive by our senses do really exist," &c. Nay, even when Hamilton speaks of the Natural Realist "viewing the one total object of perceptive consciousness as real, as existing, as material, extended, external, &c.," the Dogmatic Idealist need not, if he so pleases, allow himself to be discomposed. He too, for his part, can make use of the very same terms. It will not be difficult to prove, nevertheless, that what is meant by Hamilton is something diametrically opposed to what is meant by Berkeley.

In the first place, the idealism of Berkeley is directly rejected by Hamilton (Reid's *Works*, pp. 748-9—see also *Disc.*, p. 54) as one of the "*five* great variations from truth and nature" which result from non-acceptance of "the one legitimate doctrine"—Natural Realism. "If the testimony of consciousness be refused," he says, "to the equal originality and *reciprocal independence* of the subject and object in perception [natural realism, that is], two *Unitarian* schemes are determined . . . . Idealism and Materialism." In the second place, the very *Unitarianism* ascribed here by Hamilton to Berkeley, directly contradicts the *dualism* claimed by himself. He will be found invariably, indeed, to point to denial of the existence of an external world, as the distinctive character of the idealism of Berkeley, and no less invariably to assertion of that existence as the distinctive character of his own realism. In his Discussions on Perception and Idealism, as well as in his Dissertations such statements can be turned up everywhere; but for particular references see below.[1] In the last place, we find in both Berkeley and Hamilton the direct interpretation of what each means by "those things we immediately perceive are the real things," and, as we have said, either is quite opposed to the other. Berkeley, for example, speaks of "an opinion strangely prevailing among men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and, in a word, all sensible objects, have an existence, *natural or real*, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding." Here then, Berkeley opposes his own ideal things to the "natural or real" things which attach to the vulgar; but it is precisely these latter that Hamilton claims, while it is precisely those former that Hamilton rejects. Thus (Reid's *Works*, p. 747, and *Disc.*, pp. 56—58) he will be found appropriating, as descriptive of his own creed, the words of Hume, which occur near the beginning of the essay on the Academical Philosophy, and which are correctly summarised

(1) Disc., pp. 54, 60, 65, 87, 91, 92, 189, 192—6.

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by Reid (*Works*, p. 299), and regarded as an acknowledgment that it is "an universal and primary opinion of all men that the objects which we immediately perceive by our senses, are not images in our minds, but external objects, and that their existence is independent of us and our perception." We are left, then, no room to doubt here of what Hamilton means by his external objects. They are certainly not the mere ideas, the mere sensations of Berkeley. But we are not limited, in the same reference, to Hamilton's adoption of the language of another: we have precisely similar avowals at first hand from himself. He tells us, for instance (Reid's *Works*, p. 129, note), that "common sense assures us that we are immediately percipient of extended things," and (*Ibid.*, p. 128, note) these extended things are described as "realities out, and independent of, the percipient subject." Indeed, similar expressions, together with clear light on what is meant by *objective*, *real*, *external*, *material*, &c., may be found throughout the relative writings of Hamilton in general, while, in particular, we may refer as under.[1] Wherever, in fact, Hamilton makes reference to our common consciousness, it is with no *caveat*, but that which concerns the three classes of qualities peculiar to his proper theory of perception. To Hamilton, in short, there is an *esse* in the external world quite apart from, and independent of, its *percipi*; and no one surely should for a single moment doubt this, who possesses knowledge of the perceptive theory alluded to.

That theory may be expressed in a word or two. The nervous organism, as material, is without, but, as *ours*, within. Directly present to, we are thus directly percipient of, matter—in the *primary* qualities. Being resisted in our locomotion now, we perceive, but less directly, an *extra-organic* matter, or matters—in the *secundo-primary* qualities. Lastly, these extra-organic matters become *clothed*, as it were, with the *secondary* qualities which we suppose them to excite in ourselves. These are the three steps. The testimony of consciousness to an actual, independent, material outer is thus direct, and the verdict of common sense proved. We may, indeed, if we be so minded, allow ourselves to entertain the pleasing uncertainty of the philosophical doubt, but—(and here, with nothing but polite permission in the foreground, we are made vividly to see in the background the significant warning of an appalling *felo de se.*) Knowing mind, then, *in itself*, seeing that we are directly present to it in its own qualities of feeling, thinking, willing, &c., we equally know matter *in itself*, seeing that we are directly present to it, too, in its own qualities of extension, solidity, number, &c. Nevertheless, though we thus say both of mind and of matter, that we know it *in*

(1) Disc., pp. 55, 58, 66, and Reid's Works, Dedication, Preface, pp. 128, 129, 130, 158, 210, all in notes, 746, 747, 805 (6), 805 n., 810, 811 (24 and 26), 812 (ii.), 816—19, 820 n.

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itself, we must say at the same time, neither of mind nor of matter, that we know it *in itself;* and this for no other reason than that knowledge is *knowledge*, and inapplicable, consequently, to what is irrelative and substantial. In a word, in its qualities, we know either *in itself;* in its substance, neither. The contradiction, then, that may be thought to derive from this double use of the phrase *in itself*, has really an explanation and reconciliation of its own.

This is, in *germ*, so to speak, the entire compass of Hamilton's perceptive theory; and there is little in it, plainly, that coheres with the doctrine of Berkeley. The sensible world of Hamilton is really material, really external, really independent. The sensible world of Berkeley, on the contrary, is only ideally material, ideally external, ideally—nay, not even ideally independent. In short, both know an extended object; but that object is, if we may be allowed to call it so, a *res realis* to the one—a *res idealis* to the other.

Professor Fraser, nevertheless, hints his belief in a virtual agreement between Hamilton and Berkeley, and this, too, at the same time that he adheres to all the main moments of the Hamiltonian perceptive theory as described above. Thus he ascribes the same function to the nervous system, and similarly derives the various qualities. The dogmatic appeal to common sense, and the equally dogmatic refusal of any question of consciousness—these, too, he signalises, but, very properly, with reprobation. The only point in the description he would seem to reject[1] relates to the assumption of what has been called "the contradiction" in Hamilton. "In recognising the material world," he says, "as within the proper sphere of consciousness, in respect of its extension and solidity, . . . he (Hamilton) has no more contradicted his doctrine of our incapacity for Absolute Knowledge than," &c. But is this, then, the contradiction? Has it ever been said in the present connection that to assert at one time that we have knowledge only of what is relative, and, at another, that we have knowledge of the material world in respect of its extension and solidity, is a contradiction? We think not. Is not this, rather, the contradiction: intensely dogmatic assertion, now that matter (to leave out mind) *is* known *in itself;* and, again, equally intensely dogmatic assertion that matter is *not* known *in itself?* That it is possible to explain this contradiction—that in Hamilton's consciousness it stood virtually explained—this has been already allowed. Knowledge, namely, *as* knowledge, or being relative and unsubstantial, is inadequate to anything *in itself;* but still, through the qualities of *it*, and not through the (only *representative*) qualities of *us*, there is knowledge of actual, outer, independent matter; and we know it, therefore, *in itself*, and not in a mere modification of mind. In short, the duplicity of the phrase *in itself* is at once the contradiction and, in a sort, the reconcilement of it. There remains the question, how-

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ever, is the reconcilement complete, and is the contradiction, as it has been used by Hamilton, legitimate? Now, we hold the reconcilement to be incomplete, and the contradiction, as used, to be, both in *expression* and in *action*, illegitimate.

As regards *expression*, for example, the two senses of the phrase *in itself*, while they can hardly be said to have been ever compared and acknowledged by Hamilton, are neither mutually compatible, nor both to be justified. Thus, though what is known of matter be a composite between mind and matter, in which this latter really has part, and is not, consequently, only *represented* by a mere modification of the former, still it is quite incorrect to say that, in this manner, matter is known *in itself*. What is so known is neither mind *in itself* nor matter in itself, but such a compound of both as must be numerically different from both. Hamilton's theory, however, is pitched, so to speak, against the cosmothetic idealist; and any presence in perception of matter at all seems to him authority enough for asserting a knowledge of matter *in itself*, and not through a merely representative mental state. It is thus to him that matter is *presented*.

Hamilton's contradiction of expression, however, is not limited to this one phrase. Out of many that might be adduced, here is another. If we open the first volume of the "Metaphysical Lectures" we find (at page 146) that, "whatever we know is not known *as it is*, but only *as it seems*." Now, as Hamilton himself intimates, a thing *as it is* is an *esse entitativum*, while a thing *as it seems* is an *esse intentionale* or *representativum*. Substituting these terms, then, for the others, the phrase will run: "Whatever we know is not known in its *esse entitativum*, but only in its *esse intentionale* or *representativum*." This, then, as we perceive, is the assertion of a representative knowledge, and it is perfectly in place in the sphere of *relativity*. We have but to turn to the second volume of the same work, however, to find the sentence directly reversed. There Hamilton deliberately maintains himself to know of things not less their *esse entitativum* than their *esse representativum*. "The *esse intentionale* or *representativum*," he says (p. 69), when referring to external perception, "coincides with the *esse entitativum*." This double *esse*, he says further, is distinctive of the representationist; and, by consequence, it is the single *esse* that is peculiar to himself. The contradiction of expression is here, then, absolute; and, in fact, we possess a perfect right to assert in general, that Hamilton, when on one side of knowledge, always categorically contradicts himself, so far as words go, on the other.

As regards *action*, the case is similar. He takes the most unconcealed delight in the advantage which a knowledge of matter in itself extends to him: he eagerly accentuates his agreement with common sense; he eagerly accentuates his adhesion to the popular systems of Reid and Stewart. It is on this field, indeed, that, on the side of the

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vulgar, we see him, as it were, with hot haste, assume his war-paint, and rush—we may even allow ourselves to say—yelling to the front, with cuts and thrusts and deadliest strokes, to the philosophers. No sooner, however, has the victory been declared, than he turns from the vulgar, wipes the war-paint from his face, and earnestly sets himself to coax the philosophers alive again, and for the very same statements which, but a moment before, had aroused his fury.

This, then, is the "contradiction," both in expression and action; and, in both respects, it is utter. In both respects, indeed, it brings with it such a host of other and lesser contradictions, that, as regards any sufficient excuse, charity itself may be allowed to despair. Even the intellect of a Ferrier confessed itself at fault here.

Assuming the disagreement of Professor Fraser, then, as regards the Hamiltonian contradiction, to result from a simple misapprehension, we may allowably hold him to agree with the total description of Hamilton's perceptive theory as given above. But how then can he possibly believe in any agreement, virtual or other, between Hamilton and Berkeley? The nerve of Professor Fraser's peculiar thought lies, probably, in the expression we have already seen from Hamilton, "that the extended object immediately perceived is identical with the extended object actually existing." The *res realis*, he would seem to say, call it what you may, is like the *res idealis*, known only *when* it is in consciousness, and *as* it is in consciousness. And, again, the moment that either has left consciousness, has it not lapsed, is the further thought, into an unconditionedness that is the same for both? It is evident, then, that in such considerations Professor Fraser has approached consciousness in a peculiarly deep, and even recondite, spirit of scrutiny. But, *then*, is it not to be said at once that any such spirit is quite unknown to Hamilton? To Professor Fraser the questioning of consciousness is everything; but precisely this questioning Hamilton would trample down. The moment, indeed, such considerations are entertained, the platform of Hamilton is virtually abandoned. For Hamilton, once brought up to the *qualities* of a thing in itself that, though unknown in itself, is called mind when within, and matter when without, stops there. This to him is the verge of consciousness, and he altogether refuses to take one step farther. In ultimate analysis there are to him simply the solid external world of common sense *there*, and the impressible internal world of common sense *here*. Mr. Fraser himself admits this. He admits in Hamilton a defect of analysis as regards "what space, and matter, and extension, and externality mean." Nay, more definitely still, he avows, "We have failed to discover a definite expression, either of these questions, or

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of his own answers to them, in Sir William Hamilton's writings." He appeals, indeed, to the "analogy of his philosophy," and asserts an identity in *result* between the conclusions of Hamilton and the conclusions of Berkeley; but this is an extension of the scope of a philosophy to results which the originator of that philosophy not only never contemplated, but always even formally denied—denied, indeed, as precisely those results the refutation of which had been his single and sole aim. To Hamilton, as we have seen, the doctrine of Berkeley was but a "clumsy hypothesis," a "ruder" as opposed to a "finer" form of idealism, and we confess that it seems strange to hear Professor Fraser complimenting Hamilton on having brought up, not back, the problem of philosophy to the Berkeleian standpoint. We do not mean to say that the position of Hamilton is superior to that of Berkeley—on that we pronounce no opinion. Neither do we mean to say one word against the considerations of Professor Fraser; they relate to the deepest and most interesting problems of philosophy; they are, indeed, *beyond* Hamilton. But we do mean to say, as between Hamilton and Berkeley, that the one position is diametrically opposed to the other. Berkeley said, for example, what we perceive, we perceive where it is—that is, in the mind; and the opinion of "natural or real"—that is, crass, outer, independent, matter behind what we perceive, is unnecessary and absurd. Hamilton, on the contrary, said, "I see no reason why we should not have been created able to perceive—directly perceive this 'natural or real' matter, however crass, however outer, however independent." Such is the testimony of consciousness,—there *opinion* and *perception* coalesce, and such to my belief is the fact. We may recall the fact that Reid conceived the primary qualities of matter not to be *conveyed* through sensation, but to be immediately *suggested* on occasion of sensation. Hamilton censures this word *suggested;* but Reid really meant by it—and it seems even picturesquely to communicate—that direct spontaneous intuition of a *real outer* claimed by Hamilton himself. This, then, is the truth. Professor Fraser separates, indeed, the perception from the opinion—the perception, that is, of the *res idealis*, so to speak, from the belief in the actual existence of a *res realis* behind it; but Hamilton expressly forbids this. He will not have the single act of perception so doubled: he denies perception of a *res idealis* at all; he asserts perception only of a *res realis* that exists, as consciousness affirms, externally to, and independently of, ourselves.

It is only by this separation, then, only by this surrendering of the natural conviction of consciousness, that Professor Fraser can be enabled to convert the *res realis* of Hamilton into the *res idealis* of Berkeley, or, if the adjectives be disliked, to convert simply the *res* of the former into the *res* of the latter. But why, then, the confine-

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ment to Hamilton? The *res* of common opinion is instantly converted into the *res* of Berkeley; the moment any belief in an independent outer behind the *res*, or that is the *res*, is withdrawn. There is the same warrant, then, for asserting a virtual agreement between Berkeley and the vulgar, as between Berkeley and Hamilton.

Again, Hamilton's knowlege of mind is conditioned, so far as its substance is concerned, quite in the same way as his knowledge of matter. Shall we infer, then, that "the analogy of his philosophy would lead him (Hamilton) to say that, unperceived and unconceived [Mind] exists only potentially, or rather substantially; and that of this substantial existence we know nothing positively, except when contained in, and as it appears in its passage through, consciousness?" Shall we infer that Mind too, like matter, when unconceived and unperceived, "lapses as it were into unconditional existence?" This, surely, is as legitimate an inference as the other. But in the one inference, if we are taken back, or up to Berkeley, we are, in this inference, taken back, or up to Hume; for Hume, according to Reid and general opinion, did for Mind precisely what Berkeley had done for Matter. Both inferences being accepted, indeed, what is Matter but Mr. Mill's "permanent possibility of sensations," and what Mind but the same philosopher's "permanent possibility of thoughts?"

Let us bring home the lesson here. From Hume, in consequence of his queries in the Treatise of Human Nature, there have descended two lines of thinkers in Great Britain: one irenical, culminating in Mr. Mill; one polemical, culminating in—shall we say?—Sir William Hamilton. But of both lines the efforts have been *nil;* both return exhausted to the queries of the Treatise of Human Nature; and as Hume left Philosophy in Great Britain, so in Great Britain Philosophy remains.

This, then, is our conclusion in general; while that in particular is that, on the whole, the Natural Realism of Hamilton is as thoroughly opposed to the Dogmatic Idealism of Berkeley as the former himself believed it to be, and that any attempt to identify them would have produced greater surprise in no one, probably, than in Hamilton himself.

It is impossible, at the same time, to deny either the depth of Professor Fraser's own reflections, or at once the candour and the piety of his *procédés* towards the departed master, whose memory he, in common with so many others, holds in admiring and affectionate regard.

JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING.

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VITTORIA.

Chapter XXXIII.

EPISODES OF THE REVOLT AND THE WAR.

COUNT KARL LENKENSTEIN.—THE STORY OF THE GUIDASCARPI.—
THE VICTORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

"It is a saving of six charges of Austrian ammunition," said Pericles.

Vittoria stared at the scene, losing faith in her eyesight. She could in fact see no distinct thing beyond what appeared as an illuminated copper medallion, held at a great distance from her, with a dead man and a towering female figure stamped on it.

The events following were like a rush of water on her senses. There was fighting up the street of the village, and a struggle in the space where Rinaldo had fallen; successive yellowish shots under the rising moonlight, cries from Italian lips, quick words of command from German in Italian, and one sturdy bull's roar of a voice that called across the tumult to the Austro-Italian soldiery, "*Venite fratelli!*—come, brothers, come under our banner!" She heard "Rinaldo!" called.

This was a second attack of the volunteers for the rescue of their captured comrades. They fought more desperately than on the hill outside the village: they fought with steel. Shot enfiladed them; yet they bore forward in a scattered body up to that spot where Rinaldo lay, shouting for him. There they turned,—they fled.

Then there was perfect stillness, succeeding the strife as quickly, Vittoria thought, as a breath yielded succeeds a breath taken.

She accused the heavens of injustice.

Pericles, prostrate on the floor, moaned that he was wounded. She said, "Bleed to death!"

"It is my soul, it is my soul is wounded for you, Sandra."

"Dreadful craven man!" she muttered.

"When my soul is shaking for your safety, Sandra Belloni!" Pericles turned his ear up. "For myself—nothing; it is for you, for you."

Assured of the cessation of arms by delicious silence, he jumped to his feet.

"Ah! brutes that fight. It is *immonde;* it is unnatural!"

He tapped his finger on the walls for marks of shot, and discovered a shot-hole in the wood-work, that had passed an arm's length above her head, into which he thrust his finger in an intense speculative meditation, shifting eyes from it to her, and throwing them aloft.

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He was summoned to the presence of Count Karl, with whom he found Captain Weisspriess, Wilfrid, and officers of jägers and the Italian battalion. Barto Rizzo's wife was in a corner of the room. Weisspriess met him with a very civil greeting, and introduced him to Count Karl, who begged him to thank Vittoria for the aid she had afforded to General Schöneck's emissary in crossing the Piedmontese lines. He spoke in Italian. He agreed to conduct Pericles to a point on the route of his march where Pericles and his precious prima donna—"our very good friend," he said, jovially—could escape the risk of unpleasant mishaps, and arrive at Trent and cities of peace by easy stages. He was marching for the neighbourhood of Vicenza.

A little before dawn Vittoria came down to the carriage. Count Karl stood at the door to hand her in. He was young and handsome, with a soft flowing blonde moustache and pleasant eyes, a contrast to his brother, Count Lenkenstein. He repeated his thanks to her, which Pericles had not delivered; he informed her that she was by no means a prisoner, and was simply under the guardianship of friends—"though perhaps, signorina, you will not esteem this gentleman to be one of your friends." He pointed to Weisspriess. The captain bowed, but kept aloof. Vittoria perceived a singular change in him: he had become pale and sedate. "Poor fellow, he has had his dose," said Count Karl. "He is, I beg to assure you, one of your most vehement admirers."

A piece of her property that flushed her with recollections, yet made her grateful, was presently handed to her, though not in the captain's presence, by a soldier. It was the silver-hilted dagger, Carlo's precious gift, of which Weisspriess had taken possession in the mountain-pass over the vale of Meran, when he fought the duel with Angelo. Whether intended as a peace-offering, or as a simple restitution, it helped Vittoria to believe that Weisspriess was no longer the man he had been.

The march was ready, but Barto Rizzo's wife refused to move a foot. The officers consulted. She was brought before them. The soldiers swore with jesting oaths that she had been carefully searched for weapons, and only wanted a whipping. "She must have it," said Weisspriess. Vittoria entreated that she might have a place beside her in the carriage. "It is more than I would have asked of you; but if you are not afraid of her," said Count Karl, with an apologetic shrug.

Her heart beat fast when she found herself alone with the terrible woman.

Till then she had never seen a tragic face. Compared with this tawny colourlessness, this evil brow, this shut mouth, Laura, even on the battle-field, looked harmless. It was like the face of a dead savage. The eyeballs were full on Vittoria, as if they dashed at an obstacle,

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not embraced an image. In proportion as they seemed to widen about her, Vittoria shrank. The whole woman was blood to her gaze.

When she was capable of speaking, she said entreatingly—

"I knew his brother."

Not a sign of life was given in reply.

Companionship with this ghost of broad daylight made the fluttering Tyrolese feathers at both windows a welcome sight.

Precautions had been taken to bind the woman's arms. Vittoria offered to loosen the cords, but she dared not touch her without a mark of assent.

"I know Angelo Guidascarpi, Rinaldo's brother," she spoke again.

The woman's nostrils bent inward, as when the breath we draw is keen as a sword to the heart. Vittoria was compelled to look away from her.

At the midday halt Count Karl deigned to justify to her his intended execution of Rinaldo—the accomplice in the slaying of his brother, Count Paul. He was evidently eager to obtain her good opinion of the Austrian military. "But for this miserable spirit of hatred against us," he said, "I should have espoused an Italian lady;" and he asked, "Why not? For that matter, in all but blood, we Lenkensteins are half Italian, except when Italy menaces the empire. Can you blame us for then drawing the sword in earnest?"

He proffered his version of the death of Count Paul. She kept her own silent in her bosom.

Clelia Guidascarpi, according to his statement, had first been slain by her brothers. Vittoria believed that Clelia had voluntarily submitted to death and died by her own hand. She was betrothed to an Italian nobleman of Bologna, the friend of the brothers. They had arranged the marriage; she accepted the betrothal. "She loved my brother, poor thing!" said Count Karl. "She concealed it, and naturally. How could she take a couple of wolves into her confidence? If she had told the pair of ruffians that she was plighted to an Austrian, they would have quieted her at an earlier period. A woman! a girl! —signorina, the intolerable cowardice amazes me. It amazes me that you or any one can uphold the character of such brutes. And when she was dead, they lured my brother to the house and slew him; fell upon him with daggers, stretched him at the foot of her coffin, and then—what then?—ran! ran for their lives. One has gone to his account. We shall come across the other. He is among that volunteer party which attacked us yesterday. The body was carried off by them; it is sufficient testimony that Angelo Guidascarpi is in the neighbourhood. I should be hunting him now but that I am under orders to march south-east."

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The story, as Vittoria knew it, had a different, though yet a dreadful colour.

"I could have hanged Rinaldo," Count Karl said further. "I suppose the rascals feared I should use my right, and that is why they sent their mad baggage of a woman to spare any damage to the family pride. If I had been a man to enjoy vengeance, the rope would have swung for him. In spite of provocation, I shall simply shoot the other; I pledge my word to it. They shall be paid in coin. I demand no interest."

Weisspriess prudently avoided her. Wilfrid held aloof. She sat in garden shade till the bugle sounded. Tyrolese and Italian soldiers were gibing at her haggard companion when she entered the carriage. Fronting this dumb creature once more, Vittoria thought of the story of the brothers. She felt herself reading it from the very page. The woman looked that evil star incarnate which Laura said they were born under.

This is in brief the story of the Guidascarpi.

They were the offspring of a Bolognese noble house, neither wealthy nor poor. In her early womanhood, Clelia was left to the care of her brothers. She declined the guardianship of Countess Ammiani because of her love for them; and the three, with their passion of hatred to the Austrians inherited from father and mother, schemed in concert to throw off the Austrian yoke. Clelia had soft features of no great mark; by her colouring she was beautiful, being dark along the eyebrows, with dark eyes, and a surpassing richness of Venetian hair. Bologna and Venice were married in her aspect. Her brothers conceived her to possess such force of mind that they held no secrets from her. They did not know that the heart of their sister was struggling with an image of Power when she uttered hatred of it. She was in truth a woman of a soft heart, with a most impressionable imagination.

There were many suitors for the hand of Clelia Guidascarpi, though her dowry was not the portion of a fat estate. Her old nurse counselled the brothers that they should consent to her taking a husband. They fulfilled this duty as one that must be done, and she became sorrowfully the betrothed of a nobleman of Bologna; from which hour she had no cheerfulness. The brothers quitted Bologna for Venice, where there was the bed of a conspiracy. On their return they were shaken by rumours of their sister's misconduct. An Austrian name was allied to hers in busy mouths. A lady, their distant relative, whose fame was light, had withdrawn her from the silent house, and made display of her. Since she had seen more than an Italian girl should see, the brothers proposed to the nobleman, her betrothed, to break the treaty; but he was of a mind to hurry on the marriage, and recollecting now that she was but a woman, the

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brothers fixed a day for her espousals, tenderly, without reproach. She had the choice of taking the vows or surrendering her hand. Her old nurse prayed for the day of her espousals to come with a quicker step. One night she surprised Count Paul Lenkenstein at Clelia's window. Rinaldo was in the garden below. He moved to the shadow of a cypress, and was seen moving by the old nurse. The lover took the single kiss he had come for, was led through the chamber, and passed unchallenged into the street. Clelia sat between locked doors and darkened windows, feeling colder to the brothers she had been reared with than to all other men upon the earth. They sent for her after a lapse of hours. Her old nurse was kneeling at their feet. Rinaldo asked for the name of her lover. She answered with it. Angelo said, "It will be better for you to die: but if you cannot do so easy a thing as that, prepare widow's garments." They forced her to write three words to Count Paul, calling him to her window at midnight. Rinaldo fetched a priest: Angelo laid out two swords. An hour before the midnight, Clelia's old nurse raised the house with her cries. Clelia was stretched dead in her chamber. The brothers kissed her in turn, and sat, one at her head, one at her feet. At midnight her lover stood among them. He was gravely saluted, and bidden to look upon the dead body. Angelo said to him, "Had she lived, you should have wedded her hand. She is gone of her own free choice, and one of us follows her." With the sweat of anguish on his forehead, Count Paul drew sword. The window was barred; six male domestics of the household held high lights in the chamber; the priest knelt beside one corpse, awaiting the other.

Vittoria's imagination could not go beyond that scene, but she looked out on the brother of the slain youth with great pity, and with a strange curiosity. The example given by Clelia of the possible love of an Italian girl for the white uniform, set her thinking whether so monstrous a fact could ever be doubled in this world. "Could it happen to me?" she asked herself, and smiled as she half-fashioned the words on her lips, "It is a pretty uniform."

Her reverie was broken by a hiss of "Traitress!" from the woman opposite.

She coloured guiltily, tried to speak, and sat trembling. A divination of intense hatred had read the thought within her breast. The woman's face was like the wearing away of smoke from a spot whence shot has issued. Vittoria walked for the remainder of the day. That fearful companion oppressed her. She felt that one who followed armies should be cast in such a frame, and now desired with all her heart to render full obedience to Carlo, and abide in Brescia, or even in Milan—a city she thought of shyly.

The march was hurried to the plains of the Vicentino, for enemies

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were thick in this district. Pericles refused to quit the soldiers, though Count Karl used persuasion. The young nobleman said to Vittoria, "Be on your guard when you meet my sister Anna. I tell you, we can be as revengeful as any of you: but you will exonerate me. I do my duty; I seek to do no more."

At an inn that they reached towards evening she saw the innkeeper shoot a little ball of paper at an Italian corporal, who put his foot on it, and picked it up. This soldier subsequently passed through the ranks of his comrades, gathering winks and grins. They were to have rested at the inn, but Count Karl was warned by scouts, which was sufficient to make Pericles cling to him in avoidance of the volunteers, of whom mainly he was in terror. He looked ague-stricken. He would not listen to her, or to reason in any shape. "I am on the sea—shall I trust a boat? I stick to a ship," he said. The soldiers marched till midnight. It was arranged that the carriage should strike off for Schio at dawn. The soldiers bivouacked on the slope of one of the low undulations falling to the Vicentino plain. Vittoria spread her cloak, and lay under bare sky, not suffering the woman to be ejected from the carriage. Hitherto Luigi had avoided her. Under pretence of doubling Count Karl's cloak as a pillow for her head, he whispered, "If the signorina hears shots, let her lie on the ground flat as a sheet." The peacefulness surrounding her precluded alarm. There was brilliant moonlight, and the host of stars, all dim; and first they beckoned her up to come away from trouble, and then, through long gazing, she had the fancy that they bent and swam about her, making her feel that she lay in the hollows of a warm hushed sea. She wished for her lover.

Men and officers were lying at a stone's-throw distant. The Tyrolese had lit a fire for cooking purposes, by which four of them stood, and, lifting hands, sang one of their mountain songs, that seemed to her to spring like clear water into air, and fall wavering as a feather falls, or the light about a stone in water. It lulled her to a half sleep, during which she fancied hearing a broad imitation of a cat's-call from the mountains, that was answered out of the camp; and a talk of officers arose in connection with the response, and subsided. The carriage was in the shadows of the fire. In a little while Luigi and the driver began putting the horses to, and she saw Count Karl and Weisspriess go up to Luigi, who declared loudly that it was time. The woman inside was aroused. Weisspriess helped to drag her out. Luigi kept making much noise, and apologised for it by saying that he desired to awaken his master, who was stretched in a secure circle among the Tyrolese. Presently Vittoria beheld the woman's arms thrown out free; the next minute they were around the body of Weisspriess, and a shrewd cry issued from Count Karl. Shots rang from the outposts; the Tyrolese sprang to arms;

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"Sandra!" was shouted by Pericles; and once more she heard the *Venite fratelli!* of the bull's voice, and a stream of volunteers dashed at the Tyrolese with sword and dagger and bayonet. The Austro-Italians stood in a crescent-line—the ominous form of incipient military insubordination. Their officers stormed at them, and called for Count Karl and for Weisspriess. The latter replied like a man stifling, but Count Karl's voice was silent.

"Weisspriess! here, to me!" the captain sang out in Italian.

"Ammiani! here, to me!" was replied.

Vittoria struck her hands together in electrical gladness at her lover's voice and name. It rang most cheerfully. Her home was in the conflict where her lover fought, and she muttered with ecstasy, "We have met! we have met!" The sound of the keen steel, so exciting to dream of, paralysed her nerves in a way that powder, more terrible for a woman's imagination, would not have done, and she could only feebly advance. It was spacious moonlight, but the moonlight appeared to have got of a brassy hue to her eyes, though the sparkle of the steel was white; and she felt, too, and wondered at it, that the cries and the noise went to her throat, as if threatening to choke her. Very soon she found herself standing there, watching for the issue of the strife, almost as dead as a weight in scales, quite incapable of clear vision.

Matched against the Tyrolese alone, the volunteers had an equal fight in point of numbers, and the advantage of possessing a leader; for Count Karl was down, and Weisspriess was still entangled in the woman's arms. When at last Wilfrid got him free, the unsupported Tyrolese were giving ground before Carlo Ammiani and his followers. These fought with stern fury, keeping close up to their enemy, rarely shouting. They presented something like the line of a classic bow, with its arrow-head; while the Tyrolese were huddled in groups, and clubbed at them, and fell back for space, and ultimately crashed upon their betraying brothers-in-arms, swinging rifles and flying. The Austro-Italians rang out a viva for Italy, and let them fly: they were swept from the scene.

Vittoria heard her lover addressing his followers. Then he and Angelo stood over Count Karl, whom she had forgotten. Angelo ran up to her, but gave place the moment Carlo came; and Carlo drew her by the hand swiftly to an obscure bend of the rolling ground, and stuck his sword in the earth, and there put his arms round her and held her fast.

"Obey me now," were his first words.

"Yes," she answered.

He was harsh of eye and tongue, not like the gentle youth she had been torn from at the door of La Scala.

"Return; make your way to Brescia. My mother is in Brescia.

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Milan is hateful. I throw myself into Vicenza. Can I trust you to obey?"

"Carlo, what evil have you heard of me?"

"I listen to no tales."

"Let me follow you to Vicenza and be your handmaid, my beloved."

"Say that you obey."

"I have said it."

He seemed to shut her in his heart, so closely was she enfolded.

"Since La Scala," she murmured; and he bent his lips to her ear, whispering: "Not one thought of another woman! and never till I die."

"And I only of you, Carlo, and for you, my lover, my lover!"

"You love me absolutely?"

"I belong to you."

"I could be a coward and pray for life to live to hear you say it."

"I feel I breathe another life when you are away from me."

"You belong to me; you are my own?"

"You take my voice, beloved."

"And when I claim you, I am to have you?"

"Am I not in your hands?"

"The very instant I make my claim you will say yes?"

"I shall not have strength for more than to nod."

Carlo shuddered at the delicious image of her weakness.

"My Sandra! Vittoria, my soul! my bride!"

"O my Carlo! Do you go to Vicenza? And did you know I was among these people?"

"You will hear everything from little Leone Rufo, who is wounded and accompanies you to Brescia. Speak of nothing. Speak my name, and look at me. I deserve two minutes of blessedness."

"Ah, my dearest, if I am sweet to you, you might have many!"

"No; they begin to hum a reproach at me already, for I must be marching. Vicenza will soon bubble on a fire, I suspect. Comfort my mother; she wants a young heart at her elbow. If she is alone, she feeds on every rumour; other women scatter in emotions what poisons her. And when my bride is with her, I am between them."

"Yes, Carlo, I will go," said Vittoria, seeing her duty at last through tenderness.

Carlo sprang from her side to meet Angelo, with whom he exchanged some quick words. The bugle was sounding, and Barto Rizzo was audible. Luigi came to her, ruefully announcing that the volunteers had sacked the carriage—behaved worse than the Austrians; and that his padrone, the Signor Antonio-Pericles, was off like a gossamer. Angelo induced her to remain on the spot where she stood till the carriage was seen on the Schio road, when he led her

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to it, saying that Carlo had serious work to do. Count Karl Lenkenstein was lying in the carriage, supported by Wilfrid and by young Leone Rufo, who sat laughing, with one eye under a cross-bandage and an arm slung in a handkerchief. Vittoria desired to wait that she might see her lover once more; but Angelo entreated her that she should depart too earnestly to leave her in doubt of there being good reason for it and for her lover's absence. He pointed to Wilfrid: "Barto Rizzo captured this man; Carlo has released him. Take him with you to attend on his superior officer." She drew Angelo's observation to the first morning colours over the peaks. He looked up, and she knew that he remembered that morning of their flight from the inn. Perhaps he had then had the image of his brother in his mind, for the colours seemed to be plucking at his heart, and he said, "I have lost him."

"God help you, my friend!" said Vittoria, her throat choking.

Angelo pointed at the insensible nobleman: "These live. I do not grudge him his breath or his chances; but why should these men take so much killing? Weisspriess has risen, as though I struck the blow of a babe. But we—one shot does for us! Nevertheless, signorina," Angelo smiled firmly, "I complain of nothing while we march forward."

He kissed his hand to her, and turned back to his troop. The carriage was soon under the shadows of the mountains.

Chapter XXXIV.

EPISODES OF THE REVOLT AND THE WAR.

THE DEEDS OF BARTO RIZZO.—THE MEETING AT ROVEREDO.

At Schio there was no medical attendance to be obtained for Count Karl, and he begged so piteously to be taken on to Roveredo, that, on his promising to give Leone Rufo a pass, Vittoria decided to work her way round to Brescia by the Alpine route. She supposed Pericles to have gone off among the Tyrolese, and wished in her heart that Wilfrid had gone likewise, for he continued to wear that look of sad stupefaction which was the harshest reproach to her. Leone was unconquerably gay in spite of his wounds. He narrated the doings of the volunteers, with proud eulogies of Carlo Ammiani's gallant leadership; but the devices of Barto Rizzo appeared to have struck his imagination most. "He is positively a cat—a great cat," Leone said. "He can run a day; he can fast a week; he can climb a house; he can drop from a crag; and he never lets go his hold. If he says a thing to his wife, she goes true as a bullet to the mark. The two make a complete piece of artillery. We are all for Barto,

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though our captain Carlo is often enraged with him. But there's no getting on without him. We have found that."

Rinaldo and Angelo Guidascarpi and Barto Rizzo had done many daring feats. They had first, heading about a couple of dozen out of a force of sixty, endeavoured to surprise the fortress Rocca d'Anfo in Lake Idro—an insane enterprise that touched on success, and would have been an achievement had all the men who followed them been made of the same desperate stuff. Beaten off, they escaped up the Val di Ledro, and secretly entered Trent, where they hoped to spread revolt, but the Austrian commandant knew what a quantity of dry wood was in the city, and stamped his heel on sparks, A revolt was prepared notwithstanding the proclamation of imprisonment and death. Barto undertook to lead a troop against the Buon Consiglio barracks, while Angelo and Rinaldo cleared the ramparts. It chanced, whether from treachery or extra-vigilance was unknown, that the troops paid domiciliary visits an hour before the intended outbreak, and the three were left to accomplish their task alone. They remained in the city several days, hunted from house to house, and finally they were brought to bay at night on the roof of a palace where the Lenkenstein ladies were residing. Barto took his dagger between his teeth and dropped to the balcony of Lena's chamber. The brothers soon after found the roof-trap opened to them, and Lena and Anna conducted them to the postern-door. There, Angelo asked whom they had to thank. The terrified ladies gave their name; upon hearing which, Rinaldo turned and said that he would pay for a charitable deed to the extent of his power, and would not meanly allow them to befriend persons who were to continue strangers to them. He gave the name of the Guidascarpi, and relieved his brother, as well as himself, of a load of obligation, for the ladies raised wild screams on the instant. In falling from the walls to the road, Rinaldo hurt his foot. Barto lifted him on his back, and journeyed with him so till at the appointed place he met his wife, who dressed the foot, and led them out of the line of pursuit, herself bending under the beloved load. Her adoration of Rinaldo was deep as a mother's, pure as a virgin's, fiery as a saint's. Leone Rufo dwelt on it the more fervidly from seeing Vittoria's expression of astonishment. The woman led them to a cave in the rocks, where she had stored provision, and sat two days expecting the signal from Trent. They saw numerous bands of soldiers set out along the valleys—merry men whom it was Barto's pleasure to beguile by shouts, as a relief for his parched weariness upon the baking rock. Accident made it an indiscretion. A glass was levelled at them by a mounted officer, and they had quickly to be moving. Angelo knew the voice of Weisspriess in the word of command to the soldiers, and the call to him to surrender. Weisspriess followed them across the mountain track, keeping at

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their heels, though they doubled and adopted all possible contrivances to shake him off. He was joined by Count Karl Lenkenstein on the day when Carlo Ammiani encountered them, with the rear of Colonel Corte's band marching for Vicenza. In the collision between the Austrians and the volunteers, Rinaldo was taken fighting upon his knee-cap. Leone cursed the disabled foot which had carried the hero into action, to cast him at the mercy of his enemies; but recollection of that sight of Rinaldo fighting far ahead and alone, half down like a scuttled ship, stood like a flower in the lad's memory. The volunteers devoted themselves to liberate or avenge him. It was then that Barto Rizzo sent his wife upon her mission. Leone assured Vittoria that Angelo was aware of its nature, and approved it—hoped that the same might be done for himself. He shook his head when she asked if Count Ammiani approved it likewise.

"Signorina, Count Ammiani has a grudge against Barto, though he can't help making use of him. Our captain Carlo is too much of a mere soldier. He would have allowed Rinaldo to be strung up, and Barto does not owe him obedience in those things."

"But why did this Barto Rizzo employ a woman's hand?"

"The woman was capable. No man could have got permission to move freely among the rascal Austrians, even in the character of a deserter. She did, and she saved him from the shame of execution. And besides, it was her punishment. You are astonished? Barto Rizzo punishes royally. He never forgives, and he never persecutes; he waits for his opportunity. That woman disobeyed him once—once only; but once was enough. It occurred in Milan, I believe. She released an Austrian, or did something—I don't know the story exactly—and Barto said to her, 'Now you can wash out your crime and send your boy to heaven unspotted, with one blow.' I saw her set out to do it. She was all teeth and eyes, like a frightened horse; she walked like a Muse in a garden."

Vittoria discovered that her presence among the Austrians had been known to Carlo. Leone alluded slightly to Barto Rizzo's confirmed suspicion of her, saying that it was his weakness to be suspicious of women. The volunteers, however, were all in her favour, and had jeered at Barto on his declaring that she might, in proof of her willingness to serve the cause, have used her voice for the purpose of subjugating the wavering Austro-Italians, who wanted as much coaxing as women. Count Karl had been struck to earth by Barto Rizzo. "Not with his boasted neatness, I imagine," Leone said. In fact, the dagger had grazed an ivory portrait of a fair Italian head wreathed by violets in Count Karl's breast.

Vittoria recognised the features of Violetta d'Isorella as the original of the portrait.

They arrived at Roveredo late in the evening. The wounded man

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again entreated Vittoria to remain by him till a messenger should bring one of his sisters from Trent. "See," she said to Leone, "how I give grounds for suspicion of me; I nurse an enemy."

"Here is a case where Barto is distinctly to blame," the lad replied. "The poor fellow must want nursing, for he can't smoke."

Anna von Lenkenstein came from Trent to her brother's summons. Vittoria was by his bedside, and the sufferer had fallen asleep with his head upon her arm. Anna looked upon this scene with more hateful amazement than her dull eyelids could express. She beckoned imperiously for her to come away, but Vittoria would not allow him to be disturbed, and Anna sat and faced her. The sleep was long. The eyes of the two women met from time to time, and Vittoria thought that Barto Rizzo's wife, though more terrible, was pleasanter to behold, and less brutal, than Anna. The moment her brother stirred, Anna repeated her imperious gesture, murmuring, "Away! out of my sight!" With great delicacy of touch she drew the arm from the pillow and thrust it back, and then motioning in an undisguised horror, said, "Go." Vittoria rose to go.

"Is it my Lena?" came from Karl's faint lips.

"It is your Anna."

"I should have known," he moaned.

Vittoria left them.

Some hours later, Countess Lena appeared, bringing a Trentino doctor. She said, when she beheld Vittoria, "Are you our evil genius, then?" Vittoria felt that she must necessarily wear that aspect to them.

Still greater was Lena's amazement when she looked on Wilfrid. She passed him without a sign.

Vittoria had to submit to an interview with both sisters before her departure. Apart from her distress on their behalf, they had always seemed as very weak, flippant young women to her, and she could have smiled in her heart when Anna pointed to a day of retribution in the future.

"I shall not seek to have you assassinated," Anna said; "do not suppose that I mean the knife or the pistol. But your day will come, and I can wait for it. You murdered my brother Paul: you have tried to murder my brother Karl. I wish you to leave this place convinced of one thing:—you shall be repaid for it."

There was no direct allusion either to Weisspriess or to Wilfrid.

Lena spoke of the army. "You think our cause is ruined because we have insurrection on all sides of us: you do not know our army. We can fight the Hungarians with one hand, and you Italians with the other—with a little finger. On what spot have we given way? We have to weep, it is true; but tears do not testify to defeat; and already I am inclined to pity those fools who have taken part against us. Some have experienced the fruits of their folly."

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This was the nearest approach to a hint at Wilfrid's misconduct.

Lena handed Leone's pass to Vittoria, and drawing out a little pocket almanack, said, "You proceed towards Milan, I presume. I do not love your society, Mademoiselle Belloni—or Campa, yet I do not mind making an appointment—the doctor says a month will set my brother on his feet again,—I will make an appointment to meet you in Milan, or Como, or anywhere in your present territories, during the month of August. That affords time for a short siege and two pitched battles."

She appeared to be expecting a retort.

Vittoria replied, "I could beg one thing on my knees of you, Countess Lena."

"And that is——?" Lena threw her head up superbly.

"Pardon my old friend the service he did me through friendship."

The sisters interchanged looks. Lena flushed angrily.

Anna said, "The person to whom you allude is here."

"He is attending on your brother."

"Did he help this last assassin to escape, perchance?"

Vittoria sickened at the cruel irony, and felt that she had perhaps done ill in beginning to plead for Wilfrid.

"He is here; let him speak for himself: but listen to him, Countess Lena."

"A dishonourable man had better be dumb," interposed Anna.

"Ah! it is I who have offended you."

"Is that his excuse?"

Vittoria kept her eyes on the fiercer sister, who now declined to speak.

"I will not excuse my own deeds; perhaps I cannot. We Italians are in a hurricane; I cannot reflect. It may be that I do not act more thinkingly than a wild beast."

"You have spoken it," Anna exclaimed.

"Countess Lena, he fights in your ranks as a common soldier. He encounters more than a common soldier risks."

"The man is brave,—we knew that," said Anna.

"He is more than brave, he is devoted. He fights against us, without hope of reward from you. Have I utterly ruined him?"

"I imagine that you may regard it as a fact that you have utterly ruined him," said Anna, moving to break up the parting interview. Lena turned to follow her.

"Ladies, if it is I who have hardened your hearts, I am more guilty than I thought." Vittoria said no more. She knew that she had been speaking badly, or ineffectually, by a haunting flatness of sound, as of an unstrung instrument, in her ears: she was herself unstrung and dispirited, while the recollection of Anna's voice was like a sombre conquering monotony on a low chord, with which she felt insufficient to compete.

Leone was waiting in the carriage to drive to the ferry across the

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Adige. There was news in Roveredo of the king's advance upon Rivoli; and Leone sat trying to lift and straighten out his wounded arm, with grimaces of laughter at the pain of the effort, which resolutely refused to acknowledge him to be an able combatant. At the carriage door Wilfrid bowed once over Vittoria's hand.

"You see that," Anna remarked to her sister.

"I should have despised him if he had acted indifference," replied Lena.

She would have suspected him—that was what her heart meant; the artful show of indifference had deceived her once. The anger within her drew its springs much more fully from his refusal to respond to her affection, when she had in a fit of feminine weakness abased herself before him on the night of the Milanese revolt, than from the recollection of their days together in Meran. She had nothing of her sister's unforgivingness. And she was besides keenly curious to discover the nature of the charm Vittoria threw on him, and not on him solely. Vittoria left Wilfrid to better chances than she supposed. "Continue fighting with your army," she said, when they parted. The deeper shade which traversed his features told her that, if she pleased, her sway might still be active; but she had no emotion to spare for sentimental regrets. She asked herself whether a woman who has cast her lot in scenes of strife does not lose much of her womanhood and something of her truth; and while her imagination remained depressed, her answer was sad. In that mood she pitied Wilfrid with a reckless sense of her inability to repay him for the harm she had done him. The tragedies written in fresh blood all about her, together with that ever-present image of the fate of Italy hanging in the balance, soon drew her away from personal reflections. She felt as one in a war-chariot, who has not time to cast more than a glance on the fallen. At the place where the ferry is, she was rejoiced by hearing positive news of the proximity of the Royal army. There were none to tell her that Charles Albert had here made his worst move by leaving Vicenza to the operations of the enemy, that he might become master of a point worthless when Vicenza fell into the enemy's hands. The old Austrian field-marshal had eluded him at Mantua on that very night when Vittoria had seen his troops in motion. The daring Austrian flank-march on Vicenza, behind the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, was the capital stroke of the campaign. But the presence of a Piedmontese vanguard at Rivoli flushed the Adige with confidence, and Vittoria went on her way sharing the people's delight. She reached Brescia to hear that Vicenza had fallen. The city was like a landscape smitten black by the thunder-cloud. Vittoria found Countess Ammiani at her husband's tomb, stiff and colourless and lifeless as a monument attached to the tomb.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The universal holiday is now taking place. Parliament men, fashionables, shopkeepers, all even of the wage classes that can be spared, are now seeking recreation and health by the sea-side, in mountainous districts, or some lovely countries where trees, verdure, and rural quiet form a delightful contrast to the din of the streets, the dirty bricks of the houses, and the absorptions of business. But it is not everywhere that the holiday is equally enjoyed. Those determined holiday makers, the people of the United States, still smarting under taxes necessitated by a cruel civil war, find their own country very expensive for enjoyment, and are flocking in unusual numbers to Europe, where they get food and clothing and amusement far cheaper than at Newport, or Saratoga, or the White Mountains. Then Austria this year has neither time nor money for amusement, and France is in such a flutter of doubt, excitement, and anticipation, as to make it difficult for fathers of families to cast all care behind them even for the short time devoted "aux eaux" or "aux bains de mer." There is no country whose tranquillity depends so much on the life of a single man, and that life is said to have been in danger; there is no country in such fear of powerful neighbours, and perhaps the most powerful monarchy in Europe has started up suddenly beside them, fully armed, like Minerva from the head of Jove. The Prussian army, despised a few years ago—ay, a few months ago—because the men were said to be raw and the officers aristocratic puppets, is suddenly discovered to have an organisation the most perfect, generals the most skilful, and an adaptation of the latest discoveries of science to warlike purposes which shows that there have been good heads at work in the Prussian War Office, untramelled by routine. But this suddenly-discovered army, soon to be greatly increased in power, and lately so despised, is now the rival of France for the first place as a military power in Europe, and it is natural that a sensitive and military nation should feel rather aghast at the apparition which her own diplomacy and intrigues have raised up. Italy again has little cause for rejoicing. She has gained her natural frontiers, it is true, but she cannot help feeling that her success is owing to the exertions of others, and not her own, that her oppressor is still a match for her by sea or by land, and that a few years are not enough to obliterate the traces of the servitude of centuries. The fact in her favour is that she knows herself, that she is not disheartened by defeat, that her most ardent patriots have temperance as well as courage, and that there are no signs of faltering in the energetic portion of the nation, who are still determined that Italy shall belong to a free and united people. Besides the jubilant Prussians there are none so fitted to enjoy a holiday as ourselves, for our panic is past, our harvest is good, our trade and commerce flourishing. Still, in nations as well as in families, there is often a skeleton in the closet, and we are told, in the midst of our prosperity, that we have no security for it. Our army, we are told, would be unable to face any of the great Powers of the Continent, and cannot, under the present system of recruiting, be kept up to its nominal strength. As for our navy, we are told, and that on the highest authority—the First Lord of the Admiralty—that it literally does not exist; that so far from

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having a navy which should be a match for that of all the other Powers in the world united, our navy, it is said, would certainly be beaten by the navy of the United States, and is barely a match for that of France. No answer has yet been given to these statements by the late Ministers who were responsible for the national defences, so that, although we have ease and tranquillity and increasing riches, we know not what power the strong man really possesses to defend his wealth.

No subject is of more vital importance to us than our army and our navy, upon which our existence as an empire and a nation depend. We live in an age when treaties are waste paper, when no alliances are to be depended upon, when empires may be destroyed in a fortnight. We must depend for self-preservation on our own right arm, and that arm to be powerful must be provided with a suitable weapon. As science advances, the few, well armed and understanding the use of their arms, are able to cope with the many without the same advantages; and a weak nation, like Chili, by the help of purchased ironclads, can defend its liberty against the strong. If we should unfortunately be dragged into war with a continental Power, our opponents, in consequence of the system of conscription, would have a whole nation opposed to us drilled to arms, and we may judge of the value of two or three years' drilling on intelligent men by the recent feats of the Prussian army. What continental nations do by compulsion we have been endeavouring to effect by voluntary efforts, and with some success. We have our system of volunteers to oppose to the system of conscription on the Continent. It is, however, as yet imperfect. If time be allowed us, we shall know the use of the rifle as well as our forefathers the use of the bow. We shall then be able to keep up the traditions of victory to which we have been so long accustomed. But we must not delude ourselves; and given our courage as great as it has always been, we must have also the best weapon, and the proper discipline and use of it. In these requisites we are lamentably deficient. We have neglected equally to provide our defenders both with small guns and great guns. While we have been seeking perfection, others have been contented with attainable excellence. Fortunately we have had no important war, but the lesson derived from the German contest cannot be neglected, and if our new ministry be wise they will not neglect the opportunity of obtaining popularity by availing themselves of all practicable improvements in modern warfare. About the actual defence of England we need trouble ourselves but little. In case of need the whole of its enormous resources would be pressed into the service of its defence. There is already sufficient organisation to render them effective. We need fear nothing for the defence of this island. But besides the island we have the empire, and India especially, where we have given pledges to fortune. We have a large number of English men and women, besides a vast amount of English capital, hazarded in India. If we govern wisely there is no fear for our countrymen and our property, but if we govern ignorantly or foolishly, we may have to depend upon our strength. Yet no effort has been made to avail ourselves of modern warlike inventions in India. Lord de Grey was successively Secretary of State for India and for War, but not one breechloader has been introduced into India. Lord Cranbourne, by the application of a very small modicum of common sense, has therefore the opportunity of gaining great popularity by the *laches* of his predecessors. "It's an ill wind that blows no one good," is the old proverb, and

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even Liberals may say that in some respects the advent of a Conservative ministry will do good rather than evil to the really national cause.

A most lamentable affair, and one not reflecting much credit on the dexterity of the late occupants of the Foreign Office, is that of the Abyssinian captives. It has again been the subject of much comment, and their fate appears to be more uncertain than ever. It seems strange that a great Power like England should be bearded and defied for two years by a petty savage African tyrant, whose military power is contemptible, but who has the surest of all defences—an inaccessible country. It is now about two years ago that the Rev. Mr. Stern was seized for disrespectful behaviour to the king. Our consul at Massowah, a Turkish port on the Red Sea which serves as the port of Abyssinia, was also seized, and they both still remain in captivity. Efforts were made by the Foreign Office to obtain their release, but without avail; and at length Lord Russell sent Mr. Rassam, an agent of ours at Aden, on a mission to the king to try and get them out of their captivity. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam is a Nestorian Christian from the neighbourhood of Mosul, the brother of Mr. Rassam who for many years was English consul and a merchant at Mosul, while Mr. Layard was pursuing his investigations at Nineveh. Mr. Layard was very kind to Mr. H. Rassam, who showed great intelligence, and assisted him in his excavations. Through Mr. Layard's assistance and interest young Rassam afterwards came to England, and underwent a regular course of study at Oxford. He was at length placed as an agent of the British Government at Aden, specially to communicate with the Arabs, with whom we were frequently in the habit of having disputes. No appointment could have been better, because Rassam spoke, besides Chaldee, Arabic as his mother tongue, and was singularly liked by the Arabs, who surround Mosul in large numbers. He was, however, very unfit to represent the British Government on a delicate mission to the Court of the Abyssinian king. He was born a subject of the Turkish Sultan, a rayah, and the Turks were the hereditary enemies of the Abyssinian king. Mr. Rassam, therefore, could never speak with the authority of a born Englishman. He, however, did his utmost to get the captives out of the reach of the king. The king even gave them permission to depart, but after they had gone one stage on their road to the frontier, he sent soldiers who claimed them, and put their property under seal. Mr. Rassam with Lieutenant Prideaux and Dr. Blanc, forming the English mission, had separated from them, in order to have a farewell interview with the king. They were seized on their arrival at his camp, their uniforms torn open, their swords taken off their persons, their arms, money, and everything else they had, taken possession of. They were kept in confinement, but without chains, for three days. The other captives were then brought to the camp chained two and two. The day after their arrival they had an interview with the king. Captain Cameron's chain was opened, and he was ordered to take his seat with Mr. Rassam and his party, who were already on the ground. The Reverend Mr. Stern and the other Magdala prisoners were left in chains till the following day. His Majesty then opened his grievances. "It was the old story about his having been abused;" except as regards Captain Cameron and Mr. Kerens: against these there were other grounds of complaint. Captain Cameron had obeyed the orders of the Foreign Office, and asked to go to Massowah without delay, and this was considered an insult to his Majesty. The charge against Mr. Kerens was a very singular one. He had brought up a carpet from Massowah, of a very common pattern in those parts, namely, a Turk

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and a Frenchman shooting a lion. The lion was supposed to represent Abyssinia; France and Turkey were the hunters. The carpet had been sent as a present to Mr. Kerens, by his cousin the English Vice-Consul at Massowah, Mr. Speedy, and his Majesty construed the pattern on it as an allegory aimed at himself. Soon after this Mr. Rassam was again taken into favour, after receiving a severe reprimand for trying to get the prisoners out of the country. His Majesty is very capricious, as gentlemen in his dubious state of civilisation usually are; but there is a method in his caprice, and he has acted as an astute politician according to his lights. He is greatly afraid, as well he may be, of his neighbours, the Egyptian Turks, who are always trying to conquer his country. He has long wished to interest the British Government in his favour, and wrote a complimentary letter to the Queen, to which unfortunately our British Foreign Office returned no answer. He then thought himself insulted and neglected, and took active steps to revenge himself by seizing the British in Abyssinia. This was the origin of the whole of this unfortunate affair, which is even now very far from being settled. The Foreign Office laid all the blame upon Captain Cameron for going into Abyssinia without leave. This, however, is hardly fair, and his real motives for going there have never yet been made public. He went round the Abyssinian frontier in order to inquire about some Christian Abyssinian women who had been made slaves of long ago, and had been lost sight of in the Soudan, and to try and get back some cattle which had been lifted from the vicinity of the Roman Catholic Mission Station in the Bogos. On reaching Cassala he found himself ill with fever, and was afraid to go to Massowah. He therefore wrote to the king, telling him the business he had come upon into the Soudan, and begging permission to go to the English Protestant Mission Station near his frontier in order to obtain medicine and medical attendance, as he was very ill. Captain Cameron has stated "that he went as fearlessly into Abyssinia as he would go to London." Then came the request for toleration from the French Government, Mr. Stern's matter, the non-arrival of the answer to the king's letter, which he had sent through Capt. Cameron to England, and in place of it a peremptory order to the latter gentleman to return to his post, which, after waiting a short time in order to try and arrange the quarrel between the king and the missionaries, he endeavoured to do, but was seized and has been retained as a prisoner ever since. Captain Cameron was afterwards extremely surprised to hear that his conduct had been censured by the Foreign Office. The consulship at Massowah was formed on purpose to communicate with Abyssinia, and if a consul at Massowah is never to enter Abyssinia without leave from England, there is no use in keeping up the post. In fact, the climate of Massowah is so bad that it would be impossible to live there without an occasional visit to the Abyssinian uplands.

Captain Cameron is an agent of tried ability. He was for many years consul in a wild region of Turkey adjoining the Caucasus, at a time when we were not permitted to have consular agents in the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia. He acquitted himself there with great success, and gained a considerable influence over the half-civilised people of those countries, both within and without the Russian frontier. When he first went to Abyssinia he was on the most friendly terms with the inhabitants, and transmitted to the writer of these observations a plan for educating some young Abyssinians in the medical profession in Europe, as a step desired by the people themselves,

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and one that would have a very beneficial effect on the country. Even now this very king who holds our envoys captive, is desirous of further intercourse with Europe, and has transmitted an offer to release the captives if a certain number of European workmen are sent over to him. The government, however, will never permit any artisans to go without fully explaining to them the danger they run of being detained in the country, and the extreme difficulty at any time of procuring their release. One of the captives, the Rev. Mr. Flad, has been sent over with this proposition. He has lately had an audience with her Majesty, previous to his setting out with her answer to the Abyssinian king. We hope that he will be reasonable and release our countrymen, and show that he understands the proper mode of dealing with a civilised nation. We might be the cause of much good or much evil to him. As one of the earliest Christian nations great sympathy might be aroused in England in favour of the Abyssinians. Their country is fitted to engage in an extensive commerce with us, and the east of Africa, in the neighbourhood of Abyssinia, has been considered by Speke and others as the best route of reaching those interior regions, which have been so recently opened up to our knowledge. But on the other hand it is a very serious matter for this country to have four British officers, besides a number of British subjects, seized and ignominiously treated by an African king. The officers have not gone there on their own responsibility, but at least three of them are on duty, sent by their Government, which is responsible for their safety. Being sent as envoys, who are respected even among the most savage nations, their treatment is an outrage on humanity and an insult to this country. Should any harm happen to them, or should they not be released immediately, our Government will have no course left to it but to proceed against the offender with the power which they undoubtedly possess, but which they are naturally unwilling to exercise. With our agents scattered all over the world, and our newspapers regularly translated to every barbarous potentate, the King of Abyssinia among the number, we have no choice but to insist on the inviolable character of British agents, if we wish to retain our *prestige;* and this Abyssinian matter, unless it be quickly settled, may become one of very serious import.

The turn which things are taking in GERMANY, or rather for the moment at Berlin, where the fate of Germany will be decided, is, so far, in accordance with what we have pointed out as the most desirable and attainable object to be sought for in the interest of England, the German nation, and the whole of Europe. The Prussian diplomacy, which has hitherto justly had the reputation of spoiling with the pen what the Prussian armies had won on bloody fields of battle, has in Count Bismarck a directing head, with both the will, the perspicacity, and the cleverness to avoid this old traditional fault. The influence which he has obtained over the mind of his sovereign has, notwithstanding all that has been published on this subject by the papers, not been shaken in the slightest degree, any more than his determination to obtain the greatest possible advantages for his country between the Danube, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Main, from the war which has been ended so gloriously for the Prussian arms. If he were himself the wearer of the Prussian crown he would no doubt go much farther, and he would not allow much time to pass before the German territories south of the Main were made as Prussian as those to the north of that river. The crown of the Wittelsbachs is in his eyes not a whit more worthy of respect

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than that of the Guelphs; he would drive the King of Bavaria as readily out of his country with Prussian bayonets as the King of Hanover, unless he succeeded in compelling him by diplomatic pressure to abdicate; and if neither of these means could be used, he would have no scruple in getting up a revolution at Munich and Stuttgart in favour of German unity, or, in other words, of an incorporation with Prussia. For there is a Prussian party in each of the small States; it has arisen since the weakness of Austria became evident, it continues to increase daily, and those who are not Prussian from conviction are so from fear, from admiration at the Prussian successes, and from the consciousness that the days of the small States of Germany are numbered. Prussia, therefore, would have no opposition to fear in Germany itself, if it chose to apply the favourite principle that Germany should not be absorbed in Prussia, but Prussia in Germany. But Bismarck, with all his influence, is not King of Prussia, but the king's Prime Minister; the House of Hohenzollern still rules, and, like every dynasty, it has its traditions, its considerations, its prejudices, and perhaps, too, its virtues. To take advantage of these traditions and considerations in the interest of the smaller Courts has lately been the policy of many ladies and gentlemen in high places. The ties of kindred by which all the ruling Houses of Europe are bound to each other naturally gained them friendly advocates from all quarters: the Emperor of Russia, who pleaded for his relations in Cassel, Hesse, and Wurtemberg; the widowed Queen of Prussia, who took the side of her two sisters, the Queen of Saxony and the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, against Bismarck; and, finally, the family of Hohenzollern itself, as the daughter of King William is menaced with the loss of her throne in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Our own Queen, too, must have said a word in favour of Darmstadt, as, notwithstanding all higher political considerations, it is hardly fair that the Princess Alice should be inconsiderately eaten up by her elder sister, as the seven fat cows were, in Pharaoh's dream, by the seven lean ones. But all these representations were only of a confidential kind, and assumed the shape of private letters that passed to and fro between these august relations. They appealed to the heart of the King of Prussia, but not to the policy of his Minister, and at the best their only result will be that the Princess Alice of Great Britain and the Princess Louisa of Prussia will not be swallowed up by their respective sisters just yet.

North of the Main, on the other hand, the work of annexation proceeds without difficulty. The claims of the Augustenburgs to Schleswig-Holstein have long been forgotten, but the small despot of Hesse-Cassel has also no prospect of being able to revisit his country seats, with their celebrated fountains, except as a tourist; and the blind King of Hanover will probably have to be satisfied with hearing the great Joachim at our Monday Popular Concerts, instead of in his own concert-room at Hanover as hitherto. We regret this as we regret every undeserved misfortune, and the Prussian successes will never blind us to the fact that the invasion of Hanover was far more like an attack of robbers than an honourable deed of war; but we cannot overlook accomplished facts, and the incorporation with Prussia of the whole of Northern Germany, except Saxony, Mecklenburg, and the territories of Saxe-Coburg (whose nominal independence is guaranteed by treaties until the next favourable opportunity) is one of them.

The Peace of Prague, which has now been concluded, will thus produce a Prussia with a frontier rectified on its northern, western, and southern

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sides, in a manner which had never been even dreamt of by the Emperor Napoleon, with all his astute statesmanship. This rectification of their neighbours' frontiers has filled the French with a surprise which is the reverse of agreeable, and as they do not feel themselves in a position to prevent it, they console themselves with the thought that Prussia's stomach will be too weak to digest the huge morsels she has swallowed. This is but a poor consolation, for the Prussians, who know themselves better, believe they have the strength to assimilate a good many more slices of territory. Instead of feeling satisfied, they complain that the fare has been too meagre, and feel strong enough to digest the whole of the south as well as the north. Nor is this all; if everything turned out as they wished, Bismarck would seize Alsace, Lorraine, and the German cantons of Switzerland into the bargain. The French had similar dreams after the victories of Jena and Austerlitz, and every nation has them when it is intoxicated by its successes in the field of battle. In time a more sober disposition will come of itself, and the Prussians will then perceive that they have good ground to be satisfied with what they have got, especially as their possessions will quickly increase without any further wars, if they will conduct their affairs sensibly and liberally at home. It will depend henceforward on the Prussian Government, the Berlin Chamber, and the conduct of every individual Prussian, whether the annexed German States will soon reconcile themselves with the Prussian *régime* or not. There is here no question of Poles or Magyars, who would probably defend their language and nationality against the Prussian invader, however mild and conciliatory his treatment of them might be. This is a case of German races amalgamated with each other, not, it is true, in a peaceful way, but by force of arms, and to a certain extent in a way which is not to be defended in a moral point of view. The Hanoverian, however, will, like the Silesian, reconcile himself to his fate, directly he perceives that he has made a change for the better. This depends, as we have said, in the first place on the Prussian Government, which must show the annexed territories that they have lost nothing, and won much, from a material and moral point of view; next on the Berlin Chamber, whose task it must be to absorb into itself the liberal and enlightened elements of the annexed States, in order to form a strong party which will hold the German national feeling dearer than that of a narrow Prussianism; and, finally, on every member of the Prussian nation, who should all set before themselves the honourable task of changing their stiff and harsh demeanour into a more engaging amiability. This applies less to the inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces, who have always had a friendly and sociable manner, and soon made friends with a South-German or a foreigner, but to the old Prussian race, the Brandenburgers, and Pomeranians, and, even more than these, the true Berliners, who have hitherto had very little amiability to boast of, either in Germany or beyond her frontier. If they succeed in replacing their sharp, biting, unscrupulous, and, therefore, offensive critical intelligence by a little South-German *bonhomie* and sympathy, these qualities will aid as powerfully in the completion of the work of German unity as the needle-gun and the strategy of their generals.

But what think and say the majority of our own people to the transformation which is preparing in Germany? What say our newspapers? What do we hope and fear? And, above all, what lessons do we learn from the Prussian victories and the Austrian defeats? It is gratifying to see that in this important

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juncture the political intelligence of England is stronger than her feeling, and than the sympathies which she showed with perfect justice towards Austria at the beginning of the war. Doubtless our fashionable tourists declare with truth to this hour that the Volksgarten at Vienna is more amusing than the Thiergarten at Berlin; that an Austrian official, notwithstanding his comparative ignorance, is a much more accessible companion than his Prussian colleague; that they would rather sit at the *table d'hôte* with a dozen Austrian staff officers than with one Prussian sub-lieutenant; that the Hanoverian Court was more agreeable than that of Berlin will ever be; that it looks much less the thing to sit under the lime-trees than in the Vienna coal-market; that the Austrians are, as a rule, much more amiable than the Prussians; and that it is even pleasanter to drink with an ignorant Catholic priest in Bavaria than with a classically educated Protestant minister in Westphalia; but notwithstanding this, they cannot resist the conviction that the establishment of a powerful and liberal German state, independent of Rome, and of equal power to its French neighbour, whether such state be called Prussia, Lippe, or Allemania, is to the interest of England. We shall, perhaps, in our next Continental tour bitterly regret that in some town the theatre is not so good as when it was a capital, and that a Prussian president, with 4,000 thalers a year salary, will not receive us in such a princely manner as the late grand-duke did; but these are matters which touch us as tourists, not as politicians. Looking upon the matter from the point of view of our political interest, we regard it rather as a piece of good fortune that central Europe has become the poorer by a few powerless princes, even if we are thereby deprived of some princely dinners, hunting parties, and balls. We know how valuable a strong, united, free-trading Protestant Germany will be to us, both in time of peace and during a war,—both in ordinary times, when we are at peace with all the world, and in extraordinary times, when we shall require a powerful ally on the Continent.

So far all has happened to our wish. Accident has been favourable to us; but we ourselves have done nothing but look on, criticise, prophesy, grumble a little, and, finally, applaud. This, however, is not enough; and, indeed, since the great battle of Königgrätz it has been much and earnestly debated among us how far it is our duty and interest to learn from the Prussians, in order that we may not some day have to suffer the disastrous fate of the Austrians. Every one of us feels that our army and fleet are not quite as they ought to be—that the excellence of our means of defence by no means corresponds to the magnitude of the sums which we have yearly expended in their maintenance and development—that we spend a great deal of money in keeping old ships in our ports and old guns in our arsenals, which in the moment of need will be useless against the improved ships and arms of other nations—that we do not want the material for good soldiers, but the proper organisation for making them—that, thanks to our energy, perseverance, and patriotism, we ought to be able to wage for many years a great war in defence of our island against foreign attack, as we did at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century—that our finances ought to be able to build a fleet after the last model, and construct the best arms—but that in spite of all our resources and energy our system of defence is far more analogous to the Austrian than the Prussian.

This naturally gives food for reflection; and as we usually prefer to shape our conduct by precedents than to examine phenomena theoretically

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by going back to first principles, it is but natural that we have often during the past few weeks had to listen to the advice that we should change our present military system for that of Prussia. Let us introduce a law making it every Englishman's duty to defend his country—was the advice of some; let us endeavour to introduce more educated elements into our standing army—was that of others; let us organise our volunteers and militia in the same manner as the Prussian Landwehr—said the *Times;* let us, above all things, strive to form staff officers after the Prussian model—added many others. These counsels are, however, unfortunately nothing but ephemeral signals of distress, for they do not touch upon what is possible and attainable. Those who know anything about Prussia and England must at once see that the idea of organising our army after the model of the Prussian one is impracticable. To do this it would be necessary that we should revolutionise all our administrative arrangements and ourselves into the bargain, that we should cast away all those habits which have been dear to us for centuries, and that we should freely sacrifice a great part of our individual liberty. We should have to open all our doors to the Prussian system of police, which keeps an accurate register of each birth and death—for without this no list of the able-bodied population is possible. We should have to give up our system of enlistment, for we could not ask our sons to serve in the same ranks with those who had in a moment of intoxication become defenders of their country against their will. We should have to abandon the system of purchase—a thing certainly not to be regretted; but besides this we must resign ourselves to other sacrifices which are utterly opposed to our nature: to a stricter subordination from our youth upwards; to a military education, which has many advantages, but many disadvantages also; to respect for the uniform of both civil and military officials; and, finally, to unconditional obedience when the Government calls us into the field. Let us ask ourselves honestly if we are in a position to fulfil these conditions. If we are honest, we can only reply with a decided *no*. For we should never voluntarily suffer such a government as that of Bismarck, which ordered all Prussians capable of bearing arms to take part in a war that they all held in horror. We should protest against such an order in the newspapers, at meetings, and, if necessary, by main force. While the Prussians, accustomed to subordination from their earliest youth, stood quietly by while their newspapers were forbidden all free discussion, in order at length to become, much against their will, soldiers and heroes. In order that a government may obtain such power in a country as the Prussian, the people must first be well moulded and drilled. Will we allow ourselves to be moulded and drilled? Will we blindly and against our conviction always and under all circumstances be obedient to our government? Certainly not, and so long as we are incapable of such self-denial it is absurd to talk of our organising ourselves according to the Prussian model. Besides this, there are other local circumstances which make it impracticable to introduce among us the Prussian rule compelling every man to serve in defence of his country. A large portion of our male population are constantly under the influence of the centrifugal force which attracts them to India or the colonies, while others are always journeying as seamen between the mother country and all parts of the world, so that they live more often abroad than at home. Would it be possible to call in all these people if we were on the eve of a war? Or, could we think of forbidding our young men to emigrate or to make long sea journeys so long as they had not fulfilled their duty in defending their country? This is possible, and

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is done, in Prussia, because that country has hitherto been small, compact, and with small maritime interests—not a state like Great Britain, with colonies in all parts of the inhabited world.

Many other reasons, no less important and obvious, might be urged to show that we Englishmen could not become Prussians at a moment's notice, even if the introduction of the Prussian military system were the highest object of our wishes. Those we have stated will, however, suffice to justify our view. We cannot, nor need we, become Prussian. We are preserved against such a necessity, which presses more hardly on the Prussian people than most of us are aware, by our insular position. What we can learn from the Prussians are many valuable points of detail, which we cannot enter upon here, and, what would be still more important, conscientiousness, austerity, economy, and thoughtfulness and intelligence in the administration—all of which qualities we want, and which, if we possessed them, would cause numberless improvements to spring up rapidly and simultaneously at all points of our political system.

The conduct of the Emperor Napoleon in regard to the question of the Franco-German frontier has produced much irritation in France and astonishment abroad, chiefly, we think, on account of the confusion in which the matter was involved by the absurd rumours which have been circulated by the telegraph. First we were told that France had made a demand on Prussia for the restoration of the French frontier of 1814; then, that Prussia had categorically refused this demand; and finally, that the Emperor had told Count Goltz he had only made the demand to prove to public opinion in France that in clamouring for an extension of the French frontiers it asked for what it was impossible to obtain. If these reports are true, it is hardly too much to say that Napoleon III. has acted in this matter with a childish thoughtlessness and indiscretion of which the most ordinary statesman would, especially under such important circumstances, not have been guilty. There are very few countries, however low in rank, that would take so undignified a step as to make a demand on a foreign state for a cession of territory without intending to back such demand, if refused, by main force; and it is obviously the height of folly in a sovereign with discontended subjects to expose his country to such a humiliation merely for the sake of proving to his subjects that their wishes cannot be realised. As if to complete the picture of this extraordinary change in the hitherto cautious and wary ruler of France, another telegram informed us that he had actually taken the trouble to volunteer the information to a fellow-sovereign that he had no intention of annexing any portion of his territory. All these reports are, we have good authority for stating, as untrue as they are incredible; and we shall endeavonr to explain what we believe to have been the real course of events in this mysterious affair.

Although we are perfectly aware that the report of an understanding having been arrived at between Bismarck and the Emperor Napoleon, at the Biarritz interview, is contradicted in high quarters, it is scarcely possible to doubt, with our knowledge of what preceded and followed that celebrated interview, that some political conversation did pass on that occasion between the Emperor and the Minister, which must have led to a more or less frank exchange of views. Probably there was no "understanding" in the proper sense of the term, either verbally or in writing; but this does not necessarily exclude the possibility of statements having been made on both sides of what would be

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claimed and ceded in certain contingencies, which, as is known, Bismarck was already at that time anticipating. The result of these statements might be that the Emperor would be led into expectations of cessions on the Rhine, and Bismarck to a belief that, provided such cessions were made, France would not interfere with his projects. Thus, though no actual compact or agreement was made, each of the two parties would know what it had to expect from the other.

When the present war began, the conduct of the Emperor was just what might have been expected of him if matters had passed at the Biarritz interview in the manner above described. Being under no engagement towards Prussia, he sided with neither of the belligerents, but coquetted alternately with both, reserving his most delicate attentions for the one from whom he had reason to believe he might expect a reward if she were successful in her plans. He soon found, however, that her success would be so great as to enable her to dispense with his assistance, and even to defy his hostility. We have already related how he withdrew at the last moment from the perilous enterprise of enforcing at the head of his army the terms of a peace favourable to Austria on both Prussia and Italy. The uneasiness which he showed at the far-reaching plans of Prussia was, however, far exceeded by that of his subjects. The whole of France was in a ferment, not only because the map of Europe was about "to be altered to the profit of a single Power," but also because the Emperor had notoriously failed in his efforts to prevent such a result. Meanwhile events marched rapidly on; the preliminaries of peace were signed, and the absorption by Prussia of most of the German States north of the Main was decided upon. The Emperor, foiled at every step, and seeing the growing discontent of his people, would naturally now recal his *pourparlers* at Biarritz with Bismarck. Already, in his famous letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, he had hinted that France would require a "rectification of frontier" if any foreign Power obtained an increase to its territory which would not be counterbalanced by corresponding additions to the territories of other Powers; and the satisfaction with which this hint was received by the French people showed that an extension of the territory of France would suffice to remove all discontent at the subsidiary part they were playing in the game of European politics. On the other hand, the cession to France by Bismarck of a small piece of German territory was by no means so glaring an impossibility as some believe. By so doing Bismarck would secure a valuable ally for his ambitious projects, and probably obtain the connivance of France in the absorption by the Prussians of Southern as well as Northern Germany, which she now steadfastly opposes. If things had been more settled in Germany, and the power of Prussia more consolidated, there can be little doubt that Bismarck would not have been prevented by any patriotic scruples from putting an end once for all, by yielding to the French claims, to the danger of a French war, which will always hang over Germany so long as those claims are not satisfied; and we cannot but think that the time is not far off when the Prussian government will adopt this course.

Such was the position when M. Benedetti verbally mentioned to Count Bismarck, while congratulating him on the Prussian successes, that the aggrandisement of Prussia gave France a claim to a corresponding rectification of frontier. That matters went no further than this on the side of France may be safely regarded as certain. No demand whatever was made either verbally or in writing; the whole discussion between the two Courts on the subject was strictly limited to what in diplomatic language is

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called "an exchange of ideas." The object of the French Government in mentioning its claims was probably nothing more than to keep them constantly before the public, so as to accustom Europe to them, and at the same time prove to the French people that the Emperor is pursuing a purely national policy. Napoleon is sagacious enough to have foreseen that in the present excited and disorganised state of Germany it would be impossible for Bismarck to cede an inch of German territory, or, as Count Goltz more roughly put it, to give a single German chimney-pot to France; but the opportunity for placing the French claims on record, as it were, was too good to be lost, and we think he acted wisely in taking advantage of it. Bismarck, on the other hand, has gained a little cheap popularity in Germany by making it appear that he has rejected the French claims, so that both parties have every reason to be satisfied. As for the conversation which was reported by the telegraph as having taken place between the Emperor and Count Goltz, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a myth. It has the stamp of improbability on the face of it, and no sensible French politician believes that the words attributed to the Emperor, or anything like them, were ever spoken.

The difficulties which at the time of our last notice threatened to plunge ITALY into a renewed war, far more disastrous than that from which she has just emerged, are now in a fair way of being removed. The agitation in the country has considerably subsided; Ricasoli, whose popularity began to wane after the armistice was signed, is again firmly settled at his post; and both Austria and Italy have consented to yield some of their demands in the Trent question. Austria, who at first insisted on retaining the upper Valtelline, the sources of the Oglio, Rocca d'Anfo, Rivoli, Primolano, Cadore, Pontalba, and the greater part of Friuli—the whole, in fact, of northern Venetia and the Trent district, besides the fortresses in the immediate vicinity of the Quadrilateral—has now not only given up the greater part of these claims, but has agreed that the Italian frontier on the side of the Quadrilateral should be drawn north of the Lake of Garda, between Trent and Riva, so that the lake would be entirely Italian, and the Quadrilateral protected on all sides against Austrian attack. Italy, on the other hand, consents to waive her claim to the whole of the Southern Tyrol and Istria, on which side the frontier will probably be the line of the Tagliamento. The moderation which, under singularly trying circumstances, the Italians have thus displayed is much to their credit, and shows that they have arrived at a greater degree of political maturity than even their friends had believed. Their determination no longer to submit to the dictation of France is no doubt worthy of a spirited and patriotic nation; but the presence of Ricasoli in the Italian Cabinet is a sufficient guarantee that the Government will follow an independent and thoroughly national policy; and the concessions which Austria has expressed her readiness to make will amply secure her northern frontier against invasion. The acceptance of these concessions, it is understood, will not involve any pecuniary sacrifice on the part of Italy, beyond the transfer to her of the remainder of the Lombardo-Venetian debt, the greater part of which was imposed upon her by the Treaty of Zurich. The Italian Government seems to have given these considerations due weight, and has already despatched General Menabrea, a distinguished member of the Conservative Piedmontese party, and therefore a *persona grata* with the Austrian Cabinet, to Vienna, there to commence direct negotiations.

August 29th.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

Up the Country. Letters written to her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India. By the Hon. Emily Eden. 2 vols. Second Edition. Richard Bentley.

There is a delightful charm about these letters. Nothing can be more graphic than the manner in which Miss Eden describes life in India thirty years ago. The freshness, the humour, the feminine vivacity with which she narrates what she did and saw and endured, will attract readers of all classes. The writer has a keen sense of the ludicrous, unfailing good humour, and an amusing dislike of the conventionalisms and etiquette to which, as a sister of the Governor-General, she was doomed to submit. Books about our Eastern Empire rarely form entertaining reading. Many of them fall still-born from the press. It was Lord Macaulay's complaint that Englishmen are ignorant of India, and are not ashamed of that ignorance; and although many years have elapsed since he wrote his splendid essays on Clive and Hastings, the assertion is equally true now. Indian history, Indian finance, the progress of the country under the sway of the Company or of the Crown—these are subjects about which even well-informed men are not ashamed to confess their indifference, and the unfortunate writer who attempts to discuss them is generally voted a bore. Miss Eden does nothing of the kind. "I never ask questions," she writes—"I hate information;" and although this assertion must be accepted *cum grano*, it is true that very little of what is commonly called "useful knowledge" will be found in these volumes. No doubt it is good to be acquainted with figures and facts, but there is something better here than either. The writer travelled with Lord Auckland "Up the Country" with an enormous retinue and hundreds of camels, horses, and bullocks; she lived for a long while in camps, and witnessed in her progress much barbaric splendour and much absolute destitution; she became familiar with the exterior of Indian life, and wrote down from day to day the little incidents that occurred. These incidents are described with rare felicity, and the places where they happened are defined in a few pregnant phrases. The result is a series of pictures true to the life. In her letters we do not read about India; we see it.

The flavour of a book like this cannot be transferred to a brief review. It is diffused throughout, and can scarcely be retained in a few short extracts. Miss Eden's good things are too good to be displayed like grocers' samples, yet it is hard to be content with a general commendation. There is not a dull letter in the volumes, nor one from which it would be difficult to take a delightful passage. It is like buying fruit in Covent Garden: you know not how to choose or how to reject.

John Dennis.

The Common Nature of Epidemics and their Relation to Climate and Civilisation; also Remarks on Contagion and Quarantine. From writings and official reports by Southwood Smith, M.D.; edited by T. Baker, Esq. Trübner & Co.

This is a well-merited and well-timed republication of the results of an investigation conducted by the late Dr. Southwood Smith, whose philosophic power

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was aided by a vast experience. The late calamities of Cattle Plague and Cholera give a painful interest to Dr. Southwood Smith's teaching, and summon a more than passing attention. He describes the characters common to all epidemics, the rapidity of their course, the warnings of their approach, and the similarity of their predisposing causes. On this latter topic he is particularly instructive, separating those causes which man can prevent, because man creates them—such as vitiation of the atmosphere from over-crowding, imperfect drainage, filth, &c.—from causes over which man has no control, whether they depend on the state of the atmosphere or the presence of some poison. There can be little doubt that the popular belief, founded, indeed, on very vague conceptions, and, like most popular beliefs, wholly irrespective of evidence, is correct in assigning a change in the atmospheric condition as one predisposing cause. "It is quite certain," says Dr. Smith, "that such atmospheric changes do take place and prepare the way for pestilence. It is quite certain that there is an epidemic meteorology." And Dr. Acland, in his *Memoir on the Cholera at Oxford* (J. Churchill), points to the unmistakable facts of a very general disturbance coincident with the cholera-period. "I do not mean to say that every person had diarrhœa, or that every person was on the verge of cholera, nor that every person was consciously affected," but he affirms that every person was under an unusual influence, exhibited by the irritability of the mucous membrane. It is important to fix this fact. Little as we know of meteorologic conditions and their influence on health, the subject is being investigated, and may end in some useful discovery. At present nothing can be done against this cause; and in our helplessness even the silly prayers offered up in our churches, entreating the Lord to change his course of action in return for our "contrition," are permitted. But, while resigning ourselves to the inevitable, we may energetically set to work in removing the evitable. Dr. Smith points to the important fact that "where any of the pre-disposing causes are present epidemics break out and spread just as readily as when all are present. Where there is over-crowding, for example, epidemics break out and spread. Where there is decomposing filth alone epidemics break out and spread; and so of the whole number. The removal of one of these causes, therefore, or the removal of two or three of them, will not suffice for safety; every one must be removed before there can be safety. This we know—all beyond this is conjecture. Dr. Smith urges, and we think justly urges, the hypothesis of a distinct cause—animal or vegetable—acting as a ferment; but adds that since we have no positive knowledge on this point, our practical concern is with the ascertained and preventible conditions; and to these he directs our attention.

Against the folly of quarantine regulations he is very emphatic, not only showing the absurdity of the contagion hypothesis on which they rest, but the absurdity of the practice in aggravating the very evil they combat. As he says, if there were truth in the contagion hypothesis the track of the medical man "who attended one patient labouring under a specific epidemic disease would be marked by the seizure of the rest of his patients; if it were true of cholera and typhus the member of the General Board of Health must have fallen by these diseases who from morning till night received inspectors that came from places where these epidemics were rife; and if any disease of common occurrence really possessed such powers of communication and diffusion, it is difficult to conceive how it is that the human race has not been long since exterminated."

EDITOR.

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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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ENGLAND AND THE ANNEXATION OF MYSORE.

The keen and excited movement at present taking place in the order of our political ideas would be very incomplete in its scope, and the forces to which it is due would prove to have been fatally superficial and inadequate, if it did not carry us beyond the questions of parliamentary and administrative reform at home, up to the not less momentous questions connected with the national colonies and dependencies. That we are either on the eve of a gigantic political revival, or else on the point of sinking finally into a condition of stagnation, it is impossible not to believe. The existence of a very high degree of national excitement is obvious. The critical question is, whether the national energy is strong enough to transform this excitement of opinion into corresponding action. Every person who is concerned for the cause of progress and civilisation, must feel how much depends upon the set of the tide of English political opinion at the present moment. Men have arisen, it is true, in these later days, who would fain discard patriotism from the catalogue of human virtues, but even they admit that increased alertness, vigour, and sincerity, in England's discharge of her national duty, is one of the most important events that could happen to the race. The repetition, however, of vague revilings is not worth much, after a certain time. It is likely to be a more profitable expenditure of mental energy on the part of public writers to insist on the practical points at which a revived national earnestness could be most effectively and usefully brought to bear. How far this new earnestness can be good for anything, without giving a more democratic shape to the only organ by which it can operate—the House of Commons—is a question that need not be here considered. The daily growing sense of the necessity of making public opinion more effective may be trusted to lead to the discovery and adoption of the means proper to such an end. Meanwhile, every case that can be pointed out where a vigorous exertion of public

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opinion is desirable, contributes to the proof of the exigency of the situation.

It is no cynical exaggeration to say that the amount of active political sympathy in England with the affairs of her colonies, and of the great Indian Empire, is, comparatively speaking, very small. Of passive well-wishing there is an abundance, for which the people of other countries, misled by traditions of selfishness and rapacity that have long ceased to be true, unjustly refuse to give us the least credit. Englishmen at large desire nothing more than that the natives of India, for example, should have the best government which can be devised to meet their special circumstances. They detest nothing more than the notion that England has a right to look upon India "as a warren or preserve for its own use; a place to make money in; a human cattle farm, to be worked for the profit of its own inhabitants." But general good-will of this sort is not sufficiently direct and forcible, when you have a whole army of officials in the country imbued with special sentiments not exactly the reverse of this, but in effect, at all events, something exceedingly like the reverse. We can scarcely wonder that those who have no personal or immediate interest in Indian affairs should content themselves with the consciousness of their own honest wishes for the happiness and prosperity of India, without descending into the details of Indian administration—repulsive as these details are from their technicality, the uncouthness of their phraseology, the unfamiliarity of the ideas which underlie them, and the remote, unusual air of the historic events with which they are in most cases so closely connected. But though this ignorance, and the consequent impossibility of anything like an active public supervision of Indian administration, are very easily explained and very natural, they are particularly unfortunate when we remember that this is the only kind of supervision which the extinction of the Company and the transfer of its authority to the Crown has left. Theoretically, the Government of India is after the most perfect type. There is a single minister with undivided responsibility, but assisted in the formation of his judgments by a council of men with special knowledge and experience in the matters of the department, and each of whom registers the reasons of his dissent from a decision of the chief minister. But to whom is the chief responsible? The efficacy of responsibility consists in its being exacted by those in whose interests the minister is entrusted with power. The Indian Minister is expected to govern in the interests of the people of India. He is responsible, not to the people of India, but to the people of England —that is to say, to those who, from their own natural and almost inevitable ignorance, are unable to judge, with any pretensions to accuracy, of the merits and demerits of his conduct. Obviously this is not responsibility at all in the sense in which responsibility is the

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safeguard and warranty of the judicious use of authority. The state of affairs in India varies so constantly from year to year, that even those who are best acquainted with them avow their inability to criticise with confidence and effect the measures of the Indian Minister, supplied as he is with all the official papers and other means of information. The danger of this is too visible under a system which makes a man virtually autocrat over India, not because he knows or cares anything about India, but because he is a good politician, and this happens to be the only post which his party can afford to give him. The danger is increased by the fact that to accept such a post is rather a nuisance to the politician. As has been very justly said, "to a rising statesman who has made his mark in the House, and who has a political future before him, it must be no slight sacrifice to have suddenly to turn aside from questions in which he takes a warm interest, to spend the best hours of his life in mastering questions which, from a merely personal point of view, have neither interest nor use." There is no fear that the present Indian Minister will fail to give his best powers to the duties of his office. Lord Cranborne has always shown himself able, immensely industrious, and endowed with a sufficiently strong will. But in the absence of possible criticism in the House, is not the otherwise invaluable virtue of having a strong will almost as bad as any vice? There is, however, no end to the evils that must accrue where the minister is practically irresponsible, while the public rest tranquil in the security of his theoretic but fictitious responsibility. Indeed, this is precisely the most dangerous state of things that any confusion of political ideas could possibly produce.

General considerations, however, are commonly neglected, especially in this country, unless they are bound up with one or more particular cases. Happily for my purpose, though unhappily on other and larger grounds, a very remarkable and important episode in the history of English rule in India is occurring at the present moment, which illustrates to too great perfection both the absence as a matter of fact of English supervision, and the evil consequences which result from the consciousness of this on the part of the various branches of the Indian Government. The story of Mysore has this additional advantage, that it is not yet completed. The matter is still being transacted under our eyes. The fifth act of a drama of which all India supplies the keenly-interested spectators has yet to be added, and the nature of the concluding scenes it is still within the power of the English public and the English Minister to determine. When it is remembered that, in the opinion of many persons best qualified to give an opinion, this determination will mark the turning-point of the career of England in India, the importance of the decision being in the right direction cannot easily be overrated.

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The history of the circumstances of the case is very brief and simple. In 1799, after the siege of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, the territory of Mysore fell by right of conquest to the disposition of the East India Company and their ally, the Nizam of the Deccan. A treaty was made, with the Nizam and the Company for parties, by which the Nizam took a portion of the dominions of Tippoo, the Company took a second portion, while it was agreed that the remaining portion should be restored to the old Hindoo line of Rajahs, dispossessed by Hyder Ali thirty-eight years before. Then a Subsidiary Treaty was made, with the Company and the restored Rajah, then an infant, for parties, in which the Rajah, among other things, agreed to supply certain funds to the Company, while Lord Wellesley, then Governor-General, reserved to his successor in that office the power "either to introduce such regulations and ordinances as he shall deem expedient for the internal management and collection of the revenues, or for the better ordering of any other branch and department of the Government of Mysore," or to bring under the direct management of the servants of the Company "such part or parts of the territorial possessions of the Rajah as shall appear to him, the said Governor-General in council, necessary to render the said funds efficient or available either in time of peace or war." Although Lord Wellesley quite consistently reserved this right to administer part or parts of the Mysore territory in case of non-payment, or probable non-payment, of the promised funds, he had previously, in the Partition Treaty, guaranteed the separate existence of the Mysore state, along with the other conditions of that treaty, "as long as the sun and moon endure." It has been contended, by the way, that this is only an otiose oriental phrase, but such a pretence is sufficiently dissipated by the fact that it was not an Oriental, but Lord Wellesley himself, who dictated the clause. Thus, by these two treaties together, (1) a separate state of Mysore was set up; (2) the sovereignty was conferred upon the representative of the old line of Rajahs; (3) the new ruler agreed to do certain things; and (4) the Governor-General reserved the right of remedying any neglect to do these things. This was in 1799. The young Rajah was left to be brought up in the harem, and an able though unscrupulous minister reigned in his stead. In 1811 the young Rajah displaced the minister, and took the reins of power into his own hands. He committed the usual follies and extravagancies of Eastern sovereigns. His private debts were enormous. The liabilities of the state were only to be discharged by oppressive taxation. From oppressive taxation grew discontent; and discontent grew into insurrection. The Company assisted the Rajah, put down the revolt, and then took the government out of the Rajah's hands. This was in 1829—31, and twenty years after he had

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come to actual power, and found two millions sterling in the treasury, the useful proceeds of Poorneah's zealous exactions. Since 1831 the Rajah has been a pensionary in the country over which he is nominally sovereign, and his territory has been administered in his name by a commission of English officials. The case now stands thus. The Rajah is still alive. He has begged to be restored to his dominions, but in vain. He has adopted a son, according to Hindoo usage, who will perform the funeral rites, which only a son is able to perform, and will accede to his personal and private property. But the British Government refuse to recognise the Rajah's right to adopt an heir to his dominions, and have resolved, upon the decease of the present aged Rajah, to extinguish the native state of Mysore, and annex the territories to those of the Crown.

These are the facts. I need scarcely say that each of them, about which any dispute is possible, is disputed with a bitterness peculiar to Indian writers. The *odium Indicum* is not inferior in bitterness and persistency to the *odium theologicum*. The government interpretation of the Partition Treaty is oppugned. So is that of the Subsidiary Treaty. Our conduct in leaving the young Rajah to be brought up in the vicious traditions and pestilent habits of the harem is alleged, and not without justice, to have been an entire dereliction of anything like morality. The insurrection which took place during the Rajah's own tenure of authority arose partly, it is hinted, from the rapacity of Poorneah, the minister whom we ourselves installed in 1799. It was not without the sinister and Machiavellian connivance of the authorities of Fort St. George that the Rajah was permitted to run, with scarcely a single warning or remonstrance, the course of evil-doing which eventually gave an excuse for our interposition in 1831. And there can be no doubt that, viewed from the point of the higher international morality, measured by the purer standard of the political duty of the superior to the inferior race, which prevails in the present decade of the century, the policy of the Indian Government, prompted by men of the old school like Sir Thomas Munro and Sir Mark Cubbon, was in the last degree selfish, grasping, and hollow. We have no right to sit in judgment on men for not being in advance of the mental habits of their time. But the least that we can do is to show that political ideas have advanced, by repairing, wherever by good fortune it is still possible, the evil that was then inflicted. It is undeniable that the Rajah, when an infant, was left to be brought up in a way which the English authorities well knew to be the worst possible way; and that when he had grown up and acceded to power, and developed those vices of which the education permitted by us had sown the too fruitful seeds, we still held all but absolutely aloof, and refrained from making friendly use of our power of suggesting ordinances which he was bound to promulgate and execute. It was

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distinctly asserted by Lord William Bentinck's commission to inquire into the causes of the insurrection which was the plea for our assumption of the territory, that "the disturbances that had occurred were greatly attributable to the withdrawal of the advice of the British Resident." All this certainly does not prove either that we ought to restore the old Rajah to his sovereignty, or to permit him to adopt, but it does prove that the Government, wishing to deny him the exercise of this right, does not come into court with clean hands.

We may, however, leave this and many other similar bits of skirmishing ground outside of the main field of the debate. There are two simple issues on which the public verdict has to be given:—*First*, Has the English Government any legal right to annex the Mysore Territory? *Second*, Granting that the legal right could be ever so satisfactorily established, does a general view of our position towards the Indian native princes countenance the expediency of our availing ourselves of it? There is a pitiful kind of so-called statesmanship popular in England, according to whose canons the second of these questions is superfluous. This policy consists in standing on the narrow edge of our technical rights, and disregarding anything like a sagacious balancing of our interests against our rights. We may see the results of such a policy in the slumbering embroilment between England and the United States which Earl Russell has bequeathed to us as the fruit of his conduct from first to last about the *Alabama*—popularly so much admired, legally so extremely defensible, and as a specimen of the sagacious farsightedness proper to a statesman so unboundedly despicable. One may hope, however, that the end of these ideas is not very remote, and that the new generation of rulers will learn to stick to a technical right only when it lies in the course of what is politically expedient. Meanwhile, it cannot escape any reader of Sir Charles Wood's despatches on the Mysore question that far greater stress is laid on the considerations of what we may find ourselves empowered to do, than upon those other considerations of what it is to our advantage to do.

I. The rights of the Rajah, and therefore those also of the Indian Government, must, it is plain, be derived from and defined by the Partition Treaty with the Nizam and the Subsidiary Treaty with the Rajah himself. The article on which the question mainly turns is that memorable Fourth Article, which I have already quoted, and which read simply seems to mean that the Indian Government should have the right of taking all measures necessary for the security of the Subsidy. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General by whose authority the Rajah was deprived of his government, expressly said, in a despatch to the Court of Directors at home, that he could not help entertaining "certain doubts, both as to the legality and the justice, according to a strict interpretation, of the course that has been pur-

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sued." He gave as a reason for these doubts, that "the treaty warrants an assumption of the country with a view to secure the payment of our Subsidy," whereas "the Subsidy does not appear to have been in any immediate jeopardy." Then, again, the treaty only authorised the assumption of part or parts of the country, whereas the whole was assumed. Lord Metcalfe, who succeeded Bentinck, is said to have spoken of the assumption as "a harsh and unprovoked measure," and it is evident from the wording of his letters to the Rajah that he favoured his claim to a restoration of his rights. The Company itself is found upon one occasion expressing its desire "not to introduce a system which cannot be worked hereafter by native agency *when the country shall be restored to the Rajah.*" Lord Hardinge, when Governor-General, wrote a despatch in which he conveyed his doubts as to our right to keep the country when there was no longer any cause for anxiety about the Subsidy. Can anything be clearer than that up to 1847 nobody hinted that the treaty could be interpreted other than in one way? The kind of argument with which Sir Charles Wood replied to this cloud of witnesses may be inferred from a single paragraph in his momentous despatch of July 17, 1863,—"His Highness makes the following statement: 'By an article in the treaty between the British Government and myself, it was provided, that, if at any time the affairs of my country fell into confusion, the British Government should have the power of assuming the management of the country until order was restored.' With respect to this point, it is sufficient to state that the treaty contains no condition under which the administration of the Maharaja's possessions, if once assumed by the British Government, was to be restored to his Highness." It is hard to imagine even a minister of Sir Charles Wood's long and varied official experience condescending to such a sophism as this. As if it were not plainly implied, on the most elementary principles of construing such documents, that the administration of the Rajah's possessions was to be restored to him as soon as the purposes for which the treaty authorised its assumption were satisfied. What would be thought of a landlord who, after distraining for rent and satisfying his demand, should decline to quit the premises on the ground that there was no clause in the agreement stating the conditions on which he should quit them? With reference to the same paragraph, Sir Henry Montgomery, in recording the reasons for his dissent from the Secretary of State's despatch, justly remarks that "in all fairness, if the treaty is to be quoted in such rigid interpretation when adverse to the Rajah's claims, it may also be quoted in the same strictness as not authorising the assumption of the entire country under any view of its real condition at that period."

Of course the Indian Government does not rely on such argumen-

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tation as that of the late Indian Secretary, of which I have just given a sample. They fall back on the fruitful pretext which Lord Dalhousie invented and made so much of both in the case of Mysore and the Carnatic. "The treaty," Lord Dalhousie said of that with the Rajah in 1799, "is exclusively a *personal* one," for no mention is made of heirs and successors. This is uncommonly ingenious and acute, but when we remember the circumstances under which this so-called personal treaty was made, the worth of such a notion is more truly measured. What could Lord Wellesley's object have been in going through the farce of a personal treaty with a child five years old? What reason was there for setting up the child at all if he were only to play warming-pan for the East India Company? The Company needed no fiction of this sort. Their troops were victorious. The country was theirs, and it was the deliberate choice of the Governor-General to erect it into a state as long as the sun and moon shall endure. Lord Wellesley was, of all the Governors-General that ever India has had, the least likely to play a trick, to go through an unintelligible performance of this kind. It is incumbent on those who rely on the personal treaty argument at least to furnish some comprehensible theory of Lord Wellesley's motives and policy in what, without explanation, seems so meaningless and irrational a proceeding.

We now come to the immediate bearing of this issue, whether, according to the two treaties of 1799,—the Partition Treaty and the Subsidiary Treaty,—the Rajah of Mysore is the sovereign prince of a Hindoo state. For if he is, why should he be deprived of the sovereign attribute of being able to adopt? And if he dies leaving an adopted son, how can his state be annexed as a lapse to the paramount Power? The history of the view taken by the Indian Government of the right of the Hindoo princes to adopt successors to their territories shows that this right was respected until Lord Dalhousie's decision in the Sattara case. "The decision in the Sattara case," says Sir Frederick Currie, recording his dissent from the despatch of 1864, "whatever its merits may be, undoubtedly caused surprise and alarm throughout the length and breadth of India; and when this was followed by the proceedings of the Government of India in the cases of Kherowlee, Nagpore, Jhansee, &c., during the same administration, that surprise and alarm became consternation and dismay. Shortly after came the mutiny, and the disorganisation which accompanied it. On the restoration of order, some special measures were deemed necessary by Lord Canning, who had succeeded Lord Dalhousie, to allay the alarm, and remove the belief, engendered by the proceedings above alluded to, the annexation of Oude, &c., that every pretext, however subtle or futile, would be taken to attach and absorb all the remaining chiefships and

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principalities of India." The chief of these special measures was the publication of the famous Adoption Despatch (April 30, 1860), a document only second in importance to the Queen's proclamation of 1858, assuming the paramount sovereignty of India. At this time England first stood "face to face with its feudatories." A great convulsion "has been followed by such a manifestation of our strength as India had never seen, and if this in its turn be followed by an act of general and substantial grace to the native chiefs, over and above the special rewards which have already been given to those whose services deserve them, the measure will be seasonable and appreciated." "Our supremacy will never be heartily accepted and respected," said Lord Canning in the despatch, "so long as we leave ourselves open to the doubts which are now felt, and which our uncertain policy has justified, as to our ultimate intentions towards native States." In order, therefore, to rob our policy of this pernicious uncertainty, an assurance was proposed by Lord Canning, to be given, and in time was given, to every chief above a certain rank, that the paramount Power desired to see his government perpetuated, and that on failure of natural heirs, his adoption of a successor, according to the laws and customs of his race, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan, would be recognised, and that nothing should disturb the engagement thus made to him so long as his house is loyal to the Crown, and faithful to the conditions of treaties. Distinct assurances in this sense were given to the princes individually. But the Rajah of Mysore was not included in the list of chiefs to whom this assurance was conveyed. And why? Because it was hoped, and fully expected, in the first place, that the Rajah, being old and childless, would refrain from adopting, and would allow his dominions to lapse to the English Crown. In the second,—and this has been too much overlooked by people who are content to be guided by what Lord Canning actually did,—it was felt that to give the Rajah permission to adopt would be tantamount to an express invitation. If the Rajah had received this formal and public permission, his omission to avail himself of it would have perplexed and offended his own subjects. They naturally would have expected him to use, in favour of one of his own race, the power thus deliberately bestowed upon him, rather than by his negligence in doing what he had been thus almost bidden to do, to cause the transfer of his dominions to an alien Government. And in the third place, Lord Canning could not divest himself of the evil influence of the Calcutta Foreign Office, which insisted that the Treaty of 1799 was a personal treaty, that the Rajah was only set up for his own life, without any intention of continuing his authority to his heirs and successors, and that therefore he had not the right of adoption admitted to be inherent in a Hindoo prince. Strictly speaking, we have not bound ourselves

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by any assurance to the Rajah of Mysore to let him adopt, as we have bound ourselves to other princes affected by such permission. We have thrown ourselves upon our own interpretation of the Treaties of 1799, and, admitting that there is not "a single instance in which adoption by a sovereign prince has been invalidated by a refusal of assent from the paramount Power," we deny, in fact, that the Rajah is a sovereign prince.

II. This brings us to the broader and more important point of the expediency of annexing Mysore. Although as a matter of fact we did not expressly include Mysore in the assurances that we had abandoned the policy of annexation, Mysore will be the first opportunity of testing the sincerity of our professions. No amount of reasoning or explanation will convince the native princes that if we do not adhere to the non-annexation policy in the case of Mysore, we shall adhere to it in any other case where annexation may suit our purpose. A statesman, as distinguished from a low attorney on the one hand, and from a rapacious place-hunter or patronage-seeker on the other, must admit that everything turns in such a case on what will be thought of our policy by those whom it is our interest to conciliate. If, as is distinctly asserted by men of the highest authority and greatest knowledge, such as Sir Frederick Currie, the consequence of annexation would be invincible distrust in the minds of the native princes; and if, as all parties now admit, it is of the deepest importance that the princes should remain staunch and loyal to English interests, what can be more deplorable, more hateful, than to find that English and Indian politicians cannot get beyond the one fact that the assurance of the Adoption Despatch was never conveyed to the Rajah of Mysore? The facts should be viewed largely, and with reference to human nature, rather than to principles of hair-splitting. What are the native princes likely to think, with their logic deeply infected with the inflammatory sense of self-interest? "If on this, the first occasion," says Sir F. Currie, "since the promulgation of this celebrated assurance of an adoption to any chiefship of consideration and value, the adoption is disallowed, in order that the province may be appropriated by the British Government, what will be the opinion in the native mind of British faith and British honour? Will not the chiefs of India believe that the promise of the Viceroy was made in the hour of weakness and danger, to be disregarded when power should be restored and the danger had passed away?" We shall be accused of acting hypocritically from first to last. Lord Wellesley established a kingdom which he never meant to be maintained. He made a treaty with the Nizam to last while sun and moon should endure, but he only meant while it should suit English policy. We assumed the administration of Mysore under the pretence of securing a subsidy, but all the time we never

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intended to give it back again. We declared that we recognised the right of adoption, and on the first opportunity we decline to do any such thing. We declared that we had given up the evil policy of annexation, and then we annex the first territory on which we can lay our hands. It is not difficult to see how ugly our conduct can thus, without much forcing, be made to look. And all India is said, on credible authority, to be watching the case. Two of the greatest princes, Holkar and Scindia, have written home, although their own rights of adoption—and this is very well worth noticing as a sign of their profound alarm—were assured to them so far back as the Governor-Generalship of Lord Ellenborough. The Rajah of Mysore was one of the most loyal of our allies during the terrible Rebellion of 1857-9, so that besides general charges of breaking treaties and proclamations, we shall be deemed thoroughly insensible of anything like gratitude or good-will, even for the most enormous services. There is something portentous in all this, when we remember Lord Canning's words, that cannot be too often quoted, that our supremacy will never be heartily accepted so long as any doubts are felt as to our ultimate intentions toward native states.

But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Is the Government policy the result of sheer fatuous blindness? Have they not a single argument? It would be unjust to deny that they have a very good argument indeed, so far as it goes. The country has been brought under English administration into the most flourishing and prosperous condition. Are we to throw all back again, allow the population once more to be oppressed with iniquitous exactions, and tacitly watch a distinct step taken backwards in the direction of despotism and degradation? As Mr. Mill has put it, though without special reference to the present case, "A tyrant or sensualist who has been deprived of the power he had abused, and instead of punishment is supported in as great a wealth and splendour as he ever enjoyed; a knot of privileged landholders who demand that the State should relinquish to them its reserved right to a rent from their lands, or who resent as a wrong any attempt to protect the masses from their extortion; these have no difficulty in procuring interested or sentimental advocacy in the British Parliament and press. The silent myriads obtain none." Lord Canning, again, friendly as he was to the claims of the native princes, has left on record his conviction, "founded on experience of the past, that if the authority of the British officers were removed, or even hampered, the peace and prosperity of Mysore would be at an end." These considerations are plainly of the greatest weight, and point to a grave danger attendant upon any steps incautiously taken in the Rajah's favour. If the alternative lay between annexation and the immediate restoration of his kingdom to the Rajah, to be brought by him and his successors into the dark bondage of old times, no honour-

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able Englishman could hesitate about pursuing the former course, at whatever ultimate risk. But this is not the alternative, nor anything like it. There is a course open by which we shall allay the dangerous alarm of the native princes, preserve the reputation of the British Government for good faith and gratitude, avail ourselves of the native social forces for the benefit of the "silent myriads," and make for ourselves an unrivalled opportunity for the infusion of such European ideas as it may be desirable and possible to introduce. The son adopted by the Rajah is a child. Let him be recognised on the Rajah's death, and instead of leaving him to grow up anyhow, as the present Rajah was allowed to do at the beginning of the century, let us surround him with the best European and native influences that are within reach. The present chief minister of the Rajah of Travancore, although a native, was brought up at a Government school in Madras, has been penetrated with European ideas, and has been for years doing his best to introduce them into his government. When the young Rajah came of age, European influence would still be present in the shape of a Resident and his assistant officers; only the main object should be to leave the general administration as much as possible in the hands of native officials. The Residency, if inspired by something better than the sinister ideas of the Calcutta Foreign Office, would be a standing guarantee against the oppression of the population by the emissaries of the prince. This has been tried with success in Travancore. What objection could there be to a similar experiment in Mysore? Only this, that the English Government would have fewer places to give away, and as Mysore is a pleasant land, flowing with milk and honey, Anglo-Indian officials would think themselves very deeply wronged if any trifling considerations of imperial policy were allowed to weigh against their personal interests. In the scale against the official love of patronage and place, let us set the conviction expressed in a recent petition to the House of Commons by a body of men of the greatest consideration both in India and in this country: "A combined system," they say, "of British possessions and protected states, under which all external and foreign affairs, the general principles of taxation, legislation, commerce, and currency, and the relations between the constituent principalities, can be dictated and controlled by the imperial power, while the details of administration in the dependent states are carried out by native authorities, has always appeared to your petitioners to be the system best calculated to maintain the supremacy of Great Britain, and to secure the peace and prosperity of India: to promote a fair balance between centralised and localised government, to institute a visible chain of allegiance and responsibility, and to provide for the gradual enlightenment of the less civilised religions and races, not only by the example of good order in the British provinces and direct guidance

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by British functionaries, but more effectually by the practical experience and established habits of native princes, ministers, and officials." The same persons go on to show that there are special reasons why this combined system of British protection and supervision should be tried in Mysore. They find in it the very type and example of what a protected native state ought to be. Nearly one-third of its gross revenue is available for imperial uses, amounting to one-half of the total payments of the tributary states. Under its treaty engagements the British Government may interpose its authoritative counsel for the improvement and control of the law and administration. And, lastly, all the machinery has been so reformed by the British Commissioners as to be now in the most perfect working order. With reference to the government of India, people at home are ordinarily content with a very rough-and-ready theory. They suppose that our only business is to superimpose European civilisation upon Oriental barbarism, and that the latter will eventually be crushed out. But this shows what is not, perhaps, a very wonderful ignorance of the working of social forces. In taking all the government, from its principles down to its lowest details, into our own hands, what are we doing? First: we are forgetting that Hindoos and Mohammedans are not Hottentots or Troglodytes, but a population with ideas and laws and traditions and beliefs and prejudices. We are ignoring all these; and instead of recognising them as active forces, which may be partially controlled and utilised, we pen them up, to burst upon us some day with the accumulated violence of years. Second: we are freeing those high-caste natives, who have unbounded influence over the populace, from any sort of responsibility for the rightful use of such influence. Third: we are leaving ourselves friendless, and without any means of authentic and wide information as to the concealed working of all those forces which operate none the less powerfully because we choose to suppose that they are extinct.

And this brings us to a point which, if its weight with the mass of Englishmen be considered, ought perhaps to have been placed at the very head and front of my argument—the wishes of the population. I think we can scarcely help agreeing with Mr. Prinsep, that a petition for the Rajah's restoration, signed by between 7,000 and 8,000 persons, when "10,000 signatures might be expected to be at his command at any time in the city and environs of his immediate residence," must be set down as "of no value whatever." The Mysore Commissioner, whose communications, by the way, are sometimes more like those of a gossiping maid-of-honour than those of a grave and responsible official, assures the Foreign Secretary at Calcutta that the signatures are chiefly those of the Rajah's tradesmen. Very likely this is the case. Still not many words need be expended upon the *à priori* probability of a native Oriental population desiring the restoration of the

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representative of a long line of rulers, and preferring to be governed by their own countrymen rather than by people whom they regard as they might regard irresistible but odious demons. To the Oriental the Englishman, not improved by being one of the dominant race, is a veritable Yahoo. Sir Frederick Currie said in 1863 that from his own experience he cannot doubt the truth of the report that "the people are now anxiously awaiting our decision in this case; that they will be exceedingly disappointed when the truth of this decision is known; and that our philanthropy will cause discontent throughout the length and breadth of the province." If I had space for a digression, I might expatiate upon the marvellously improved interest in the natives on the part of the Government, who only four years since, to suit purposes of their own, re-transferred large districts of the Nizam's territories, that had been eight years in British hands, to what is authoritatively declared to have been a "more corrupt and tyrannical government than ever that of Mysore was in its worst times." To convict the Government of hypocrisy, however, would be no great triumph. But it is impossible to help seeing the futility of relying on the interests of the people as a plea for not restoring his throne to the Rajah, when our own system of administration could be carried on by him under the supervision and control of a Resident. It may be said indeed that the prince thus restored would be a puppet, a mere *roi fainéant* in the hands of an English Mayor of the Palace. Even if he were, if this be the form of government most congenial to the natives and most conducive to our own interests in the country, what reason is there why we should not lend ourselves to what, at the most, would be a piece of harmless pageantry? Surely we are not such consistent sticklers for hard fact in all our matters of government at home, as to think compliance with a taste for a royal puppet too dear a price to pay for the invaluable results of disarming the perilous distrust of the other native princes, and establishing a model of what a Protected Native State should be.

Apart from theoretic notions of our duty as the superior race in a conquered country, there is one powerful consideration which even the most high-handed and unscrupulous kind of politicians may be able to estimate. Every increase of the Indian territory governed directly by us involves an increase of military and civil expenditure. It is the latter item which accounts for the zeal of the officials in the cause of annexation. And we have the testimony of Earl Canning himself that "we shall not become stronger so long as we continue adding to our European force; and the additions to that force which we already require are probably as large as England can conveniently furnish, and they will certainly cost as much as India can conveniently pay." As it is, we have a peace establishment of about 70,000 British troops for India. Every annexation may be said, on Lord

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Canning's authority, to necessitate an increase of this large and expensive force. And in corroboration of this we have the statement of the petitioners against the annexation of Mysore, a statement uncontradicted by the authorities, "that every new province absorbed since 1848 has proved a burden on the revenues of her Majesty's older possessions in India; for instead of any surplus having ever been derived from the States thus annexed, the Imperial treasury has been constantly called on to supply their deficiencies." In the rebellion of 1857-9 the number of troops was raised to 122,000. If there is any credence at all to be attached to the reports of the most impartial and experienced of Anglo-Indians, the incorporation of Mysore is just one of those measures most likely to pave the way for renewed disaffection and its disastrous consequences. This is what we are risking; and to gain what? A very slight, and in the long run very questionable, increase of revenue from the Mysore territory, and a few more places to give away to the officials of the Indian Government. It is for this that we expose ourselves to a drain upon our military resources, which, if it came when we were engaged in any other struggle, would be mortally calamitous. Without this possible drain of 50,000 additional troops, the necessity of maintaining the ordinary peace establishment makes us confront Europe and the West in the attitude of a man with one arm fast tied up. We have abandoned our legitimate influence in the West in order in annex in the East. We preach moral suasion in Europe, so that we may be free to practise material repression in Asia. We make ourselves despised in one continent, in order to make ourselves hated in another. It would be paying many of our Cabinet Ministers of either party much too high a compliment to say that this is their deliberate policy. They have replaced our old, and in many points our bad system of "Thorough," by the new, and in all points the worse principle of "Drift." There is no such thing as policy. Each incident in each department is considered and settled just as it turns up. A bit of tittle-tattle from the Rajah's Court,—the statement that his Highness joked about some member of the Madras service,—this is the kind of material of which the modern State Paper is composed, on which the English Minister is supposed to shape his decision, and which, if he be a self-willed man, determines the policy of the empire. The story of Mysore illustrates only too perfectly the perils in which the "Drift" system may involve us in matters not immediately under the public eye. The only consolatory reflection is that in this instance public opinion may even now come into operation, and reverse a policy which is opposed alike to all principles of justice and to the expediency of the hour.

JOHN MORLEY.

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A RUSSIAN POET.[1]

A Russian traveller was complaining, a few years ago, that the literature of his native land was completely ignored by foreign readers. On one occasion, he said, happening to be paying a visit to a great public library, he asked the official who conducted him over it whether it contained any Russian books. "Certainly," was the reply, "we have some of Pushkin's works, and some of Lomonosof's and Karamzin's." "But have you none by other writers?" the visitor proceeded to inquire. "The Russians have no other writers," was the prompt reply. If the possession of books involved the appreciation of them, the traveller's complaint would be a groundless one as far as England is concerned, for our national library is rich in every department of Russian literature; but it is to be feared that he would not on that account find that English readers had a very familiar acquaintance with the publications issued at Moscow or St. Petersburg. The very name of the man of whose life and works it is now proposed to give a brief sketch, is most probably all but unknown in this country, although his writings are very popular in Russia, and few readers there are unacquainted with the sad story of his life. Very sad, indeed, it is, but on that account, perhaps, all the more interesting. We hear so much of self-made men who have achieved success, that we too often feel inclined to hold a comfortable creed to the effect that the battle of life is ever in favour of industry and virtue, that genius is always sure to be acknowledged, and that merit needs nothing but a little self-help to link happiness to its side. It is as well sometimes to turn from the one who has succeeded to the many who have failed, and to try to discover the moral which is pointed by their annals of useless struggles and of unfulfilled hopes, as well as by his story of triumphant exertions and gratified desires.

Alexis Vasilevich Koltsof was born in the year 1809 at Voronej, a considerable town in the south of Russia. His father occupied a respectable position as a dealer in sheep and cattle; but he was an uneducated man, and he did not take any pains to have his son taught more than he knew himself. The little Alexis had no schooling at all until his tenth year; and the companionship of those among whom he was brought up was not of a kind likely to refine or edify him. Intellectual society was not easily to be found at that time in Voronej, even in the highest circles; it was not probable that any traces of it would be apparent in the dwelling of a petty tradesman. The boy grew up in the midst of ignoble domestic troubles, brought

(1) Stikhotvoreniya Kol'tsova. (Koltsof's Poems, with a Sketch of his Life and Writings, by V. Bielinsky. Moscow.)

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into contact with none but inferior natures, listening to little but the coarsest of speech, and breathing anything but a pure moral atmosphere. But the evil influences by which he was surrounded had scarcely any effect upon him. From his earliest childhood he lived apart from others in a special world of his own, and in it "the holy forms of young imagination" kept his heart pure. A great part of his time during the summer months of every year was spent in following his father's flocks and herds in the open country; and as soon as he got away from the stifling air of his city home, the impressions made upon his mind during his stay there faded away, and were replaced by others of a higher and more durable nature. The conversation of his acquaintances at Voronej was suggestive of little but mean and gross ideas; but when once out of their sight he became conscious of utterances in the blue sky, the green meadows, the sombre forests, and above all in the sweeping ranges of the Steppes, which roused a very different set of thoughts within his mind. Left almost entirely to himself, he spent the greater part of his time in rambling about the country as far as so young a child could go; and there, beneath the open sky, he began to educate himself, more to the benefit of his mind than of his body. For while his mental frame gained unmixed good from his vagrant life, his physical health was considerably injured, and the seeds were sown of maladies which caused him much suffering in after life.

In his tenth year he began to learn reading and writing, and as soon as he had made sufficient progress in his studies, he was sent to the provincial school. There he was allowed to remain only four months; for at the end of that time his father took him away, thinking he must have learnt to read and write tolerably, and that no other knowledge was necessary for the life he was intended to lead. During the four months which he spent at the school, the boy managed to rise from the lowest class into the one above it, but it was impossible for him to learn a great deal in so short a time. In after years he taught himself much, but he was never able entirely to make up for the want of that early education which his father denied him. One great benefit, however, he gained from his school life, in the creation of that love for books to which he always remained faithful. His father allowed him a small sum for pocket-money, and he devoted it entirely to literary purchases, delighting for the most part in tales of heroes like Bova Karolevich and Eryslan Lazarevich, the Slavonic counterparts of our Jack the Giant-Killer and similar adventurers. Even as a child he felt a strong desire to imitate the stories he read, and he soon began to wander in imagination through enchanted realms in the performance of heroic deeds; but as yet the faculty of expression was denied him, and his castles in the air, and their ætherial inhabitants, floated idly before his mental vision.

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As soon as he left school he was initiated into business. Every spring his father took him to the Steppes where his flocks wandered, and left him there till the autumn, at the end of which he sent him to attend the bazaar where his commercial transactions were carried on with the agents of the various houses of business. "And so," says his biographer, "at the age of ten years Koltsof was dipped in the pool of sufficiently muddy materialism;" but the boy does not seem to have been any the worse for it. The pettinesses of trade never contracted his mind, nor did they stunt its growth; and the life of freedom he led during the summer season called out the better qualities of his nature, and quickened his mental development. The open country was to him a paradise, and there the whole summer long he gloried in his liberty. He loved the Steppe passionately, "like a friend, like a lover," we are told; "he loved the evening fire above which boiled the Steppe porridge; he loved the bivouac under the pure sky, on the green grass; he loved to spend whole days on horseback, chasing the flocks from one place to another." This poetic life, it is true, was not free from very prosaic drawbacks. He had to pass whole days, even weeks, exposed to driving rain and chill autumnal winds; to wade at times through seas of mud, and to sleep on the bare ground, scantily protected against the pelting of the storm by a cow-hair blanket or a sheep-skin robe. But the freedom of the sweeping Steppe in the warm days of spring and summer more than compensated him for all the discomforts of autumn's stormy weather.

Towards the end of September the Steppes become almost untenable for civilised inhabitants, and about that time Koltsof used to return to town life in Voronej. There he hailed with pleasure the sight of his books and the friends in whose company he read them, of whom the dearest was a former schoolfellow, whose father, a rich shopkeeper in Voronej, possessed a fair library, and permitted the two boys to use it as they liked. Koltsof was allowed to take home with him any books he wished to read, and he joyfully availed himself of the privilege. Works of imagination formed his favourite reading, that in which he revelled most being the "Arabian Nights"—the Russian popular tales, which had formerly pleased him so much, losing their attraction by the side of the glowing romances with which he had now become acquainted. For three successive winters the two boys found unceasing delight in reading such stories, and in talking them over together. At the end of that time Koltsof made his first acquaintance with sorrow, for his little friend grew ill and died. It was a great blow to the boy, who was of a very tender and affectionate nature, and he long mourned bitterly over his loss. But when the summer came, and he found himself again on the Steppe, with plenty of books to keep him company,—for his little friend had

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bequeathed his modest library to him,—his spirits began to recover their wonted elasticity.

By this time he had read a considerable amount of prose, but he was entirely ignorant of verse. Suddenly one day, by mere chance, he lighted upon a cheap copy of Dmitrief's poems. A new world immediately seemed to open before his eyes, and from that moment his vocation in life appeared to him to be fixed. A passionate desire to imitate what had given him so intense a pleasure took hold of all his mind, and, although he was quite ignorant of anything like poetic laws or precepts, he began incessantly murmuring to himself what was soon to be song. One day, when Koltsof was about sixteen, a friend told him of a singular dream which had recurred on three successive nights, and had greatly disturbed him. It made so deep an impression on Koltsof that he determined to write a poem on the subject. As soon as he was alone he sat down to his task, in happy unconsciousness of the existence of laws of prosody, and guided only by one of Dmitrief's poems, which he selected as his model. The first few lines gave him great trouble, the next came more readily, and before night he had produced a poem called "The Three Visions," which, however, he subsequently destroyed. Whatever may have been its merits, it had the effect of confirming Koltsof's taste for poetry.

For some time he utterly neglected prose, not even reading anything but verse. Voronej boasted one small bookshop, and Koltsof was able to purchase, with the pocket-money allowed him by his father, the works of some of the chief Russian poets, such as Lomonosof, Derjavin, and Bogdanovich. What he had read he proceeded to imitate, and before long he produced a considerable amount of verse. For a time he kept his secret to himself, but at last, feeling the necessity of having an adviser, and not knowing to what other quarter he should turn, he laid his works before the bookseller, imagining that one who sold books must be able to criticise them. The bookseller was a man who had received little or no education, but he was shrewd and candid, so he gave it as his opinion that the poems were exceedingly bad, but he could not tell why he thought so. He proceeded to say that if any one wanted to write poetry he ought to have the text-book called "Russian Prosody," and ended by presenting that work to Koltsof, and offering to lend him as many books as he liked to borrow free of all charge. The boy's delight may well be imagined at thus receiving the key to the fairyland in which he so ardently longed to roam. Instead of being obliged to read the same volumes over and over again, he was allowed to revel in a whole library, through which he read his way steadily, devouring everything he found, good, bad, or indifferent, urged by an insatiable appetite, and too eager to get on to lose time in selection. Whenever a book of

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poems gave him unusual pleasure he bought it, and thus his little library could boast, in addition to its former treasures, of the works of such men as Delvig, Jukovsky, and Pushkin.

In such pursuits time went happily by with Koltsof till an event occurred which exercised a powerful influence on all his after life. One of the servants in his father's house was a young girl of great beauty, with whom, when he was about seventeen, he fell desperately in love. She must have possessed more than mere personal attractions, for she produced an impression upon him which no ordinary woman could have caused. He loved her with all the strength of youth, with all the devotion of a first attachment; he absolutely worshipped her, looking on her as his ideal of womanhood, and considering her as something holy. He loved with all his heart, and she returned his love, but it met with little approbation from his relatives. One summer, while he was absent on the Steppe, they sent the girl away. When he returned home in the autumn, and found she was no longer there, he felt the blow so keenly that he was taken ill, a violent fever ensued, and for a time he was utterly prostrated. As soon as he recovered he borrowed as much money as he could get from his friends and set off for the Steppe to try and recover his lost love, riding as far as he could go himself, and hiring messengers to go still farther in search of her. How long the investigation lasted is not known. All that resulted from it, at the end of a terrible period of suspense, was the information that the poor girl had been banished into the land of the Don Cossacks, and that there she had pined away and ultimately died of a broken heart.

"Koltsof told me these facts himself in the year 1838," says his biographer. "Although he was alluding to a loss sustained more than ten years previously, his face grew deadly pale, he was so agitated that he could scarcely speak, and while he was speaking he never once raised his eyes from the ground. That was the only occasion on which he referred to the subject, and I never alluded to it again." Sad as was its ending to his heart, Koltsof's first love had a beneficial effect upon his genius. The happiness and the sorrow arising from it alike seemed to develop his poetic faculty, and its memories infused into his love verses a tone of earnestness and deep feeling which at once gave them a real value. He no longer had to search for a subject for his verse. His own sorrows afforded him an inexhaustible theme, and for a time he was inclined to wander exclusively "amid the ruins of his heart." Fortunately for Koltsof, his moral nature was as sturdy as his physical frame, and though he felt acutely the blow he had received, yet he bore it bravely. He did not go wailing through the world, refusing to be comforted, and shutting his eyes wilfully to the consolation which it could offer. He kept his grief to himself, and went out silently into the battle of life. In the exercise

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of his poetic faculty he found his chief solace for the misery which had befallen him. His sorrow found its natural expression in verse, and he composed a number of poems on the subject which then engrossed his thoughts. By slow degrees his spirits recovered somewhat of their former tone, but the effects of the shock which he had undergone remained visible during the rest of his life.

Koltsof found his chief solace at this time in the companionship of a friend whose kindness and sympathy were invaluable to him. Serebryansky and Koltsof were about the same age, they occupied similar social positions, and they resembled each other in many points, both as regarded character and intellect. Serebryansky had succeeded, in spite of many obstacles, in gaining at home a fair acquaintance with most of the subjects taught in the universities, and he thoroughly sympathised with his friend in his passion for reading, and his desire to make himself known in the world of literature. His taste and judgment were of great use to Koltsof, who found in him an honest, though kindly critic, and who was often stimulated by his encouragement to continue the efforts which he felt inclined to relax in despair. As long as Serebryansky lived at Voronej, he and Koltsof were inseparable, and after he had gone to study physic at Moscow, the two friends kept up a correspondence which never flagged till Serebryansky's death. Such a friendship was particularly valuable to Koltsof, for he met with little affection or encouragement at home. His relations could not understand his desire for a literary career, and, indeed, found his ideas on most subjects utterly incomprehensible. It was a long time before they could realise the fact that a poet had risen up amongst them, and even then they were far from considering him an acquisition to the family. They took no trouble to make his life at home a pleasure to him, and each succeeding year made him hate it more and more. Nothing could be more prosaic than his ordinary employment at Voronej during the winter, but, fortunately for him, the summer months restored him to a tolerably poetic manner of life. The scenery of the Steppes is of itself conducive to meditation of a sombre cast, and during the long quiet days and the still starlit nights he spent among them he had ample time for communing with his own heart. The Steppe always had a tranquillising effect upon his mind, its air of calm grandeur seeming to rebuke and repress all petty feelings of irritation and impatience.

Kohl, in his "Reisen in Südrussland," gives a very graphic description of the Pontic Steppes, and of the boiling-houses in which tallow is made in the neighbourhood of Odessa. Any one who reads it will understand the nature of the life Koltsof led amid similar scenes, whether wandering beneath the open sky during the summer, or wrangling in winter with petty traders in the midst of a heavy and vitiated atmosphere. A few of the outlines from the picture drawn

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by Kohl may serve for a sketch of the scenes which Koltsof was accustomed to view.

The Steppe consists of a vast illimitable plain, its monotonous expanse stretching away in every direction to the horizon, never broken by a hill or even a tree, but undulating like an ocean whose waves have suddenly been arrested. For thousands and thousands of miles these gentle undulations succeed one another, such a sameness pervading the landscape, that at last, though the traveller knows that his horses are galloping on, and he sees the wheels of his car turn round, yet he seems fastened to the same spot, unable to make any progress. Not even a bush is to be seen on the level ground, not a rivulet is to be heard, but here and there in the hollows are tall green reeds and scattered willows, where sullen rivers flow slowly along between sandy banks. So far do these desolate tracts extend, that it has been declared that a calf born at the foot of the great wall of China might eat its way along till it arrived, a well-fattened ox, on the banks of the Dniester. In the spring the Steppe possesses a peculiar charm of its own. The grass is then comparatively soft, and of a dazzling green. Here and there, literally, "you cannot see the grass for flowers," for they grow in masses, covering the ground for acres together, hyacinths and crocuses, tulips and mignonette. The air is fresh and exhilarating, the sky is clear and blue, and the grass rings with the song of innumerable birds. In the district over which Koltsof was accustomed to roam, the Steppe retains for some time the beauty with which spring has clothed it, but in the interior, where rain is unknown, when summer comes the pools and water-courses dry up, and the earth gradually turns dry, and hard, and black. Shade is utterly unknown, and the heat is everywhere the same. At morn and eve the sun rises and sets like a globe of fire, while in the noontide it wears a hazy appearance, due to the dust which pervades the atmosphere like smoke. The herds grow lean and haggard, and the inhabitants appear wrinkled and melancholy, and darkened by the constant dust to an almost African hue. In the autumn the heat lessens, the dust-coloured sky becomes once more blue, and the black earth green, the haze gathers into clouds, and the setting sun covers the sky with the splendour of gold and crimson. With September this phase ends. No yellow cornfields, no russet leaves, throw a glory over the later portion of the year; but October comes in wet and stormy, and soon afterwards winter arrives, cold and terrible, sweeping the plains with hurricanes and snow-storms.

Towards the end of the summer the herds which have been fattening on the Steppes, if the weather has not been too dry, are driven in to the tallow-boiling houses. These are large courts, surrounded by buildings containing all the necessary apparatus, and into them the cattle are driven in herds, and are tied up by scores in the

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slaughter-houses. Butchers are hard at work there, night and day, —rough, long-bearded fellows, clad in sheep-skin jackets, leather breeches, and high boots. They have not time to kill the oxen scientifically, so they go down the rows, giving each beast in its turn one tremendous blow on the loins with a long-handled axe. This breaks the spine, and the animal falls prone in the filth which covers the floor, a mixture of blood and rain-water, which forms a swamp that does not dry up till the next summer comes. There the cattle lie struggling and bellowing till the butchers are at leisure to kill them outright. The bodies are then skinned and flung into the cauldrons, with the exception of some parts which are sold at a low rate, or given to the beggars, or flung to the dogs and birds which swarm around. Meanwhile the other rooms of the buildings are full of tallow merchants and soap dealers, tradesmen and commercial agents, swineherds who wish their pigs to fatten on the blood of the slaughtered cattle, turners who come in search of horns, and Jews who are ready for every speculation. The inferior animals are equally numerous. Herds of Steppe dogs, shaggy, long-headed, wolfish creatures, rush in and out, gnaw the bones, tear the lumps of meat, and lap at the gutters running with blood. Hawks and carrion crows dispute their prizes with them, clouds of sea-gulls hang about if the coast is near, and everywhere the air is thick with flies, swarms of which blacken the blood-stained ground, rising from it from time to time in a cloud, and haunting the spot till the stormy weather sweeps them away.

Such were the scenes amidst which Koltsof led a life which had two very different sides. In the spring and early summer he followed his herds across the open Steppes, a poet, left to the enjoyment of his own fancies, and revelling in the freedom of his wide hermitage; in the autumn and winter he was confined within the narrow limits of the town, a man of business, compelled to endure the distasteful companionship of a crowd of traders,—men whose minds were set upon buying and selling, who were careless of all but gain, and by whom no manner of cheating was despised. By such men he was not likely to be appreciated. They thought him much too independent, too little inclined to pay to wealth the deference to which it was accustomed, and altogether unable to be on good terms with dishonesty. So neither they nor the rest of those with whom he associated treated him with kindness or even with civility. He took little notice of their conduct, however, keeping as much as possible out of sight the disagreeable nature of his pursuits and the companions with whom he had to share them, and leading a strange double life, day after day; in the words of his biographer, "standing up to his knees in blood in the shambles, or surrounded by loads of tallow in the bazaar, and yet all the time dreaming of love, of friend-

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ship, of nature, of man's destiny, of the secrets of life and death, of the inner life of the soul; tormented by the pain of a wounded heart, and vexed by intellectual doubts which would not be dispelled."

About the time when he had reached man's estate, Koltsof's reputation as a poet came to the ears of a young student at the University of Moscow, named Stankevich, the son of one of the landed gentry of Voronej, who took a great interest in his career, and procured him a number of influential friends. In the year 1831, when Koltsof visited Moscow on business for the first time, Stankevich assisted him in getting a few of his verses inserted on two or three occasions in an unpretending little Moscow newspaper, and recommended him to prepare a volume of poetry for the press. Several years, however, elapsed before the scheme was carried out, and it was not till 1835 that the book made its appearance. It contained about eighteen poems, selected by Stankevich from the contents of the poet's scrap-book; and though it showed less actual talent than promise of talent, yet it made Koltsof's name widely known in literary circles, and excited some curiosity on the part of the general public, to whom the words "self-taught author" and "poetic cattle-dealer" proved attractive.

In the year 1836 Koltsof was sent by his father on business to Moscow and St. Petersburg, and he spent some time in each city. In Moscow he became intimate with a young literary man who introduced him to a number of the authors of the day. At first he was greatly alarmed at the idea of entering literary society, but the flattering reception he met with from all the leading men soon quieted his fears. The kindness shown him by such writers as Prince Odoefsky, Jukovsky, and above all Pushkin—a poet to whom he looked up as to a divinity—made a deep impression on his mind, and enabled him to endure the neglect and incivility of those authors of a lower grade who refused to acknowledge his merits. As he was naturally shy and retiring in society, and said little in public, some of his critics declared there was nothing in him. Others acknowledged his talent, but seemed to treat him, he complained, as if he had been "a strange beast, a giant or a dwarf," or to be proud of their condescension in speaking to the son of a small tradesman. The idea of being exhibited as a lion was as distasteful to him as the feeling of being treated with an air of disdainful patronage; so he remained exceedingly quiet in general society, saying little, but finding endless food for reflection in the new world now opening before him.

In 1838 his business took him again to St. Petersburg and Moscow, and he spent a considerable time in the latter city, which gradually became more and more dear to him. Unfortunately his residence there had the effect of making his native town seem very disagreeable by comparison. On his return home he found how great was the

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difference between life at Moscow and that at Voronej. He felt how isolated was his position among people who cared very little for him, and sympathised with him still less, and he was more than ever driven for consolation to the study of art and the contemplation of nature. In one of his letters written about this time from the Steppe to a friend at Moscow, he says :—" I arrived safely at Voronej, but living there is now twice as unpleasant as it was before. All is tedious there, melancholy, unhomelike. Our affairs have got into confusion during my absence, and I find a host of fresh plagues to worry me. But, thank God, I bear all these things patiently, looking on them as matters which do not concern me, and in which I take no interest. Here I am calm and tranquil in mind. The fine weather, the blue sky, the bright sunlight, the quiet of springtide, are all so beautiful, so wondrous, so enchanting, that I revel in life, and steep all my soul in summer pleasures." He proceeds to thank his friends at Moscow for their kindness to him, saying that the two months he spent in their society had been more to him than any five years of life at Voronej. His acquaintances there, he says, received him "ten times more kindly than before," but stared at him as if he had been "a foreign stuffed bird." He had found little pleasure in their society, and so he had gone out into the open country for friendship. "The Steppe enchanted me once more," he says. "I cannot tell you how great was my love towards it at first. For a time I was drawn to it just as in olden days, but now I find my feelings towards it are somewhat altered. I am conscious now of its monotony and silence. It is a fit retreat for a lonely and friendless man, but after a while I grow sad there." The world had somewhat changed for him since his last visit to the Steppe. The possibility of happiness elsewhere had dawned upon him, and while he felt more acutely than ever the discomforts of life in a petty country town, where he was exposed to the incivility of the coarse unmannered men with whom he had to deal, and, perhaps, to the "insolence of office" as well, he no longer found the content which used to await him on the friendly Steppe.

Koltsof's heart was indeed no longer in Voronej, but all his thoughts tended to Moscow. He did not, however, on that account neglect his own family. He had a sister, several years younger than himself, of whom he was very fond, over whose education he watched, whose taste he formed, with whom he took counsel about his poems, and who shared his intellectual life. His new friends and new links with the outer world did not diminish his attachment towards either her or a younger brother, for whom his affection remained unchanged till the lad's untimely death brought it to a close. To his father he was indispensable, managing all his trade affairs, and supporting the fortunes of the family, which depended on

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his care and energy alone. His poetic tastes and pursuits did not prevent him from being a good man of business, and in spite of many difficulties he contrived for a time to make his father's affairs prosper.

Two years passed away, and then a series of troubles came upon Koltsof, whose life from that time offers but a gloomy picture. His father's business began to fail, and his own health to give way. His occupation became more and more distasteful to him, and an attempt he made to give it up and turn bookseller proved unsuccessful. Writing to a friend at Moscow, he says:—"I am at home, alone, and very busy. I buy pigs, I superintend the brandy making, I cut wood in the forest, I have to look after the farm, I work at home from morn till midnight." At that time he did not complain of his lot, but some time later, having just received the news of the death of his oldest friend, he writes:—"I have tried to speak in a different strain, but what can I do, surrounded as I am by this accursed business of cattle-slaying and house-building? I am utterly sick at heart. So Serebryansky is dead. Ah me! I have lost a friend whom my soul has loved so many a year, and his loss bitterly grieves me. How many a hope is now dashed down, how many a longing left unsatisfied. . . . . Only a little time ago he was a living man, full of kindness, and now he is gone, and we shall never see him again; we may call to him, but our voice will die away in space unheard by him." Speaking at a later period of the same sorrow, he says:—"My life has seldom been drearier than it was last year. Serebryansky's illness was a sad affair, his death completed its misery. Only think of it! In one moment there snaps asunder what had endured for so many years. My love for him, his affectionate spirit, our desires, thoughts, impulses, expectations, hopes for the future, all to perish so suddenly. We had grown up together, we had read Shakspeare together, we had thought, we had argued together. And I was indebted to him so much! . . . . Farewell! if it were not for you I should have lost everything."

Another year passed away, and the horizon of Koltsof's life grew darker, while his bright moments became more few. "The terrible consciousness has long been forcing itself upon me," he writes, "that matters are growing worse in Voronej. Long have I lived there, and glared out as a wild beast does from its cage. The circle presses ever more closely on me; the world round me grows more repugnant. It is hard indeed to have to live in it; I know not how I have been able to bear with it so long." About this time he received two proposals from St. Petersburg: the one was that he should undertake the superintendence of a bookshop which was to be founded by a company; the other that he should become the commercial manager of the *Otechestvennuiya Zapiski*, one of the leading Russian journals.

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The first proposal he declined, feeling sure that the speculation to which it referred would fail on account of the capital subscribed being insufficient for the purpose. The second he would gladly have entertained, but it was impossible for him to leave Voronej directly, on account of the state of his father's business and his own liabilities in connection with it. This was a great disappointment to him, but he still hoped to find some similar opening. "I do all I can," he wrote to one of his friends; "I struggle with all my strength, and I mean to fight to the last. I do all that I can; and if in spite of that I fail, I shall have no reason to be ashamed of myself." In the autumn of 1840 he went once more to St. Petersburg and Moscow. It was his last visit, and he enjoyed it greatly, staying at St. Petersburg about three months in the house of an intimate friend. He felt greatly tempted to fix his residence in that city, but he was afraid of entering upon business without capital, and he could not bear to settle down as a mere clerk or commercial agent. If he could have raised two or three hundred pounds he would have opened a bookshop, and devoted all his spare time to making up for the deficiencies of his early education. But he could not obtain what he wanted; so after seeing the new year in among his friends at Moscow, he unwillingly returned to Voronej. "You cannot think," he writes to a friend, "how I hate going home. The very idea of it strikes cold to my heart; yet I must go; necessity's iron force compels me."

On his return home Koltsof found all his affairs in confusion, and spent some time in trying to restore them to order. Then he made up his mind that, whatever might be the result, he would go to St. Petersburg and try his fortune there. But just at that time he fell ill, and during Passion Week he lay at death's door. He was so fortunate as to be attended by a doctor who was a thoroughly kind and good man, and who visited him more from friendship than from interest, knowing beforehand that the fees he was likely to get would not be very numerous. Koltsof said to him when the illness was at its highest, "Doctor, if my disease is incurable, and you are only protracting my life for a time, do not do so any longer; let me die at once; the sooner the better for me and the easier for you." However, the doctor vouched for the certainty of a cure, and the result showed that he was right. Koltsof recovered; but before long a fresh trouble came upon him, which led to a second attack. His biographer rapidly passes over this story of a passion which brought a shortlived bliss for which a heavy price had to be paid. In his words, as "an unhappy love had shadowed the morning of Koltsof's life, so did an unhappy love light up the evening of his life with a stately, crimson, but baleful glare." Koltsof once more loved, and his love was returned with passion by one who is described as "beautiful, intellectual, accomplished, and of a character which was just

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suitable for his impulsive nature." At length she was obliged to leave Voronej, and the pain of parting from her brought back his former illness. His friendly doctor came again to his aid; but symptoms of consumption soon manifested themselves, and it became apparent that his life was not likely to last long. He went to the house of a relative who lived on the banks of the Don, and tried the effect of a course of baths, but they gave him only temporary relief. On his return he felt that his days were numbered, and though at times hope would spring up within him, and he would recur to the idea of settling at St. Petersburg, he generally spoke of himself as a doomed man. But he kept up his courage, and regarded his approaching fate with tranquillity. A letter written at this time to one of his friends ends with these words, "Now I must say farewell! Is it for long? I know not; but that word sounds sadly to me. But still, farewell, and for the third time, farewell! If I were a woman, I should feel inclined for tears now." All this time circumstances were greatly against his recovery. Quiet was absolutely necessary for him, but he could not obtain it. Nobody, except his mother, seemed to care for him, and he was left almost destitute. Often he had no means of paying his doctor; sometimes he was left without a meal, without even the tea which is such a necessary of life in Russia. A wedding took place about this time in the house where he lay, and this is his description of the way in which he was treated:—"Every one made a thoroughfare of my room. They washed the floors, although damp is deadly to me. They smoked tobacco and burnt perfumes in it every day, greatly to the discomfort of my lungs. The inflammation returned, and for some days my life hung upon a hair. My doctor came to see me three times a day, though I often had very little to give him. Yet at that time our house was open to visitors every evening. There was nothing but noise, racket, running to and fro. My door never remained shut an instant from morning till midnight." At length, however, the wedding came to an end, and he was left once more in peace. "Thank God," he says, "I now live in quiet. My room is silent again, my meals are prepared punctually, I have tea and sugar now, and am in want of nothing." From this time little more is known of the progress of his malady. The last letter he wrote to his friend Bielinsky was dated February 27, 1842. About the end of the year came the news that he had died on the 19th of October, being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Thus ended the career of one who was not strong enough for the battle of life; a man of vigorous intellect, of high and generous feeling, of refined taste, of noble impulses, but wanting in that physical strength without which it is so hard for any one to achieve success, especially one who occupied such a position as Koltsof's was.

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He was most unfortunately situated. His relatives and his fellow-citizens did not know what to think of him, and lent him no aid, and his want of means remained throughout his life a fatal gulf between himself and literary success. He knew well enough that he could not expect to live by his verses. "What would people give for them?" he says in one of his letters. "What should I get by them in a year? Enough for shoe-leather and groceries; no more." If he had been but a little more independent, he might have done much, for he ardently longed to give himself up to study, to learn languages, and to travel. If he had lived till the present time, he would have formed a valuable addition to the increasing body of thoughtful and enthusiastic men who are endeavouring to raise the mass of their countrymen from the degraded state in which they have lain so long, and to open their eyes to the promise of the new day which they themselves see dawning for Russia; and even in his native town he would at last have been rightly appreciated, for it has greatly progressed in intellectual culture since the time of his boyhood, when it could scarcely support one poor bookshop.

After Koltsof's death his verses were gathered together from the magazines and other journals in which they lay scattered, and were published by his friend Bielinsky, from whose interesting memoir of the poet the present sketch is mainly derived. The collection gained an immediate popularity in Russia, passing in a short time through several editions. It is, however, almost impossible for any one to form a correct opinion of the merits of Koltsof's poems who is ignorant of the language in which they were written, for most of them defy translation. Bodenstedt, who calls Koltsof "Der russische Burns," has published a version of eight of them in his poems "Aus der Heimat und Fremde," and Prince Elim Mestcherski has given a paraphrase of two other pieces in his "Etudes Russes;" but these attempts give very little idea of Koltsof's real merit. In the opinion of Russian critics his best poems are the songs which he puts into the mouths of peasants, or in which he describes the manner of life and the tone of thought of the labouring classes. Written in the style of the original national songs, and adapted to their strange and melancholy airs, they are said to possess a peculiar charm for those to whom all their allusions come home, which the stranger is generally unable to detect. Many of them are exceedingly simple, for Koltsof in these pieces discarded all embellishment, and aimed at conveying an idea of the peasant's actual existence, instead of produing an idealised picture of it. Some of the songs relate to love, but not all. The themes of many are poverty, want, the desperate struggle for a living, the loss of money, the hardships of everyday life. In one poem the serf sits in his hut, thinking how lonely his life is; in another he balances the evils of going abroad to live among strangers, and of staying at home to quarrel with an old

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father, to tell wearisome tales, and to grow old and dull. There is no unreal sentiment in Koltsof's poetry: he describes people as they are, and makes them speak in natural unaffected language, differing in this respect, says Bielinsky, from such writers as Delvig, Merzliakof, or even Pushkin; the first of whom turned the Russian peasant into a German or Italian cavalier, while the second made him a Russian indeed, but a Russian gentleman who has chosen to play a peasant's part. Pushkin's songs are far superior to theirs, but the hand of the artist is too apparent in them; whereas Koltsof's appear perfectly natural, and do not at all betray the workman's craft. It seems a hopeless task to attempt to translate any of the pieces of this class. Their words might be rendered with tolerable accuracy, but their grace and melody would be utterly lost in the operation.

The landscape pieces which occur here and there are easier to deal with; but a great part of their charm depends on the associations they awake in the minds of those who are familiar with the scenes described, and who recognise at once the picture conveyed in a single phrase, the colour or the perfume which a fitting epithet suggests. An ardent lover of nature, Koltsof delighted in portraying her charms, finding an endless enjoyment in the sight of the golden cornfield, stretching away unbroken to the horizon, or the mighty forest, with its mysterious shades and interminable untrodden glades, or the endless undulations of the open Steppe. The following lines are a literal translation of part of an unrhymed poem called the "Season of Love," which is a fair specimen of one class of Koltsof's compositions:—

"In the spring the green Steppe
Is all covered with flowers;
All alive with the voices
Of sweet-singing birds.
Through the day and the night
To the strange songs they sing
There listens a maiden,
Who, rapt in their notes,
Does not see, does not feel,
That their melody breathes
The enchantments of Love.

* * * *

To the maiden who listens,
The magic-fraught breeze
Wafts the heartache of love.
Then she draws a long breath,
And her snowy breast heaves
Like deep waters disturbed.
To her cheek comes a glow,
And a cloud dims her eyes:
O'er the Steppe falls the darkness,
The evening sky burns."

Koltsof was a man of genuine religious feeling; and such a spirit of trustful resignation breathes in his graver poems, such a yearning

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manifests itself in them for spiritual progress and development, and such a longing for a clearer insight into the mysteries which shroud the ultimate aim and purpose of life, that they convey an idea of his character which can scarcely fail to be of a favourable nature. He appears so thoroughly in earnest in those "Thoughts," as he called them; so much more anxious to work out a problem which had long baffled him, than desirous of producing a poem which should please the public. And it is impossible to read them without feeling a kindly pity for their writer, as for one who could have found few to whom he could communicate such ideas with any hope of being understood, and still fewer whom he could expect to find rising of their own accord to such a level of thought. Here are very literal translations of two of his more serious pieces. The one is called

"A PRAYER.

"My Saviour! my Saviour!
My faith is as clear
As the pure flame of prayer.
But, O God! e'en to faith
Wrapped in gloom is the grave.
What new sense will awake
When the ear hears no longer,
The eye sees no more?
What new life lives the soul
When the heart's keen sensation
For ever is numbed?

"O'er the Cross, o'er the grave,
O'er the sky, o'er the earth,
O'er creation's beginning,
O'er its end and design,
An Almighty Creator
A curtain has drawn,
And set on it a seal:
That seal is for ever,
It will not be broken,
Though worlds rend asunder;
No fire can melt it,
Nor can water dissolve it.

"Forgive me, my Saviour,
The tear in my erring
Eventide prayer:
Through the cloud it is shining
With love unto Thee."

The other is styled the

"TWO LIVES.

"This world of ours contains two different lives:
The one shines brightly, splendid as the sun,
Calm heavenly sunlight streaming through its eyes,
Its heart the home of saintly thoughts and feelings.

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Its living strength finds utterance in free,
Resounding, and intelligible speech.
And this life is—that of the human soul;
And it is long as God's eternity.

"The other life is dark, and in its eyes
Reign night and sorrow; heavy is its sleep
And troubled; thought within its mazes lurks,
Through cloudy folds in silence wandering,
Not finding utterance in unshackled speech.
And this life is—that of the human dust,
As swift to vanish as a falling star."

By way of conclusion, a specimen may be given of the poems in which Koltsof has described the feelings to which a lost love gives rise. They are among the most tender and graceful of his compositions, free from anything like pretence or conceit, and expressing in simple and unaffected language regrets that manifestly spring from the heart. In the following lines an attempt is made to give some idea of a sonnet entitled

"FIRST LOVE.

"Her whom I loved in early years
So well, so tenderly—who filled
With a first passion's hopes and fears
A heart which time has not yet stilled—
Can I forget her? Day by day I strive
Her well-loved image from my mind to drive;
To find new dreams my old dreams to efface,
And let another love my early love replace.
But all in vain. I strive and strive, and yet
Whate'er I do I never can forget.
When in the silent hours of night I sleep,
She comes in dreams; once more I see her stand
Beside my couch; once more her accents steep
My suffering soul in bliss; once more her hand
In mine so gently, mournfully, she lays,
While her dark eyes on mine in sadness gaze.
Speed, kindly Time, my thoughts from her to sever,
Or set me free with her to live for ever."

W. R. S. Ralston.

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IMMORALITY IN AUTHORSHIP.

If by morality in literature I imply merely the moral atmosphere to be inhaled from certain written thoughts of men and women, I would not be understood as publicly pinning my faith on any particular code of society, although such and such a code may form part of the standard of my private conduct:—as believing, for example, that a high moral tone is consistent only with the wearing of pantaloons, or that a fine moral halo may not surround a Hottentot Venus, full dressed in a yard of calico: as confounding the cardinal virtues with the maxims of a cardiphonia—"omnia dicta factaque," as Petronius says, "quasi papavere et sesamo sparsa." The conduct of life is to a great extent a private affair, about which people will never quite agree. But books are public property, and their effect is a public question. It seems at first sight very difficult to decide what books may be justly styled "immoral"—in other words, what books have a pernicious effect on readers fairly qualified to read them. Starting, however, agreed upon certain finalities—as is essential in every and any discussion—readers may come to a common understanding as to certain works. Two points of agreement with the reader are necessary to my present purpose; and these are, briefly stated:—(1) That no book is to be judged immoral by any other rule than its effects upon the moral mind, and (2) that the moral mind, temporarily defined, is one consistent with a certain standard accepted or established by itself, and situated at a decent height above prejudice. Bigotry is not morality.

Morality in literature is, I think, far more intimately connected with the principle of sincerity of Vision, expounded by the editor of this Review, than any writer has yet had the courage to point out. Courage, indeed, is necessary, since there is no subject on which a writer is so liable to be misconceived. The subject, however, is not a difficult one, if we take sincerity of vision into consideration. Wherever there is insincerity in a book there can be no morality; and wherever there is morality, but without art, there is no literature.

Nothing, we all know, is more common than clever writing; very clever writing, in fact, is the vice of contemporary literature. Everywhere is brilliance not generally known to be Brummagem; pasteboard marvels that glimmer like jewels down Mr. Mudie's list. Genuine works of Art, however, are very rare; or if I write works of Heart, instead of Art, I shall express their general character as well, and lead more directly to the point on which I wish to dwell. It is so easy to get up a kaleidoscope: a few bits of stained glass, bright

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enough to catch the eye, and well contrasted, are the chief ingredients. It is so difficult to find a truth to utter; and then, when the truth is found, how hard it is to utter it beautifully! That is only a portion of the labour besetting an earnest writer. Directly he has caught his truth, and feels competent to undertake the noble task of beautifying it, he has to ask his conscience if there be not in society some deeper truth against which the new utterance may offend; and hence arise the personal demands—"Have I a right to say these things? Do I believe in them with all my faculties of belief? Is my heart in them, and am I sure that I understand them clearly?" The moral mind must answer. If that replies in the affirmative, the minor question, of whether the truth will be palatable to society, is of no consequence. Let the words be uttered at all hazards, at all losses, and the gods will take care of the rest. It may be remarked, that what the writer believed to be a truth is in all possibility a falsehood, immoral and dangerous. The reply is, that Nature in her wondrous wisdom for little things, regulates the immorality and the danger by a plan of her own, so delicate, so beautiful, as to have become part of the spirit of Art itself. A writer, for example, may believe with all his might that the legalisation of prostitution would be productive of good. He will do no harm by uttering his belief, founded as it is in his finest faculties, if he has weighed the matter thoroughly; and his book, though it may offend scores of respectable people, will be a moral book. If, on the other hand, the writer be hasty, insincere, writing under inadequate motives, he will be certain to betray himself, and every page of his book will offend against morality. For the conditions of expression are so occult, that no man *can* write immorally without being detected and exposed by the wise. His insincerity of vision in matters of conduct will betray itself in a hundred ways; for whatever be his mental calibre, we are in no danger of misconceiving the *temper* of his understanding. This fact, which connects the author's morality with the sincerity of his vision, is at once the cultivated reader's salvation against immoral effects from immoral books. What does not affect us as literature cannot affect our moral sensitiveness, and can therefore do no harm. So distinctly does Nature work, indeed, that what is one writer's immorality, is the morality of another writer; so delicately does she work, that what shocks us in one book, plays lightly through the meaning of another, and gives us pleasure. An immoral subject, treated insincerely, leaves an immoral effect on those natures weak enough to be influenced by it at all. The same subject, treated with the power of genius and the delicacy of art, delights and exalts us; in the pure white light of the author's sincerity, and the delicate tints of literary loveliness, the immoral point just shows distinctly enough to impress purely, without paining. All deep lovers of art must

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have felt this in the "Cenci." A moral idea, on the other hand—that is to say, an idea generally recognised as connected with morality—disgusts us, if it be treated insincerely. Every nerve of the reader is jarred; there is no pleasure, no exaltation of the spirit or intellect; and the moral sense feels numbed and blunted proportionally.

The mere physical passion of man for woman is a case in point. The description of this passion in coarse hands is abominable; yet how many poems are alive with it, and with it alone! The early poems of Alfred de Musset are immoral and unreal, and consequently displeasing; some of the songs of Beranger are flooded with sensuality, yet, just because they are sincere, they do not impress us sensually. In Burns and Beranger, even in some of their coarsest moments, the physical passion is so real, that it brings at once before us the presence of the Man, and looking on *him*, we feel a thrill of finer human sympathy, in which the passion he is expressing cannot offend us. In the insincere writer, the passion is a gross thing; in the sincere writer, it becomes part of the life and colour of a human being. Thus finely does Nature prevent mere immorality from affecting the moral mind at all; while in dealing with men of real genius, she makes the immoral sentiment, saturated with poetry, breathe a fine aroma which stirs the heart not unpleasantly, and rapidly purifies itself as it mounts up to the brain.

Certain books of great worth are of course highly injurious to minds unqualified to read them. Out of Boccaccio, whom our Chaucer loved, and from whose writings our Keats drew a comb of purest honey, many young men get nothing but evil. He who has gained no standard of his own, or whose ideas of life are base and brutal, had better content himself with Messrs. Chambers' expurgated Shakspeare, and the good books let out of the local library. But a true lover of books, though he be not a mere student, may pass with clean feet through any path of literature, as safe in the gloomy region of Roman satire, as in the bright land of Una and the milk-white Lamb; he knows well that what is really shocking will not attract him, because it is sure to be shockingly, *i.e.* inartistically, uttered. He feels that what is not abominable, but somewhat removed from his own ideas of decency, will affect him merely in proportion to the sincerity and delicacy of the revelation, and cannot hurt him, because it is subdued or kept at a distance by the mental emotion which the sincerity and delicacy have imparted. It will not disconcert him, but make him love his own standard all the better. It is, in fact, only on account of sensualists and fools that one now and then wishes to throw some of his best books in the fire. If poor Boccaccio could only hear what Smith and Brown say about him! If La Fontaine only knew the moral indignation of Gigadibs!

The list of so-called immoral books is very numerous. No writer,

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perhaps, is less spoken about, and yet has more attraction for students, than Petronius Arbiter. What is the effect of Petronius on the moral mind? Not, I fervently believe, an immoral effect,—if we set aside certain passages which a reader "scunners" at, passes over, and obliterates from his memory. Yet the subject is impure in the highest degree; from Gito to Trimalchio every character in the satire is wicked The satire is saved from worthlessness by the sincerity of its object. It does not carry us away, as Juvenal does; but it impresses us with a picture of the times, painful, no doubt, but no more likely to shock us than the history of the reign of Charles II.; then come the purer passages, irradiating and cheering us; and under all flows the deep delicious stream of the Latinity. Were the book not a satire, but a purposeless work of imagination, it would influence us otherwise, if we studied it at all. As it is, history steps up and makes Petronius *moral*. We end it with a strange image of the times when it was written; but the passages which we do not forget, or try to forget, are the pure ones, such as the delicious introductory speech on eloquence, and the description of the wonderful feast of Trimalchio. Juvenal is as gross, but he influences us far more splendidly. He carries us away, as I said above. When, as in the second satire, he launches his fierce blows at the Roman philosophers, who thinks of the coarser details? who is not full of the fiery energy which calls Vice by her name, and drags her naked through the Roman mire? When, in the sixth satire,[1] he vents his thunderous spleen on women, who is not hurried along to the end? and who does not feel that the cry, coming when it did, was a sincere and salutary one?

When I pass from the region of satire and come to Catullus, my feeling changes. It may sound very shocking to some of the hero-worshippers, but the "lepidum novum libellum" seems to me really an immoral work, and I wish that the dry pumice-stone had rubbed out at least half of the poems. For there is sufficient evidence in the purer portions to show that Catullus was wholly insincere when he wrote the fouler portions; that he was a man with splendid instincts, and a moral sense which even repeated indulgence in base things failed to obliterate. Read the poems to Lesbia,—

> " —— Lesbia illa,
> Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
> Plus quam se, atque suos amavit omnes!"

Lesbia whom Cicero himself called "quadrantaria," and who is yet immortal as Laura and Beatrice. This one passion, expressed in marvellous numbers, is enough to show what a heart was beating in the poet's bosom. He who could make infamy look so beautiful

(1) Which Dryden, a grand specimen of literary immorality, only translated under protest.

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in the bright intensity of his love, was false and unreal when he stooped to hurl filth at his contemporaries, from Cæsar down to the Vibenii. His grossness is all purposeless, insincere, adopted in imitation of a society to which he was made immeasurably superior by the strength of that one passion. His love poems to Lesbia, coarse as they are in parts, leave on the reader an impression too pathetic, too beautiful, to be impure. Whether he bewails in half-plaintive irony the death of the sparrow, or sings in rapturous ecstasy, as in the fifth poem, or cries with agony to the gods, as in the lines beginning,—

> "Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas,
> Est homini, quum se cogitat esse pium,"

he is in earnest, exhibiting all the depths of a misguided but noble nature. Only intense emotion, only grand sincerity, could have made a prostitute immortal; for immortality must mean beauty. Thus, with Catullus, as with others, Nature herself delicately beautifies for the reader subjects which would otherwise offend; and dignifies classical passion by the intensity of the emotion which she causes it to produce.

It is an easy step from Catullus to La Fontaine. Catullus was an immoral man, lived an immoral life:—

> "Quisquis versibus exprimit Catullum
> Raro moribus exprimit Catonem!"

But what shall we say of the charming Frenchman, the child of nature, if ever child of nature existed? If we want to understand him at all, we must set English notions and modern prejudice to some extent aside. Look at the man, a man, as M. Taine calls him, "peu moral, médiocrement digne, exempt de grands passions et enclin au plaisir;"—"a trifler," as he is contemptuously styled by Macaulay. He sought to amuse himself, and nothing more; loved good living, gambled, flirted, made verses, delighted in "bons vins et gentilles Gauloises." He did not even hide his infidelities from his wife. If she was indignant, he treated her remarks jocosely. He wrote to Madame de la Fontaine that immediately on entering a place, when travelling, he inquired for the beautiful women; told of an amorous adventure in an alley; and said, speaking of the ladies of a certain town, "Si je trouve quelqu'un de ces chaperons qui couvre une jolie tête, je pourrai bien m'y assurer en passant et par curiosité seulement!" Like all gay men, he had his moments of despondency, but he was without depth. In spite of all this, he was capable of taking an independent attitude; and his devotion to his friends was as great as his infidelity to his wife. So he left behind him his "Fables" and "Tales"—pride and glory of the French nation. They are sincere, they are charming; they are full of flashes of true poetry; they are.

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in fact, the agreeable written *patter* of La Fontaine himself. Is their effect immoral? I think not. We are so occupied with the manner of the teller, we are so amused with his piquancy and outspokenness, that we do not brood too long over the impure. The flashes of poetry and wit play around the "gaudriole," and purify it unconsciously. La Fontaine sits before us in his easy chair. We see the twinkling of his merry eye, and we hear his wit tinkling against his subject—like ice tapping on the side of a beaker of champagne. We are brought up with much purer notions, but we cannot help enjoying the poet's society—he is so straightforward, so genuine. We would not like to waste precious time in his company very often, but he is harmless. We must have a very poor opinion of ourselves if we think our moral tone can be hurt by such a shallow fellow.

It would prove no more to prolong examples of this sort. As for modern French writers of the "immoral" school, they are an imitative and inferior set—only competent to hurt school-boys. George Sand, because she is not always sincere, has written immorally—in such trash as "Leone Levi," for example; but where she has conferred literary splendour on illicit passion, where her words burn with the reality of a fiery nature, she has not shocked us—we have been so absorbed with the intensity of the more splendid emotion growing out of and playing over a subject deeply felt. The pleasure we have derived from her finer efforts in that direction has not been immoral in any true sense of that word; for the sincerity of the writer has caused the revelation of the agony, and made us feel glad that our own standards are happier. Inferior writers may grovel as much as they please, but we don't heed them. We know their books are immoral, but we know also that they are not literature.

A well-meaning and conscientious man will not unfrequently disseminate immoral ideas through deficiency of insight. The late Count de Vigny did so. In his translations of Shakspeare he softened all the coarse passages, and in many cases only rendered the indelicacy more insidious. But he sinned most outrageously in his boldest original effort, the play of *Chatterton*—"an austere work," he says, "written in the silence of a labour of seventeen nights." The hero, of course, is the young English poet. The play is a plea for genius against society. The plea sounds more effective in the high-flown preface than in the text which follows:—"When a man dies in this way," says De Vigny, "is he then a suicide? No; it is society that flings him into the fire! . . . There are some things which kill the ideas first and the man afterwards: hunger, for example. . . . I ask society to do no more than she is capable of doing. I do not ask her to cure the pains of the heart, and drive away unhappy ideals—to prevent Werther and Saint Preux from loving Charlotte and Julie d'Etanges. There are, I know, a thousand miserable ideas over which

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society has no control. The more reason, it seems to me, to think of those which she can cure. . . . One should not suffer those whose infirmity is inspiration to perish. They are never numerous, and I cannot help thinking they possess some value, since humanity is unanimous on the subject of their grandeur, and declares their verse immortal—when they are dead. . . . Let us cease to say to them, *Despair and die.* It is for legislation to answer this plea, one of the most vital and profound that can agitate society." Unfortunately, poets starve still, and apologists like De Vigny have not made society one whit the kinder. As might have been expected, the play is full of puerilities. The Chatterton of De Vigny is a mere abstraction, cleverly conceived, no doubt, but no more like the real person than the real person was like a monk of the fifteenth century, or the French "Child of the Age." He has been educated with the young nobility at Oxford, has taken to literature, and has fallen in love with "Kitty Bell"—who has several children by a brute of a husband. The only way he can devise to show his attachment is to give Kitty a Bible, and the first act ends with her soliloquy after receiving the same. "Why," exclaims Mrs. Bell, "why, when I touched my husband's hand, did I reproach myself for keeping this book? Conscience cannot be in the wrong. [*She stands dreaming.*] I will return it!" In the opinion of the French dramatist, it is exceedingly pathetic to find a married woman and London landlady falling in love with her lodger, and vastly probable to make certain lords go hunting, in Chatterton's time, on Primrose Hill. Aggravated to frenzy by mingled hunger and love, the poet determines to kill himself; but is interrupted by the entrance of "Le Quaker," a highly moral and sagacious person, who makes a great figure in the play. The two discourse on suicide. "What!" cries the Quaker at last, "Kitty Bell loves you! *Now*, will you kill yourself?" Whereas, in real life, any sensible fellow, even a Frenchman, would have said, "Far better kill yourself, my boy, than continue in this infatuation for a married woman." Chatterton relents for the time being. He is afterwards rendered desperate, however, by Lord Mayor Bedford, a personage of whose authority De Vigny had the most exaggerated notions, and who offers the poor poet a situation as *footman*. "O my soul, I have sold thee!" cried Chatterton, when left to himself; "I purchase thee back with *this*." And he thereupon drinks the opium. He then throws his manuscripts on the fire. "Go, noble thoughts, written for the ungrateful!" he exclaims; "be purified in the flame, and mount to heaven with me!" At this point Kitty Bell enters the chamber, and much sweet sentiment is spoken. "Listen to me," says the marvellous boy. "You have a charming family: do you love your children?" "Assuredly—more than life." "Love your life, then, for the sake of those to whom you have given it." "Alas!

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'tis not for their sakes that I love it." "What is there more beautiful in the world, Kitty Bell?" asks Chatterton; "with those angels on your knees, you resemble Divine Charity." He at last tells her that he is a doomed man; whereupon she falls upon her knees, exclaiming, "Powers of Heaven, spare him!" He falls dead. Then again the Quaker makes his appearance, like the Moral incarnated; and at his back is John Bell, the brute of a husband. Kitty dies by the side of Chatterton; and the curtain falls as the Quaker cries, "In thine own kingdom, in thine own, O Lord, receive these two MARTYRS!"

It would be tedious to point out the sickliness of the story, or to show further how utterly the simplicity of truth is destroyed by the false elements introduced to add to its pathos. So utterly unreal are the circumstances, that they impress Frenchmen as ludicrously as Englishmen; they are immoral, but harmless through very silliness. The play from beginning to end, in its feebleness and falsehood, is a fair specimen of what an incompetent man may do when dealing with a subject which he does not understand. He does not feel the truth, and therefore introduces elements to make it more attractive to his sympathies. He thinks he is saying a fine thing when he is uttering what merely awakens ridicule. He pronounces Pan superior to Apollo, and gets the asses' ears for his pains; and the crown is so palpable to the eyes of all men, that nobody listens to his solemn judgments afterwards.

Wherever great sin has found truly literary expression, that expression has contained the thrill of pain which touches and teaches. Wherever a gay sincere heart has chosen immoral subjects, and succeeded in making them not only tolerable but pleasant, Nature has stepped in with the magic of genius to spiritualise the impure. Where there is sin in literature and no suffering, the description is false, because in life the moral implication of sin is suffering; and whether a writer expresses the truth through actual experience, or mere insight, the effect is the same. Where immoral subjects have been treated gaily, in levity, without the purifying literary spirituality, the result has been worthless—it has ministered neither to knowledge nor to pleasure. And to what does all this, if admitted, lead? To the further admission that immoral writing proceeds primarily from insincerity of vision, and that nothing is worthy the name of literature which is decided on fair grounds to be immoral.

It is easy to apply the broad test to some of our older authors, who have certainly used language pretty freely. We shall not go very far wrong if we pronounce many of the Elizabethan dramatists, and all the dramatists of the Restoration, to be immoral. Yet Shakspeare is occasionally as gross as any of his contemporaries; while Jonson, an inferior writer, though a straightforward and splendid nature, is singularly pure. I do not fancy, for my own part, that

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we should lose much if Congreve and Wycherly were thrown on the fire. It is fortunate that few females read Mrs. Behn; filth on a woman's lips shocks us infinitely more than filth on the lips of a man. No woman can utter a "gaudriole" and keep her soul feminine: she becomes a raving and sexless Atys. When we come to Swift we find a heap of coarse stuff, both in prose and verse; but is it immoral? As the bitter outpouring of a strangely little spirit, it is disagreeable, but it is real—if we except some of the worthless pieces and the worst portions of Gulliver. The descriptions in the latter part of Gulliver are immoral, because they are obviously insincere, and are therefore loathsome and injurious.

For critics should insist upon the fact that literature is meant to minister to our finer mental needs through the medium of pleasurable sensation. I do not think it possible to over-rate the moral benefit to be gained by the frequent contemplation of beautiful and ennobling literature. But La Fontaine, as has been suggested, can awaken the sentiment of beauty—in his own way, in his own degree. On the other hand, the moral injury we receive, from the contemplation of things degrading and not beautiful, is also inestimable. In reading books it is easy to notice broad unrealities and indecencies, but very difficult indeed to recognise the poison coated with clean white diction. Mr. Tennyson might write a poem to-morrow which would be essentially immoral, and yet very hard to detect. In point of fact, being a man of genius, he would not do so, but if the thing were done, not many would be awake to it. It requires an occult judgment nowadays to find out immoral books.

If an Englishman of to-day were to write like Catullus or Herrick, or to tell such tales as "La Berceau" of La Fontaine, or the Carpenter's Wife of Chaucer, we should hound him from our libraries; and justly; because no Englishman, in the presence of our civilisation, with the advantage of our decisive finalities as to the decencies of language, could say to his conscience, "I have a right to say these things; I believe in them with all my faculties of belief; my heart is in them, and I am sure that I understand them clearly." Our danger just now does not lie in that direction. There is no danger of our writers indulging in indecencies. Whatever our private life may be, our literature is singularly alive to the proprieties. As our culture has grown, as our ideas of decorum have narrowed, the immorality of books has been more and more disguised,—indeed, so well is it disguised at this time, that the writers themselves often fancy they are mixing up aperients, not doses of wormwood. It is difficult to distinguish between harmless ether and Scheele's preparation. A shower of immoral books pours out yearly; many of them are read by religious societies and praised by Bishops, and by far the larger number of them find favour with Mr. Mudie.

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A new public has arisen, created by new schools of writers; and nowadays one must be careful how he throws out a hard truth, lest he hit the fretful head of the British matron. The immorality is of a different kind, but it works quite as perniciously in its own sphere as the immorality of modern French writers of the avowedly immoral school.

The immorality I complain of in modern books is their untruth in matters affecting private conduct, their false estimates of character, the false impressions they convey concerning modern life in general, and especially with regard to the relations between the sexes. This immorality, of course, shows itself mainly in our fiction; though from our fiction it has spread into our religious writing and our philosophy. The main purpose of fiction is to please; and so widely is this felt, that a novel with an avowedly didactic purpose is very wisely avoided by the subscribers to the circulating libraries. Scott, the greatest novelist that ever lived, never stooped to so-called didactic writing at all, directly or indirectly; for he knew that to do so would have been to deny the value of fiction altogether, because true pictures need no dry tag to make them impress and teach. Thackeray was not quite so wise, being a so much smaller writer and inferior artist; he worked in his own peculiar fashion; yet he never pretended to be a didactic teacher. Didactic writing in novels, at the best, is like a moral printed underneath a picture, describing the things which, it is supposed, the reader ought to infer from the picture; or, like the commentaries bound in with some of the French translations of Goethe's "Faust" and Dante's "Inferno." When, therefore, we see the announcement as "A Novel with a purpose," we may pretty safely infer that it will serve no wise man's purpose to read that novel.

Setting purely didactic writers aside, we come to a class of writers who are directly under French influence, yet manage dexterously enough to deceive many of our Catos. A notable example is Miss Braddon. This lady has undoubted ability—ability destined for better things, we trust, in the future; she has seen a good deal of "life," and she has a readable style—as grammatical, perhaps, as that of Thackeray! It would not be difficult to show in what respects "Aurora Floyd" and "Lady Audley's Secret" are immoral; but, in point of fact, it is not necessary to examine that subject, because it is settled by simple literary criticism. Yet Miss Braddon, partly because she is not sufficiently sincere, and partly for other reasons, has not done any harm. The other reasons are simple. When Miss Braddon published the public was surfeited with watery works of fiction of the most decorously abominable kind. It gasped for a breath from Bohemia. Anything, anything but the eternal inhalation of platitudes, but the pitiless phlebotomising of literary doctors. The "moral" school of writing was a little indigestible.

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It looked very crisp and enticing at first, but it turned out that it was made with lard instead of pure well-churned butter. Whereas real Morality is wholesome.

Life is very hard and difficult, our personal relations with each other are complicated enough without the intrusion of puzzles and untruths from the circulating library. If novelists would only paint what they are convinced they thoroughly understand, and critics would only convict offenders more severely, we should soon be more comfortable. Does it ever strike some writers that the immoral effect of a false picture on a half-formed mind may be fatal to a body and a soul? Yet that is by no means too strong a way to put the case. Erroneous notions of men, drawn from books, ruin many women yearly, paralyse the understanding, numb the faculty of insight just as it is going to accumulate its own wisdom, confuse the whole prospect of life at the very outset. Vulgar Virtue turns out a brute daily, and chills the etherial temper of Sentimental Suffering, who, in an hour of adoration, has allied herself to him. Silent Endurance bears so much that we are suspicious; so we run a pin into his heart, and the heart bleeds—vinegar. As men and women advance in life they ascertain that happiness and beauty are not to be produced by a single faculty, but by the happy harmonious blending of all the faculties; that the hero in battle may make an atrocious husband, that vulgar virtue becomes tiresome when separated from spirituality, and that there are some things which fine natures cannot endure silently. This is not saying that a single faculty may not be remarkable and pleasing, that a hero is not a hero, that virtue is contemptible, that control over the emotions is not desirable, and even enviable. It means merely that the writers in question describe faculties and not characters; abstractions, not realities; not men and women, but peculiarities of men and women. The whole is lost in the part, and the effect is immoral in a high degree.

A well-known instance in point may be given, and then illustrations may cease. Some years ago it was the custom for every novelist to make his hero and heroine personally handsome. The appearance of "Jane Eyre" was welcomed as a salutary protest, and a revolution was the consequence. For a considerable time afterwards ugly heroes and heroines were the rage; and the bookshop poured forth immoral books—immoral because they lied against a natural truth, that mere beauty is finer than mere ugliness, did not prove that nobility of nature is finer than mere beauty, did not tell that nobility of nature with beauty of form and feature is finer than nobility of nature without such beauty. At present the plan of many novelists is very funny. They adopt a medium. Ugly heroes and heroines, as well as handsome ones, have gone out of fashion. A hero now is "not what would strictly be termed beautiful; his features were faulty;

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but there was—" any novel-reader will complete the sentence. In the same manner, a heroine, "although at ordinary times she attracted little attention, became, under the influence of emotion, so lovely that all the faults of feature were forgotten." I fear I hardly do the novel-writers justice in these matters of description, but their own lively paintings are so well-known that my inability can cause them no injury.

Against immoral books of all kinds there is but one remedy—severe and competent criticism. If, as I have endeavoured to point out, morality in literature is dependent on sincerity of vision, and if all immoral writing betrays itself by its insincerity, feebleness, and want of verisimilitude, the work of criticism is pretty simple. To prove a work immoral in any way but one, it would be necessary to have endless discussions as to what is, and what is not morality. The one way is to apply the purely literary test, and convince the public that the question of immorality need not be discussed at all, since it is settled by the decision that the work under review is not literature.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE FOREST OF DARTMOOR.

"DART," says Master Tristram Risdon, author of a "Survey of Devon," in the reign of James I., "fleeteth through the Moors with a long solitarie course, till he watereth Buckfast." The distant cousin of the Douro and the Durance,—of the Kentish Darent and the Yorkshire Derwent,—(the Celtic root *dwr*, water, is common to all these names), has its own histories and recollections, flowing onward from the day when Brutus of Troy, with his giant companion, "li Duk Syre Corinée," father of all Cornishmen, first landed on its bank. But our main business is not now with the river. It lies rather among those rocky hills and wastes forming the royal "forest of Dartmoor," where the Dart itself rises, and through which it "fleeteth" in its first "solitarie" course. Few corners of England have remained more entirely unchanged; and few have a more distinct and remarkable character.

The tors of Dartmoor form part of a granitic chain which (although broken at intervals) extends from Cawsand hill, the most northernly spur of the forest, to the Land's End, and reappears in the Scilly Islands. This chain attains its greatest height on Dartmoor,—Yestor, adjoining Cawsand, rises to 2,050 feet, and is the highest point in England south of Ingleborough,—and sinks gradually as it passes westward. It is not, in all probability, unconnected with the granite which forms what Chaucer calls "the grisly, fiendy

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rockis blake" of the Breton Coast, or with that of Galicia, and the piled masses of Cape Finisterre—the land's end of Northern Spain. But not one of these granite districts, if we except, perhaps, some part of Galicia, is more picturesque than Dartmoor, or abounds more with those relics of former ages (although those of Brittany are on a grander scale) which the very barrenness of a granite country, unfavourable to the plough, always does so much to protect. There is something singularly exciting to the imagination in this Devonshire highland, with its line of heights and hollows reflecting every change of cloud or of sunshine, and everywhere closing in the distant landscape like the bastions of some great hill-fortress. The country below has changed,—woods have disappeared, and heaths have become corn-land,—but the hills not at all. They are still the same as in the days of Arthur or Geraint; and many a trace of British warrior and of heathen Saxon yet lingers among their recesses. Giant Dart himself appears as lord of the hill-streams and the heather, with all the hosts of pixies and of mine spirits for his subjects, in certain histories of the "valiant Cornishman" Jack; though until the literature relating to that worthy shall have been examined by competent critics, we must not venture to claim his friend—for Giant Dart belonged to the better class of monsters—as the representative of Thor or of Woden. But the master of the Wish-hounds, a swart figure with a hunting-pole, who follows his unearthly pack along the moor paths at night, is no doubt as truly a form of the old Northern deity as the Wild Huntsman of the Hartz or the Odenwald. The river itself has not entirely lost the half supernatural character which Celt and Teuton were alike ready to bestow on it. Its "cry," as the louder sound which rises from it toward nightfall is called on Dartmoor, is a warning of ill, if heard beyond a certain distance; and once a year at least it insists on having a victim:—

> "River of Dart, oh river of Dart,
> Every year thou claim'st a heart."

A district so retentive of old beliefs is pretty sure to be conservative in most other matters. It is still the portion of Devonshire in which the true old west-country dialect lingers in the greatest perfection. "Wa-asp!" said an old Dartmoor farmer to his daughter, who had leant an ear to the refinements of Exeter or Plymouth, "why can't-'ee zay *waps* like any Christen? I can't abear sich methodistical ways." Railways and other "methodistical ways" are indeed threatening the seclusion of Dartmoor; but until very recently it was perplexed by little fear of change. Persons are still living in many of the parishes round about the moor who remember the appearance of the first cart,—all the work having been formerly done (as much of it still is) by pack-horses, or by the not unpicturesque

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crooks. Farmer's wife and squire's daughter travelled to church or to the distant market on a pillion. "A frivolous excuse, indeed, my friends," said the vicar of a moorland parish, when, commenting on the parable of the supper, and on the excuses of those invited, he arrived at that of the man who had married a wife,—"a frivolous excuse indeed. Why he might have brought her behind him on a pillion."

The Forest of Dartmoor, with the adjoining wastes, contains about 130,000 acres; and each of its very irregular sides forms a distinct line, rising above the cultivated districts, for a distance of between fifteen and twenty miles. All within is a mass of granite crested "tors," as the hills are here called (the word is British, signifying a rocky summit); of heathery moorland, rising into long, rounded "backs" and ridges, and often strewn with blocks of splintered rock; of low-lying, black peat bogs, or "lakes," as they are sometimes called, over which the cotton grass flutters, and which are made specially "eerie" by the shrill cries of peewits and curlews, that love to haunt such kelpie's land; and of numberless "waters" and rivers (all the Devonshire rivers, except the Exe and its tributaries, have their springs on Dartmoor, and flow north and south from the main watershed near Cawsand)—"troutful streams," as old Drayton calls them, dashing onward among great shafts of granite, and through glens and passes of thoroughly Highland character. Dartmoor is now pierced by roads in at least four directions; but it is easy to see how strong a natural fastness it must have been, and how easily its main approaches might have been defended, when such means of access were either entirely unprovided or were no better than the rough cattle track, half path, half stream bed, which every here and there climbs upward to the moors. Accordingly on the moor itself there is no trace of an ancient camp; and (with one exception) none of any strongly protected settlement: the whole forest was one great stronghold; but all round, close on its borders, and exactly at those places where the pass into the highland is most easy or most natural, the hills are crowned with very strong camps and "castles," the form and construction of which show at once that although they may have been turned to account by Roman occupants, they were the work of a ruder people. Such are the very remarkable camps on either side of the Teign, below Drewsteignton, commanding a narrow gorge of the hills through which the river winds under hanging oak copses and "clatters" of grey rock. It was here, amid the wildest and most picturesque scenery, that, as Mr. Merivale inclines to think,[1] the Britons of Deufneynt made their last stand against the legions of Rome under Vespasian and Titus; and, however that may be (it must be confessed that the camps themselves are voiceless in the

(1) "History of Rome under the Empire," vol. vi.

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matter), it is clear that this pass of the river was guarded with extreme care and jealousy. Both against Rome, and later against Saxon invaders, Dartmoor was strongly defended, not only as a vast "dinas," to use the old British word for a fortified camp, up to which the cattle might be driven from the low country in time of danger, but also as the great mining district from which tin in great quantities was despatched to the emporium at Caer Isc—Exeter. For it is certain that the tin of the Devonshire moorlands was worked at a very early period; and coins of great antiquity—Greek of Marseilles, Syracuse, and Alexandria—of Zeugma, and other colonies on the Tigris and Euphrates—found at great depths and in considerable numbers within the walls of the ancient Isca, show that merchants must have found their way into the Exe long before the appearance of the first Roman soldiers. The long deep trenches with which the sides of many of the Dartmoor hills are scored, called "gulphs" or "goyles" (the word seems to be the same as the north country "gill"), by the moormen, are remains of very ancient stream works, in which the more superficial ore was carefully washed and collected. Always in close connection with these works are the foundations of circular huts, grouped for the most part in large clusters or "villages," overgrown with fern and heather, but far more distinct and traceable than the British pits of the Yorkshire moors or the hut circles of Cheviot, since they are formed by blocks of granite piled together, and have often an upright entrance post still remaining, and a hollow sunk for a central hearth. Of all these villages (and they are found in every part of the moor, generally near water) the most remarkable is Grimspound, lying under Hooknor Tor, and close to the line of an ancient boundary which once ran completely across Dartmoor, and divided it, in moorman's phrase, into the "north" and "south" country. Grimspound is enclosed by a nearly circular wall of rough granite, about ten feet thick, but nowhere higher than six feet at present. Within the area are twenty-five hut circles. A stream of water runs through it; and it evidently formed a defensive position of considerable strength. Seen from the hill which commands it—(no objection to the strength of its position, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson has pointed out;[1]—the city of Mycenæ is overlooked just as completely)—with the pale lights chasing each other along the desolate moorland, seamed and scarred by old stream works and by black peat haggs, Grimspound has a certain "eerie" look, which may account for its appropriation by "Grima"—one of the Saxon names for the evil one—if this is indeed its true etymology. A very old Dartmoor tradition asserts that the stone monuments of all descriptions were raised here when

(1) Sir G. Wilkinson's excellent papers on the British remains on Dartmoor will be found in the Journal of the Archæological Association, vol. xviii.

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the hills were infested by winged serpents and the valleys by wolves. Such a tradition, like the name of Grimspound, is almost sufficient to prove that these remains were as strange to the first Saxon settlers as they are to us. That the hut foundations belong to a very early period is also clear from the sepulchral remains found attached to them, and evidently of the same date. Circles of upright stones, containing "kistvaens," or rude stone coffins, and long parallel rows of stones, also opening at intervals into circles, or terminating in them, are the most remarkable of these. The latter are especially curious; since, although they resemble on a small scale the extraordinary monument at Carnac in Brittany, they have really no exact parallels in England or in Wales. They are probably sepulchral; but sacred rites and ceremonies may not impossibly have been connected with them. Less certainly of religious character are the rock basins—deep, large, and regularly shaped hollows in the granite—which are found on the highest points of many of the tors. The largest of these is on Kestor rock—("a mortal place for ravens," say its neighbours)—so deep and wide, that when full of rain water it was dangerous to the "moorning" sheep, and was accordingly, as an old moorman told Mr. Ormerod, filled with bog moss about one hundred years ago. The rock basins on most of the tors have been carefully examined by Mr. Ormerod,[1] an excellent geologist, who thinks that in all cases they have resulted from the natural disintegration of the stone. Not so Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who looks on many as artificial, and produces numerous examples of their occurrence elsewhere, and in other rocks than granite. There is one within the British fort of Old Berwick, in Northumberland, called the "bloody trough," from a tradition that human sacrifices were made over it by the Druids. This is in sandstone. So called "Druidical" theories have of course been brought to bear on the rock basins of Dartmoor; and it has been convincingly shown, as elicited from the inner consciousness of many *savans*, that pure rain water required for the lustrations of the old British priests was collected by them in these granite troughs.

No iron tool or weapon has as yet been found in any of the Dartmoor tombs,—a proof apparently of their great antiquity; and no remains whatever were found beneath the great cromlech at Drewsteignton—the only cromlech in Devonshire—when the ground was examined in 1862. Bronze celts and palstaves have been discovered from time to time on the moor and its borders. Flint weapons, such as are so frequent on the Yorkshire moors, are very rare on Dartmoor.

The tin first worked by these early settlers on Dartmoor continued for many ages a source of great profit to the Crown and the Dukes

(1) See his paper in the Journal of the Geological Soc., Feb. 1859.

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of Cornwall. Dartmoor, with its royalties, was granted by Henry III. to his brother Richard, already Earl of Cornwall. The tin from the Dartmoor mines at this time (A.D. 1238) exceeded in quantity that produced by the whole of Cornwall; and much of the enormous wealth which Richard afterwards (1257) expended in procuring for himself the barren honour of King of the Romans, was the "gathered store" from these Devonshire mines. Jews, it is said, were farmers of the mines here at an early period, as they no doubt were in Cornwall. It is more certain that the abbots of Tavistock, whose great Benedictine house rose immediately under the heights of Dartmoor, were for some time lessees of the tin works; looking forward, perhaps, like Sir Epicure Mammon in Jonson's play—

> "To buy up Devonshire and Cornwall
> And make them perfect Indies,"

since they are traditionally said to have been no strangers to the mysteries of the Green Dragon or the Tree of Hermes. But the farmers of the mines, whoever they may have been, were bound by the very ancient laws and customs of the Stannaries, as declared by the "Stannators" of Devon, who met at first, conjointly with those of Cornwall, on the summit of Hengstone down beyond the Tamar, but, after the reign of Edward I., on Crockern Tor on Dartmoor, where their rude granite seats remained until the beginning of the present century. There, "in the face of the sun and in the eye of day," they feared, says Westcote, "no hellish malice of undermining gunpowder moles;" but they did come at last to fear the rough mountain wind and storm; and the Court was accordingly removed to the Castle of Lidford. The customs declared in these Stannary "parliaments" were no doubt of extreme antiquity and of proportionate rudeness. Although the tinners are said to have had no power in cases which touched "life or limb," they punished an adulterator of the purified metal by pouring three spoonfuls of melted tin down his throat.

But Dartmoor is a royal forest; and whilst the tinners were free to search for their metal within its bounds, woe to them if they touched the king's deer, or hunted wolf or wild cat over its heaths without license from keeper and verdurer. A forest, however (with permission of M. le Baron Meurice, who, misled by the name, proposed to cut gabions and fascines for his siege of Plymouth from the "forêt de Dartmoor") does not necessarily imply the presence of trees. It was in early times, as it still is in the Highlands of Scotland, the general title for any great wild tract where the "beasts of the chase" might wander free; which should be protected by the stern forest laws; and which, as Manwood tells us, "was not for meane men of meane calling or condition, but onlie for kings and great worthie parsonages." Such was Dartmoor: and as such the

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"foresta," together with Lidford Castle, which was regarded as its head (it is sometimes called the "Castle of Dartmoor:" the whole of the forest is in the parish of Lidford), was granted by the Crown to such "great worthie parsonages" as it delighted to honour; until, in the reign of Edward III., it was attached indissolubly to the Duchy of Cornwall. The "Forest" has its own boundaries, recognised from time to time by due perambulation: but, with its purlieus, it extends over all the hill country of Dartmoor. Except Wishman's Wood, overhanging the stream of the East Dart, a patch of dwarfed and stunted oaks, of unknown age, spreading their gnarled, moss-hung branches over blocks of splintered granite, and named, in all probability, from Woden, the master of the "wish" hounds, there is no "vert" within the forest of Dartmoor; but in the long deep hollows, lined with fern and heather, and by the river sides among beds of tall rushes and bog myrtle, there is excellent "lying" for red deer; and in many an old manor house on the borders of the moor—most of all, "if they have writ their annals true," in the cloisters of Benedictine and Cistercian—there must have been frequent occasion for calling to mind the old forest rhyme—

> "Non est inquirendum unde venit venison,
> Nam si forte furtum sit, sola fides sufficit."

The red deer has been extinct on Dartmoor for nearly a century. It is now confined, in the West and (almost in England, *feræ naturæ*), to the far less picturesque hills and valleys of Exmoor.

Offenders against the forest law, and those convicted by judgment of the stannators, were imprisoned in Lidford Castle,—at present a square black shell, in which Jeffries, says tradition, sat as judge for the last time, and now haunts the ruin in the appropriate shape of a black pig. It is to the summary punishments of both forest and stannary law that we owe the ill repute of Lidford justice, equivalent, as it seems to have been held, to "Jeddart justice," beyond the Tweed, or to "Lynch law," in America. The earliest known reference to Lidford law occurs in a contemporary poem on the deposition of Richard II., written, most probably, by a monk of Bristol. "Now by the lawe of Lydfford," exclaims the poet, who is discoursing on the marvellous dress of the young lords—

> "Thilke lewde ladde ougte evyll to thryve
> That hangeth on his hippis more than he wynneth."

It is clear that the saying was then well known; and it was not less so in the days of James I., when William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," visited Lidford, and commemorated his visit in verse:—

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"I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wondered at it much,
But since I find the matter such,
As it deserves no laughter.

"When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lydford Castle's high hall!
I know none gladly there would stay
But rather hang out of the way
Than tarry for a trial."

The prison within Lidford Castle is described in an Act of Parliament (1512) as "one of the most hanious, contagious, and detestable places in the realm." The act was passed to afford redress to William Strode, then member for Plympton, who had been prosecuted and fined by the Stannators at Crockern Tor, and refusing to pay, had been kept for three weeks in irons at Lidford, and fed on bread and water.

The names scattered over such a district as Dartmoor are the best possible evidences not only of its past history, but of its climate and general character. As certain plants, still found on the moor, are relics of a glacial period, the flora belonging to which was once spread over the greater part of England, so the names of the tors and hill-streams are yet lingering traces of the tribes that first wandered over, and dwelt beside them. The names of the greater rivers—Dart, Teign, Taw, Tavy—are British. Plym, and, perhaps, Torridge, received their present names from the first Teutonic settlers. Among the tors, Rootor (Corn. *rooz*), the red hill; Meltor (*mel*, yellow), the yellow or furzy hill; Lynxtor (*lynnck*, marshy), the hill of the morass; and, perhaps, Kneeset (*neage*, moss), the great mossy hill, not to mention such as Beltor, Hessarytor, and others, which have been claimed for the shadowy British gods Bel, Hesus, and the like, belong to that Celtic race which, we may fairly believe, was the constructor of such "villages" as Grimspound. Mist-tor, Houndtor, Foxtor, and Sheepstor, are Saxon, and give us an additional touch or two toward a picture of primitive Dartmoor; while such words as "cleave," a deeply *cleft* valley, full of broken rock; "ledge," a high pass along the tor side; "beam," a straight natural line of division, sunk heath or morass; or "hall," constantly used for the hollow of the hill (compare the Icelandic "hialla") still as strictly appropriate as when first given, show how completely unchanged the country has remained through the long march of centuries. Other names, of later date, tell us something further of the nature of Dartmoor. Such are "Honeywell's Bed," or "Childe's Tomb," both commemorating persons who are said to have perished

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in the snow, still most formidable in severe winters on these great untracked moorlands. The prisoners on Dartmoor have more than once been compelled to dig a way through the snow toward Tavistock before the usual provision carts could reach them; and a winter rarely passes without some loss of life. "Childe's Tomb"—a granite cross, of which the basement alone now remains in a most desolate morass, close under Foxtor — was raised, says tradition, by the Tavistock Benedictines on the place where a certain "Childe the Hunter" was found, frozen to death, within the body of his horse, which he had killed, and crept into, for the sake of warmth. With its blood he had written on a rock close by—

> "The first that finds and brings me to my grave
> The lands of Plymstock he shall have."

The monks found, and brought him to their convent. The story is in all probability a version of some ancient Saxon legend, since Plymstock seems to have been one of the manors bestowed on Tavistock Abbey at the time of its foundation; although deep snow or the thick, flying mists that close in over the moors very suddenly and completely, might well bring about such a hunter's catastrophe. Something mysterious is generally connected with these mischances in the minds of the moormen, who look on the remoter heights of the forest, and especially the heaths about Cranmere,—a solitary morass in and near which many rivers have their sources, and where unhappy spirits heard wailing within it, are kept confined,—as, in their own words, "critical places," which it is not safe to traverse alone. The remains of two children who, not many years since, were lost in a thick mist near Widdecombe, were at last discovered on a far off hill-side, where many hawks and ravens were hovering and pitching. But the hill had an evil reputation; and the man who first saw the birds was "afeared to go nigh," till he had called some turf-cutters to keep him company.

And it was this "vraie Sibérie," this land of mist and snow, that perfidious Albion selected as the place on which to construct her chief war prisons during the long revolutionary struggle with France. Both French and Americans have given us long narratives of their detention here, more or less untrustworthy; but, although the motto over the great gates, "Parcere subjectis," seems to have been tolerably well observed, there can be no doubt that, thanks to the inmates themselves, they were, as prisons of war, far more "heinous and detestable" than Lidford as the prison of the stannaries. The buildings themselves have now been altered and enlarged, so as to form the great convict prison which is a rival of that on Portland Island; but in their former condition, deserted, solitary, and slowly mouldering to decay, they were more gloomily "uncanny" than the blackest morass on Dartmoor:—

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"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear—
'The place is haunted.'"

After all, whatever may have been the iniquity of "ce monstre Pitt" in confining his victims under such a sky and within such walls, "the whirligig of time has brought about its revenges." A lively Frenchman (his name does not appear) has produced a "roman" entitled "Le Dartmoor," in which the "ancient moore," as Drayton calls her, is made to suffer ample retribution for all she may have inflicted on the Gauls of former generations. Miss Kitty and Miss Betsy, "jeunes demoiselles des plus charmants," live in a rustic, but most refined, abode close under "le Dartmoor." Alas, that such innocence and such beauty could not command a better fate! Alphonse, a young Frenchman, who condescends to assist in the "établissement" of an eminent silk merchant at Plymouth, one day arrives at the cottage-door with a pack (such, it appears, is the eccentric way in which eminent silk merchants at Plymouth prefer doing business) stuffed with the most exquisite silks, with robes "dignes de Paris," and even with "châles de Cachemire." Miss Kitty, lively and impulsive, is struck with the beauty of the silks—more with the good looks of M. Alphonse. Miss Betsy, whose mind is of a severer order, and who delights to wander alone under the "ciel sombre et mysterieux" and among the "rochers sauvages" of Dartmoor, suspects a coming danger, and sends the fascinating packman about his business. How he came back, of poor Miss Kitty's too sad fate, of Miss Betsy's adventures among the haunted rocks of Sheepstor, and of the final triumph of virtue and la belle France,—all this and a great deal more will be found in the edifying, yellow-wrapped history, for which we sincerely wish all the literary success it deserves.

In spite of mist and snow, however, the climate of Dartmoor, even in winter, is healthy and bracing; and in spring, when the hills are golden with furze, while the streams dash onward between beds of aromatic bog-myrtle, or in autumn, when the heather, with its colouring of dusky crimson, gives something of life and of beauty to the most desolate mosses, nothing can well be more invigorating than the fresh free air of the Devonshire highland, with its occasional dash of turf smoke from outlying farm or village. No one who visits Dartmoor at such seasons will wonder at the strong hold it retains on the affections of all who live on it or around it. "I would rather live in the hollow rocks of Blackytor than in the finest house in Plymouth," said old Tom French, a well-known Dartmoor "hunter," and a great "destroyer" of foxes; "a nasty varmint," he declared, "that aught to be killed on the Sabbath as well as on the week

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day." Tom, we believe, was "in at the death" of a fox which, like himself, preferred the "hollow rocks" of Cumston Tor to any more usual abode, and which, run after run, disappeared among them to the great wonder and dissatisfaction of its pursuers. Many were the stories told of this marvellous "varmint," which at last came to be looked on as not altogether canny. It was killed, in the end, close under the tor; and, what an ordinary fox never does, gave a loud sharp cry when caught. There was much white in its pads. A veteran sportsman who was present declared that only on one other occasion he had heard a fox "cry" at the death, and that fox was also marked by its white pads.

Standing on one of the higher tors near the border of Dartmoor, and looking over the wide stretch of cultivated land beneath it,—the long, wooded coombes that run upward into the skirts of the moorland, and the river valleys with their patches of green meadow shut in between steep hill sides—it is easy to see how the great mass of wild country, occupying so large a proportion of Devonshire, has influenced the history of the county. The most ancient roads, those which the Romans either constructed or adopted, ran below it on either side. The castles of Lidford, Plympton, and Okehampton rose close under the hills,—for their lords were "worthie parsonages" enough to obtain license for hunting the deer in the king's forest; the earliest religious houses in Devonshire—Tavistock and Buckfastleigh—lie both of them in the upper valleys of Dartmoor rivers; nestling, as it were, under the high moors that rise steeply behind them. Monk and baron alike found their account in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor; whilst, like the Romans with the line of their roads, they hesitated to raise their towers or their cloisters among the barren hills themselves. The Cistercians especially, of Buckland and of Buckfast, have left traces of their former interests on Dartmoor. Grey, weather-worn crosses, "signa," says a charter of the former abbey, "Christiano digna,"—still mark the boundaries of the convent moors, and stand here and there beside the "Abbots' Way,'—a narrow green path through the heather, along which, says tradition, the wool of their moorland sheep was conveyed downward to the ample storehouses of the Cistercians at Buckfast. Later still, the long, low manor house, and the franklin's farm, with its outlying "steadings" rose, as we may still look down upon them, in many a winding coombe and sheltered valley. And the unchanged, old-world atmosphere of Dartmoor hangs alike about coombe and manor-house; carrying us back to ages which appear far less real and impressive amid the stir and confusion "of this most brisk and giddy-paced time."

RICHARD J. KING.

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VITTORIA.

Chapter XXXV.

CLOSE OF THE LOMBARD CAMPAIGN.—VITTORIA'S PERPLEXITY.

The fall of Vicenza turned a tide that had overflowed its barriers with force enough to roll it to the Adriatic. From that day it was as if a violent wind blew east over Lombardy; flood and wind breaking here and there a tree, bowing everything before them. City, fortress, and battle-field resisted as the eddy whirls. Venice kept her brave colours streaming aloft in a mighty grasp despite the storm, but between Venice and Milan there was this unutterable devastation,—so sudden a change, so complete a reversal of the shield, that the Lombards were at first incredulous even in their agony, and set their faces against it as at a monstrous eclipse, as though the heavens were taking false oath of its being night when it was day. From Vicenza and Rivoli, to Sommacampagna, and across Monte Godio to Custoza, to Volta on the right of the Mincio, up to the gates of Milan, the line of fire travelled, with a fantastic overbearing swiftness that, upon the map, looks like the zigzag elbowing of a field-rocket, if such a piece of description can be accepted. Vicenza fell on the 11th of June; the Austrians entered Milan on the 6th of August. Within that short time the Lombards were struck to the dust.

Countess Ammiani quitted Brescia for Bergamo before the worst had happened; when nothing but the king's retreat upon the Lombard capital, after the good fight at Volta, was known. According to the king's proclamation the Piedmontese army was to defend Milan, and hope was not dead. Vittoria succeeded in repressing all useless signs of grief in the presence of the venerable lady, who herself showed none, but simply recommended her accepted daughter to pray daily. "I can neither confess nor pray," Vittoria said to the priest, a comfortable, irritable ecclesiastic, long attached to the family, and little able to deal with this rebel before Providence, that would not let her swollen spirit be bled. Yet she admitted to him that the countess possessed resources which she could find nowhere; and she saw the full beauty of such inimitable grave endurance. Vittoria's foolish trick of thinking for herself made her believe, nevertheless, that the countess suffered more than she betrayed; was less consoled than her spiritual comforter imagined. She continued obstinate and unrepentant, saying, "If my punishment is to come, it will at least

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bring experience with it, and I shall know why I am punished. The misery now is that I do not know, and do not see, the justice of the sentence."

Countess Ammiani thought better of her case than the priest did; or she was more indulgent, or half indifferent. This girl was Carlo's choice;—a strange choice, but the times were strange, and the girl was robust. The channels of her own and her husband's house were drying in all sides; the house wanted resuscitating. There was promise that the girl would bear children of strong blood. Countess Ammiani would not for one moment have allowed the spiritual welfare of the children to hang in dubitation, awaiting their experience of life; but a certain satisfaction was shown in her faint smile when her confessor lamented over Vittoria's proud, stony state of moral revolt. She said to her accepted daughter, "I shall expect you to be prepared to espouse my son as soon as I have him by my side;" nor did Vittoria's silent bowing of her face assure her that strict obedience was implied. Precise words—"I will," and "I will not fail"—were exacted. The countess showed some emotion after Vittoria had spoken. "Now, may God end this war quickly, if it is to go against us," she exclaimed, and trembled in her chair visibly a half minute, with dropped eyelids and lips moving.

Carlo had sent word that he would join his mother as early as he was disengaged from active service, and meantime requested her to proceed to a villa on Lago Maggiore. Vittoria obtained permission from the countess to order the route of the carriage through Milan, where she wished to take up her mother and her maid Giacinta. For other reasons she would have avoided the city. The thought of entering it was painful with the shrewdest pain. Dante's profoundly human line seemed branded on the forehead of Milan.

The morning was dark when they drove through the streets of Bergamo. Passing one of the open places, Vittoria beheld a great concourse of volunteer youth and citizens, all of them listening to the voice of one who stood a few steps above them holding a banner. She gave an outcry of bitter joy. It was the Chief. On one side of him was Agostino, in the midst of memorable heads that were unknown to her. The countess refused to stay, though Vittoria strained her hands together in extreme entreaty that she might for a few moments hear what the others were hearing. "I speak for my son, and I forbid it," Countess Ammiani said. Vittoria fell back and closed her eyes to cherish the vision. All those faces raised to the one speaker under the dark sky were beautiful. He had breathed some new glory of hope in them, making them shine beneath the overcast heavens, as when the sun breaks from an evening cloud and flushes the stems of a company of pine-trees.

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Along the road to Milan she kept imagining his utterance until her heart rose with music. A delicious stream of music, thin as poor tears, passed through her frame, like a life reviving. She reached Milan in a mood to bear the idea of temporary defeat. Music had forsaken her so long that celestial reassurances seemed to return with it.

Her mother was at Zotti's, very querulous, but determined not to leave the house and the few people she knew. She had, as she told her daughter, fretted so much on her account that she hardly knew whether she was glad to see her. Tea, of course, she had given up all thoughts of; but now coffee was rising, and the boasted sweet bread of Lombardy was something to look at! She trusted that Emilia would soon think of singing no more, and letting people rest: she might sing when she wanted money. A letter recently received from Mr. Pericles said that Italy was her child's ruin, and she hoped Emilia was ready to do as he advised, and hurry to England, where singing did not upset people, and people lived like real Christians, not—— Vittoria flapped her hand, and would not hear of the unchristianly crimes of the south. As regarded the expected defence of Milan, the little woman said that, if it brought on a bombardment, she would call it unpardonable wickedness, and only hoped that her daughter would repent.

Zotti stood by, interpreting the English to himself by tones. "The amiable donnina is not of our persuasion," he observed. "She remains dissatisfied with patriotic Milan. I have exhibited to her my dabs of bread through all the processes of making and baking. It is in vain. She rejects analogy. She is wilful as a principessina:—*'Tis so! 'tis not so! 'tis my will! be silent, thou!* Signora, I have been treated in that way by your excellent mother."

"Zotti has not been paid for three weeks, and he certainly has not mentioned it or looked it, I will say, Emilia."

"Zotti has had something to think of during the last three weeks," said Vittoria, touching him kindly on the arm.

The confectioner lifted his fingers and his big brown eyes after them, expressive of the unutterable thoughts. He informed her that he had laid in a stock of flour, in the expectation that Carlo Alberto would defend the city. The Milanese were ready to aid him, though some, as Zotti confessed, had ceased to effervesce; and a great number who were perfectly ready to fight regarded his tardy appeal to Italian patriotism very coldly. Zotti set out in person to discover Giacinta. The girl could hardly fetch her breath when she saw her mistress. She was in Laura's service, and said that Laura had brought a wounded Englishman from the field of Custoza. Vittoria hurried to Laura, with whom she found Merthyr, blue-white as a corpse, having

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been shot through the body. His sister was in one of the Lombard hamlets, unaware of his fall; Beppo had been sent to her.

They noticed one another's embrowned complexions, but embraced silently. "Twice widowed!" Laura said when they sat together. Laura hushed all speaking of the war or allusion to a single incident of the miserable campaign, beyond the bare recital of Vittoria's adventures; yet when Vicenza by chance was mentioned, she burst out: "They are not cities, they are living shrieks. They have been made impious for ever. Burn them to ashes, that they may not breathe foul upon heaven!" She had clung to the skirts of the army as far as the field of Custoza. "He," she said, pointing to the room where Merthyr lay,—"he groans less than the others I have nursed. Generally, when they looked at me, they appeared obliged to recollect that it was not I who had hurt them. Poor souls! some ended in great torment. I think of them as the happiest; for pain is a cloak that wraps you about, and I remember one middle-aged man who died softly at Custoza, and said, 'Beaten!' To take that thought as your travelling companion into the gulf, must be worse than dying of agony; at least, I think so."

Vittoria was too well used to Laura's way of meeting disaster to expect from her other than this ironical fortitude, in which the fortitude leaned so much upon the irony. What really astonished her was the conception Laura had taken of the might of Austria. Laura did not directly speak of it, but shadowed it in allusive hints, much as if she had in her mind the image of an iron roller going over a field of flowers—hateful, imminent, irresistible. She felt like a leaf that has been flying before the gale.

Merthyr's wound was severe. Vittoria could not leave him. Her resolution to stay in Milan brought her into collision with Countess Ammiani, when the countess reminded her of her promise, sedately informing her that she was no longer her own mistress, and had a primary duty to fulfil. She offered to wait three days, or until the safety of the wounded man was medically certified to. It was incomprehensible to her that Vittoria should reject her terms; and though it was true that she would not have listened to a reason, she was indignant at not hearing one given in mitigation of the offence. She set out alone on her journey, deeply hurt. The reason was a feminine sentiment, and Vittoria was naturally unable to speak it. She shrank with pathetic horror from the thought of Merthyr's rising from his couch to find her a married woman, and desired most earnestly that her marriage should be witnessed by him. Young women will know how to reconcile the opposition of the sentiment. Had Merthyr been only slightly wounded, and sound enough to seem to be able to bear a bitter shock, she would not have allowed her personal feelings to cause chagrin to the noble lady. The sight of her dear

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steadfast friend prostrate in the cause of Italy, and who, if he lived to rise again, might not have his natural strength to bear the thought of her loss with his old brave firmness, made it impossible for her to act decisively in one direct line of conduct.

Countess Ammiani wrote brief letters from Luino and Pallanza on Lago Maggiore. She said that Carlo was in the Como mountains: he would expect to find his bride, and would accuse his mother: "but his mother will be spared those reproaches," she added, "if the last shot fired kills, as it generally does, the bravest and the dearest."

"If it should!"—the thought rose on a quick breath in Vittoria's bosom, and the sentiment which held her away dispersed like a feeble smoke, and showed her another view of her features. She wept with longing for love and dependence. She was sick of personal freedom, tired of the exercise of her will, only too eager to give herself to her beloved. The blessedness of marriage, of peace and dependence came on her imagination like a soft breeze from a hidden garden, like sleep. But this very longing created the resistance to it in the depths of her soul. There was a light as of reviving life, or of pain comforted, when it was she who was sitting by Merthyr's side; and when at times she saw the hopeless effort of his hand to reach to hers, or during the long still hours she laid her head on his pillow, and knew that he breathed gratefully. The sweetness of helping him, and of making his breathing pleasant to him, closed much of the world which lay beyond her windows to her thoughts, and surprised her with an unknown emotion, so strange to her that when it first swept up her veins she had the fancy that she had been touched by a supernatural hand, and should have heard a flying accord of instruments. She was praying before she knew what prayer was. A crucifix hung over Merthyr's head. She had looked on it many times, and looked on it still, without seeing more than the old sorrow. In the night it was dim. She found herself trying to read the features of the thorn-crowned Head in the solitary night. She and it were alone with a life that was faint above the engulphing darkness. She prayed for the life, and trembled, and shed tears, and would have checked them; they seemed to be bearing away her little remaining strength. The tears streamed. No answer was given to her question, "Why do I weep?" She wept when Merthyr had passed the danger, as she had wept when the hours went by with shrouded visages; and though she felt the difference in the springs of her tears, she thought them but a simple form of weakness showing shade and light.

These tears were a vanward wave of the sea to follow; the rising of her voice to heaven was no more than a twitter of the earliest dawn before the coming of her soul's outcry.

"I have had a weeping fit," she thought, and resolved to remember

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it tenderly, as being associated with her friend's recovery, and a singular masterful power absolutely to look on the Austrians marching up the streets of Milan, and not to feel the surging hatred, or the nerveless despair, which she had supposed must be her alternatives.

It is a mean image to say that the entry of the Austrians into the reconquered city was like a river of oil permeating a lake of vinegar, but it presents the fact in every sense. They demanded nothing more than submission, and placed a gentle foot upon the fallen enemy; and wherever they appeared they were isolated. The deepest wrath of the city was, nevertheless, not directed against them, but against Carlo Alberto, who had pledged his honour to defend it, and had forsaken it. Vittoria committed a public indiscretion on the day when the king left Milan to its fate: word whereof was conveyed to Carlo Ammiani, and he wrote to her.

"It is right that I should tell you what I have heard," the letter said. "I have heard that my bride drove up to the crowned traitor, after he had unmasked himself, and when he was quitting the Greppi palace, and that she kissed his hand before the people—poor bleeding people of Milan! This is what I hear in the Val d'Intelvi:—that she despised the misery and just anger of the people, and, by virtue of her name and mine, obtained a way for him. How can she have acted so as to give a colour to this infamous scandal? True or false, it does not affect my love for her. Still, my dearest, what shall I say? You keep me divided in two halves. My heart is out of me; and if I had a will, I think I should be harsh with you. You are absent from my mother at a time when we are about to strike another blow. Go to her. It is kindness; it is charity: I do not say duty. I remember that I did write harshly to you from Brescia. Then our march was so clear in view that a little thing ruffled me. Was it a little thing? But to applaud the Traitor now! To uphold him who has spilt our blood only to hand the country over to the old gaolers! He lent us his army like a Jew, for huge interest. Can you not read him? If not, cease, I implore you, to think at all for yourself.

"Is this a lover's letter? I know that my beloved will see the love in it. To me your acts are fair and good as the chronicle of a saint. I find you creating suspicion—almost justifying it in others, and putting your name in the mouth of a madman who denounces you. I shall not speak more of him. Remember that my faith in you is unchangeable, and I pray you to have the same in me.

"I sent you a greeting from the chief. He marched in the ranks from Bergamo. I saw him on the line of march strip off his coat to shelter a young lad from the heavy rain. He is not discouraged; none are who have been near him.

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"Angelo is here, and so is our Agostino; and I assure you he loads and fires a carbine much more deliberately than he composes a sonnet. I am afraid that your adored Antonio-Pericles fared badly among our fellows, but I could gather no particulars.

"Oh! the bright two minutes when I held you right in my heart. That spot on the Vicentino is alone unclouded. If I live, I will have that bit of ground. I will make a temple of it. I could reach it blindfolded."

A townsman of Milan brought this letter to Vittoria. She despatched Luigi with her reply, which met the charge with a straightforward affirmative.

"I was driving to Zotti's by the Greppi palace, when I saw the king come forth, and the people hooted him. I stood up, and petitioned to kiss his hand. The people knew me. They did not hoot any more for some time.

"So that you have heard the truth, and you must judge me by it. I cannot even add that I am sorry, though I strive to wish that I had not been present. I might wish it really, if I did not feel it to be a cowardly wish.

"Oh, my Carlo! my lover! my husband! you would not have me go against my nature? I have seen the king upon the battle-field. He has deigned to speak to me of Italy and our freedom. I have seen him facing our enemy; and to see him hooted by the people, and in misfortune and with sad eyes!—he looked sad and nothing else—and besides, I am sure I *know* the king. I mean that I understand him. I am half ashamed to write so boldly, even to you. I say to myself, you should know *me*, at least; and if I am guilty of a piece of vanity, you should know that also. Carlo Alberto is quite unlike other men. He worships success as much; but they are not, as he is, so much bettered by adversity. *Indeed* I do not believe that he has exact *intentions* of any sort, or ever had the intention to betray us, or has done so in reality, that is, meaningly, of his own will. Count Medole and his party did, as you know, offer Lombardy to him, and Venice gave herself—brave, noble Venice! Oh! if we two were there—Venice has England's sea-spirit. But did we not flatter the king? And ask yourself, my Carlo, could a king move in such an enterprise as a common person? Ought we not to be in union with Sardinia? How can we be if we reject her king? Is it not the only positive army that we can look to—I mean regular army? Should we not make some excuses for one who is not in our position?

"I feel that I push my questions like waves that fall and cannot get beyond—they crave so for answers agreeing to them. This should make me doubt myself, perhaps; but they crowd again, and seem so conclusive until I have written them down. I am unworthy

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to struggle with your intellect; but I say to myself, how unworthy of you I should be if I did not use my own, such as it is! The poor king had to conclude an armistice to save his little kingdom. Perhaps we ought to think of that sternly. My heart is filled with pity.

"It cannot but be right that you should know the worst of me. I call you my husband, and tremble to be permitted to lean my head on your bosom for hours, my sweet lover! And yet my cowardice, if I had let the king go by without a reverential greeting from me, in his adversity, would have rendered me insufferable to myself. You are hearing me, and I am compelled to say, that rather than behave so basely I would forfeit your love and be widowed till death should offer us for God to join us. Does your face change to me?

"Dearest, and I say it when the thought of you sets me almost swooning. I find my hands clasped, and I am muttering I know not what, and I am blushing. The ground seems to rock; I can barely breathe; my heart is like a bird caught in the hands of a cruel boy: it will not rest. I fear everything. I hear a whisper, '*Delay not an instant!*' and it is like a furnace; '*Hasten to him! Speed!*' and I seem to totter forward and drop—I think I have lost you—I am like one dead.

"I remain here to nurse our dear friend Merthyr. For that reason I am absent from your mother. It is her desire that we should be married.

"Soon, soon, my own soul!

"I seem to be hanging on a tree for you, swayed by such a teasing wind.

"Oh, soon! or I feel that I shall hate any vestige of will that I have in this head of mine. Not in the heart—it is not there!

"And sometimes I am burning to sing. The voice leaps to my lips; it is quite like a thing that lives apart—my prisoner.

"It is true, Laura is here with Merthyr.

"Could you come at once?—not here, but to Pallanza? We shall both make our mother happy. This she wishes, this she lives for, this consoles her—and oh, this gives me peace! Yes, Merthyr is recovering! I can leave him without the dread I had; and Laura confesses to the feminine sentiment, if her funny jealousy of a rival nurse is really simply feminine. She will be glad of our resolve, I am sure. And then you will order all my actions; and I shall be certain that they are such as I would proudly call mine; and I shall be shut away from the world. Yes; let it be so! Addio. I reserve all sweet names for you. Addio. In Pallanza:—no, not Pallanza—Paradise!

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"Hush! and do not smile at me:—it was not my *will*, I discover, but my *want of will* that distracted me.

"See my last signature of—not Vittoria; for I may sign that again and still be Emilia Alessandra Ammiani—

"SANDRA BELLONI."

The letter was sealed; Luigi bore it away, and a brief letter to Countess Ammiani, in Pallanza, as well.

Vittoria was relieved of her anxiety concerning Merthyr by the arrival of Georgiana, who had been compelled to make her way round by Piacenza and Turin, where she had left Gambier, with Beppo in attendance on him. Georgiana at once assumed all the duties of head-nurse, and the more resolutely because of her brother's evident moral weakness in sighing for the hand of a fickle girl to smoothe his pillow. "When he is stronger you can sit beside him a little," she said to Vittoria, who surrendered her post without a struggle, and rarely saw him, though Laura told her that his frequent exclamation was her name, accompanied by a soft look at his sister —"which would have stirred my heart like poor old Milan last March," Laura added, with a lift of her shoulders.

Georgiana's icy manner appeared infinitely strange to Vittoria when she heard from Merthyr that his sister had become engaged to Captain Gambier.

"Nothing softens these women," said Laura, putting Georgiana in a class.

"I wish you could try the effect of your winning Merthyr," Vittoria suggested.

"I remember that when I went to my husband, I likewise wanted every woman of my acquaintance to be married." Laura sighed deeply. "What is this poor withered body of mine now? It feels like an old volcano, *cindery*, with fire somewhere:—a charming bride! My dear, if I live till my children make me a grandmother, I shall look on the love of men and women as a toy that I have played with. A new husband? I must be dragged through the Circles of Dante before I can conceive it, and then I should loathe the stranger."

News came that the volunteers were crushed. It was time for Vittoria to start for Pallanza, and she thought of her leavetaking; a final leavetaking, in one sense, to the friends who had cared too much for her. Laura delicately drew Georgiana aside in the sick-room, which she would not quit, and alluded to the necessity for Vittoria's departure without stating exactly wherefore: but Georgiana was a Welshwoman. Partly to show her accurate power of guessing, and chiefly that she might reprove Laura's insulting whisper, which

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outraged and irritated her as much as if "Oh! your poor brother!" had been exclaimed, she made display of Merthyr's manly coldness by saying aloud, "You mean, that she is going to her marriage." Laura turned her face towards Merthyr. He had striven to rise on his elbow, and had dropped flat in his helplessness. Big tears were rolling down his cheeks. His articulation failed him, beyond a reiterated "No, no," pitiful to hear, and he broke into childish sobs. Georgiana hurried Laura from the room. By-and-by the doctor was promptly summoned, and it was Georgiana herself, miserably humbled, who obtained Vittoria's sworn consent to keep the life in Merthyr by lingering yet awhile.

Meantime Luigi brought a letter from Pallanza in Carlo's handwriting. This was the burden of it:—

"I am here, and you are absent. Hasten!"

Chapter XXXVI.

A FRESH ENTANGLEMENT.

The Lenkenstein ladies returned to Milan proudly in the path of the army which they had followed along the city walls on the black March midnight. The ladies of the Austrian aristocracy generally had to be exiles from Vienna, and were glad to flock together even in an alien city. Anna and Lena were aware of Vittoria's residence in Milan, through the interchange of visits between the Countess of Lenkenstein and her sister Signora Piaveni. They heard also of Vittoria's prospective and approaching marriage to Count Ammiani. The Duchess of Graätli, who had forborne a visit to her unhappy friends, lest her Austrian face should wound their sensitiveness, was in company with the Lenkensteins one day, when Irma di Karski called on them. Irma had come from Lago Maggiore, where she had left her patron, as she was pleased to term Antonio-Pericles. She was full of chatter of that most worthy man's deplorable experiences of Vittoria's behaviour to him during the war, and of many things besides. According to her account, Vittoria had enticed him from place to place with promises that the next day, and the next day, and the day after, she would be ready to keep her engagement to go to London, and at last she had given him the slip and left him to be plucked like a pullet by a horde of volunteer banditti, out of whose hands Antonio-Pericles—"one of our richest millionaires in Europe, certainly our richest amateur," said Irma—escaped in fit outward condition for the garden of Eden.

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Count Karl was lying on the sofa, and went into endless invalid's laughter at the picture presented by Irma of the "wild-man" wanderings of poor infatuated Pericles, which was exaggerated, though not intentionally, for Irma repeated the words and gestures of Pericles in the recital of his tribulations. Being of a somewhat similar physical organisation, she did it very laughably. Irma declared that Pericles was cured of his infatuation. He had got to Turin, intending to quit Italy for ever, when—"he met me," said Irma modestly.

"And heard that the war was at an end," Count Karl added.

"And he has taken the superb Villa Ricciardi, on Lago Maggiore, where he will have a troupe of singers, and perform operas, in which I believe I may possibly act as prima donna. The truth is, I would do anything to prevent him from leaving the country."

But Irma had more to say, and "I bear no malice," she commenced it. The story she had heard was that Count Ammiani, after plighting himself to a certain signorina, known as Vittoria Campa, had received tidings that she was one of those persons who bring discredit on Irma's profession. "Gifted by nature, I can acknowledge," said Irma; "but devoured by vanity—a perfect slave to the appetite for praise; ready to forfeit anything for flattery! Poor Signor Antonio-Pericles!—he knows her." And now Count Ammiani, persuaded to reason by his mother, had given her up. There was nothing more positive, for Irma had seen him in the society of Countess Violetta d'Isorella.

Anna and Lena glanced at their brother Karl.

"I should not allude to what is not notorious," Irma pursued. "They are always together. My dear Antonio-Pericles is most amusing in his expressions of delight at it. For my part, though she served me an evil turn once,—you will hardly believe, ladies, that in her jealousy of me she was guilty of the most shameful machinations to get me out of the way on the night of the first performance of *Camilla*,—but, for my part, I bear no malice. The creature is an inveterate rebel, and I dislike her for that, I do confess."

"The Signorina Vittoria Campa is my particular and very dear friend," said the duchess.

"She is not the less an inveterate rebel," said Anna.

"Alas, that she should have brought discredit on Fräulein di Karski's profession!" Count Karl gave a long-drawn sigh.

The duchess hurried straightway to Laura, with whom was Count Serabiglione, reviewing the present posture of affairs from the condescending altitudes of one that has foretold it. Laura and Amalia embraced and went apart. During their absence Vittoria came down to the count and listened to a familiar illustration of his theory of the

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relations which should exist between Italy and Austria, derived from the friendship of those two women.

"What I wish you to see, signorina, is that such an alliance is possible; and, if we supply the brains, as we do, is by no means likely to be degrading. These bears are absolutely on their knees to us for good fellowship. You have influence, you have amazing wit, you have unparalleled beauty, and, let me say it with the utmost sadness, you have now had experience. Why will you not recognise facts? It is as though the ground should revolt against the house being built on it;—and earthquakes are not common. They are not good things to entreat high heaven to bestow on us. Of what avail is this one voice of mine? I speak—who listens? Italian unity! I have exposed the fatuity—who listens? Italian freedom! It is a bed of reeds, with the nest of a wild swan! Do you not, signorina, with your overpowering imagination, conceive the picture? A wind comes, and the reeds all try to lean together, and up goes our swan and sings a death-song; and another wind blows the reeds another way. But I drop comparisons—they are for poets, *farceurs*. All similes followed out are mazes: they bring us back to our own face in the glass. I do not attempt to reason with my daughter. She is pricked by an envenomed fly of Satan. Yet, behold her and the duchess! It is the very union I preach; and I am, I declare to you, signorina, in great danger. I feel it, but I persist. I am in danger," Count Serabiglione bowed his head low, "of the transcendent sin of scorn of my species."

The little nobleman swayed deploringly in his chair. "Nothing is so perilous for a soul's salvation as that. The one sane among madmen! The one whose reason is left to him among thousands who have forsaken it! I beg you to realise the idea. The Emperor, as I am given to understand, is about to make public admission of my services. I shall be all the more hated. Yet it is a considerable gain. I do not deny that I esteem it as a promotion for my services. I shall not be the first martyr in this world, signorina."

Count Serabiglione produced a martyr's smile.

"The profits of my expected post will be," he was saying, with a reckoning eye cast upward into his cranium for accuracy, when Laura returned, and Vittoria ran out to the duchess. Amalia repeated Irma's tattle. A curious little twitching of the brows at Violetta d'Isorella's name marked the reception of it.

"She is most lovely," Vittoria said.

"And absolutely reckless."

"She is an old friend of Count Ammiani's."

"And you have an old friend here. But the old friend of a young woman—I need not say further than that it is different."

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The duchess used the privilege of her affection, and urged Vittoria not to trifle with her lover's impatience.

Admitted to the chamber where Merthyr lay, she was enabled to make allowance for her irresolution. The face of the wounded man was like a lake-water taking light from Vittoria's presence.

"This may go on for weeks," she said to Laura.

Three days later, Vittoria received an order from the Government to quit the city within a prescribed number of hours, and her brain was racked to discover why Laura appeared so little indignant at the barbarous act of despotism. Laura undertook to break the bad news to Merthyr. The parting was as quiet and cheerful as, in the opposite degree, Vittoria had thought it would be melancholy and regretful. "What a Government!" Merthyr said, and told her to let him hear of any changes. "All changes for the better are welcome to me. All changes that please my friends please me."

Vittoria kissed his forehead with one grateful murmur of farewell to the bravest heart she had ever known. The going to her happiness seemed more like going to something fatal until she reached the Lago Maggiore. There she saw September beauty, and felt as if the splendour encircling her were her bridal decoration. But no bridegroom stood to greet her on the terrace-steps between the potted orange and citron trees. Countess Ammiani extended kind hands to her at arms' length.

"You have come," she said. "I hope that it is not too late."

Vittoria was a week without sight of her lover; nor did Countess Ammiani attempt to explain her words, or speak of other than common daily things. In body and soul Vittoria had taken a chill. The silent blame resting on her in this house called up her pride, so that she would not ask any questions; and when Carlo came, she wanted warmth to melt her. Their meeting was that of two passionless creatures. Carlo kissed her loyally, and courteously inquired after her health and the health of friends in Milan, and then he rallied his mother. Agostino had arrived with him, and the old man, being in one of his soft moods, unvexed by his conceits, Vittoria had some comfort from him of a dull kind. She heard Carlo telling his mother that he must go in the morning. Agostino replied to her quick look at him, "I stay;" and it seemed like a little saved from the wreck, for she knew that she could speak to Agostino as she could not to the countess. When his mother prepared to retire, Carlo walked over to his bride, and repeated rapidly and brightly his inquiries after friends in Milan. She, with a pure response to his natural-unnatural manner, spoke of Merthyr Powys chiefly: to which he said several times, "Dear fellow!" and added, "I shall always love Englishmen for his sake."

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This gave her one throb. "I could not leave him, Carlo."

"Certainly not, certainly not," said Carlo. "I should have been happy to wait on him myself. I was busy. I am still. I dare say you have guessed that I have a new journal in my head: the *Pallanza Iris* is to be the name of it;—to be printed in three colours, to advocate three principles, in three styles. The Legitimists, the Moderates, and the Republicans, are to proclaim themselves in its columns in prose, poetry, and hotch-potch. Once an editor, always an editor. The authorities suspect that something of the sort is about to be planted, so I can only make occasional visits here:—therefore, as you will believe,"—Carlo let his voice fall—"I have good reason to hate them still. They may cease to persecute me soon."

He insisted upon lighting his mother to her room. Vittoria and Agostino sat talking of the Chief and the minor events of the war—of Luciano, Marco, Giulio, and Ugo Corte—till the conviction fastened on them that Carlo would not return, when Agostino stood up and said, yawning wearily, "I'll talk further to you, my child, to-morrow."

She begged that it might be now.

"No; to-morrow," said he.

"Now, now!" she reiterated, and brought down a reproof from his forefinger.

"The poetic definition of 'now' is that it is a small boat, my daughter, in which the female heart is constantly pushing out to sea and sinking. 'To-morrow' is an island in the deeps, where grain grows. When I land you there, I will talk to you."

She knew that he went to join Carlo after he had quitted her.

Agostino was true to his promise next day. He brought her nearer to what she had to face, though he did not help her vision much. Carlo had gone before sunrise.

They sat on the terrace above the lake, screened from the sunlight by thick myrtle bushes. Agostino smoked his loosely-rolled cigarettes, and Vittoria sipped chocolate and looked upward to the summit of the Motterone, with many thoughts and images in her mind

He commenced by giving her a love-message from Carlo. "Hold fast to it that he means it: conduct is never a straight index where the heart's involved," said the chuckling old man; "or, it is not in times like ours. You have been in the wrong, and your having a good excuse will not help you before the deciding fates. Woman that you are! did you not think that because we were beaten we were going to rest for a very long while, and that your Carlo of yesterday was going to be your Carlo of to-day?"

Vittoria tacitly confessed to it.

"Ay," he pursued, "and when you wrote to him in the Val d'Intelvi, you supposed you had only to say 'I am ready,' which

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was then the case. You made your summer and left the fruits to hang, and now you are astounded that seasons pass and fruits drop. You should have come to this place, if but for a pair of days, and so have fixed one matter in the chapter. This is how the chapter has run on. I see I talk to a stunned head; you are thinking that Carlo's love for you can't have changed; and it has not, but occasion has gone and *times* have changed. Now listen. The countess desired the marriage. Carlo could not go to you in Milan with the sword in his hand. Therefore you had to come to him. He waited for you, perhaps for his own preposterous lover's sake as much as to make his mother's heart easy. If she loses him she loses everything, unless he leaves a wife to her care and the hope that her House will not be extinct, which is possibly not much more the weakness of old aristocracy than of human nature.

"Meantime, his brothers-in-arms were broken up and entered Piedmont, and he remained waiting for you still. You are thinking that he had not waited a month. But if four months finished Lombardy, less than one month is quite sufficient to do the same for us little beings. He met the Countess d'Isorella here. You have to thank her for seeing him at all, so don't wrinkle your forehead yet. Luciano Romara is drilling his men in Piedmont. Angelo Guidascarpi has gone there. Carlo was considering it his duty to join Luciano, when he met this lady, and she has apparently succeeded in altering his plans. Luciano and his band will go to Rome. Carlo fancies that another blow will be struck for Lombardy. This lady should know; the point is, whether she can be trusted. She persists in declaring that Carlo's duty is to remain, and—I cannot tell how, for I am as a child among women—she has persuaded him of her sincerity. Favour me now with your clearest understanding, and deliver it from feminine sensations of any description for just two minutes."

Agostino threw away the end of a cigarette and looked for firmness in Vittoria's eyes.

"This Countess d'Isorella is opposed to Carlo's marriage at present. She says that she is betraying the king's secrets, and has no reliance on a woman. As a woman you will pardon her, for it is the language of your sex. You are also denounced by Barto Rizzo, a madman—he went mad as fire, and had to be chained at Varese. In some way or other Countess d'Isorella got possession of him. She has managed to subdue him. A sword-cut he received once in Verona has undoubtedly affected his brain, or caused it to be affected under strong excitement. He is at her villa, and she says—perhaps with some truth—that Carlo would in several ways lose his influence by his immediate marriage with you. The reason must have weight; otherwise he would fulfil his mother's principal request

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and be at the bidding of his own desire. There; I hope I have spoken plainly."

Agostino puffed a sigh of relief at the conclusion of his task.

Vittoria had been too strenuously engaged in defending the steadiness of her own eyes to notice the shadow of an assumption of frankness in his.

She said that she understood.

She got away to her room like an insect carrying a load thrice its own size. All that she could really gather from Agostino's words was, that she felt herself rocking in a tower, and that Violetta d'Isorella was beautiful. She had striven hard to listen to him with her wits alone, and her sensations subsequently revenged themselves in this fashion. The tower rocked and struck a bell that she discovered to be her betraying voice uttering cries of pain. She was for hours incapable of meeting Agostino again. His delicate intuition took the harshness off the meeting. He led her even to examine her state of mind, and to discern the fancies from the feelings by which she was agitated. He said shrewdly and bluntly, "You can master pain, but not doubt. If you show a sign of unhappiness, remember that I shall know you doubt both what I have told you, and Carlo as well."

Vittoria fenced: "But is there such a thing as happiness?"

"I should imagine so," said Agostino, touching her cheek, "and slipperiness likewise. There's patience at any rate; only you must dig for it. You arrive at nothing, but the eternal digging constitutes the object gained. I recollect when I was a raw lad, full of ambition, in love, and without a franc in my pockets, one night in Paris, I found myself looking up at a street lamp; there was a moth in it. He couldn't get out, so he had very little to trouble his conscience. I think he was near happiness: he ought to have been happy. My luck was not so good, or you wouldn't see me still alive, my dear."

Vittoria sighed for a plainer speaker.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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THE REFORM OF THE STATUTE BOOK.

THERE was once a time when the study of the law formed part of the education of the finished English gentleman; and, accordingly, as late as the middle of the last century, Sir William Blackstone taught at Oxford "that a competent knowledge of the laws of that society in which we live is the proper accomplishment of every gentleman and scholar." At the present day, as a rule, even the well-educated Englishman knows just as much about law as he knows about physic, and no more. In common with the classes below him, he is, when he wishes to ascertain the rights or remedies to which he is entitled, absolutely in the hands of his professional advisers. There is no doubt that the gulph between lawyer and layman has widened. Abstruse as was the feudal system of jurisprudence, it at least was a system, and as such capable of being scientifically studied. On the other hand, every year of the later centuries of English history has witnessed the rise of endless new provisions, which, while they met the wants of new states of society, have not only ruined the symmetry of the old system, but have added to it a mass of detail which can be mastered only by the devotion of a life-time. Such a state of things is by no means satisfactory. Every citizen should be able to form a general conception of the rights and duties of which the law always supposes him to be cognizant, and every educated man should, besides this, have some acquaintance with the scientific principles by which the legislation of his country has been guided.

That such knowledge should be possible, implies of course that the law should possess some principles, and should be formed by some method. Where method is present, it is almost as easy to grasp a thousand details as a hundred. By strict sub-division of departments, the steam iron-foundry, which has been called into existence by the necessities of modern commerce, is managed probably with little more difficulty than the village forge, of which it is the development. But law has not been so wise in this respect as commerce. Method has never been called in to organise the enormously increased mass of legal detail which is the unavoidable accompaniment of modern civilisation; and the result is a jungle through which only the most dexterous lawyers can thread their way in safety, and from which all wise unprofessional people keep at a respectful distance.

Existing English law has, as most people are aware, two principal sources.

First, the Common Law of the realm—a collection of rules of immemorial antiquity, modified from time to time by judicial interpretation to suit the wants of a growing nation.

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Secondly, new rules, altering or added to the rules of the Common Law, and imposed upon the country by the act of the legislature. These rules are known as the Statute Law.

Both kinds of law are, in their present state, equally open to the charge of want of method; and both are, consequently, in this respect, in equal need of reform. It is obvious, however, that in order to reform a system of rules, it is necessary in the first place to know exactly what those rules are. Now, the rules of the common law can be learnt only from the (sometimes discordant) utterances of living judges, and from the (also sometimes discordant) utterances of their learned predecessors; and these utterances are embalmed, in the midst of mountains of irrelevant matter, in reports of cases decided at different times during a period of 500 years, and contained in not less than 1,200 volumes.

The statutes, on the other hand, although the product of many centuries of legislation, are all ready to our hand, and are contained in, say, fifty quarto volumes. It is, therefore, far easier to discover what is statute law than what is common law, and proportionably easier to introduce method into the former than into the latter. In fact, the first step in Law Reform is obviously the Reform of the Statutes. This alone has hitherto been attempted by Parliament, and to this alone will our remarks be confined on the present occasion. The subject is really one of the utmost importance to every Englishman, while the principles it involves are such as without any black-letter lore he is quite capable of understanding.

The mere statement of the present condition of the statute law is its sufficient condemnation. Every one must have derived from newspaper reports of the debates in Parliament some idea of the multitude and the incongruous character of the measures which each year become law. A six months' suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and a reconstruction of the law of Bankruptcy; the marriage portion of a royal princess, and a system of precautions against the spread of a cattle plague; a change in the electoral franchise, and a plan for the improvement of workhouses; all these objects are effected by Acts of Parliament, and all so-called "Public general" Acts of Parliament—whether they establish a tribunal destined to last for centuries, or grant an annuity to the door-keeper of an abolished public office—whether they apply to the whole of the United Kingdom, or merely authorise the Government to sell a house in Leadenhall Street—take their place for ever, one after another, in chronological order, amongst the statutes of the realm. But the legislation of a year does not stop here. Endless acts are also passed giving extraordinary powers to railway companies, dock companies, corporations, and boards of every kind, and not a few affecting only single families or single individuals. Such are Acts empowering trustees to do what they are not allowed

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to do by the terms of their trust, or an Act to enable the Reverend Jones Smith to hold any benefice in the United Kingdom to which he may be presented, any disability notwithstanding.

The total number of Acts passed in the last session was 415. They do not, however, all form part of the collection which is generally spoken of as "the statutes" of 1865. A rude system of classification has grown up, without any distinct legal recognition, which divides the Acts of each year, according to the manner in which they were intoduced into Parliament, into:—

(1.) Public general, of which there passed last year 127;
(2.) Public local and personal, of which there passed 278;
(3.) Private, of which there passed 10;

And the "public general" are alone generally considered as "the statutes" of the year.

This arrangement is, however, entirely unscientific. Not a few "local and personal" Acts might well have been included in the "public general," and a vast number of the "public general" ought to be relegated to a position among the "local and personal."

The distinction, however, though ill carried out, is a true one, and lies at the root of all plans of re-arrangement. The laws which affect the whole nation are *par excellence* laws, and should be presented to the nation disencumbered of all those enactments which affect only definite localities or definite individuals. How little this object is even aimed at under the present system, will be apparent from an analysis of the so-called public general Acts of last session.

They may be roughly grouped under the following heads:—Ireland, 20 Acts; Scotland, 9; Colonies and India, 7; armed forces, annual enactments, 3; the revenue of the year, 5; certain public works, 7; indemnity, 1; certain counties and places, 8; certain private matters, 1; confirmations of orders by certain administrative bodies, 16; Parliament, 3; the Church, 5; the Universities, 1; the armed forces, 7; docks and harbours, 2; administration of justice, 6; police, 1; prisons, 1; customs and excise, 6; pensions, 1; poor, 2; lunatics, 1; companies, 1; partnership, 1; wills, 1; carriers, 1; patents, 1; sewage, 1; locomotives, 1; public-houses, 1; dogs, 1; salmon, 1; to continue an Act, 1; foreign jurisdiction, 1. Total 125.

Under the first 10 heads we have grouped 77 Acts; under the remaining heads 48. The arrangement only professes to be accurate enough for purposes of illustration, but, subject to this observation, it is submitted that the 77 Acts grouped under heads 1 to 10 have no right to a place in the statute book at all. In the first place the accident of the English Government being at the head of a vast colonial empire, as well as of the kingdom of England, is no valid reason for encumbering the statute book of the realm with those colonial laws which it happens to be necessary to pass in the

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Imperial legislature. Laws affecting Canada only, or India only, must of course be officially printed, and must not only be communicated to such parts of the world as they may concern, but must also be accessible in England, because England contains the supreme legislature, executive, and court of appeal of the empire. Such enactments, however, form no part of the law administered in the ordinary courts of justice, and should form no part of the English statute book. The same reasoning would expunge also laws affecting only Scotland and Ireland.

Another set of enactments which might well be banished from their present position, are those which merely keep in motion the machinery of government during the current year. These we have grouped under heads 4—7. They are really in the nature of warrants issued by the sovereign power to its officers, empowering them to do certain definite acts, or cheques drawn by the same power upon its banker. Some of them may doubtless have to be pleaded in the ordinary law courts, during the year of their currency, and perhaps even after that year, but this alone is of course no proof that an enactment is a real law.

Under heads 8—10 we have placed those laws which, though now printed as public general Acts, are essentially local or personal.

Acts re-arranging the sessional divisions of the county of Sussex, or for discontinuing the borough gaol at Falmouth, are more analogous to Royal charters than to laws proper. It may doubtless be questioned whether Acts applicable to the metropolis only are to be considered of this nature, or whether, since they affect the seat of government, they should be treated as of a "public" character.

Of a distinctly local character are the numerous Acts passed to give validity to acts done by various administrative bodies in excess of their inherent powers. These, which should properly be private Acts, are made "public general," merely to save expense to the parties concerned. It is scarcely necessary to add that "an Act to render valid marriages heretofore solemnised in the Chapel of Ease called *St. James the Greater* Chapel, *Eastbury*, in the parish of *Lamborne*, in the county of Berks," is very ill-described as a "public general" statute.

We have shown cause for the elimination—I. of statutes which have no reference to England; II. of statutes which merely keep in motion for the year the machine of government; III. of statutes which affect only certain localities or certain individuals in England. These last year amounted to 77. There were also in the same year 278 so-called "Public, Local, and Personal," and 10 avowedly Private Acts; giving thus a total of 365 Acts which have no valid claim to a place in the statute book. They differ widely amongst themselves, and greatly need improved classification, but have one

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property in common—that they are not properly laws of the realm: and this excludes them from our consideration. The legislative result of the year 1865 is, therefore, reducible to the 50 Acts which we have arranged under the heads 11—34. That is to say, we have, in idea, reduced the statute book of last year to less than half its actual bulk. The same process applied to the statute book as a whole, would obviously reduce the fifty volumes of which it at present consists to twenty-five.

This satisfactory result would be accomplished simply by excluding from our collection of public laws all enactments which are not public laws. This process we will call *sifting*. But some other processes should follow the first. An enormous number of Acts and sections of Acts either have been expressly repealed, or have become, from the changed circumstances of the nation, practically obsolete. These should evidently be weeded out of the statute book, of which they constitute perhaps half; and the process of weeding them out is well described as *expurgation*.

Sifting and expurgation would reduce the statute book from fifty volumes to perhaps ten. The diminution in bulk would be in itself a great gain; but evils even worse than excessive bulk would remain uncured. These evils are due to the merely chronological order in which the statutes are arranged, and will be at once understood by an instance.

At common law neither the plaintiff nor the defendant were entitled to get the costs of an action in which they were successful paid them by the losing party. It was, however, provided by the statute of Gloucester (6 Edward I. c. 1) that the plaintiff, in all actions in which he recovers damages, shall also recover against the defendant his costs of suit, and in almost every reign from that time to the present, statutes have been passed extending, varying, and abridging the claim of the successful party to the costs which he has incurred in enforcing his rights by action. A suitor therefore at the present day in order to ascertain his right to costs in any particular case might have to consult a statute of Edward I., one of Elizabeth, one of James I., one of George III., and half a dozen of Victoria. Well might the Common Law Commissioners say, "The statutes which give to the parties a right to costs are in a very confused and unsatisfactory state. Not only have the separate enactments of the older statutes given rise to a variety of decisions, but subsequent statutes have in some instances modified, and in others partially repealed, former enactments, so that it is extremely difficult to ascertain what the real state of the law is upon this subject. We are of opinion that these statutes should be revised and consolidated."[1]

The mode in which the subject of costs is treated in the statute

(1) Third Report, 1850, p. 7.

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book is but a sample of the mode in which all other subjects are treated. A principle is laid down in the time of the Plantagenets, altered under the Tudors, varied under the Stuarts, and partially repealed, and then perhaps revived in a new shape under the House of Hanover. And the trained mind of the bench and bar is wasted and degraded in the semi-mechanical labour of putting into juxtaposition for present use enactments historically separated by intervals of centuries.

The process by which such a state of things is to be remedied must be the grouping of all the statutes under certain heads, according to their subject matter, and irrespectively of their chronological order except as between the statutes grouped under the same head. Thus all the statutes relating to costs would be gathered out of the many volumes in which they are scattered, and confronted with one another in consecutive pages. The like would be done with the laws of marriage, master and servant, contracts of sale, and so on. This process is called *digesting.*

When, however, the statutes relating to any given subject were confronted with one another under one head, a vast amount of verbiage would at once be seen to be superfluous, and due merely to the fact that the statutes were when enacted separated from similar statutes by long stretches of years, which it was necessary to bridge over by tedious recitals, and frequent phrases of reference. These would be retrenched, and the various statutes, with all their various provisoes, relating to any one subject would be modelled into one consistent whole. This process is that generally known as *consolidation.*

The next step would be a philosophical reconsideration of the principles upon which the statutes had been divided into groups, and such modification of this arrangement as should exhibit them in a really scientific order—the species under the genus, and the particular cases under the species. And this reconstruction, which might either precede or follow the last two processes, is fairly entitled to be called *codification.* The processes already enumerated, by which the statute law might be at once reduced to at most one-fifth of its present bulk, and at the same time become coherent and intelligible—namely, sifting, expurgation, digesting, consolidation, and codification—affect merely the form in which the law is made accessible, not the substance of its enactments. They could also be effected once for all. The legislature will, however, never consent to abstain for ever from any alteration of even the most perfect statute code, which, indeed, from the movement of human affairs, would speedily become worse than useless. Another process, therefore, remains to which it must be subjected, which will affect its substance as well as its form, and which will never cease to operate. This we may call *revision.* It is in fact the result of the change which every year's

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session of Parliament will work in both the substance and the form of the law—not the enactments themselves, which every year pass the Houses of Lords and Commons and receive the Royal assent, but the application of those enactments to the pre-existing statute code.

For, once having got our statute code into scientific shape, we must never allow it, by the accretions of new statutes arranged in the old chronological fashion, to fall into the old state of confusion. The uses and the interest of a merely chronological series of statutes are inestimable. Such a series, as Mr. Froude has pointed out and has demonstrated in practice, forms the most authentic skeleton of history. Any more magnificent national monument than the ten folio volumes published under the direction of the Record Commissioners, which exhibit with critical accuracy every statute passed from the time of King Henry III. to the death of Queen Anne, it is impossible to conceive. Domesday itself must yield the palm to so indisputable and continuous a panorama of the state of England during five centuries. But the uses of such a monument are historical rather than legal. The proceedings entered on the rolls of Parliament ought doubtless to be printed in full in chronological order, and every great library should have a copy of the "Statutes at Large." Scotch, Irish, Colonial, Local, and Personal Acts should also doubtless be printed separately, and preserved and combined in such ways as shall make them most useful for the purpose for which they were severally enacted; and some of these combinations should certainly be effected by Government. But what is pre-eminently the duty of Government is to select from the mass of statutes those which form part of the true law of England, to arrange them in a code in the manner before specified, and to provide that the code thus constituted shall alone be quoted as binding statute law in courts of justice. The duty of Government in this respect will of course not cease with the formation of the code. The process of "Revision" would consist in incorporating year by year into the code such portions of the year's legislation as might deserve a place there. In order to effect this it would be necessary—

(1.) That Bills should be drawn upon a regular system, and always with reference to the part of the code which it might be intended to alter. No patchwork or verbal changes, or repeals by vague inference, should be allowed; but every Bill should expressly repeal such and such a section of the code, and in its place substitute such and such a new section, or should enact that to such and such a chapter such and such new sections should be added.

(2.) That every ten years the code should be republished by Government, containing the new sections in their proper places, and omitting those which had been repealed.

(3.) That to carry out this double work of introducing proper

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Bills into Parliament, and of adapting the results of legislation to the code, a permanent commission should be appointed. When the nation becomes conscious of the importance of the duties which such a commission would discharge, it would endeavour to attract into it by high salaries, and possibly seats in the Privy Council, the ablest intellects of the day.

The lawyer would then possess in the code, we will say, of 1870, which would occupy perhaps five or six volumes, the whole statute law of England in force at that date. He would also, during the decade 1870—1880, have to purchase certain emendations on the code, which might be called by the old Roman word "Novels," the effect of which upon the code would be so obvious, that an ordinary clerk might be trusted to note them upon its margin. After the year 1880 the lawyer might either continue to use his old code, as varied by the Novels, or at a moderate outlay might buy the new code which would be published that year, and which thenceforth would alone be allowed to be quoted in court. It appears to us that this plan would be both simpler and more efficient than any which has hitherto been proposed.

For many plans have been proposed for remedying the present intolerable confusion.

King Edward VI. wrote, "I have showed my opinion heretofore what statutes I think most necessary to be enacted this session; nevertheless I could wish, that beside them hereafter, when time shall serve, the superfluous and tedious statutes were brought into one sum together, and made more plain and short to the intent that men might better understand them; which thing shall much help to advance the profit of the Commonwealth."[1]

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Sir Nicholas Bacon drew up a scheme for reducing, ordering, and printing the Statutes of the Realm, of which the heads were as follows: "First, where many lawes be made for one thing, the same are to be reduced and established into one lawe, and the former to be abrogated. Item, where there is but one lawe for one thing, that these lawes are to remain in case as they be. Item, that all the Actes be digested into titles and printed according to the abridgment of the statutes. Item, where part of one Acte standeth in force and another part abrogated, there shall be no more printed but that that standeth in force. The doeing of these things maie be committed to the persons hereunder written, if it shall so please her Majestie and her Counsell, and daye wolde be given to the committees until the first daie of Michlemass Terme next coming for the doing of this, and then they are to declare their doings, to be considered by such persons as it shall please her Majestie to appoint."[2]

(1) *Apud* Burnet's "History of the Reformation." (2) MS. Harl., 249.

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Several attempts at a reform of the statute book were made from time to time in accordance with these recommendations. Lord Bacon has left some remarks upon this subject which are worthy of their author. He had himself formed a design of digesting the laws, which he says he had relinquished "because it is a work of assistance, and that I cannot master it by mine own resources and pen;"[1] but in the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' he had laid down the method in which it ought to be done.[2] "There are two ways," he says, "of making a new statute. The one confirms and strengthens former statutes on the same subject, and then makes a few additions and alterations; the other repeals and cancels all former enactments, and substitutes an entirely new and uniform law. The last method is the best." (Aph. 53.) And he well describes the confusion which even then existed. "Since an express statute is not regularly abolished by disuse, it comes to pass that through the contempt of obsolete laws, the authority of the rest is somewhat impaired; and from this cause ensues a torment like that of Mezentius, whereby the living laws are stifled in the embraces of the dead." (Aph. 60.) The processes of amendment he enumerates as follows:—First, let obsolete laws be omitted; secondly, let the most approved *Antinomies* be received, the rest abolished; thirdly, let the *Homoionomics*, or laws which are of the same import, be abolished; fourthly, let such laws as determine nothing be dismissed; lastly, let those laws which are found to be wordy and too prolix be more compendiously abridged. (Aph. 60.) When this has been done, he says that it will be expedient that the old volumes shall still be preserved in libraries, for the illustrations of antiquity, though the ordinary and promiscuous use of them be prohibited. (Aph. 63.) And he will not allow the fact that the jurists, who happen to be available at the time when reforms are projected, are inferior to their predecessors, to be an argument against the reforms being undertaken. "It is an unfortunate circumstance when, by the taste and judgment of a less wise and less learned generation, the works of the ancients are mutilated and reconstructed. But that is often necessary which is not best." (Aph. 64.)

King James I., in a speech from the throne (1609), spoke of "divers cross and cuffing statutes, and some so penned that they may be taken in divers, yea, contrary sences;" adding, "and therefore would I wish both those statutes and reports, as well in the Parliament as common law, to be once maturely reviewed and reconciled; and that not onely all contrarieties should be scraped out of our bookes, but even that such penal statutes as were made but for the use of the time (from breach whereof no man can be free) which doe not now agree with the condition of this our time, might likewise be

(1) Epist. dedic. to "An Holie War." Works (Stebbing), vii. p. 14.
(2) Book viii., app. 54—64. Works (Stebbing), v., p. 99.

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left out of our bookes, which under a tyrannous or avaricious king could not be endured. And this reformation might (me thinkes) bee made a worthy worke, and well deserves a Parliament to be set of purpose for it." A commission was appointed in the following year, and a MS. in the British Museum is probably the fruit of its labours.[1] It contains a list of the statutes from 3 Ed. I. to 2 Jac. I. which had been repealed or had expired, and suggestions for further repeals and changes. The report was, however, never acted upon, and under the Commonwealth several commissions were appointed: "to revise all former statutes and ordinances now in force, and consider as well which are fit to be continued, altered, or repealed, as how the same may be reduced into a compendious way and exact method, for the more ease and clear understanding of the people."[2] Other commissions have followed in different reigns from that time to this, and the Houses have on several occasions resolved that something should be done in the matter, but nothing was actually done till those measures were originated which we are about briefly to describe.

In 1853 Mr. Bellenden Ker, and two other gentlemen, were instructed by Government to examine the statutes and report upon the best method of revising them. These gentlemen accordingly made three most valuable reports, which are printed among the parliamentary papers,[3] and commenced to classify and register the statutes. Their labours were, however, superseded by the appointment, in 1854, of the "Statute Law Consolidation Committee." It was appointed by Lord Chancellor Cranworth, and consisted of about thirty members, most of them high legal dignitaries, who of course could spare little time for theoretical jurisprudence. Mr. Ker was, however, a member, and the commissioners appointed several gentlemen, including those who had acted before with Mr. Ker, to carry out under their direction the work which had already been commenced.

The commission made four reports,[4] which, with the three reports previously mentioned, contain a vast amount of curious information, carefully arranged tables of repealed or obsolete statutes, and specimen bills drawn experimentally upon a variety of subjects, upon various principles.

The reports speak very highly of the law itself, when clearly ascertained, but add, "we find that a rule, established and defined by centuries of experiment and discussion, and perhaps elaborated with perfect self-consistency, is registered in disorderly and cumbrous

(1) Harl. 244. (2) Commons Journal, vi. 427.
(3) 1854, vol. xxiv. pp. 154, 363, 407.
(4) Parl. Papers, 1855, xv. 829; 1856, xviii. 861; 1857, xxi. 203: sess. 2, xxi. 211; 1859, sess. 2, xiii. pt. 1, 1.

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fragments in a score of statutes and a hundred reported cases." Mr. Coode contributes a philosophical system of legal classification, starting from the two ideas of "interest" and "force."

In the Third Report of the Commissioners the following classification of the statutes is suggested:—

I. Armed Forces.
II. Revenue.
III. Finance.
IV. United Kingdom.
V. Great Britain,
VI. England and Ireland.
VII. England.
VIII. Scotland.
IX. Ireland.
X. Local and special.
 (a) Crown lands.
 (b) Scotland.
 (c) Ireland.
 (d) Miscellaneous.
XI. Colonies.
XII. East Indies.
XIII. Slave Trade.

It is obvious, however, that the arrangement is not guided by the only logical principle upon which a satisfactory classification can be made—that of "excluded middle." A scientific distribution of the statutes has yet to be made. The same report states that of the public general Acts passed in the present reign, more than one-fourth are not now in force, while the Acts which affect England (iv., v., vi. and vii. in the above classification) form little more than one-third of the residue. The proportionable bulk of repealed Acts is, of course, much larger in the earlier reigns.

The statutes passed during the present century occupy several more volumes than all the previous statutes from Magna Charta downwards. Those affecting England passed between 1800 and 1858 amount to 1,836.

The Commission presented its fourth report in 1859, and Lord Chancellor Campbell declined further to prolong its existence. It had accumulated a considerable store of materials, but the Criminal Law Consolidation Acts were the only immediate result of its labours. From this point Lord Westbury becomes the prominent figure in law reform.

In 1860, as Attorney-General, he announced that, with the approbation of the Government, he had engaged two gentlemen to index the obsolete Acts. He intended to expurgate the Statute Book of all Acts which, though not expressly repealed, were not actually in force, and proposed to work backwards from the present time. When the expurgation was accomplished an edition of the actually living law would be published, arranged under appropriate heads.[1] The gentlemen thus employed, Mr. Reily and Mr. Wood, have been ever since carrying on the work of their predecessors before and under the Commission; and with such activity did they enter upon their duties that in the following session a Bill became law (24 & 25

(1) Hansard, 156, p. 1238.

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Vic. c. 101), which relieved the statute book of 900 obsolete Acts, passed between the eleventh year of George III. and the sixteenth and seventeenth of Victoria, and scattered up and down through twenty-nine quarto volumes.

In 1863 Lord Chancellor Westbury introduced a second expurgatory Bill, in a great speech in which he reviewed the whole subject.[1] He proposed not only to revise the statute book, but also to make a digest of the rules of the common law which are now buried in 1,200 volumes of reports. The first step is to expurgate the statutes of dead law, the next to classify them under appropriate heads, next to add under each head the corresponding head of the digested reports, so forming a *digest* of the whole English law. The time for a *code* will not arrive, said the Lord Chancellor, till the distinction between common law and equity has vanished, and till we have trained up a generation of jurists competent to do the work. He intended some day to ask for a "Department of Justice." The Bill thus introduced became law (26 & 27 Vic., c. 125), and expurgated the Statute Book from 20 Hen. III. to 1 Jac. II.

A Bill carrying the same process through the period between 1 Jac. II. and 11 George III., which was introduced during the present session, will complete the preliminary work of expurgation.[2] All Acts virtually repealed, from Magna Charta to the seventeenth year of the present reign, will thus stand repealed in express terms, and all Acts heretofore repealed in express terms have been already registered and indexed by Messrs. Wood and Reily and their predecessors. What should be the next step? In our opinion the residuum of living general statutes affecting England should be at once authoritatively published, arranged in the order of their enactment. The Government plan, so far as it can be gathered, seems rather to be to defer publication till the statutes have been digested under their appropriate heads. But this would surely be a mistake. Unless the Government officials have gone much further than there is any reason to believe in the preparation of a philosophical scheme for the arrangement of the statutes, and unless such schemes as they may have prepared are much more philosophical than that which was proposed by the late Commission in their third report, it will be some years before the process of digesting can be satisfactorily accomplished. Let us have in the meantime an authentic collection of the living law of England in five or six manageable volumes. Such a collection would be the result of the processes which we have called *sifting*, which gets rid of all statutes

(1) Hansard, vol. 171, p. 776.

(2) This Bill, with many others, has been withdrawn, in consequence of the prolonged discussions upon topics of another nature which have engrossed the attention of Parliament. Lord Cranworth, however, has informed the House of Lords that it will be re-introduced by Lord Westbury, who has consented to resume his labours as a reformer of the law.

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which are not properly speaking "public general statutes of the realm," and *expurgation*, which gets rid of obsolete laws by express repeal, and then omits from the statute book every Act which has been expressly repealed.

These are, it is true, but two out of the five stages which must eventually be travelled, but it is nevertheless convenient to break the journey at this point. The remaining stages, *digesting*, *consolidation*, *codification*, demand a different and a less mechanical sort of labour. To exhibit in print every syllable of law which has not been repealed will be now, thanks to the indices and registers which have been constructed under the direction of Government, a purely mechanical task. It is, therefore, one which, if a sufficient number of hands are employed upon it, might well be accomplished within a few months from the passing of the third and last expurgatory Bill. How great a boon such a publication would be, both to the profession and to suitors, it is hardly necessary to say. With these volumes upon our shelves we could well afford to wait, say till the end of the year 1870, for a complete statute code.

Four years, if not wasted, would give ample time for consulting jurists and logicians—for all jurists are not logicians[1]—upon the distribution of the various heads under which the laws should be digested, consolidated, and codified. The best plan would probably be to invite all persons interested in the subject to send in their respective plans to a commission which should be appointed specially to consider the question, and which, in addition to its legal members, should contain a few such men as Mr. Mill and Mr. Mansell. The work to be ultimately published we have called a "Statute Code." And we conceive the term to be strictly applicable. The Roman "Code" consisted, in fact, exclusively of what we should have called statute law, while the common law was embodied in the "Digest." That the time has not yet arrived for a final code, in the French or modern sense, in which the distinction between common law and statute law, with many other distinctions, would no longer exist, we are, with Lord Westbury, quite prepared to admit. That the common law can for many years assume any other form than a digest of cases, we very much doubt. It is most gratifying to see that Government seems inclined to undertake the Herculean task of reducing the 1,200 volumes of reports to such a digest; but this work ought not for a moment to interfere with the far easier and equally pressing task of moulding the statute law into what, as far as it goes, ought to be a real code. This is quite within the power of the Government, and this we have a right to demand.

(1) This remark is painfully true even of the writers of the best text books in practice: and, in the domain of theory, even the great work of Mr. Austin is deformed by countless cross-divisions.

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Under the present system there are sixteen or seventeen Acts which tell one how to get married:[1] a few years ago an Act of Parliament was solemnly passed (21 & 22 Vic., c. 26), to repeal the 6 Anne, c. 5, 33 G. II., c. 20, and part of 39 & 40 G. III., all of which had been repealed by 1 & 2 Vic., c. 48; and in 1842 the Court of Queen's Bench considered minutely the 2 & 3 Ed. VI., c. 24, which had been repealed fourteen years previously. And yet every Englishman is presumed to know the laws of his country.

Leaving, therefore, out of consideration the question of a digest of the common law, itself a subject of vast magnitude; leaving also out of consideration the question of the ultimate unification of statute law and common law in a symmetrical code, a subject of still wider magnitude; we would insist on the importance and practicability of producing a perfect and elastic code of the statutes. This is to be accomplished by six processes. To the first two of these, "sifting" and "expurgation," the statutes have been already subjected, and we are of opinion that the result should be immediately given to the public in the shape of half a dozen volumes, containing all the living statute law which affects the realm of England. Such a collection must undergo the three further processes of "digesting," "consolidation," and "codification," before it will be a real code. These processes might well be accomplished, and the final result published, by the end of the year 1870.

One more process remains by which the Statute Code is to be modified to meet the wants of the age; this we have called "Revision," by which we mean the method by which each year's legislation is to be fitted to its place in the code, and by which the code thus modified is every ten years to be republished by authority. We have also explained that "Revision" could not properly be carried out without a regularly constituted Government Department of Justice.

THOMAS ERSKINE HOLLAND.

(1) So said Vice-Chancellor Wood at the Social Science Congress, 1859.

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THE VALLE LANDS OF VENETIA.

OUR aim in the present paper will not be to describe the city of Venice, her architectural display, and her fascinating historical reminiscences. We intend to discourse with our readers of scenes less familiar to the sojourner in "fair and fruitful Italy" than are the stones and palaces of her now ruined cities; but we will note the probable fate in store for Venice. The very uniqueness of her site and geographical position has been in itself a principal cause of her former greatness, and still is the distinctive charm which fascinates the great mass of unartistic tourists more even than the crumbling grandeur of her chiselled palaces. The waters of the lagoons surrounding Venice are gradually contracting themselves within ever-narrowing channels, and at no very distant period the Island City will doubtless lose the charm arising from her peculiar isolation, and will be united to the mainland; her silent and watery pathways will ultimately become highways and byways for the horse and his rider, and the stately swan-like gondola will be known only as a thing of the past.

The whole of Eastern Venetia owes the wonderful fertility of her soil to the comparatively recent alluvial deposit left by the slowly-receding waters of the Adriatic. Not more than three thousand years before the Christian era, the waters which now scarce lave Venice's marble palaces, washed up to the very foot of the lower Alps. The Euganean hills; the volcanic mole-hills, near Este; the picturesque rocky elevation near Cacavalli (the seat of the once proud house of Papafava); and the beautiful rock round which sweet Monsélice nestles, were then but islands cropping out of a vast expanse of sea.

Padua (after Adria, the most ancient city of Venetia) is supposed to have been built upon or near the then Adriatic sea-line, and, like her more ancient rival Adria, she doubtless lost her maritime position by the gradual contraction of the sea. Even so recently as the commencement of the Christian era she lay in the midst of a salt lagoon, resembling the lagoon which now separates Venice from the mainland, which existed until native industry embanked the rivers Brenta and Baccalione, and then artificially drained the land on either side.

The Adriatic and the Gulf of Genoa (now a hundred miles apart) probably at or about the date we have given, B.C. 3000, rolled an undivided ocean from the Dalmatian shore to the eastward, laving the northern Apennine and southern Alpine ranges; and washed to

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the westward the backbone of the Graian mountain-range, which runs parallel to the famed Cornici road. Middle and southern Italy were then but clusters of islands, analogous to and adjoining the present rock-bound shores of Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Malta, &c.

Influenced by volcanic inward forces, and the constant deposit and surface accumulation of *débris* from out an aqueous void, the first principle of matter has ever been gradually developing itself into continental form; volcanic upheavings and depressions, leaving dry land where once was water, and (sometimes of necessity) water where hitherto had been dry land; but all the complex forces of nature, her heat and volcanic action, leading to the suppression of the watery element upon her surface, and the substitution, particle for particle, of terra-firma in its stead. As civilisation advances, we find her most forward promoters instinctively anticipating in every quarter of the globe, by scientific means, what nature is ever imperceptibly but surely accomplishing.

The artificial drainage of bays and lagoons, yet in their transition state (neither altogether sea, nor yet land), is but an aiding of nature to throw off more quickly the superabundance of her first element, and thus make room for the increase of souls upon her surface.

The low-lying Campagna, situate midway between the Alps and the Apennines (known familiarly as the Válle, or fen district of Venetia), is drained by the sluggish Po, which lazily meanders through the fruitful vine-garden of Northern Italy, and disgorges its turbid waters at its hydra-headed junction with the sea. In surmising the date of the earliest existing population inhabiting this district, we are carried back two thousand years B.C., and obtain approximate data for assuming the Pelasgic race to have been the first colonisers of Northern Italy, and the founders of Adria, which was probably built, like Venice, upon sandbanks or islands, and was then a port at the mouth of the Po.

We are accustomed to regard the Roman as the founder of Italy's civilisation, but his greatest achievements in constructive architecture were anticipated by the Egypto-Assyrian craftsmen, and it would be more proper to speak of the Latin as a clever adapter of the results of a previous civilisation to his own more particular wants, than as a projector of original ideas in the realms of manipulative art, or more positive science.

We wish to draw the reader's attention to the fact that innumerable relics are constantly being discovered which have proved equally durable—in all their apparent fragility—with the walls of many Roman cities. These relics of pre-Roman civilisation, although most interesting to the philosopher and the antiquary, belong to the

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mythological pre-historic period, and are necessarily more vague in their story, and less interesting to the casual observer, than the towering massiveness of Roman masonry, or the graceful statuary chiselled by the hand of genius.

The civilisation of the Assyrian race has left its impress on the land it inhabited: the traditions of numerous Eastern nations have survived the dark ages of pre-historic and mediæval gloom, and are now readable by aid of that "dim religious light" which illuminates the sacred history of all time. The Egyptian hieroglyphics portray human life in its varied phases as it "lived and moved and had its being" in the twenty thousand inhabited cities which Herodotus informs us existed three thousand years ago in the land of the sacred Nile; we have no historic lore relating to Italy's earliest civilisation, no stately monuments of her greatness carved with the traditional symbols of what she was in pre-Roman days, but we have the remnants of pottery of Pelasgic and Etruscan manufacture, which are dug up in considerable quantities in the vicinity of Adria; and each of these tiny fragments, beautiful and complete in its every figure, tells its own story—tells of the habits and customs of the people of those days —enables, as it were, the thoughtful examiner to rehabilitate the silent spirit of the tomb, to reclothe its occupant with the attributes of thought, of taste, of power, which constituted its individuality during the short span of its mundane existence four thousand years ago. We are surprised at the originality of design, the multiplicity of subject-matter for study contained in the numerous articles of earthenware. Bowls ornamented with exquisite groupings from nature—the athlete, the water-carrier, the husbandman, the graceful nymph, the sturdy artisan, repeat themselves in every form. The mule is portrayed as the beast of burden; the horse, caparisoned and haughty, with stately tread carries the mailed warrior to the battle-field, or with more agile gracefulness (bearing the hunter in the chase) pursues the nimble fawn or the antlered deer. We may well wonder at the beautiful proportions of the horse, the anatomy so carefully studied and preserved, the lines of beauty so faithfully and exquisitely rendered by a few strokes of the engraver's tool.

Numerous and elegant as are the articles adapted solely for domestic purposes, there are others which were evidently designed for religious use, and have the appearance of greater artistic skill, and contain larger groupings of symbolic figures; such, for example, as the priest with flowing beard presiding at the sacrificial altar; processions of animals, apparently for the purpose of such sacrifices, &c. In all we find an amount of symmetrical ornamentation rivalling the pictorial art of the Greek.

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It is noticeable that the Pelasgic relics are found in an entirely different alluvial strata from that in which the Etruscan are buried, and three feet below it; whilst the latter again lie six feet under the black bog deposit from which the Roman vases and the innumerable relics of the historic period have been excavated. The existence of these three distinct deposits has given rise to the supposition that Adria has been swept away three distinct times by the bursting of the pre-existing banks of the Po, and refounded by the succeeding race on the ruins of the past. We are thus enabled to distinguish the handiwork of the Pelasgian from that of his successor, and we find him excelling in his method of burning in the colours, which time has proved to have been more enduring than the method employed by the Etruscan potter. At the same time we must give the palm to the Etruscan workman, for he was undoubtedly the more accomplished potter, he having used a finer composition for hardening his clay. One remarkable peculiarity is observable in the composition of the Pelasgian designer to which neither the Etruscan nor the Greek or Roman can lay claim, viz., that no one idea, no single figure, curve, or primary principle of ornamentation is reproduced in a duplicate form: each separate ewer or bowl displays an inexhaustible originality of design. Here we will also note the fact, which may or may not be new to those who have studied the subject, that the Etruscan seems generally to have completed his work of ornamentation before the glaze was burnt in, whilst the Pelasgian has evidently, in many cases, put the finishing touches to his after that process had been perfected.

It is only during the last few years that the excavations near the bed of the Po have been commenced (at the supposed site of the ancient city, two miles from the present one, and at various other points). As yet no traces have been discovered of architectural foundations, so that we can form no certain conclusion as to the antiquity of the first "*oltra-Po*" city of Adria. We may presume that if any such architectural traces should be found, they will correspond with similar Etruscan ruins already discovered in other portions of central Italy; indeed it is confidently anticipated by the enterprising scholar who is conducting the research, that such will shortly be discovered.

Adria *the modern*—no more a seaport—is now the centre of a vast level, intersected by the meandering Brenta, the fast-flowing Adige, and the listless, turbid Po. Large tracts still remain morass, the haunt of the wild fowl, the home of the eel cultivator. Long, straight Roman roads, poplared on either hand, with undeviating regularity; deep sunken fosses full of surface-water of an inky darkness; even the very wildness of the *tout ensemble* has an air

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of novelty, a dash of romantic association, which more than counteracts the monotony of the scene. One can wander for hours together, mile after mile, and not see the vestige of human habitation ; everywhere silence,—on the earth and in the sky,—broken only by the distant caw-caw of the raven, by the sudden rise of a heron or a stork with heavy indecisive flutter, as if his aerial apparatus were rusty and out of joint.

A long residence in Northern Italy—years spent in social intercourse with the contadini, have familiarised the writer with phases of social life, and with the national peculiarities of a shy and suspicious people, too long accustomed to espionage and treachery to allow willingly to a foreigner the privilege of *entrée* within the sanctum of the domestic circle.

The crushing, soul-degrading efforts of despotism have distorted honest patriotism into a rash risking of body and soul in blind antagonism to the powers that be. Citizen hatred of priest and monk has ceased to combat the anomalies with which Romanism has clogged and fettered the early Catholic Church ; now religion herself is brought into contempt, the sneer of the scoffer is substituted for the protest of the reformer. The "contadini" (or small landed proprietors), on the other hand, remain *in statu quo*. Political agitation and the latitudinarianism of social and religious discontent have not yet uprooted their fidelity to the Church of Rome. The country inhabitants scattered over the fair compagna still regard the rural priest as their spiritual superior ; whilst reverencing him only in proportion to the honesty, sincerity, and consistency of his life and example The "*Párroco*," the "*Archiprete*," has perhaps more influence for good or for evil over the mass of the Italian population than the clergyman of any other European country ; and far be it from us to under-estimate that influence, or to insinuate that it is *not* for good. Fully to analyse it, we must separate the elements of which it is composed. We must bear in mind that the Jesuit, the Capuchin, the Dominican friar, and the other orders of *padri* and *monachi*, do not necessarily come into direct contact with the people at large. The clergy proper consist of the *Monsignori* (archbishops, bishops, and canons) and the *Don-reverendos* (parochial and vicarial) in their various grades, and they alone can be called the pastors of the people. That many of these are earnest, pious men not even their enemies will deny ; but their usefulness is counteracted by the negative effect of that dogmatism and dependence on ceremonial ritualism which is forced upon them by the canons of their Church, bringing down the highest intellect to the level of the veriest ignoramus whom episcopal hands have ordained, and rendering the most zealous virtually powerless.

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As in France, so in Italy, it is the citizen who alone is the political agitator; the contadino is essentially conservative; contented with the religion of his forefathers, he has learnt to accommodate himself to foreign political rule, and uses the very name of *Cittadino* as synonymous with socialist and *revolutionnaire.*

It may be interesting to the reader to describe the occupation of the country population inhabiting the vâlle lands of Southern Venetia during the winter months, when the tillage of the soil, the culture of the vine, the production of rice and maize, and the rearing of silkworms no longer claim their undivided attention. Then the whole district becomes the rendezvous of sportsmen; wild ducks and geese congregate by hundreds of thousands, and the yield to the proprietors of vast districts of morass is considerable.

A water-tight decoy-pit sunk in the midst of an area of several acres of lagoon, hides away half-a-dozen of the sportsmen, who there await the signal, when a simultaneous discharge carries death and destruction among the feathery crowd which ususpectingly comes within their range. Each sportsman is entitled to a certain proportion of the game, but the greater part is sold for the benefit of the proprietor of the morass; thus the sporting value is no doubt great, but not to be compared with the produce of the lagoon. It is the eel-fisheries of the Romagna and the Venetian marshes to which the people principally turn their winter attention; these are conducted on a very extensive scale, and supply the demand during Lent of all good Catholics in Spain, Southern France, Austria, Dalmatia, and Italy itself.

It is a remarkable fact, and one probably of more than passing interest, that until within the last few years of *quasi* Italian unity, the principal eel and fresh-water fisheries were either the absolute property of the Pope, or had to pay tribute to the Holy See. Its revenue derived therefrom is said to have been enormous.

We do not know the date of the prohibition of flesh, or rather the substitution of fish in its stead, on the Friday and Saturday and during the forty days of Lent, but it looks as though such a substitution of fish for flesh was not wholly disinterested on the part of the first sovereign Pontiff who originated this system, and we may surmise that the date of the practical development of the Papal monopoly over the fishy tribe coincides with that at or about which the first articles relative to fasts and Lent observances were proclaimed by *il Papa* of centuries gone by.

At the present day, although landed proprietors well know the advantages resulting from artificial drainage, and are reclaiming vast tracts year by year, yet, partly from want of capital, partly from the absence of speculative energy in the Italian character, and perhaps still

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more owing to the profitable nature of the eel culture itself, there are thousands upon thousands of acres of fresh-water lagoon lying between Chioggia and Comacchio, which have been from time immemorial the breeding grounds of the eel, and still remain under piscatorial culture.

From Chioggia southwards runs the stupendous sea-wall, built by order of the Venetian republic, to prevent the encroachments of the sea. It is immediately inland of this massive embankment that the most productive eel grounds are situated. We will describe one with which we are familiar, containing a surface area of 800 acres, lying to the eastward of Ariano, between the mouths of the Po, known respectively as *la bocca di Levante* and *la bocca della Maestra*. This lagoon is sheltered to the eastward by the sea-wall, and upon the other sides by artificial embankments.

Between the eastern border and the sea line a communication is maintained by means of a wide deep foss, about a mile in length, with sluice gates at either end.

When Christmas approaches and a dark winter's night conjures up the spirit of the storm from out the usually calm and playful Adriatic, then is the time when the eel-gardener and his men await the moment for gathering in their annual crops.

Imagine, if you can, reader, such a night. A stiff sea-breeze blowing (not as in England, a *north-wester*—in the Adriatic and Mediterranean it is the *south-easter* which the mariner most dreads); a murky blackness, throwing even the inky morass into deeper gloom; a wild tempestuous sea foaming, and moaning, and lashing in impotent fury the low line of the western coast. At high tide, in the darkness of the night, the flood-gates are opened, and in burst the salt-water waves. Gurgling and heaving, with tumultuous force, onward they flow; perceptibly loud is the noise of their coming, above the sound of the wind or the creaking of the willows. Onward, still onward, the briny water rushes to mingle with the *aqua dolce* of the inward lagoon.

Scarce has the salt stream made half its distance, when the lagoon seems instinct with life; its waters seething and boiling, at first low and indistinct, then gradually more stirring and confused, until its surface disgorges myriads of the eely tribe, converging towards the point where the sea-water must meet them. With surprising quickness they roll onwards through the rapidly narrowing channel, the noise they make becoming absolutely appalling. Vast balls of intertwined millions choke the course of the stream, and rise high above the surface, as they struggle onward towards the inflowing tide, which, with marvellous instinct, they have scented long before it has made half the distance between them and the open sea. When the water has become thoroughly brackish, wire-work sluice-gates are

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drawn across the dyke, and the whole produce of the lagoon is concentrated within an area of half an acre of space. Then commences the *take*, as we may term it; day and night relays of men haul out of the water and assort the eels. A large proportion are immediately skinned for salting and pickling, others are shipped off alive in trading vessels (native and foreign) waiting to receive them, whilst the smaller ones and the breed eels are thrown back into the water.

The process of unravelling the knotted heaps requires great expertness and a sharp knife. While the writer was watching this singular and interesting scene, one of the fishermen, with that quickness of imaginative adaptation which distinguishes the *Pescatore* of the Adriatic, remarked to him, "Mi pare che questo e un vero Nodo Gordiano!" A *Gordian knot* indeed it seemed to be!

Apropos to the subject: the Venetian fisherman is a rare specimen of his kind; after years spent on board his little fishing smack, he will suddenly relinquish his seafaring life and turn oyster-hawker (while oysters are in season), and *venditore di sorbetto*, or *roba dolce*, during the other months of the year. Such characters are known familiarly as "Chioggiotti," and wander from town to town, frequenting the *trattoria* and *locanda*, ever ready to bandy jokes or spin a yarn for the amusement of their *avventóri*.

These Chioggiotti are the inhabitants of a thickly-populated group of islands, or rather sandbanks, lying south-west of Venice. Chioggia, from which they take their name, is the largest of these islands; it contains about 25,000 inhabitants, and lies adjacent to the mainland, with which it will shortly be connected by a series of four bridges, now in course of construction. The inhabitants are a people quite distinct from the Venetians, and we incline to regard them as descendants of the Pelasgian or Etrurian races, who inhabited the neighbouring districts in pre-Roman days. In their physiognomy, in their costume, and in their general habits of life, they differ entirely from any other people of the Italian peninsula; the women are remarkable for their well-developed forms and commanding features, betokening robust and healthy physical organisation, and their costume is strikingly picturesque; whilst the men are sober, frugal, and industrious, occupying themselves in fishing and market-gardening. Each family estimates its wealth by the number of its fishing smacks and the extent of the *campi* it has under potato, cauliflower, and asparagus culture.

The grand sight in Chioggia is its fish-market, a sight unique of its kind in Europe. From the time the sale of fish commences the scene is one of the most animated imaginable, if we can call *that* animation the peculiar characteristic of which is *silence*. Each fishing-

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smack as it arrives off the port transfers its cargo to a canoe-tender, which swiftly threads the watery pathway, and shoots alongside the *rivièra della Pescherìa.* The fish is carried from the boat by the *facchini della Piazza*, and assorted upon marble slabs—the small fish in heaps, the large fish side by side; the auctioneer, having attached a number to each lot, and entered them in his book, is ready to receive the bids of the intended purchasers, who are waiting to take them to the different inland markets. The whole proceeding now assumes an air of indescribable mystery to the uninitiated stranger: in the midst of a dream-like silence dealer after dealer steps up to the auctioneer, whispers in his ear the price he is willing to give for each lot as it is announced, and then retires. When all have apparently whispered their bid, and a last pantomimic appeal for yet another offer has been made, the name of the highest bidder and the price he has offered is noted in the book. As lot after lot is thus disposed of, the auctioneer scribbles a duplicate card, and throws it to a deputy, who announces the purchaser to whom it has been assigned.

Boat-load after boat-load arrives, and is disposed of by silent auction, without a word being spoken audibly by either auctioneer or bidder, and with a celerity perfectly surprising; thus fish to the value of thousands of florins are daily distributed amongst the Lombardo-Venetian markets, which are dependent upon this singular and isolated community for their supply of fish, oysters, and other *frutto del máre*, as well as for the first choice vegetables of the season. We have eaten many varieties of fish in Chioggia which are unknown west of the Straits of Gibraltar, and are probably even rarely met with except in the immediate vicinity of the Venetian lagoons. The quaint and thoroughly national *albergo* and *locanda* known as the "Giardino," with its ample bowling-green and vine-festooned alcove, prides itself upon the excellence of its *cuisine*.

At the Tavola Rotunda the bill-of-fare will include the delicious *cannocci*, fricasseed cuttlefish, salmon-trout from the Brenta, dog-fish steaks, fried land-snails, and roast tun (veal-like in its consistency, with a very peculiar phosphoric smell and taste). The traveller may rely upon finding every seasonable variety of fish and fowl, not excepting the delicious and delicate little frogs, so favourite a dish with every one in Italy; he may order, *as extras*, a crab or a dozen of oysters, the latter very inferior to those of Naples and our own "natives," owing probably to the greater density of the Adriatic Sea, and the larger proportion of phosphorus and iodine which it holds in solution.

The equine race is more uncommon in Chioggia than in "la bella Venezia" itself; for, notwithstanding the generally-received idea that the bronze horses of St. Mark's are *the only horses* of which the

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island city can boast, the fact is that two riding-schools exist in the neighbourhood of the Venetian arsenal, with extensive exercise-grounds adjoining, where the signori can enjoy equestrian exercise without going over to the mainland; but in Chioggia, although there are several miles of almost uninterrupted sandy tracts admirably adapted for riding purposes, not a horse nor stall nor stable is to be found.

Chioggia has never shared in the vicissitudes and turmoils incident to wars and revolutions: it was quietly evacuated by the Austrians in 1848, and as quietly re-occupied after the Provisional Government under Manin had succumbed to Marshal Radetzky and his Croatian whitecoats.

Since 1859 the citizen youths of Venetia have invariably fled from the hated Austrian conscription to join the ranks of Victor Emmanuel's army. Numerous as have been the stratagems resorted to, to aid their flight by those who have drawn the fatal number, perhaps no *ruse* was so long successful as that in which they were aided by the Chioggian fisherman, who would row his craft up the Canal Bianco as far inland as Adria or Cavarzere, and take on board these patriotic deserters, concealing them in the shrouds or clewing them within the mainsails to the mast; then he would drop down again with the current, row out to sea, and make for an Italian port, landing them under the protection of the Bandiéra d'Italia—the red, green, and white colours of liberty common alike to the Hungarian and the Italian patriot. Every Englishman may well join in the Italian's joy at the thought that those colours will in a few days replace the yellow and black which now flutter over Venetia's noble Piazza; and in the fervent prayer that they may soon float—sign of the realisation of Italian unity—over the proud Capitol of Rome!

The canal Bianco and the canal which connects the Adige, at Cavarzere, with the Chioggian lagoons, together with its ramifications (north-westward to Conchi on the Brenta, south-eastward to Adria and the Po) serve not only as facilities for navigation, but are the great arteries which receive the surplus water from the numerous high-level canals which intersect the districts under artificial drainage. Steam-power drainage machinery is now busy at work on many private estates through the whole of the Valle lands bordering the Po—from Ferrara and Ponte Lagoscuro to its mouths—and vast tracts of country which, undrained, are worthless, except for eel culture, have become the richest and most productive arable land in Europe.

Apart from the first cost of machinery, the expenses of drainage are very small; the entire supervision of the pumping-engines and the other apparatus employed in the various districts, is in the hands

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of an English civil engineer, whose staff consists of two engine drivers and two stokers for each district; these are employed (in relays) night and day, from November to March—five months out of the twelve; but during the remainder of the year, the engine-houses are locked up, and the subordinates are free to "drive" the agricultural steam implements of husbandry, which are coming so generally into use upon the Lombardo-Venetian rice, maize, and corn plantations. The abstract advantages resulting from the use of steam in agriculture are peculiarly applicable to the culture of immense tracts of country, where thousands of acres (*campi*) are undivided even by fosses, and allow the ploughman to turn up his furrows in unbroken lines stretching as far as the eye can reach. Where the crops are so various and abundant, the economy in labour when steam is used is more apparent in Italy than in England. With the exception of the rice crop—which requires careful attention during nine months of the year—the great demand for labour is necessarily, as in every country, at seed time and harvest; but Venetia has no extra population to rely on during harvest; her farmers must support the full complement of hands necessary for the busiest season, during the whole of the year. Now the steam-engine not only supersedes a large proportion of the extra hands in the busy months, but can be turned to profitable account in the additional branches of industry which necessarily belong to Venetian farming; silk is much more profitably disposed of in the spool than in the cocoon; and the hemp grown on the estate is usually made into twine and rope, and sold in the finished state; whilst flax is spun and woven upon the premises, to be sold piecemeal along with the twine and rope, the *farina di polénta*, the corn and the wine, at the weekly *mercáto* or the annual fair: and all these multitudinous processes, simple in themselves, are very materially facilitated by the substitution of steam-power for hand labour.

The Venetian farmer and small landed proprietor of the present century differs but little in his mode of life and habits of thought, from his ancestor who flourished during the Republic's palmiest days, but he lacks that prosperity which aristocratic influence and princely munificence alone can foster and keep alive. Venetia is now slumbering in lethargic unconsciousness of her former greatness; her rural palaces are moss-grown and deserted, where once the Signori Nobili with stately presence and lordly tread vied one with the other in sympathising and kindly help towards struggling talent however unfortunate—genius however crude and unfledged. Ruin and decay have stamped their impress on all Venetia's once prosperous cities; her intellectual capital, Padua, that ancient seat of learning, within whose massive walls savants of every clime once studied; where

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Galileo in sombre mood spent solitary midnight hours watching the stars from aloft, in his dreary dormitory over the Porta Bassano; where Giotto first shone forth, the great master of the early Italian school, a grand genius, deeply endowed with that luminous faith-worship which alone can lead its votary to high and enduring excellence in the sublimest pathway of historic art. Padua *the modern* had her University without students, her noble palaces converted into barracks for the Austrian soldiery, while her sons were exiled and proscribed, or moodily vegetated at home in listless apathy, awaiting the moment for open revolt.

Commerce, enterprise, there was none; city life was a blank; every one naturally doubted the good faith of his neighbour, where every fourth man was a spy. He who will study the character of the Venetian must accompany him to his *villeggiatúro*, when he is no longer *the citizen*, but has assumed the character *pro tem.* of *contadino*: there is he happy as the day is long, surrounded by his family, and his trusted rural dependants; he is genial, sociable, hospitable, unsuspicious, and kindly hearted.

We believe that a noble future is in store for the Venetians. United to their great Italian fatherland they are destined once more to show their prowess as of old on the world's arena of art and science, and keen commercial strife. The work of reconstruction will no doubt still be tedious and disheartening at times. Italy's worst enemies have ever been her own renegade sons, who have betrayed her for the gold of the stranger; but a strong executive hand will exterminate, root and branch, the treacherous members within her border; and the political spy and the dastardly informer will no longer dare to set brother against brother and house against house.

HENRY ECROYD.

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MIRACLES NO PROOFS.

It is the lot of every book which attempts to treat the origin and progress of Christianity in a sober and scientific spirit, to meet with unsparing attacks. Critics in plenty are always to be found who, possessed with the idea that the entire significance and value of the Christian religion are demolished unless we regard it as a sort of historical monstrosity, are only too eager to subject the offending work to a scathing scrutiny, displaying withal a modicum of righteous indignation at the unblushing heresy of the author, not unmixed with a little scornful pity at his inability to believe very preposterous stories upon very meagre evidence. Like all "conservative" performances, polemics of this sort have doubtless their function. They serve to purge scientific literature of the awkward and careless statements too often made by writers not sufficiently instructed or cautious, which in the absence of hostile criticism would probably get accepted by the unthinking reader along with the truths which they accompany. Most scientific and philosophical works have their defects; and it is fortunate that there is such a thing as dogmatic ardour in the world, ever sharpening its wits to the utmost, that it may spy each lurking inaccuracy and ruthlessly drag it to light. But this useful spirit is wont to lead those who are inspired by it to shoot beyond the mark, and after pointing out the errors of others, to commit fresh mistakes of their own. In the skilful criticism of M. Renan's work on the Apostles, in No. 29 of the Fortnightly Review there is now and then a vulnerable spot through which a controversial shaft may perhaps be made to pierce.

It may be true that Lord Lyttelton's tract on the Conversion of St. Paul, as Dr. Johnson and Mr. Rogers have said, has never yet been refuted; but if I may judge from my own recollection of the performance, I should say that this must be because no competent writer ever thought it worth his pains to seriously criticise it. Its argument contains about as much solid consistency as a distended balloon, and collapses as readily at the first puncture. It attempts to prove, first, that the conversion of St. Paul cannot be made intelligible except on the assumption that there was a miracle in the case; and, secondly, that if Paul was converted by a miracle, the truth of Christianity is impregnable. Now, if the first of these points be established, the demonstration is not yet complete, for the second point must be proved independently. But if the first point be overthrown, the second loses its prop, and falls likewise.

Great efforts are therefore made to show that no natural influences could have intervened to bring about a change in the feelings of Paul. He was violent, "thorough," unaffected by pity or remorse; and accordingly he could not have been so completely altered as he was, had he not actually beheld the risen Christ: such is the argument which Mr. Rogers deems so conclusive. I do not believe that from any of Paul's own assertions we are entitled to positively affirm that no shade of remorse had ever crossed his mind previous to the vision near Damascus. But waiving this point, I do maintain that, granting Paul's feelings to have been as Mr. Rogers thinks they were, his conversion is inexplicable, even on the hypothesis of a miracle. He that is determined not to believe, will not believe, though one should rise from the dead. To make Paul

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a believer, it was not enough that he should meet his Lord face to face: he must have been already prepared to believe. Otherwise he would have easily found means of explaining the miracle from his own point of view. He would certainly have attributed it to the wiles of the demon, even as the Pharisees are said to have done with regard to the miraculous cures performed by Jesus. A "miraculous" occurrence in those days did not astonish as it would at present. "Miracles" were rather the order of the day, and in fact were lavished with such extreme bounty on all hands, that their convincing power was very slight. Neither side ever thought of disputing the reality of the miracles supposed to be performed on the other: but each side considered the miracles of its antagonist to be the work of diabolic agencies. Such being the case, it is useless to suppose that Paul could have distinguished between a true and a false miracle, or that a real miracle could of itself have had any effect in inducing him to depart from his habitual course of belief and action. As far as Paul's mental operations were concerned, it could have made no difference whether he met with his future Master in person, or merely encountered him in a vision. The sole point to be considered is whether or not he *believed* in the Divine character and authority of the event which had happened. What the event might have really been was of no practical consequence to him or to any one else. What he believed it to be was of the first importance. And since he did believe that he had been divinely summoned to cease persecuting, and commence preaching the new faith, it follows that his state of mind must have been more or less affected by circumstances other than the mere vision. Had he not been ripe for change, neither shadow nor substance could have changed him.

This view of the case is by no means so extravagant as Mr. Rogers would have us suppose. There is no reason for believing that Paul's character was essentially different afterwards from what it had been before. The very fervour which caused him, as a Pharisee, to exclude all but orthodox Jews from the hope of salvation, would lead him, as a Christian, to carry the Christian idea to its extreme development, and admit all persons whatever to the privileges of the Church. The same zeal for the truth which had urged him to persecute the Christians unto the death, afterwards led him to spare no toil and shun no danger which might bring about the triumph of their cause. It must not be forgotten that the persecutor and the martyr are but one and the same man under different circumstances. He who is ready to die for his own faith will usually think it fair to make other men die for theirs. Men of a vehement and fiery temperament, moreover—such as Paul always was—never change their opinions slowly, never rest in philosophic doubt, never take a middle course. If they leave one extreme for an instant, they are drawn irresistibly to the other; and usually very little is needed to work the change. The conversion of Omar is a striking instance in point, and has been cited by M. Renan himself. The character of Omar bears a strong likeness to that of Paul. Previous to his conversion, he was a conscientious and virulent persecutor of Mohammedanism.[1] After his conversion, he was Mohammed's most efficient disciple, and it may be safely asserted that for disinterestedness and self-abnegation he was not inferior to the Apostle of the Gentiles. The change in his case was, moreover, quite as sudden and unexpected as it was with Paul; it was neither

(1) Saint-Hilaire: "Mahomet et le Coran," p. 109.

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more nor less incomprehensible; and if Paul's conversion needs a miracle to explain it, Omar's must need one likewise. But in truth, there is no difficulty in the case, save that which dogmatism has created. The conversions of Paul and Omar are paralleled by innumerable events which occur in every period of religious or political excitement. Far from being extraordinary, or inexplicable on natural grounds, such phenomena are just what might occasionally be looked for.

But, says Mr. Rogers, "Is it possible for a moment to imagine the doting and dreaming victim of hallucinations (which M. Renan's theory represents Paul) to be the man whose masculine sense, strong logic, practical prudence, and high administrative talent, appear in the achievements of his life, and in the Epistles he has left behind him?" M. Renan's theory does not, however, represent Paul as the "victim of hallucinations" to a greater degree than Mohammed. The latter, as every one knows, laboured during much of his life under almost constant "hallucination;" yet "masculine sense, strong logic," &c., were qualities quite as conspicuous in him as in St. Paul.

Here, as throughout his essay, Mr. Rogers shows himself totally unable to comprehend the mental condition of men in past ages. If an Apostle has a dream or sees a vision, and interprets it according to the ideas of his time and country, instead of according to the ideas of scientific England in the nineteenth century, Mr. Rogers thinks he must needs be mad: and when, according to the well-known law that mental excitement is contagious,[1] several persons are said to have concurred in interpreting some phenomenon supernaturally, Mr. Rogers cannot see why so many people should all go mad at once! "To go mad," in fact, is his favourite designation for a mental act, which nearly all the human race must have habitually performed until quite modern times; the act of mistaking subjective impressions for outward realities. The disposition to regard all strange phenomena as manifestations of supernatural power was universally prevalent in the first century of Christianity, and long after. Neither greatness of intellect nor thoroughness of scepticism gave exemption. Even Julius Cæsar, the greatest practical genius that ever lived, was somewhat superstitious, despite his atheism and his vigorous common sense. It is too often argued that the prevalence of scepticism in the Roman Empire must have made men scrupulous about accepting miracles. Nothing of the kind. Nothing but physical science ever drives out miracles: mere doctrinal scepticism is powerless to do it. In the age of the apostles, little if any radical distinction was drawn between a miracle and an ordinary occurrence. No one supposed a miracle to be an infraction of the laws of nature, for no one had a clear idea that there were such things as laws of nature. A miracle was simply an extraordinary act, exhibiting the power of the person who performed it. Blank, indeed, would the Evangelists have looked, had any one told them what an enormous theory of systematic meddling with nature was destined to grow out of their beautiful and artless narratives.

The incapacity to appreciate this frame of mind renders the current arguments in behalf of miracles utterly worthless. From the fact that Celsus and others never denied the reality of the Christian miracles, it is commonly inferred that those miracles must have actually happened. The same argument would, however, equally apply to the miracles of Apollonius and Simon Magus, for

(1) Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," pp. 87—152.

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the Christians never denied the reality of these. What these facts really prove is that the state of human intelligence was as I have just described it: and the inference to be drawn from them is that no miraculous account emanating from an author of such a period is worthy of serious attention. When Mr. Rogers supposes that if the miracles had not really happened they would have been challenged, he is assuming that a state of mind existed in which it was possible for miracles to be challenged; and thus commits an anachronism as monstrous as if he had attributed the knowledge of some modern invention, such as steamboats, to those early ages.

Mr. Rogers seems to complain of M. Renan for "quietly assuming" that miracles are invariably to be rejected. Certainly a historian of the present day who should not make such an assumption would betray his lack of the proper qualifications for his profession. It is not considered necessary for every writer to begin his work by setting out to prove the first principles of criticism. They are taken for granted. And, as M. Renan justly says, a miracle is one of those things which must be disbelieved until it is proved. The *onus probandi* lies on the asserter of a fact which conflicts with universal experience. Nevertheless, the great number of intelligent persons who, even now, from dogmatic reasons, accept the New Testament miracles, forbids that they should be passed over in silence like similar phenomena elsewhere narrated. But, in the present state of historical science, the arguing against miracles is, as Colet remarked of his friend Erasmus's warfare against the Thomists and Scotists of Cambridge, "a contest more necessary than glorious or difficult." To be satisfactorily established, a miracle needs at least to be recorded by an eye-witness; and the mental attainments of the witness need to be thoroughly known besides. Unless he has a clear conception of the difference between the natural and the unnatural order of events, his testimony, however unimpeachable on the score of honesty, is still worthless. To say that this condition was fulfilled by those who described the New Testament miracles, would be absurd. And in the face of what German criticism has done for the early Christian documents, it would be an excess of temerity to assert that any one of the supernatural accounts contained in them rests on contemporary authority. Of all history, the miraculous part should be attested by the strongest testimony, whereas it is invariably attested by the weakest. And the paucity of miracles wherever we have contemporary records, as in the case of primitive Islamism, is a most significant fact.

In attempting to defend his principle of never accepting a miracle, M. Renan has indeed got into a sorry plight, and Mr. Rogers, in controverting him, has not greatly helped the matter. By stirring M. Renan's bemuddled pool, Mr. Rogers has only bemuddled it the more. Neither of these excellent writers seems to suspect that transmutation of species, the geologic development of the earth, and other like phenomena, do not present features conflicting with ordinary experience. Sir Charles Lyell and Mr. Darwin would be greatly astonished to be told that their theories of inorganic and organic evolution involved any agencies not known to exist in the present course of nature. The great achievement of these writers has been to show that all past changes of the earth and its inhabitants are to be explained as resulting from the continuous action of causes like those now in operation, and that throughout there has been nothing even faintly resembling a miracle. M. Renan may

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feel perfectly safe in extending his principle back to the beginning of things: and Mr. Rogers's argument, even if valid against M. Renan, does not help his own case in the least.

On many points indeed, M. Renan has laid himself open to pretty severe criticism, and on many other points he has furnished good handles to his orthodox opponents. His views in regard to the authorship of the Fourth Gospel and the Acts are not likely to be endorsed by many scholars: and his revival of the rationalistic absurdities of Paulus merits in most instances all that Mr. Rogers has said about it. As was said at the outset, orthodox criticisms upon heterodox books are always welcome. They do excellent service. And with the feeling which impels their authors to defend their favourite dogmas with every available weapon of controversy, I for one can heartily sympathise. Their zeal in upholding what they consider the truth is greatly to be respected and admired. But so much cannot always be said for the mode of argumentation they adopt, which too often justifies M. Renan's description, when he says, "Raisonnements triomphants sur des choses que l'adversaire n'a pas dites, cris de victoire sur des erreurs qu'il n'a pas commises, rien ne paraît déloyal à celui qui croit tenir en main les intérêts de la vérité absolue."

JOHN FISKE.

SONNET.

BECAUSE I failed, shall I asperse the End
  With scorn or doubt, my failure to excuse?
  'Gainst arduous truth my feeble falseness use,
Like that worst foe, a vain splenetic friend?
Didst deem, self-amorous fool! the High would bend
  If that thy utmost stature proved too small?
  What though it be? Some other is more tall.
The End is fixed. Have faith. The means will mend.
  Failures but carve a pathway to success;
  Our force is many, so our aim be one;
The foremost drop; on, those behind must press.
What boots my doing, so the deed be done?
  Let my poor body lie beneath the breach.
  I clomb and fell; who stand on me, will reach.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

FLORENCE, *Aug.* 16*th*, 1866.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The political campaign has begun this year rather earlier than usual, and some of our most distinguished characters have already been uttering their sentiments on the great topic of Reform, which will leave the country no peace until some settlement of the question has been arrived at. A few years ago republican government was on its trial in America, and its success seemed to be uncertain. There was then a lull in the Reform movement in England, and a very moderate measure would have satisfied its supporters. That time, however, was allowed to slip away, to the regret of many advocates of moderate progress, and now the demands of the unenfranchised are increasing in proportion to the delay. The United States have exhibited a wealth, a strength, an organisation, a temperance and moderation after their great successes, which show that universal suffrage and the freest institutions are compatible with a well-ordered state, where life and property are secure, and that an elected president is able to sustain the honour of the country, and to keep up a military and a naval array which can vie with those of the proudest monarchies of Europe. In Europe itself it is important to remark that the three greatest states besides ourselves, France, Russia, and Prussia, are under the form of government which we may call Cæsarain,—namely, a democracy with a monarch at its head, supported by a powerful army. In all these states the aristocracy and the middle classes have but little power. In France the influence of the Bourgeoisie fell with Louis Philippe; in Russia the aristocracy has received a mortal blow in the emancipation of the serfs, which was intended for this purpose, and a middle class can hardly be said to exist. In Prussia the feeling of the people and the institutions are democratic; Bismarck cares little for any particular form of government, and will join the strongest party; and the king, by sweeping away the petty sovereigns of Northern Germany, has given up the doctrine of the Divine right, and virtually made his own crown depend upon his ability to keep it on his head, which, in other words, means the will of his people to let it stay there. In England alone and in Austria are the middle and upper classes still the guiding power of the state. In Austria they have been most unsuccessful and well-nigh ruined the empire; in England their destiny is still for a short time in their own hands. By timely concessions they may lead a willing people; by endeavouring to monopolise power, they will lose their own position, revolutionise a happy country, and destroy the British Empire. The experience of the last ten or fifteen years has not been such as to make people particularly satisfied with the use of power as it has been hitherto deposited. The sympathies of the old Whig ministers are narrow and confined, and they always seemed afraid of promoting men of ability, lest they themselves should be overshadowed. They had a natural affinity to mediocrity, and Parliament, elected by the middle classes, was little more than a *lit de justice* to register their edicts.

The Crimean war was a vast failure, diplomatic, military, and naval; the misgovernment of India led to a most dangerous rebellion which was with great difficulty suppressed, and its misgovernment since that time has led to a chronic state of discontent, not only among natives, but Europeans; add to this the state of our army and our navy, and the glaring deficiencies of our educational

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system, both for the upper, the middle, and the lower classes, and we have a picture which undoubtedly shows that those who have for many years past enjoyed the immense power attached to the Ministerial offices have not been diligent servants, or thoroughly comprehended the requirements of the nation. It is with feelings floating through the public mind such as we have just endeavoured to describe, that the autumn campaign opens to agitate for Reform. Mr. Bright of course leads the van, and the reform demonstration at Birmingham was a great success. The question as to the actual numbers which assembled there matters little, whether there were two millions or twenty thousand, because the shops were all shut, every man, woman, and child went that could go, and the sympathy with the movement was complete. Mr. Bright's speech was admirably suited to his audience, clear, simple, and convincing, working out one or two prominent positions which it was impossible to gainsay. Mr. Lowe, he said, as the true Tory leader and guider of the great journal which virtually turned out the late Ministry, had libelled the working classes, and his words should be hung up in every workshop, to show how false were the only grounds on which what Mr. Bright called the Derby principle of exclusion of the working classes was founded. Then came a passage, very telling, because true:—"If any of you take ship and go to Canada," he said, "he will find the Derby principle utterly repudiated; but in Canada there is no uprooting of institutions and no distinctions of property, and there is no absence of order, or loyalty. If you go to Australia, you will find that this Derby principle is unknown; yet there reigns order as there is in this country, contentment with the institutions of the colonies, and regard for law and for property. If you go to those great and glorious colonies of this country, the United States of America, there you will find the people exhibiting all the virtues which belong to the greatest nations on the face of the earth. As you come to Europe, you will find in the republic of Switzerland, in the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, in Norway and Sweden, in France, and now you are about to witness in Germany also, a wide-spread exercise of the franchise hitherto in our time unknown in this country; and neither emperor, nor king, nor noble believes that his authority, or his interest, or his greatness, or the happiness of any one of his countrymen, will be jeopardised by the free admission of the people to their constitutional privileges. In Germany a vote is to be given to every man of twenty-five years of age and upwards; so that if we were to propose a measure that would give a vote to every man of twenty-five years and upwards in this country, we should not be in advance of the great country of Northern Germany which is now being established. What is it that we are come to in this country, that what is being rapidly conceded in all parts of the world is being persistently and obstinately refused here in England, the home of freedom, the mother of parliaments?" The cause of reform has been promoted by this speech, and the success of the Birmingham meeting will probably lead to many others of a similar character.

Mr. Gladstone also, while spending a few weeks in scenes familiarised to him by his old friendship with Sidney Herbert, received a congratulatory address and a most flattering reception from a very crowded meeting of all classes at Salisbury. In acknowledgment he made a temperate speech, defending his own conduct about Reform, and while admitting that he might have committed faults in the past, which he would endeavour to avoid in the future, yet

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repudiated "all half-hearted modes of speech and action which are undoubtedly in favour with certain portions of the community." Mr. Gladstone had the good taste to spare poor Mr. Marsh in his own city, and to treat his successors to political power with fairness, at any rate in words. "If a good, honest, effectual measure is proposed by those now invested with the responsibilities of government, let us embrace it with all our hearts, looking first and foremost of all, above and beyond all, to the satisfactory solution of the question, which has assumed a magnitude far above everything personal, far above everything connected with the immediate interests of party, which has become national and imperial in the truest sense." Whether the Liberal party when Parliament meets will think any measure of reform proposed by Lord Derby to be "good, honest, and effectual," remains to be seen; but statesmen in England, as elsewhere, always gain in power by seeming to rise above the distorting fogs of party. It has been a reproach to public men of late years that they have appeared to fight more for place than principle, and have clung to their offices when strength has failed them and old age should have suggested to them a retirement from active struggles. We have no longer men like Wellington and Lansdowne, who, enjoying universal honour, and looked upon as dispassionate counsellors of the sovereign in the last resort, were each contented that he should in old age, "ævo summâ cum pace frulitur, semota ab nostris rebus sejunctaque longe," but each old minister likes to work now up to the last hour of his existence. Of course this does not apply to Mr. Gladstone, now in the zenith of his splendid career, but he, too, has been accused of clutching too eagerly at every party advantage, and even attacking the absent. The fairness and good humour of his Salisbury speech are signs that the right balance of his mind is restored after the severe trials he has undergone, and if he continues the same tone he will find many friends flock back to him, who were somewhat scared by his apparent democratic thoroughness. In our opinion, Mr. Grant Duff, in his clever speech at the Elgin boroughs, gives us the right cry at this moment when he exclaims, "Educate, educate, educate." It is one in which all parties can join, and the advantages of education are eminently apparent in the conspicuous examples of the United States, Scotland, and Prussia. It seems, however, that in Scotland the system has flagged, and requires renovating; a people which has profited so much by it is sure to do what is needed. But if Scotland be in need of improved education, what shall we say to England; and how shall we answer the severe strictures of Mr. Matthew Arnold in his letter to the Celts at Chester? Well may he say, "When I see the enthusiasm which these Eisteddfods can awaken in your whole people, and then think of the tastes, the literature, the amusements of our own lower and middle class, I am filled with admiration for you. We in England have come to that point where the continued advance and greatness of our nation is threatened by one cause, and one cause above all; far more than by the helplessness of an aristocracy whose day is fast coming to an end; far more than by the rawness of a lower class whose day is only just beginning; we are imperilled by what I call the 'Philistinism' of our middle class. On the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence. This is Philistinism. No service England can render the Celts by giving you a share in her many good qualities can surpass what the Celts can at this moment do for England by

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communicating to us some of theirs." We believe there is great truth in these observations, and we commend them to the attention of Mr. Grant Duff, who we believe did this country the service of moving for the commission of inquiry into middle class education, the report of which Mr. Matthew Arnold is now employed in drawing up. As the heavy, sluggish Anglo-Saxon was immensely benefited and raised by the admixture of the lively and poetic Normans after the conquest, so an increased intercourse with the livelier Celtic races will raise our imaginative without injuring our solid business qualities.

It is one of the advantages of a really free country that we have the opportunity of reading or hearing all that is to be said on every side of a great public question, so that if we do not examine it under every aspect, "cast in the light of many minds," it is our own fault. As we have had Bright, Gladstone, and others telling us of our defects, and pointing to the future, so we have men like Laing and Roebuck, *laudatores temporis acti*. Mr. Laing is very cautious in what he says, as he sits for a Liberal constituency, but the tone of his mind is evidently rather to hesitate in taking steps which may lead to giving too much power to the masses. He says he became more conservative in India, because he saw how easily the empire might be imperilled, and how necessary it is to have strong and uniform action at the centre of power. The Oldham carpenter who writes to the *Times* in the name of the working classes, without intending to answer Mr. Laing, does answer the objection which he raises.

"Suppose the *Times*," he says, "and the *Saturday Review* were to persuade the present constituencies to abdicate for thirty years in favour of the artizan class, and also to persuade the Whigs that their mission is accomplished, does any one suppose that at the end of that time we should be a third-rate naval power, or that a Prussian army could waltz round a British one?" There would be no danger of the working classes wishing to see the army and navy reduced, and they are quite as fond of empire and fighting as any class of her Majesty's subjects. The *Times* thinks they would be rather too warlike; and at the time of the Crimean war no class was more enthusiastic than they were for proceeding to extreme measures. They certainly would not tolerate inefficiency in high places, and the "Carpenter's" admiration of Gladstone is owing to this cause. "Gladstone," he says, "never fails. His opponents, and even his friends, may give to his measures that hybridous character which mars their success; but let him be the leader of a party able and willing to support him, and British politics will soon break through that shroud which now seems to suffocate the nation." Mr. Roebuck, as usual, thought everything perfect since 1832 except the Whigs; but was obliged to admit, in order to please his constituents, that some reform was necessary because asked for.

The most important event that has occurred in FRANCE during the last fortnight is the removal of M. Drouyn de Lhuys from the Foreign Office, and the appointment in his place of the Marquis de Moustier, the French ambassador at Constantinople. Such an event, occurring a few weeks after the negotiations with Prussia for the rectification of the French frontier, and just before the period fixed for the final accomplishment of the September Convention, has naturally given rise to a great deal of conjecture. That it is entirely without significance it would of course be folly to pretend; but it seems to us that in these speculations too little weight has been attached to the fact that in France

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the ministers are merely the instruments of the Emperor's policy, and that their personal opinions can have no influence to modify, and still less to alter it. In our last number we attempted to explain the conduct of the Emperor in the matter of the rectification of the frontiers, and we pointed out some of the absurdities in the rumours which were then current on the subject; but we confess we were not prepared for the new version, which has now been adopted by many foreign and some English papers, that these negotiations were not conducted by the Emperor at all, but by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who by so doing gave vent to his Orleanist susceptibilities, and that the Emperor has now disavowed his conduct by removing him from the cabinet. This story betrays total ignorance both of the character of Napoleon, and the functions of his ministers. Such a delicate question as that of a rectification of frontier on the side of the Rhine, would certainly never have been left by the Emperor to his minister, but, on the contrary, would be just the sort of question which he would prefer to deal with, if not entirely by himself, at least in such a manner as to exclude the possibility of anything being done in the matter of which he would not quite approve.

The real reason of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' withdrawal is, we believe, to be explained by some very simple considerations. It is well known that he has very strong sympathies for Austria; and although during the war he faithfully and ably carried out the policy of his imperial master (which, although it wavered alternately to the side of both belligerents, was on the whole far more favourable to King William than to the Emperor Francis Joseph), his personal bias prevented the communications between the courts of Berlin and the Tuileries from being of a very friendly or intimate character. As the predominance of Prussia in central Europe became more evident, his despatches to Berlin increased in abruptness, until the Emperor found that it would no longer be consistent with his policy of keeping on good terms with both Austria and Prussia, to retain a minister who, however involuntarily, treated the cabinet of Berlin with a chilly courtesy that was incompatible with the cordial understanding Napoleon wished to bring about with Count Bismarck. While fully recognising therefore, the services of M. Drouyn de Lhuys by appointing him to the lucrative post of member of the privy council, the Emperor selected as his successor a statesman who, being without any strong personal feeling in regard to either Austria or Prussia, would be equally friendly in his communications to both.

The Marquis de Moustier is one of those men whom Napoleon has raised out of comparative obscurity, not on account of their shining abilities, but simply because he perceived, with his usual sagacity, that they would make effective and unscrupulous instruments of his policy. Adroit, polished, and totally colourless in questions of foreign politics, he unites the qualities of a popular man of the world with those of a calm and skilful diplomatist. His diplomatic career began by his appointment to the embassy at Berlin, where he had full scope for the development of these useful qualities. The reports which he sent to Napoleon during the eventful period of the Italian war are said to have been far more amusing than is generally the case with diplomatic communications. He did not confine himself to dry accounts of official and semi-official conversations, but enlivened his despatches by characteristic anecdotes of the King and the principal personages of the court, and frequently communicated information of a very interesting and important kind. The latter was not always obtained

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by the most irreproachable means, and it is now pretty generally believed that in the famous affair of the stolen Prussian despatches he was the principal culprit. Be this as it may, it is certain that shortly after this affair he got into such difficulties with the Prussian government that the Emperor found it necessary to remove him—a fact which in itself makes it highly improbable that, as is reported in some quarters, the Emperor has appointed M. de Moustier for the purpose of making a combination with Prussia against Austria. That M. de Moustier is no friend of Austria is certain; but his antecedents are certainly not of a kind to inspire such confidence in Prussia as to make her desire his assistance in bringing her closer to France. At Constantinople too, he was anything but a *persona grata*, as he strongly supported the extravagant pretensions of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, and in the affair of the Candiote insurrection did not conceal his belief that it was caused by the obstinacy and tyranny of the Turkish government. This policy was evidently dictated to him by his imperial master, who, it is said, communicated with him direct, knowing that M. Drouyn de Lhuys is a strong supporter of the Porte.

We may now expect, for the next twelvemonth at least, that the foreign policy of France will be one of comparative inaction. The only member of the Cabinet who still adhered to the old French diplomatic traditions has been removed, and the machine of government will now move on easily without coming every now and then to a sudden halt on account of its various parts not working well together. MM. Rouher, Lavalette, and Moustier are all blindly attached to the imperial dynasty, whose maintenance will always be their chief aim, and the new Foreign Minister is moreover on very good terms with Prince Napoleon, who has now become quite reconciled with the Emperor, and will doubtless soon resume the important place he formerly held in his councils. That the Emperor, who is still suffering from his old complaint, wishes for a little rest, and is above all anxious that the Exhibition which is to be opened in Paris next year should be a success, is but natural, and it is probable that he will for the present use his best efforts for the preservation of peace in order to attain these objects. It may safely be predicted, however, that this policy will not be of long duration. The political atmosphere both in France and abroad is too gloomy and menacing to give the Emperor any hope of an era of peace being about to commence for his dynasty, and he is not the man to allow important events in the world of politics to take their course without directing them in accordance with his own ends.

In ITALY the hopes of peace are of a far more solid character. The negociations on the Venetian question have now fairly begun at Vienna, and General Menabrea has reported to his Government that the Emperor Francis Joseph has shown himself friendly and conciliatory beyond all expectation; that he has repeatedly expressed his admiration for the valour of the Italian army, and that the acquisition of the northern shores of the Lake of Garda for Italy is as good as settled. On the whole the Italians have been more successful on the field of diplomacy than on that of battle. Thus the selection of Vienna as the scene of the negotiations on the Venetian question was a great triumph for their policy. Both Austria and, of course, France, wished these negotiations to take place at Paris, so as to keep up the fiction of Venetia being the property

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of the Emperor Napoleon—an arrangement which the Italian Government has from the beginning consistently ignored. The chief object of Austria in advocating this view was doubtless to make Italy more tractable; but this object seems now to have been obtained by other means, and there is every reason to hope that the negotiations which have begun at Vienna will speedily be brought to a successful issue. At home the prospects of Italy are no less cheering. The party of action, thanks to the comparative failure of Garibaldi and the patriotic steadfastness of Ricasoli, has now nearly lost all its influence, and there is good reason to believe that in the new Chamber which will be convoked for the purpose of giving a vote on the treaty of peace, the moderate Liberals will be in a large majority. The only point which still inspires some uneasiness is that of the *plébiscite* in Venetia. The Italians are naturally discontented at the Emperor Napoleon having introduced into this question his favourite panacea for all political difficulties, especially as there is a suspicion that some people in Venetia would vote, not for annexation to Italy, but for a Republic. That such a vote would be pleasing to France, there can be no doubt, and, however provoking to Italy, she could not reasonably object to it, as she owes her very existence to a similar principle. However, there is not much prospect of such a solution of the Venetian question, and the far more natural and politically desirable one of an amalgamation of Venetia with the rest of Italy will in all probability be the result of the *plébiscite*. Another subject which has brought much unpopularity on the Government is the state of the army. It is certain that the organisation of the military departments is shamefully defective, and that the civil authorities, by their arbitrary and offensive treatment of the higher officers, have produced in the army a degree of discontent and disunion which will go far to explain the repeated failures of the recent campaign. The Government has, however, now set itself earnestly to work to remedy these abuses, and while making every effort to relieve the sorely oppressed finances of the State by reducing the army to the smallest numbers consistent with the security of the country, it has adopted measures which will probably soon make it thoroughly efficient.

As the time for the fulfilment of the September Convention is drawing near, the necessity for the POPE to take some decided resolution on the subject is every day becoming more evident. A great variety of projects have been discussed at the Papal Court, but the following are those which find the most supporters:—A reconciliation with King Victor Emmanuel, resulting in the cessation of the temporal sovereignty and at the same time the maintenance of the Holy Father at Rome; an attempt to secure the continued support of France by giving the Emperor Napoleon extraordinary powers as the protector of the Holy See; and an acceptance of the offer of England to make Malta the future residence of the Pope. Of these plans the last, notwithstanding the unwillingness of the Pope to leave Rome, seems to have the greatest chance of success. To stay at Rome as a mere spiritual dignitary under the protection of Victor Emmanuel, would be a complete renunciation by Pius IX. of the traditional policy of his predecessors, while a further submission to France would be repugnant to his strong Italian patriotism. By leaving Rome under protest he would consistently carry out his old *non possumus* policy, and probably make himself far more independent than if he remained either under Italian or French protection. As for maintaining himself on his throne by giving his people a constitution,

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this is now felt by all parties to be impossible. The acquisition of Venetia has given such a stimulus to the feeling for unity that it is now too late for the Pope to conciliate his subjects by any amount of reform, and the Papal legion which has been formed at Antibes is far too weak to protect the Pope after the departure of the troops, against the revolution which is sure to follow.

The discontent which has so long prevailed among the Christian populations of TURKEY has at length broken out in a series of risings of more or less importance, which have spread over the whole of the Greek provinces of the empire. The most formidable of these is that in the Island of Candia, where the immediate cause of the insurrection has been the refusal of the Sultan to grant to the Christians the same privileges as those enjoyed by the Mahometans. This, however, was merely the spark which began a conflagration that has long been preparing. Since the beginning of the German war the Greek Government, aided covertly by that of Italy, has been carrying on a revolutionary propaganda among the Greek subjects of Turkey, and the Candian rebellion has been followed by partial outbreaks in Epirus, Thessaly, and even Albania, from which the Turkish Government has hitherto drawn its best and most loyal soldiers. These attempts to overthrow the Turkish rule have occurred at a most unlucky moment for the Porte, when its finances are in a bankrupt condition, and it is threatened by the severance of its connection with Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro. The Sultan's advisers are quite alive to the dangers of the position, and seem now to be disposed to give up some of their possessions in order to save the rest. It is known that the Viceroy of Egypt has offered a considerable sum for the Island of Candia, and it is not improbable that the Sultan will take the opportunity of in this way getting rid of a troublesome dependency and recruiting his exhausted finances at the same time. He has also consented to make some important additions to the territory of Montenegro, and shows a willingness to remove every pretext for hostility to his government either on the part of that country or of the Principalities. Such a policy may perhaps retard for a short time the total disruption of the Turkish empire, which at this moment would be an event fraught with very serious consequences for the peace of Europe in the East. It is evident that a revolution in European Turkey, even if it were successful, would be succeeded by a period of anarchy which would offer irresistible temptations to foreign intrigue, and would probably end in a second Eastern war between the great European Powers. Greece is far too weak and disorganised to reap any advantage from the storm she has roused; Austria has not yet had time to develop her Eastern policy, and will be fully occupied with her internal reorganisation for many months to come; and Italy has no further object in revolutionising the provinces on the Adriatic. There remains only Russia, who would be sure to take advantage of the prevailing anarchy to make another attempt on Constantinople, which it is hard to believe she will be allowed to do with impunity.

In GERMANY things are taking their course as Bismarck had made up his mind they should. If he is not perhaps quite able to accomplish some things exactly in accordance with his wishes, if he unwillingly contents himself in some matters with less than what he hoped to obtain, and if he must put up with

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many a court intrigue, make many a concession, and try many a diplomatic manœuvre, not always of a very edifying kind, in order to keep his king in the right state of mind, the world learns but little of all this. Any obstacles he may have to overcome are hidden behind the *coulisses* of the court apartments; while we only see their consequences, which are, up to the present moment, indisputably great, extensive, and almost incomprehensible. The Prussian Minister-President can justly boast that he has overcome all his opponents, from the highest to the lowest, from the Emperor of Austria to the Duke of Augustenburg, and besides these a series of still more dangerous opponents,—the Emperor of the French, the opposition of his own parliament, the distrust of the Prussian people, the aversion of the liberal party, the hatred of foreign nations, and the feelings and traditions of his king and master, who had formerly opposed his plans as obstinately as Austria and the whole of the German Bund.

With what success the old Prussian king was taken to school by his young minister, and with what surprising rapidity he adopted his way of thinking, has been proved in a very remarkable manner by the answer he gave a short time ago to a deputation from Hanover. This deputation had come to Berlin to ask mercy for their king—a few old courtiers and civil servants who could not understand how a monarch who professed to owe his crown to the influence of Divine grace could destroy another crown which had equal pretensions to Divine origin. It was not for the preservation of their territorial frontiers, nor for their independence and their laws, that they petitioned, but simply and solely for the preservation of the throne of the Guelphs. All was in vain. King William believes, even to this day, in the dogma of *Dei Gratiâ*, but only applies it, it seems, to the Prussian crown, so far at least as Germany is concerned, although it is quite possible that he still adheres to his old theories in regard to the divinity of the crowns of Russia and China. He did not openly admit this, it is true, but he made use of another stratagem in order not to be obliged to forswear the old theory of the Divine right of kings *coram populo*—he repeatedly spoke of Divine providence which had wished that it should be so, and not otherwise. God is omnipotent; why, then, should He not in the present case have given the House of Hohenzollern the right of breaking to pieces one of the oldest crowns of Divine manufacture? And as King William is always a God-fearing man, he naturally held it to be his duty not to thwart the designs of Providence, and willingly acted as its instrument. That, according to this theory, the Emperor of Russia or some revolutionary band in his own kingdom might equally proclaim itself the instrument of Providence against his own rule, he probably did not consider; nor will we find fault with him for this, for the name of God has already been used for similar purposes by much greater monarchs and generals—by Alexander of Macedon, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon I., among others. It is to a certain extent the language of the corporation of sovereigns, and belongs to tradition. Much more significant, however, was that portion of the royal answer in which the king spoke of the necessity for Prussia to swallow up the whole of Hanover. In this passage it was as easy to recognise his great prompter as if he had stood in person behind the monarch. They were the same expressions and the same turns of style as those which the minister himself had formerly used. This the king probably did not know, as he does not seem to have a distinct notion of many things which he looks upon as self-evident; but he showed how entirely, though without knowing it, he

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had appropriated to himself the mode of thought of his minister. The Court itself was surprised, and perhaps to a certain extent, amazed by this phenomenon, for since that reception of the Hanoverian deputation it has become more clear than before to all the chamberlains, both with and without the order of the red eagle, that Count Bismarck is the all-powerful ruling spirit in Prussia. From that time forward the last remains of the opposition which he met with formerly at Court have disappeared. Since then all who venture to intrigue against him only do so with extreme caution, and those who are now the most hostile towards him—the ultra-Conservatives—fear him a great deal more than the Liberals and Radicals do.

The same may be said of his position in the Chamber. Through conviction and a sense of expediency on the one hand, and through want of courage and success on the other, the phalanx of his opponents, which was at one time so strong, has almost disappeared. So lost to all sense of right has the world become, that few men in Berlin now have the courage to speak of "positive right," like Dr. Gneist; and so utterly has the perception of want of principle disappeared that it requires a certain amount of courage even to allude to moral principle, as Dr. Jacobi did in his noble speech. The masses yield to the force of events, cover their change of mind with the Jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means, and console themselves with the thought that out of the semi-unity of Germany which has been established by the violation of confidence and of right, freedom will develop itself by its own influence.

Here, however, we come to the delicate question upon which both the German people and those of our own politicians who have caught at this view and made it their own, will have to think much and laboriously. We, for our part, certainly wish for the German nation as much unity and power as possible, on philosophical, political, and also on selfish grounds; for we hold firmly to the conviction that a united and free Germany would be the most valuable ally of England on the Continent. But in order that it may be such, it must be free as well as united. A Germany without freedom and without a Parliament—or, to use the term which is now properly applicable, a Prussia with only a sham Parliament—may as easily become our enemy as our friend. Who will guarantee that if the eastern question should in a year or two lead to new warlike complications, Count Bismarck will go hand in hand with England? We could reckon on a free Germany in such a case as we can on ourselves; but never on Prussia, as she is now organised. It is just as likely that she would join France against Russia, or the latter power against ourselves, or us against France. In such an event all guarantee will be wanting, and at this moment it is hardly possible even to speculate as to which side Prussia would take.

On purely selfish political grounds, therefore, as well as on moral ones, it is not a matter of indifference in what way Germany will become united, by what means her union will be accomplished, and, finally, whether those who are leading her to unity are also willing to give her solid freedom. The latter seems to us in the highest degree improbable. The persons who are performing this task are but little likely to realise such hopes. They might do so if they wished, but hitherto there has been no sign that they wish what they might do.

The indemnity bill must under any circumstances have been, for every thoughtful politician that knows Prussia and her history during the past year, an unmeaning farce. A ministry may require an indemnity when, while

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parliament is not sitting, it has been compelled by necessity to decree a measure which, under ordinary circumstances, it must have laid before the House of Representatives for its sanction; or when it has committed an error for which it asks to be pardoned; or when—to embrace every possible case—it has taken a step which exceeds the scope of its constitutional responsibility. In certain cases an indemnity might properly be asked and granted not only for the violation of a right, but also for that of a principle. But such a violation must either have been made from ignorance, and been involuntary, or, if voluntary, it must have been made necessary by circumstances, and, above all, must have been a temporary necessity. Unfortunately all these conditions were wanting in the demand for an indemnity of the Prussian ministers. They had violated the most sacred rights of the people, including the right of voting the supplies, not in ignorance, but knowingly and deliberately, not under extraordinary circumstances, but in very quiet and safe times, not temporarily, but for four successive years, notwithstanding all the peaceful representations and the unanimous voice of the whole country. They ended by asking for an indemnity, and it was given them. Whether the Chamber, by granting it, acted in a statesmanlike or weakminded way, is a fair subject for discussion. We, on our side, will concede that the absolution was given because the ministry had deserved it by its successful management of the war, or because the people have more regard for the consolidation of the power of Prussia than for its constitution, or, finally, in order to put an end once for all to the old and tedious conflict between government and people. We will accept any of these reasons, but we can never agree with those who hold that the indemnity was granted because the Prussian nation has suddenly waked up to a belief in the future liberalism of those who now rule it. How, indeed, could this have been the case? the press, the right of meeting, the right of petition, and all the guarantees of civic and political liberty being to this day as entirely withheld in Prussia as they were before the battle of Sadowa. The demand for an indemnity was nothing but the formal introduction of a demand for a credit of £9,000,000; and in order that all doubt on this point should be removed, the king openly declared to the deputation sent to him by the Chamber that under similar circumstances he would again act in precisely the same manner as he had done during the past four years. A Catholic priest would certainly never give absolution to a penitent who would declare his intention to repeat the sins he had just confessed. The king himself has now frankly stated how he understood the indemnity, and this is after all much more interesting to us than the way in which Messrs. Müller and Schultze understand it.

There is another very important point which should be observed here. An indemnity can only be asked for by a responsible Ministry. With an irresponsible Ministry it has no meaning. Our Queen might just as well ask for an indemnity for any acts for which she is not responsible. Bismarck's demand could only have had meaning or importance if he had at the same time introduced a law establishing Ministerial responsibility, as was clearly and eloquently pointed out by Dr. Gneist during the debate. But there was no thought of going so earnestly to work. The irresponsibility of Count Bismarck and his colleagues has hitherto served them too well, and the king would regard it as eternal self-degradation if his counsellors were responsible to his people as well as to himself. They were therefore satisfied with asking

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for an indemnity, and did not say a word about the Bill for Ministerial responsibility, which the Chamber has been demanding for years, and without which Prussian parliamentarism is a mere puppet-show.

"We must have patience!" exclaim the masses, blinded with success; "freedom will come in by itself!" Exactly the same was said by the French people after the *coup d'état*. Their hopes have, unfortunately, hitherto not been fulfilled. May the German people be more successful! We wish it from our hearts; but we do not believe our wish will be realised for many years to come.

Meanwhile the question is much debated in Berlin how best to accomplish the process of annexing the invaded States, which are helplessly battling against German unity under the present Prussian rule. In order that the world might learn as little as possible about this opposition, all the newspapers in Hanover, Saxony, and Frankfort have been placed under a military censorship, while only such deputations from these States are received by Bismarck and his king as humbly ask for annexation. Petitions and deputations in a contrary sense are not received. Saxony will not be incorporated, but only screwed in; and in order that the screw may hold fast, Dresden will be converted into a fortress. What is to happen with Hamburg has not yet been definitely settled; in Frankfort many wealthy and respectable families are preparing to depart; Bismarck's own organ, the *Nord deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, protests against the restoration of North Schleswig; and one of the most cheering features about the whole matter is for the present that Homburg will become Prussian, and that the gambling there will come to an end.

There is nothing new to announce from AUSTRIA. Everything in that country is in a ferment, and it is not easy to say whether the ferment is a sound or a corrupt one, like most of those which have occurred since 1848. First, we are told that the army is to be doubled, then that it is to be reduced; Belcredi and Esterhazy have within the last fortnight resigned and not resigned at least a dozen times no man knows which of the two evils, dualism or federalism, is the lesser; Prussia is hated, France feared, and Russia distrusted; the agio vacillates, opinions vacillate, the ground shakes below the feet of the people, and one thing only—the state of siege—holds firm. Why the government maintain it, while they are as far as possible from being clear as to what other steps they should take, it is difficult to say. In Sir Walter Scott's novel of "St. Ronan's Well," one of the characters is a lad who, whenever anything important happens, runs into the stable and saddles a horse. If a child is born, a fire breaks out, a calf is stolen, or a man believed to have been long since dead returns to his friends, the lad never fails instantly to saddle the horse in the stable. Something analogous may be observed of the conduct of Austria for the last twenty or thirty years. Whatever happens in the empire, the first thing the government do is to declare a state of siege. Why, against whom, and for how long, they may not themselves know; but it almost seems as if they look upon this odious measure, which in other countries is only resorted to after much consideration, as a universal panacea for all State disorders. Perhaps we unjustly accuse the Austrian government in this, but as yet we have not found the philosopher who is capable of giving a better explanation of their conduct.

Sept. 13th, 1866.

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CAUSERIES.

If there is one thing which it is supremely unnecessary for a man in this nineteenth century to do, and which it is next to impossible that he should ever do well, that impossible superfluity is the composition of Greek or Latin poetry; and by a curious misapprehension of the very purposes of Education, which will seem to posterity as deplorable as the wasted ingenuity of the Schoolmen now seems to us, the best years and freshest energies of youth are largely given to a futile pursuit of this superfluity. The attacks on our system of classical education are, indeed, numerous enough, and often very one-sided; but the strong conservative principle still defies attack, and our universities and colleges keep up the traditions of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, when all instruction was confined to Theology, Metaphysics, and Literature, simply because there was no Science in existence to compete with them. The traditions are kept up because they have the force of traditions and an organised system; also because the mass of schoolmasters are clergymen and scholars. If the clergy are the best fitted to prepare us for another world (which may be doubted), they are assuredly unfitted to prepare us for this world; the positive bias of their own special topics, and the negative bias of their ignorance, decisively exclude them from the office which, nevertheless, has fallen to their care. A clerical tutor ought to rear men for the Church, and only for the Church. In former ages only the clergy were instructed, and then the clergy were the fitting teachers; now that all the world is, or claims to be, instructed, and claims, or needs, instruction of a far wider scope, the clergy are no longer fitting teachers. Of course I must be understood as speaking *typically;* by clergy I mean the clerical clerici, not a body of men wearing the gown and cassock, but with minds open to all modern influences, and with culture embracing encyclopædic generalities. No one should be excluded from the office of teacher because he is a clergyman; but the fact of his being a clergyman, so far from being, as at present, a presumption in his favour, and often the only qualification, should be regarded as a presumption against him.

It is a matter of intense national importance that the whole question of Education should be thoroughly revised; and the recent meeting of the British Association at Nottingham will have done good service, if only by the energetic appeal made by several of its members against long-standing prejudices, and in favour of a more earnest adoption of science as a part of mental training. Professor Humphry (a Cambridge don) remarked that "in looking to the future of young England and its prospects in the struggle, the hard struggle, not for existence but for position among nations, that seems to be impending, one cannot but feel that very much must depend upon the effectual development of the mental faculties. It has been by force of mind and not by force of coal that our country has been raised to its present height." Professor Huxley also declared that the important question for England was not the duration of her coal, but the due comprehension of the truths of science. Dr. Hooker, Professor Tyndall, the Dean of Hereford, Lord Amberley, and others, spoke of the

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importance of introducing science into our schools; and the Rev. F. W. Farrar read an admirable paper on this subject, especially recommending the abandonment of the practice of Greek and Latin composition and the substitution of natural science.

Mr. Farrar had a right to speak, not only as a master, but as a master who has at Harrow very significant experience of the advantage it is to young men to have some such culture. There is on my table as I write the "First Report of the Harrow School Scientific Society," which is very encouraging. The boys have only just founded their society, and already papers have been read at it which do them great credit. I should like to compare any Latin verses by Mr. T. J. Rooper with that essay of his on the "Structure of Leaves," or Mr. J. A. de Morgan's explanation of the πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ, κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου κ.τ.λ. with his paper on "Spiders," or a theme by Mr. Bridgeman with his "Flight and Anatomy of Birds:" the amount of intellectual faculty demanded for the one and the other (quite apart from ulterior advantages) would illustrate the position of those who, while far from asserting that the study of dead languages is without its use in mental training, assert that the study of living nature is immensely more influential.

But to get Science admitted as a necessary part of the curriculum is only the first step. The education of men of science has still to be organised; nothing can be more chaotic than its present state. Dr. Bence Jones, in his address as President of the Chemical Section, spoke strongly of the absurd nature both of education in general and the education of the physician in particular:—"Although we are beginning to ask how our present formula for education has arisen, and why it remains almost unchanged whilst all natural knowledge is advancing, and although an entire change in everything except the highest education has taken place, yet public opinion is affected so slowly, and the prejudices of our earliest years fix themselves so firmly in our minds, and the belief we inherit is so strong, that an education far inferior to that which a Greek or a Roman youth, say twenty centuries ago, would have received, is the only education fit to make an English gentleman, that I consider it is of no use, notwithstanding the power which this Association can bring to bear on the public, to occupy your time with the whole of this vast question. The present higher education for the medical profession consists, shortly, in learning reading, writing, and arithmetic, in the first ten years of life. In the second ten years, Latin, Greek, some mathematics or divinity, and perhaps some modern language. In the third ten years, physics, chemistry, botany, anatomy, physiology, and medicine, and perhaps surgery. Looking at the final result that is wanted, namely, the attainment of the power of employing the mechanical, chemical, electrical, and other forces of all things around us for increasing or diminishing the mechanical, chemical, and other actions taking place in the different textures of which our bodies are composed, it is quite clear that the second decennial period is passed without our advancing one step towards the object required; and that in the third decennial period the amount to be learnt is very far beyond what is possible to be attained in the time allowed. If we turn to the lower education, in the first eighteen years of life, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and enough Latin to read and write a prescription, constitute the minimum to be acquired. During the next three years, physics, chemistry, botany, anatomy, physiology, and the practice of medicine, surgery, and mid-

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wifery, have all to be learnt; and from this crowding it follows that the study of physiology is begun at the same time as the study of physics and chemistry. In other words, the structure and the foundation are commenced at the same time. The top of the house may be almost finished when part of the foundation has not been begun. What chance is there of any one understanding the action of the chemical, mechanical, and electrical forces in the body, until a fundamental knowledge of chemistry, mechanics, and electricity, has been first obtained? What chance has a medical man of regulating the forces in the body by giving or withholding motion, food, or medicine, with any reasonable prospect of success, when a preliminary education in these sciences is thought to be of no importance? It seems to me that the only possible way to make the present preliminary education for medical men less suited to the present state of our knowledge, would be to require them to know Hebrew or Arabic instead of Latin, in order that the origin of some of our words might be better understood, or that prescriptions might be written in one or other of these languages. Let me now, for contrast sake, draw you a picture of a medical education, based upon the smallest amount of classical knowledge, and the greatest amount of natural knowledge which can be obtained. In the first ten or twelve years of life, a first-rate education in the most widely used modern language in the world, English, with writing and arithmetic, might be acquired, and in the next five or ten years a sound basis of knowledge of physics, chemistry, and botany, with German or French, might be obtained; and in the following five years anatomy, physiology, and medicine, surgery, and midwifery. If every medical man were thoroughly well educated in the English language, and could explain the nature of the disease and the course to be followed in the most idiomatic and unmistakable English, and if he could use all the forces in nature for the cure or relief of his patient, and if he could, from his knowledge of chemistry and physics, and their application to disease and medicine, become the best authority within reach on every question connected with the health and welfare of his neighbours; and if he possessed the power of supervising and directing the druggist in all the analyses and investigations which could be required as to the nature and actions of food and medicines, and as to the products of disease, surely the position and power and agreement of medical men would be very different from that which they now obtain by learning some Latin and less Greek. At present, so far from physicians possessing more knowledge of food and of medicine than any other class of persons in the community, the analytical and pharmaceutical chemists are rapidly increasing in knowledge, which will enable them not only to understand fully the nature and uses of food and medicines, but even to detect the first appearances of a multitude of chemical diseases."

Not only are medical men taught much that is useless to them in lieu of what would be useful (so that until quite recently a "learned physician" never meant one learned in physiology, pathology, chemistry, and physics, but one conversant with Greek and Latin poets, and familiar with the erroneous opinions of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Galen, Van Helmont, and any one else sufficiently old to have become thoroughly antiquated), not only is there this general defect in education, but the special training itself is conceived in a confused way. The student is not led to master Mathematics that he may then master Physics, and from thence pass to Chemistry, and thus equipped with the necessary knowledge,

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begin the laborious study of Physiology, which will enable him to understand Pathology, and finally give a scientific basis for Therapeutics. This defect is not peculiar to the medical profession; it extends to all scientific education.

The stream of British holiday-makers is now flowing swiftly to, and across, the sea. Those who cannot swell that stream, either because no holiday is to be had, or (as in my own case) because the holiday is over and the seriousness of work is once more resumed, will read with a sort of pathetic interest the pages which describe the scenes they have already visited and the scenes they long to visit. I have four books lying on my table at this moment which, besides their intrinsic merits, have this special charm. Spain is a country which I have been "going" to visit for the last five-and-twenty years; yet the frustration of my plans seems almost a piece of good fortune as I read the bitter complaints of Mr. Blackburn, "Travelling in Spain in the Present Day" (Samson Low, Son, and Marston), and Mrs. Pitt Byrne, "Cosas de España" (Alexander Strahan), both of whom represent the material conditions of travelling in a most unpleasant light. Both of them are ready to acknowledge the artistic interest of the country, and by their descriptions and woodcut illustrations sharpen our already keen edge of desire; but the language of both is a serious warning to every one who is not prepared for physical inconveniences which are ten times worse than dangers. Considering how we make light of all hardships and nuisances directly they are over, and how in memory they become rather points of interest than otherwise, one is led to suppose that travelling in Spain must be intensely disagreeable, since two writers, keenly enjoying what is enjoyable, should thus emphasize what is unpleasant.

Very different is the impression conveyed in the charming pages of the "Beaten Tracks, or Pen and Pencil Sketches in Italy" (Longman & Co.), carrying us once more along the ever-memorable Corniche, where there are no disagreeables, and where a beneficent *bien-être* makes the veriest trifle enjoyable. Something of course depends on the skill of the writer; something on the pleasant memories of the reader; combined, these give a rare charm to letters written about the ordinary incidents of a very well known tour. With pencil as well as pen the traveller vividly recalls the scenes. Her pen is graceful, her pencil graphic. She touches off a gable, a child, an old peasant, a bit of coast, a bridge, or the angle of a street, with winning ease and faithfulness. Her letters are real letters, neither marred with affectation nor made stilted with false eloquence. Here is a bit, chosen at random, which will exemplify her manner:—"They have a Chinese waiter here, and a little mite of a dog with two lively pups—soft round balls of love and good temper, with no particular heads or legs at present. They are generally to be found very happy and content in the arms of one of the children, who are everywhere in the hotel. Many pale-faced little Anglo-Indians, with solemn ayahs, with an exile's yearning and a Hindoo's fatalism and patience in their soft sad eyes. I came upon one suddenly a few minutes ago, the strangest-looking creature, like a broom wrapped and swathed in old yellow and red silk."

The fourth book is more ambitious, more splendid, and more useful than the preceding three; it is "The Oberland and its Glaciers, explored and illustrated with Ice-axe and Camera" (A. W. Bennett), and while in beauty claiming a

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place on every drawing-room table, in utility it claims a place in the trunk of any one visiting the Oberland. The author is Mr. George, the editor of the *Alpine Journal;* the illustrator is Mr. Ernest Edwards, who in twenty-eight photographs sets the glaciers and peaks so marvellously before us, that we seem to breathe the bracing mountain air as we look at them. Mr. George is not only a thoroughly competent writer, but has conceived a very serviceable design. While instructing us in all that the general reader can fairly grasp and appropriate respecting the scientific aspect of the glaciers (carefully following Professor Tyndall's views), and while interesting us in the narrative of his own expeditions, he gives plain and intelligible directions which will guide the uninitiated, and he plans expeditions even for the feeble and timid. In Hood's humorous parody of George Robins there is the description of a pump, "the handle within reach of the smallest child." In Mr. George's book we may say that the glaciers are within reach of the largest flounces. It is "mountaineering made easy" and pleasant for ladies, no less than for sinewy members of the Alpine Club.

Only the other day I noticed the concurring testimonies of a revival of interest in metaphysics, and a consequent multiplication of metaphysical works. The "Inquisitio Philosophica" of Mr. M. P. W. Bolton (Chapman and Hall) may be added to the list I gave. It is very able, very lucid, and will interest metaphysical readers as much by its defence of their favourite study, as by the acuteness of its examination of certain points in Kant and Hamilton. For philological readers, Mr. Wheatley has provided a new subject in his "Dictionary of Reduplicated Words in the English Language" (Asher & Co.). He divides them into three classes: 1st, Those in which the body of the word itself remains the same in both portions with only the initial letter altered, as fol-lol, namby-pamby, roley-poley, &c. (He notices a remarkable peculiarity in these words, that half of them begin with the letter *h*, as hodge-podge, hubble-bubble, &c.) 2nd, Those words in which the initial letter remains the same, but the interior or vowel-sound is changed. Of these nearly three-fourths are formed by interchange of *i* for *a*, as bibble-babble, chit-chat, flim-flam; and one-fourth by interchange of *i* for *o*, as ding-dong, zig-zog, sing-song, &c. This leaves a mere fraction for exceptions, such as chemp-champ, &c. 3rd, This is the smallest division, and contains those in which a letter is added for the sake of euphony, or to avoid the hiatus between two vowels, as argle-bargle.

The old nursery rhyme of Georgy-porgy ride in a coachy-poachy to see his uncly-puncly, illustrates the first and third divisions. Mr. Wheatley suggests that by classifying these words much light may be thrown on their origin, because the etymology of one will help to explain that of several others. Absurd indeed have been the attempts to find some meaning in these sportive reduplications. "Helter skelter," for instance, having been derived from *haltar*, to hang, and *kelter*, order; "hugger-mugger," from *hug er morcker*, to embrace in the dark; and "shilly-shally," from the Russian *shalyu*, to play the fool.

To what will the search for "realism" in fiction come at last? Novelists seem to be losing the old artistic simplicity of belief in their own creations,

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and reliance on the belief these creations ought to induce in readers, and they are constantly resorting to artificial and very inartistic devices to inspire confidence. The earliest device was the feeble statement "founded on fact:" as if *that* made a story or a character one whit more probable! Then came a more obtrusive, but not more effective device, which consisted in the writer's apostrophising his characters as if they were creatures quite beyond his control; and this was succeeded by a feint of entire ignorance as to what Julia intended by her inexplicable conduct, and what Reginald would do when he came to hear of it; by which it was artfully implied that Julia and Reginald were no puppets pulled by the author's strings, but human beings mysterious and incalculable. The last development of this attempt of the author to detach himself from his work (which may be compared with a showman's noisy announcement, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception!" instead of an artistic presentation of life in itself so thoroughly satisfactory as never to suggest the author's presence), is seen in George Sand's last unpleasant and preposterous story in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The hero finds that his wife has been unfaithful. Having convinced himself of the crime, he has to consult with himself about the punishment. Readers of French novels, and especially of George Sand, will find themselves in a perfectly familiar region when they see the husband obliged, before judging the criminals, to judge the crime, and before that to judge the human species. "Il fallait même remonter plus haut et se perdre dans la contemplation de l'infini, car nous ne pouvons définir l'homme sans mettre Dieu en cause." Probably it is for this reason that a Frenchman cannot refrain from introducing God whenever his logic or imagination flags. Having thus passed from adultery to the Infinite, the meditative husband takes a bird's eye view of Spinoza and Descartes, and propounds a philosophy of his own. But in the course of his meditations, he falls back on his early experience,—and here it is that George Sand introduces her new device, namely, that of making her hero speak of how her books had influenced him! By this means she detaches herself from her creation, giving us to understand that the voice of her hero must be understood as his, not hers; and moreover an opportunity is offered of making a few remarks about her works, especially in regard to their moral purpose, to which the critics apparently have not done justice. We are thus informed what *Jacques* was, and that it has been done over and over again by the author, "avec des réflexions on pourrait dire des acquisitions nouvelles qui ont dérouté les critiques inattentifs;" and we learn also that "*Valvèdre* ne recommence pas *Jacques*." What does the reader think of this new device? Will novelists neglect it when they see what an opportunity it affords them of being their own critics?

EDITOR.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

The History of Signboards. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. With one hundred Illustrations in Fac-simile by J. Larwood. Hotten. 1866.

The history of signboards is an episode in the history of Advertising. The progress of distinctive trade titles and emblems marks the progress of competition. If we could trace signs to their origin, we should probably find them nearly coeval with the formation of the earliest working communities. The Greeks had them. The Bush, which good wine is said never to need, comes down to us from the Romans. Signs followed the historical course of the arts by which they were produced. At first they were sculptured on the fronts of houses, as may be seen amongst the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii; they next took the form of mural paintings, examples of which still survive in the old Italian cities; and finally they grew into independent pictures, swung out in frames. In this advance from the quiet terra-cotta relievo, or the colourless bit of stone cutting sunk in the wall, to the conspicuous board swinging in the wind, the onward struggle for publicity is pretty clearly indicated.

The earliest signs appear to have been selected with a view to advertise the passer-by of the trades and handicrafts they represented. The object was to make known the business of the house, or shop, and the most obvious expedient for the accomplishment of that end was a symbol drawn from the occupation itself. Thus, the gravedigger put out a pickaxe and lamp, the physician had his cupping glass, two slaves carrying an amphora represented a Pompeian public-house, a bunch of grapes was carved over the lintel of a wine shop, and a schoolmaster announced his calling by the figure of a boy undergoing the operation of a birching. In later times, signs, like all other usages, took the complexion of the age, and wandering into wider regions of fancy as rivalry pressed upon invention, they ultimately lost their distinguishing characteristics altogether. The incongruities generated in this way involve the most egregious absurdities. The old affinity between the sign and the calling came to be wholly disregarded, and the sign itself, which at first had some meaning in it, degenerated into an unintelligible masquerade. All the kingdoms of nature have at last come to be exhausted in the pursuit of emblems that are not emblematic, and no subject is too lofty or too mean for the easel of the sign-painter. Not only is the sign in most cases foreign to the occupation, but it is frequently a puzzle to the wayside comprehension. When we shall have discovered the relation of a beer-shop to the Battle of Waterloo, we may hope to penetrate the mystery of the Whistling Oyster, or the Three Coffins and Sugarloaf.

Yet notwithstanding the anomalies and eccentricities by which we are beset in the retrospect, broad lights fall here and there which distinctly reveal the passing influence of manners and events. The Crown and Rasp, for instance, over a tobacconist's shop evidently belongs to the primitive age of snuff-taking, when the titillating dust was produced by scraping the tobacco-root with a rasp, which snuff-takers carried in their pockets for the purpose; the Jerusalem

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and similar signs, carry us back to the days of the Crusades; successive periods of naval enterprise are distinguished by the heads of admirals and explorers, the Benbows, the Raleighs, and the Nelsons; memorable incidents are noted in such signs as the Royal Oak and the South Sea Arms; mediæval times are represented by the saints, under whose protection certain trades and fabrics were placed; and to the religious booksellers immediately following the Reformation we may confidently refer the origin of such signs as the Bible, the Three Bibles, the Bible and Crown, and others of a kindred description. A work which should track the stream of these pictorial memorials from the source downwards would form a curious and valuable contribution to the history of the people. But great difficulties lie in the way of a project of that nature. Much must be taken on trust and speculation. Accuracy of statement is nearly unattainable except in special cases. Local records supply only scanty materials towards a chronology of signboards; and the inquiry, to be of any utility with a view to historical treatment, would demand an almost indefinite range of miscellaneous research. It would be unreasonable, therefore, to blame the editors of the present volume for having pursued a different method. Nor is it quite certain that the plan they have adopted was not unavoidable, considering the circumstances under which the book has been compiled. The subject, dealt with at large, is new. Strange to say, this is the first publication in which an attempt has been made to present a comprehensive account of signs or signboards, or the fugitive memorabilia connected with them; and the undertaking consequently resembles that of the pioneer who clears the path for future explorers. This is exactly what Mr. Larwood and Mr. Hotten have done. They have opened up the trackless forest. The term history on their title-page is a misnomer. The work is not a history. It fulfils none of the functions of history, and incurs none of its responsibilities. But it is something which offers livelier attractions to that omnivorous reader who is supposed to represent the general public, and who cares a great deal more about amusing gossip and curious antiquarianism in bulk than when they are sifted and melted down for the uses of history. It is a magazine of facts and conjectures. Its interest consists in the multitude and novelty of its details, which are to some extent classified by distribution under different heads, such as Historic, Geographical, Heraldic, &c. No doubt this division of subjects, although it imparts an air of method to the contents of the volume, is founded on a principle more applicable to a catalogue than to a publication crowded with small and evasive items, and the looseness of the results shows that the materials collected by the editors cannot be adequately treated in groups. The great toil of bringing together a vast mass of particulars has been successfully accomplished, nevertheless; and the book may be fairly regarded as a marvel of industry.

Occasional references are found here to the employment of signs on the Continent, but the lion's share of some 500 pages is dedicated to England, which is richer in these traditions than any other country. Signs were indispensable before the knowledge of letters had been diffused amongst the people. They appealed to the eye in a language which everybody understood. They were necessary also as the only means of distinguishing houses anterior to the introduction of numbers, which did not take place till towards the middle of the last century. Even so lately as the time of Addison the old lumbering directions for finding a particular house were resorted to; and when we see it set forth on

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a title-page that the publisher resided at such a sign "over against" the Royal Exchange, or "betwixt St. Katherine's Stairs and the Mill," or in "the long shop under St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry," we may be sure that the book was printed before houses were numbered. The history of signboards, like other histories, exhibits the usual course of vicissitudes, and has its regular rise and fall. When boards were first swung out they projected in iron or wooden frames from the fronts of the houses. We next find them advancing into the streets on poles erected for the purpose; and by degrees this encroachment on the causeway was carried so far, that legislation stepped in, first to limit the extent of the invasion, and ultimately to abolish the poles. So that thenceforth signs were confined to the façades.

Formerly signs were employed not only by trades of every description, but by the public offices. The Admiralty hung out its sign over the entrance, and the East India House had its painted device. Written signs did not come into fashion till the mass of the people could read; and amongst the latest introductions of that kind were the names, in lieu of signs, of the retailers of goods and the proprietors of houses of entertainment. Some three or four hundred years ago certain parts of the town were appropriated by certain trades. Almost every branch of business had a quarter of its own. The goldsmiths, or bankers, kept open shops in Lombard Street; Long Lane was the Holywell Street of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; booksellers, print-sellers, and vendors of music congregated about St. Paul's; and the second-hand booksellers established a colony of stalls in Moorfields. The booksellers used their signs as the colophons of their books, which may help to explain their singularity. There is scarcely a solitary instance in which the sign bore the remotest relation to literature. They seem rather to have been selected with a view to attract notice by their incongruity. Amongst them are such signs as the Fox, the Gun, the Windmill, the Resurrection, and the Bull's Head. All these, and a great many more, equally inconsistent, belong to the Elizabethan period.

The infidelities of political life are curiously exemplified in the adaptation of signs to the shifting phases of parties, and the fluctuations of personal popularity. The hero of to-day is supplanted by the favourite of to-morrow, and victory after victory on opposite sides is obliterated in turn. The signboard of the public-house is an infallible barometer of the fickleness of fortune. Charles I. is painted out to make way for the head of Cromwell, which, following the revolution of events, is transformed into a striking likeness of the Merry Monarch. For six years after the capture of Portabello more beer was drunk under the shadow of Admiral Vernon than under nearly all the other heroic heads in the kingdom; but his glory paled before the brilliant achievement of Culloden, and he was displaced by the Duke of Cumberland; the duke, in like manner, being afterwards rubbed out to make room for the King of Prussia, who kept the ascendency for a couple of years, when his fine Protestant face was made to do duty for the Marquis of Granby. Goldsmith tells us of an innkeeper near Islington who lived at the sign of the French King, which he pulled down at the commencement of the war, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary; but the Queen, having in course of time lost her attraction, was dethroned, and the King of Prussia restored, to be changed, probably again, adds Goldsmith, "for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration." There are sermons even in signboards.

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The writers of the volume which has tempted us into these excursions in the region of gossip, took the trouble two years ago to make out a list of the signs which at that time occurred most frequently in taverns and publichouses in London. The results yield conclusive evidence of the loyalty of the licensed victuallers, and show what few people would be likely to suspect, that their leanings are decidedly loyal and aristocratic. Of the common signs, which bear apparently no special significance, the Red Lions are the most numerous. There are no less than 73 of them. How we came by our Red Lions and Blue Lions, and White Harts, discloses in itself the early connection that existed between the hostel and the aristocracy. When there were no inns, or such only as accommodated wayfarers of an inferior grade, the houses of the nobility, in the absence of the families, were thrown open for the reception of travellers. The family arms always hung in front of these mansions. Thus, by an easy and obvious transition, the monsters of heraldry became identified with the inns which adopted them for signs. Next in frequency we have 56 Grapes, 53 Ships, and 52 Coach and Horses. The abstract sentiment of devotion to the State is rather low in the scale. There are only 6 Constitutions, 61 Crowns, besides 51 combined with other objects, while the once glorious Crown and Anchor has dwindled down to 18, which looks as if our navy had become nearly obsolete in the tap-rooms. The Irish victuallers are especially wanting in the expression of national allegiance to the throne; for while the Rose and Thistle are often found in combination with the Crown, the Shamrock has never entered into the alliance. Amends, however, are made in other directions. The peerage enjoys a large share of patronage. Dukes are in great request. Including Dukes' Heads, there are 135 altogether, of which 34 are monopolised by the Duke of Wellington, and 32 by the Duke of York. At the head of the Marquises we have 18 Marquises of Granby, whose head survives his reputation, by a dispensation of favour which is doubtless as mysterious to the publicans themselves as it must be to the public. But it is to royalty we must look for the steadfast politics of Boniface. We have 52 Georges, 19 George IV.s, and 12 Prince Regents; not much to come down to us from the Georgian era, yet a great deal taken in connection with 16 William IV.s, and other testimonies of attachment to the reigning family. It appears that London contained two years ago,—and the number is in all probability augmented at the present time, for the tendency is to increase in the palatial grooves,—89 Kings' Arms, 23 Queens' Arms, 63 Kings' Heads, 43 Queens' Heads, 10 Kings and Queens, 3 Queens, 3 Queens and Prince Alberts, 17 Queen Victorias, 19 Prince Alberts, 43 Princesses of Wales, 5 Prince Alfreds, 3 Prince Arthurs, 6 Princess Royals, and 3 Princess Victorias, besides a few of the younger branches, and royalties too numerous to recapitulate. Who after this shall gainsay the allegiance of the English in general, and the publichouse interest in particular, to the throne and the house of Hanover? I cannot add that the Church fares as well as the State, for the only signs that have any bearing upon it are 18 Mitres and 10 York Arms and Minsters.

Sign-painting is a term of opprobrium in art; and not without reason. Great artists have painted signs, notwithstanding. Cipriani, who repaired the pictures by Rubens on the ceiling of Whitehall chapel, and who is inaccurately described as a Florentine in this book; Smirke and Wilson, the academicians; Morland, Hogarth, Harlow, Sir Charles Ross, Herring, and Millais are amongst

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the artists of note who have painted signs. The catalogue might be extended by names no less illustrious than those of Holbein, Watteau, and Horace Vernet.

The interest of Mr. Hotten's volume is materially enhanced by numerous illustrations, which are carefully executed, and afford an excellent notion of the style of art that decorates our streets and roadsides, and of the manner in which the artists treated their grotesque subjects. The book, like all books that are made up of a multitude of items gathered from indiscriminate sources, is chargeable with some mistakes, and will require a searching revision for future editions. Raleigh, for example, is credited with the introduction of tobacco into England; but tobacco was known in England some twenty years before he went to Virginia; the Red Cow in Bow Street did not, because it could not, for reasons which a map of the locality will supply, stand at the corner of Rose Alley; the Rose tavern was not in Bow Street, but in Russell Street, adjoining the theatre; and it was not when going home from the Rose, but from Will's, that Dryden was waylaid. Such small particulars are trivial in themselves, but when small particulars form the staple of a work, accuracy becomes important. A general index would be useful, in addition to the index of signs.

ROBERT BELL.

FRANZ SCHUBERT: A MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY. From the German of Dr. H. KREISSLE VON HELLBORN. By EDWARD WILBERFORCE, author of "Social Life in Munich," "One with Another," &c. Allen & Co. 1866.

MR. WILBERFORCE wishes to speak with all modesty of his own share in this work. He may well do so; for, though he declines to call it a translation, it reads exceedingly like one; though he professes independence of "the accidents of country," his book is German, and nothing else: German in its "slowness" and, to us, trivial detail; German, too, in that simplicity which makes out of a heap of details a pretty little *genre* picture, instead of a mere photograph. The fact is, Schubert's life does not afford much scope for his biographer. Mr. Wilberforce gives us an Appendix, "On Musical Biography," to explain what he could have done "if (for instance) Schubert had, like Mozart, written letters which stand in need of a constant commentary." Schubert did not do so. He was, moreover, an exceedingly unromantic person to look upon, "with fat, round, puffy face, low forehead, projecting lips, stumpy nose, frizzly hair,"—the white-negro type, nothing seraphic or Beethovenish about him: a man, too, of no education; for his father came up out of Austrian Silesia to help a brother who kept a school in the Leopoldstadt suburb, and, marrying a cook-maid, had fourteen children, of whom Franz was the youngest son.

He grew up a mere musician, constantly throwing off pieces, yet apparently almost devoid of that thirst for fame which is in most cases the chief spur to exertion. Never did artist's life better illustrate the trite sayings about posthumous renown. Very little of his instrumental music was played during his lifetime. The first performance of his Seventh Symphony in the Gewandhaus at Leipsic, with Mendelssohn for conductor, is something historic. The piece was rapturously applauded on all sides; but this was nearly eleven years after his death. Nor was it till 1850 that the same work was brought out at Vienna. It had

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been tried soon after the Leipsic success, but at the first rehearsal it was cut down—two movements only, with an Italian *aria* between them, being given. Vogl, the opera-singer, one of Schubert's best friends, might well say, "There's something in you; but you're too little of a charlatan; you squander your good thoughts, instead of beating them out fine." It was by his longer and more elaborate pieces that Schubert would fain have been judged. Some of these were even refused as gifts by musical societies, "who found them so hard it was impossible to perform them." For his songs, which won him fame even in his lifetime, he seemed to care little. He wrote them anyhow, in bed o'nights, in the hospital, on the backs of tavern bills while sitting with friends in Viennese beer-gardens. The wonderful Erl King he composed when he was nineteen; "reading the words over twice with increasing enthusiasm, the music came so fully before him that he dashed it off in the time needed for the mere work of writing." Six hundred of his songs are known (fifty of those written in 1815 are still unpublished); how many more exist, how many have been used (like some of his other works) to light stoves, no one can tell; for the Schubert mine seems far from being worked out; there is plenty of all kinds still in manuscript: only seven years ago Dr. Kreissle found the first part of the oratorio of "Lazarus," and two years later the second part was discovered among the manuscripts belonging to Alexander Thayer, of Boston, United States, and the third part is still missing. Stubborn, and deaf to practical advice, Schubert got on badly with the publishers. They certainly do not come out in a very favourable light in Mr. Wilberforce's book. The Erl King was refused as a gift by Diabelli and the other Vienna firms. It had become popular before it was printed at all. £80 is all the composer got for twelve songs, by one of which alone the publisher made £2,700 during forty years of copyright. Probst, of Leipsic, gives £2 for the trio in E flat (Op. 100); and this is the only piece printed out of Austria during Schubert's life. Schott, of Mayence and Paris, thought the music too hard for France, little foreseeing what use Scribe would make of certain "Mélodies de Schubert." Clearly he whom Mr. Wilberforce calls "the true creator of German song, a master without a rival and without a pattern," did not (as the phrase is) "suit the popular taste," at least in the opinion of the caterers for the public.

Not more satisfactory are his relations with musical officials. He tries to get made conductor at the Kärnthor Thor theatre; but his grand aria, in his trial piece, is so hard that Mdlle Schechner's voice breaks down. They urge him to alter it. "I will make no changes," says Schubert, and walks out of the house in a rage. We might think that an Imperial Government would have had plenty of little "places" with just pay enough for a single man of inexpensive habits. But no; Schubert gets on no better with the "chapel-masters who traded on imperial ignorance" (as Mr. Wilberforce calls them) than with the general public. From 1815, when he tried for the teachership at the Laybach Normal School (with salary of £20 a year), to 1826, when he applied in vain for the Vienna vice-chapel-mastership, worth £120 a year, he never got anything; though Salieri, the chapel-master, knew him well, and had certainly done a good deal towards his early musical training. Possibly Schubert had himself to thank for a good deal of this want of recognition. Dr. Kreissle several times quotes (though only to contradict them) unfavourable remarks on his manner. Like Kent, in *King Lear*, "having been praised for saucy roughness,"

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he seems to have made enemies right and left by "thinking aloud." A droll, given to much wine (which gave him attacks of blood to the head every now and then), he generally confined himself to practical jokes,—such as slily breaking the plates and glasses, smiling fatuously all the while with his eyes almost shut. But at times he could rail in a way which, in the jealous world of art, must have been unpardonable. Still he might well be soured by long neglect, and by the hard struggle of his youth. Schubert, teaching A B C in his father's school till he is turned out for giving a stupid girl a ringing box on the ear, may almost rank with Burns at his gauging.

There is not much of Schubert's own in this volume. Part of his Diary was cut up into shreds and distributed by a seller of autographs. We read, however, how he was struck with the beautiful scenery round Salzburg, "which was better than Eden, because I saw it from a charming carriage, a comfort which Adam and Eve never possessed." At fifteen, he writes a touching letter to his brother, quoting St. Matthew, about the "two coats," to back his modest request for one or two kreutzers a month pocket-money. There are scarcely any other letters.

Of his life there is little to tell. There is no public excitement, no intercourse with great men; he lived thirty years in the same town with Beethoven, and they never met but once, just before the latter's death. Yet, German-like, he has his bit of romance. He teaches music in Count John Esterhazy's family, spends the summer with them in Hungary, and, forgetting the *immane quantum*, falls in love with the youngest daughter, a girl of eleven. She wants him to dedicate something to her. "What's the use? Everything is dedicated to you already," he replies. "She does not see the extent and reality of his love," naïvely remarks the biographer. But, though Schubert's is a singularly uneventful life, the man comes out clearly enough in the book before us. To say that Mr. Wilberforce's work reads like a translation is by no means to dispraise it, for in no other form could so quaint a being be so well brought before us. We trace him on from the simple family life, where the evening concerts were a matter of course, "Franz, playing the viola, already quickest of all to note a mistake. If a brother was the offender he looked seriously at him; if it was his father he passed over the mistake once, but next time would say, with a modest smile, 'Father, there must be something wrong.'" And so he grows up into an obstinate, hard-writing, rollicking, fame-despising, boon-companion; possibly exemplifying the saw that music is of all the arts the most sensuous. Nor, devoutly worshipping two of the persons of Luther's triad, does he seem to have been kept from falling down before the third by his life-long passion for the Esterhazy. "He was often in love," says his biographer, "though we know singularly little of his love adventures." Well, eventful or not, the life of a man who composed the Erl King, and the Wanderer, and the trio in B flat, must surely be worth examining; and, when we close Mr. Wilberforce's book, we feel that (whatever they may say about his want of harmony as compared with his exuberant melody) the Germans, in his case, fell into what is commonly called the English error of not knowing their prophets.

H. S. FAGAN.

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THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT. By SOUTHWOOD SMITH, M.D. Trübner & Co. 1866.

THIS *ought* to be a good book, for it is the reprint of an essay which appeared just half a century ago. It passed through four editions in ten years, and after being for at least a whole generation out of print, but as it appears not out of mind, it is now issued afresh. The subject can never grow out of date, for as long as we exist at all, the Divine government, its principles, purposes, and decrees, must be for every one of us the question of questions which, when rightly solved, answers all other questions, and reduces them to their due rank and importance. This is that question and mystery which haunts and agitates the awakened human soul more than any other. All other relations are fleeting and transitory, but our relation to the Supreme Power in the universe, what is the nature of *that?* are we disregarded and overlooked, or are we the objects of incessant care and superintendence? towards what sort of a future are we all tending? Is the Supreme Power beneficent, or is it of a mixed nature, beneficent only to chosen races or individuals, or is it alike beneficent to *all?* Is there a final end in creation, and has the Supreme Power a supreme design, and can we make out what that design is? He is accounted a worthless and trifling person who has no design in his doings, or who acts only *pour passer le temps.* Can we believe then that GOD is without a purpose, and that the ages roll on without bringing Him nearer to the accomplishment of that purpose? If we believe in a God at all, we must also believe in a final end, nor can we "doubt that through the ages one increasing purpose runs;" and what should that purpose be but to make all happy—to produce universal good? All human activities have a final end, which end is the production of happiness. This is the end even of penal legislation. Now, unless we believe Man to be more benevolent than GOD, we must hold His final end to be the same as ours. And unless we believe Man to be more virtuous than his Maker, we must also hold that GOD aims at producing happiness by the same means by which man in his best state aims at producing it—by first producing virtue.

There is indeed no difference between religionists of any shade as to the Deity's final end, but only as to the *extent* to which He pursues it. The narrow religionist exclaims, "God's end is indeed to produce happiness, but only to make *me* happy and my co-religionists. To make *all* happy is too vast a design even for Him. It *was* the original design, but all that has been baffled long ago; and now He has taken up with a smaller design, which is to make a part of His creatures happy, and what should that part be, but ourselves—we who are the flower of creation, the favourites of God, and the nurselings of His providence?"

It is to shatter such base reasonings as this, and to uphold the great original design of final happiness for ALL, and to show that there is nothing in any present appearances to the contrary which ought to make us doubt for a moment in its ultimate realisation, that Dr. Southwood Smith wrote this noble treatise. As he well remarks, "Nowhere in nature are there traces of a partial GOD. Every appearance of partiality vanishes from all his great and substantial gifts. It is only in what are justly termed the *adventitious* circumstances which attend his bounties, that the least indication of it can be supposed to exist; yet narrow minds confine their attention to these adventitious

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circumstances, and hence conclude that He is partial in the distribution of his goodness, while all his great and fundamental blessings are so universally and equally diffused, that they demonstrate him to be a being of perfect benevolence." The conclusion at which the author arrives is the only one which can entitle Christianity to be called "good tidings." If it be not so, then is the Gospel the worst tidings ever brought to this earth, It will never appear in its native splendour, nor will its great characteristic doctrine of the Brotherhood of all men be truly received, until this conclusion is adopted.

If I had space I could point out some flaws in the demonstration, and many parts where the reasoning requires to be strengthened. There is too much *couleur de rose* when the author seeks to make light of the afflictions of this life, as where he says "that even the most wretched enjoy a great preponderance of happiness." Happiness and misery cannot be weighed against each other in scales in this way. Where there has been great misery, a fear of its recurrence embitters all the moments of ease. No; the misery of this life for very many is not to be palliated, but that fact only makes the claim of the wretched of this world the more irresistible. It also appears to me that Southwood Smith adopts Locke's shallow view of the process of moral restoration. Circumstances, indeed, do much, but he conceives that they do *all*; and that, given the circumstances, the character is moulded in exact correspondence. He conceives that this law of circumstances acts on the moral character "with as much certainty and steadiness as the law of gravitation" in the material world. But freedom is the attribute of Spirit, it will not be commanded, and in this mechanical view of the human soul its spontaneity is entirely lost sight of with all its other regalia.

Nearly one half of the volume is devoted to the Scriptural argument, and of course to the consideration of the term "Everlasting" (αἰώνιος). All this is satisfactory as it stands, but of course might be much improved and corrected by subsequent discoveries. Thus the strongest adverse passage in the New Testament (that of Jude) Dr. Smith did not know to be a mere legend extracted from the Book of Enoch, as was fully proved by Archbishop Laurence. A passage of St. Paul, which affirms that "God will have all men to be saved," the author strangely overlooks. He entirely fails to bring out the sense of the parable of Dives and Lazarus; he was quite blind to its most salient points, which is the more strange, as Abraham Tucker had admirably elucidated that parable, and shown how its Divine teaching is wholly blurred out and obliterated by the traditional misinterpretation. The passage in Daniel xii. 2, would now be best answered by showing the true character of that book, especially of its latter chapters.

But after all discoverable defects in either branch of the argument, whether from reason or from Scripture, it still remains that this is a most interesting and valuable treatise, and well worthy of republication.

G. D. Haughton.

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COMTE AND MILL.

When a doctrine has been systematically established, when its bases are laid, and the main outlines of its superstructure are sketched, assaults on it from the outside only serve to call the attention of the world to its existence, they never shake the confidence of disciples. To be attacked with success it must be attacked from within. No man can be the victorious critic of a doctrine, withdrawing from it the allegiance of its subjects, unless he accepts its principles. He may indeed demonstrate the error of the principles to his own satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of all who think with him, but he leaves believers quite unmoved. Hence the wearisome inutility of controversy, as it is usually conducted. The combatants are not on common ground, and their arguments are as ineffective as the war-dances of savages drawn up on either bank of an unfordable river: each vociferously claims superiority, but the battle is never fought. When christian and freethinker, catholic and protestant, tory and radical, metaphysician and positivist, assail each other's doctrine, there can be no decision, for there is no real conflict: no one is killed, simply because no one is touched: it is a war of words, not a clash of swords. A doctrine is never destroyed except by internal dissolution, or by the accumulating pressure of external evidence slowly numbing its vitality; its principles are given up one by one when they are seen to be at variance with indisputable truths; they are never given up because they are at variance with the principles of an antagonist.

Hence the importance which will be attached to the criticisms of Mr. Mill in a recent work,[1] by all who regard the Positive Philosophy as the doctrine which must finally triumph, the only doctrine which thoroughly embraces all the great speculative results of the

(1) *Auguste Comte and Positivism.* Reprinted from the *Westminster Review.* Trübner and Co. 1865.

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past, and which must guide the future under successive modifications corresponding with the evolutions of Science. That doctrine is daily being attacked by antagonists more or less qualified (and mostly very ill qualified), but the attacks only serve to extend its notoriety, they do not affect its vitality. Theologians and metaphysicians will continue to oppose it, to insult it, to misconceive it, to misrepresent it; but—because they stand outside it—they can never refute it. I waive the question as to whether their Philosophy is right or wrong; the fact that it is fundamentally distinguished from Positivism prevents any actual conflict.

In Mr. Mill, a critic appears who, adopting the principles and the method of Posivitism, is in the right position for pointing out its defects, and suggesting modifications. No one supposes that the Philosophy is perfect; and every candid disciple will be grateful for any indication of a remediable defect. Whether Mr. Mill be successful or not in any or all of his criticisms, the just respect attending whatever he writes will challenge disciples to scrutinise closely the objections he has to urge against a thinker whom he so bravely eulogises. Two thoughtful writers have already done so. Dr. Bridges, who is a Comtist (if I may so distinguish a disciple of Comte from first to last), mainly occupies himself with vindicating the unity of the doctrine, expounding what he conceives to be the organic relation of the later speculations (which Mr. Mill rejects), to the earlier speculations (which Mr. Mill accepts), and only touching other points incidentally.[1] M. Littré, who is only a Positivist (by which I mean a disciple of the Philosophy, but a dissenter from the Religion), in a remarkable article,[2] restricts his defence to certain points affecting the integrity of the Philosophy. I propose to consider here only the questions which affect the constitution of the doctrine; minor questions of detail, which carry no revolutionary significance, may be omitted.

One preliminary question, which has deeper importance than appears at first sight, namely, the claim of Comte to be considered as the originator of a Philosophy, may the more fitly be raised, seeing that there are indications in many quarters of a profound misconception of historical facts. Because the positive spirit and the positive method have been splendidly illustrated in the works of all great investigators since Science began its evolution, and because the Positive Philosophy resumes all that the great thinkers have achieved, both as to methods and results, it has been asserted that Comte did nothing more than place himself in the ranks of the advancing column, filling a place, indeed, but only such a place as would have been filled by several

(1) *The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine. A reply to strictures on Comte's later writings, addressed to* J. S. Mill, Esq., M.P. By J. H. Bridges, M.D. Trübner and Co. 1866.

(2) *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Août, 1866.

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others. I regret to find Mr. Herbert Spencer countenancing this immense mistake; though his avowedly superficial acquaintance with the system renders the error excusable. He says, "M. Comte, designated by the term 'Positive Philosophy' all that definitely-established knowledge which men of science have been gradually organising into a coherent body of doctrine;"[1] whereas the "coherent body of doctrine" was precisely that which no one had ever attempted since Science emerged from its metaphysical condition. And Mr. Mill, following in the same track, says, "The philosophy called Positive is not a recent invention of M. Comte, but a *simple adherence to the traditions* of all the great scientific minds whose discoveries have made the human race what it is. M. Comte has never presented it in any other light (!) But he has made the doctrine his own by his manner of treating it." M. Littré, with just astonishment, exclaims, "The great scientific minds? this term implies what seems to me a confusion. Does it mean the philosophers? Why, the philosophers, one and all, have belonged to theology or metaphysics, and it is not their tradition which M. Comte has followed. Does it mean those who have illustrated particular sciences? Well, since they have not philosophised, M. Comte cannot have received his philosophy from them. That which is recent in the positive philosophy, that which is M. Comte's invention, is the conception and construction of a philosophy, by drawing from particular sciences, and from the teaching of great scientific minds, such groups of truths as could be co-ordinated on the positive method."

On reconsideration Mr. Mill may perhaps admit that the light which flashed upon his own mind when first he became acquainted with Comte's work was something essentially unlike what would have issued from a simple adherence to tradition. He had little to learn on the score of what great thinkers had taught, and must have known but too well that they had no coherent body of doctrine to teach. Further, he will admit that Comte, who was keenly alive to the debt he owed his predecessors,[2] and nobly generous in his recognition of even a suggestion, would have been astonished to hear that

(1) *The Classification of the Sciences*, p. 28. 1864.

(2) "Nous avons ainsi systématiquement réalisé une évolution individuelle radicalement conforme à l'évolution nécessaire de l'humanité, que l'on peut maintenant se borner à considérer içi à partir de l'impulsion décisive déterminée par la double action philosophique et scientifique émanée de Bacon et de Descartes conjointement avec Kepler et Galilée. . . . En outre l'homogénéité continue de ces diverses déterminations partielles nous a spontanément manifesté leur convergence croissante vers une même philosophie finale. Pour caractériser convenablement cette philosophie il ne nous reste donc plus qu'à indiquer la co-ordination définitive de ces différentes conceptions essentielles, d'abord logiques puis scientifiques d'après un principe d'unité réellement susceptible d'une telle efficacité, afin de pouvoir signaler la véritable activité normale réservée au système qui doit devenir la base usuelle du régime spirituel de l'humanité."—*Philosophie Positive*, vi. p. 645-6.

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what he regarded as his great achievement—the organisation of the results of research into a doctrine—was no more than an adherence to tradition. What tradition brought was the results; what Comte brought was the organisation of those results. He always claimed to be the founder of the Positive Philosophy. That he had every right to such a title is demonstrable to all who distinguish between the positive sciences and the Philosophy which co-ordinated the truths and methods of those science into a Doctrine. The achievement was great and novel; but its very perfection, which arises from its intimate harmony with all the great results of scientific research, prevents the feeling of strangeness which usually accompanies novelty. "The Positive Philosophy," says M. Littré, "issued from two operations; first, the determination of the general facts of each fundamental science, and the grouping or co-ordination of these facts. This labour, arduous enough when confined to a single science, becomes immense when extended to the whole domain. No one but M. Comte has ever executed such a task." "Quand M. Comte eut ainsi entre les mains tous les faits généraux des sciences positives il comprit (mais qui l'avait compris avant lui?) qu'il tenait les élémens d'une nouvelle philosophie, un *substratum* philosophique complétement original." This was the first operation. The second was to apply the Method. As the philosophy of every science is the co-ordination of its fundamental truths, it follows that the philosophy of all the sciences is the co-ordination of the groups obtained in this preliminary operation, that is to say, a classification of the sciences. This was effected by ranging them according to their degrees of complexity, thus following the hierarchy of nature herself. "Ainsi fut faite la philosophie positive avec un *substratum* qu'aucune main n'avait encore rassemblé, et avec un principe de co-ordination naturelle, historique et didactique, qu'aucune spéculation n'avait encore mis en usage." This is Comte's originality; this is the great legacy he has left mankind.

That question settled, we may now pass to the very serious objections raised against the integrity of the system, namely, that Comte failed to constitute a Sociology, and committed the fundamental mistake of excluding Psychology from the series of the sciences. M. Littré answers these objections at some length. He objects to Mr. Mill's confusion of Philosophy with general Logic, and the confusion of the philosophy of a science with the logic of a science; adding: "La logique est formelle et la philosophie réelle; la logique une manière d'être de l'entendement, et la philosophie une conception des choses. J'ajouterai que là est la raison cachée, mais décisive qui empêche qu'on ne puisse arriver à la philosophie positive par la psychologie." Although I shall have occasion presently to notice the distinction between the philosophy and the logic of a science, I must say here that M. Littré seems to have misunderstood Mr. Mill with

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regard to Psychology. That Positivism, which is a conception of the whole world, can never be reached through Psychology, which is a conception of mental phenomena, is perfectly clear; so clear that Mr. Mill cannot be supposed to have maintained the contrary. But considering that human nature is a part of Nature (and to Philosophy a not unimportant part), consequently that mental phenomena demand an explanation no less than physical phenomena, Mr. Mill is thoroughly justified in objecting to the rejection of so important a part; the real question is, whether the objection itself is not founded on a misconception. He regards it as a serious deficiency in Comte's scheme that "he rejects totally as an invalid process psychological observation properly so called, or, in other words, internal consciousness, at least as regards our intellectual operation. He gives no place in his series to the science of Psychology, and always speaks of it with contempt."

There is both truth and error in the objection. Comte did regard internal observation as an illusory process. This is a question of methods, on which I agree with Mr. Mill in thinking Comte entirely mistaken. He did also regard with contempt the pretensions of Psychology, as he saw them put forward in France. This is a question of science, in which it would surprise me to hear that Mr. Mill did not take the same view. But now comes the third question, which is one of Doctrine, namely, whether a place should or should not be assigned to Psychology among the fundamental abstract sciences which constitute the positive hierarchy? In other words, ought psychical phenomena to be included under Biology, or to be elevated into a distinct science? On this question I retract the adhesion which many years ago I gave to Mr. Mill's point of view, and now pass over to that of Comte. The grounds I then stood on have long seemed to me insufficient; namely, that on Comte's own principles Psychology should be detached from Biology, just as Biology was detached from Chemistry, the *speciality* of the phenomena in each case determining the separation. I now see that this was an erroneous appreciation of the facts. The confusion in my mind (I will not include others in the reproach) was the confusion of the subsidiary question of methods with the dominant question of doctrine, and consequently an imperfect appreciation of biological phenomena. Thus, because Comte was glaringly wrong respecting one of the methods of psychological research, and because he spoke with undiscriminating contempt of Psychology (meaning only the unscientific farrago about *le Moi*), and because I saw that Psychology was not only a possible but a needful science, having a special instrument in subjective analysis, I was led to dissent from him, and to agree with Mr. Mill in claiming for it an independent position. Further meditation, however, disclosed that it was one thing to recognise the necessity of Psychology as a science, and another to assign it a place among the fundamental

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sciences. Physiology and Botany are sciences, but they are concrete, not abstract sciences; derivative not fundamental; and they have no place in the hierarchy. Nor has Psychology a place there. What I called the *speciality* of psychical phenomena was an arbitrary speciality, arising from an arbitrary restriction of biological phenomena, not from any real distinction; and it was suggested by the unphilosophic practice of biologists in confining themselves almost exclusively to the physical phenomena, only slightly and incidentally touching on the psychical.[1] A moment's consideration, however, will show that no conception of the animal organism can be formed on the exclusion of the sensitive, emotive, and intellectual functions. The parallel between Chemistry and Biology, therefore, entirely fails. Chemistry would be a perfect science were there no Biology; chemical phenomena would conform to precisely the same laws, neither more nor less, were there no organic beings in existence. But Biology would not be a perfect science, it would not be a science at all, without including psychical phenomena; the separation of vital from psychical (in an animal organism) is a scientific artifice, not a real distinction; it is analogous to the distinction between the two vitalities in one organism, which, since Bichât, has obtained its place as *la vie organique* and *la vie de relation*.

After this explanation it is only necessary to add that Comte includes the study of mental phenomena under the head of Biology, which, being the general science of Life, necessarily includes sensitive as well as nutritive life. Any general theory which excluded the sensations, instincts, affections, and intellections, would be radically false; and any Biology which excluded psychical laws would be monstrously truncated; consequently Comte was preserving the integrity of the Positive Philosophy in refusing to truncate the general theory of Life, and in ranging Psychology as a branch of Biology. Mr. Mill's objection, therefore, does not point to any deficiency in the positive hierarchy, but only to a deficiency in Comte's conception of the means of studying mental phenomena, and *that* objection is unanswerable. "Our knowledge of the human mind must, he (Comte) thinks, be acquired by observing other people. How we are to observe other people's mental operations, or how interpret the signs of them without having learnt what the signs mean by knowledge of ourselves, he does not say." True; but this does not affect the position of Psychology in the series. We may cheerfully give up Comte's views

(1) "Antérieurement à Gall les physiologistes n'étudiaient dans le cerveau que les fonctions immédiatement liées aux deux ordres élémentaires de rélations extérieures, passives pour sentir, et actives pour mouvoir. Ils méconnaissaient ou négligeaient les opérations intermédiares, soit intellectuelles soit affectives, qui, succédant aux sensations ou précédant les mouvements, constituent leur lien nécessaire."—COMTE, *Politique Positive*, i. p. 673.

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as to how Psychology should be studied, without giving up an essential element in the Positive Philosophy—without creating a place for Psychology independent of, and equivalent to, Biology. We cannot forget that all psychical phenomena are phenomena of Sensibility, and are reducible to neural processes, actions of the organism.

There is, indeed, a Philosophy which takes a very different view, teaching that sensation, emotion, ideation, are not directly functions of an organism, but are the activities of an entity living within the organism, a life within a life, having, with the organism it inhabits, only points of contact, none of community. I will not here discuss the pretensions of this Philosophy; I only say it is not the Positive Philosophy. The answer to Mr. Mill may therefore be summed up thus: either psychical phenomena are biological phenomena, in which case Psychology is a branch of Biology; or psychical phenomena are essentially different from biological phenomena—the special actions of a special agent or combination of agents—in which case Psychology claims a separate place among fundamental sciences.

Dr. Bridges, after noticing the restricted sense in which Comte spoke of Psychology, adds, "If by Psychology be meant the study, by every means that are available, of the moral and intellectual functions of man, it is very certain that Comte was a psychologist, though he naturally avoided a word which connected him with a contemporary school of metaphysicians. With regard to the impossibility of studying the purely intellectual functions by the method of self-observation, Comte adopted, it is true, the opinion of Broussais so vigorously stated in his treatise *sur l'Irritation et la Folie.* It is possible that these thinkers may have rejected the method too absolutely. But it must be shown to be far more fruitful in results than it has yet proved, before it can rank very high as an instrument for the discovery of truth. The study of the intellectual and moral functions was prosecuted by Comte throughout his life, and that on methods not, I imagine, materially different from those which you would adopt."

M. Littré grapples more directly with the objection. He begins with an important distinction between the study of the faculties and the study of the products of those faculties. "According to Comte there is no Psychology beyond the domain of Biology; according to Mr. Mill, Psychology forms an ensemble of notions which cannot be explained by Biology. What shall I say to this, when at the outset I remark a confusion, which I must clear up before pronouncing? The confusion is that the word Psychology sometimes comprehends the cerebral faculties and sometimes the products of those faculties. If the question is of the faculties, I side with M. Comte; if the ques-

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tion is of the products, I side with Mr. Mill." He proceeds to show that whatever relates to the faculties, either as to their analysis or to their classification, everything which relates to the functions, or the modifications impressed on them by external influences, belongs of right to Biology; and as such it is treated by Comte. The fact that there is a Psychology of animals decisively refutes the notion of the independence of this study of the faculties; the intelligence, affections, and instincts of animals being clearly biological questions. "These explanations," he adds, "show that M. Comte committed no error in placing under Biology the study of Psychology, if by the latter we understand the intellectual and affective faculties; but if we also understand by it Ideology, and even Logic, then the reproach has quite another aspect." M. Littré selects as an illustration of the distinction between faculties and products, the case of Language. Recent researches have given almost a demonstration of the existence of such a faculty in one of the anterior convolutions of the cerebrum. "That is a decisive case of cerebral physiology—a definite function assigned to a definite organ; but if the faculty of Language belongs to Biology, this cannot be said of Grammar, which is a product of the faculty." Other examples might be given. The faculty, or faculties, of music belong to Biology, but counterpoint has no such place. Ideology, Logic, Ethics, Æsthetics, are products, and, as products, have no place in the series of general sciences which constitute the positive hierarchy, though one and all of them may be very important special sciences. "Leur théorie générale n'est pas plus partie intégrante de la philosophie positive que ne le serait, la théorie générale du langage et de la grammaire, et vraiment pourquoi ne pas réclamer en faveur de celle-ci, fort considérable assurément, si l'on réclame en faveur de celles là."

We will now turn to another objection. "The philosophy of a science," says Mr. Mill, "consists of two principal parts; the methods of investigation and the requisites of proof." I pause here to remark that although he is at perfect liberty to construct his own definitions, and conform to them, he is not at liberty to make them the standard for Comte, and to object to the Positive Philosophy because it does not conform to such a standard. As a critic of a system, he is bound to accept its definitions, not to apply his own. In the present instance, a positivist would say that Mr. Mill's definition is one which describes the logic, not the philosophy, of a science. I do not remember any express definition proposed by Comte, but the following is the one I should construct from his exposition: "The philosophy of a science is constituted by the co-ordination of the fundamental Laws of the phenomena within the domain of the science, — the Methods by which those Laws are discovered,—and the relation which the science bears to the one which precedes and the one which

succeeds it in the encyclopædic hierarchy; in other words, its position and degree of influence in human development."[1]

This difference of conception being indicated, we may consider what force there is in the objection urged by Mr. Mill. He sees two requisites. "The one," he continues, "points out the road by which the human intellect arrives at conclusions; the other, the mode of testing their evidence. The former, if complete, would be an Organon of Discovery; the latter, of Proof. It is to the first of these that M. Comte principally confines himself, and he treats it with a degree of perfection hitherto unrivalled. Nowhere is there anything comparable in its kind to his survey of the resources which the mind has at its disposal for investigating the laws of phenomena; the circumstances which render each of the fundamental modes of exploration suitable or unsuitable to each class of phenomena; the extensions and transformations which the process of investigation has to undergo in adapting itself to each new province of the field of study; and the especial gifts with which every one of the fundamental sciences enriches the method of positive inquiry, each science, in its turn, being the best fitted to bring to perfection one process or another. These and many other cognate subjects, such as the theory of Classification and the proper use of scientific Hypotheses, M. Comte has treated with a completeness of insight which leaves little to be desired."

The praise is emphatic enough, and authoritative enough, to satisfy even disciples, but it is succeeded by the statement of a grave defect. "We are taught the right way of searching for results, but when a result has been reached, how shall we know that it is true? How assure ourselves that the process has been performed correctly, and that our premises, whether consisting of generalities or of particular facts, really prove the conclusion we have grounded on them? On this question M. Comte throws no light; he supplies no test of proof. As regards deduction, he neither recognises the syllogistic system of Aristotle and his successors—the insufficiency of which is as evident as its utility is real—nor proposes any other in lieu of it; and of inductions he has no canons whatever. He does not seem to admit the possibility of any general criterion, by which to decide whether a given inductive inference is correct or not. He maintains that no hypothesis is legitimate, unless it is susceptible of verification, and that none ought to be accepted as true, unless it can be shown not only that it accords with the facts, but that its falsehood would be inconsistent with them. He, therefore, needs a test of inductive proof; and, in assigning none, he seems to give up as impracticable the main problem of Logic, properly so called."

The objection is formidable; if admitted, it would be fatal,—a

(1) M. Littré proposes the following:—"La philosophie d'une science est la conception de cette science par co-ordination des faits généraux ou vérités fondamentales qui y appartiennent."

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system which was without a criterion would have the radical vice which dissolves every metaphysical construction. Happily this is not the case with the Positive Philosophy. A deficiency, I admit, exists, but it is not one having the reach assigned to it by Mr. Mill. A system of Philosophy must somewhere have a place for Logic, and Comte has not indicated the place it should occupy. But the omission does not deprive the system of a criterion; it only deprives us of a ready mode of exhibiting the criterion. Logic is the codification of the rules which the various sciences have employed, and must employ. It is the grammar of science. The author of incomparably the best work on Logic is naturally alive to the importance of this codification, and we who have profited so largely by the work, are not likely to underrate it. Nevertheless, when the integrity of Positivism is in question, there is doubt permissible whether the plan followed by Comte does not, as M. Littré suggests, furnish an equivalent to the legal sanction of Logic. Mr. Mill thinks not; but that is because he misapprehends the plan. "Method, according to M. Comte, is learnt only by seeing it in operation, and the logic of a science can only be usefully taught through the science itself." The plan is wider; it is the combination of the hierachy of the sciences with their method, so that each science in turn furnishes its own criterion; thus the logic of each science is serially exhibited, and all that is wanting is the codification of the whole, an abstract science of Proof.

What is that criterion furnished by each science? Verification. And here M. Littré places a luminous remark. Anticipating the objection that experience itself may need a test, he says, "Instead of holding that experience has need of Logic, I hold that it is Logic which has need of experience. If scientific truths were only logically true, they would never pass beyond the circle of hypothesis; but it is when experience has verified them that the logical induction is complete. So far from Positive Philosophy depending upon Logic, it is Logic which depends on Positive Philosophy."

If Logic is the codification of the rules of experience, its utility as codification may be admitted. But the code does not introduce any new validity. It shows what the rules are; it does not furnish a test deeper than the rules themselves. Comte was not imperatively called upon to supply a test of truth more valid than experience; nor could Logic have supplied such a test. Mr. Mill declares that the final test is the universality of the law of causation. Very true. But no one has shown more conclusively that the law of causation is itself a generalisation of experience. M. Littré, therefore, asks, "How do we know that a general proposition in science is true? By showing that in every case experience confirms it. If exceptions arise, we either sacrifice it or modify it. Our most assured inductions are only accepted under the control of constant verification, and no

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sanction which Logic can give them removes this relative character, or adds anything to their certainty."

The conclusion therefore is, that although Comte neglected to codify the rules of Proof (a neglect which has been amply remedied by Mr. Mill), it is by no means correct to say that he neglected Proof. He gave the rules in giving the Methods of research, and this portion of the Philosophy of each science was in effect the logic of that science.[1]

Connected with this absence of express logical canons, Mr. Mill further objects to Comte's refusal to employ the word "cause." Most readers will agree with him in regretting the exclusion of so serviceable a term; but some will demur to the other points of his criticism Dr. Bridges thus answers him:—

"'Depriving himself,' you say, 'of the use of a word which has a Positive meaning, Comte misses the meaning it expresses. He sees no difference between such generalisations as Kepler's laws, and such as the theory of gravitation. He fails to perceive the real distinction between the laws of succession and co-existence which thinkers of a different school call Laws of Phenomena, and those of what they call the action of Causes; the former exemplified by the succession of day and night, the latter by the earth's rotation which causes it.' I venture to think that you are not stating Comte's view on this matter correctly. It seems to me that he did make a very complete and fundamental distinction between these two classes of laws; the distinction, namely, to use his own language, between Concrete and Abstract Science. Every object, he observes, is a complex result, a group of various properties. We may either study this complex result in itself, or we may abstract each of these properties (or, as Comte called them, *événements*) from all the objects in which it is found, and study its laws. The first of these modes of speculation he calls Concrete; the second, Abstract. Concrete speculation is, according to him, at once the starting-point and the goal of our efforts. Man in his most primitive condition arrives at certain concrete empirical generalisations, to which he, in common with the lower animals, has to conform his conduct. The succession of day and night, or of summer and winter; forecasts of eclipses in ancient times, of weather, of volcanic eruptions, of the course of a disease, are simple instances of these concrete laws. Modern science decomposes these concrete groups, and studies the laws of each class of the phenomena which compose them. These ultimate laws, which you call laws of Causation, Comte called Abstract laws. Kepler's laws are perfect instances of Concrete laws, as Newton's law of gravitation is of an Abstract law. It is only this latter class which can be called invariable. What you denominate 'the law of Universal Causation, namely, that every phenomenon has a phenomenal cause—has some phenomenon other than itself on which it is invariably and unconditionally consequent,' exactly corresponds to the 2nd law of Comte's 'Philosophie Première' ('Politique Positive,' vol. iv. p. 174). 'It is on the universality of this law,' you say, 'that the possibility rests of forming a Canon of Induction,' So says Comte: 'Une telle certitude reste indispensable à l'institution du dogme positif.'"

Such are the cardinal objections urged against the Positive Philosophy by the thinker whose criticisms were most likely to be formid-

(1) "Le vrai régime positif ne sépare jamais la logique de la science. Car, en n'étudiant chaque partie de la méthode inductive qu'avec les doctrines qui l'ont spécialement suscitée, on sent aussitôt que son usage doit toujours être conforme aux notions fondamentales que cette science reçoit de la précédente."—*Politique Positive*, i. p. 518.

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able, and were certain of that respect which is commanded by a large clear intellect, long familiarity with and fundamental adherence to the system. These criticisms have been duly weighed, and although it would be rashness to assert that the readers of Dr. Bridges, M. Littré, and the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, will think the criticisms satisfactorily answered, there can be no rashness in asserting that at least the integrity of the system has been shown.

Respecting the other points of the criticism, I am not prepared to take up Mr. Mill's gauntlet. Either I side with him in the main, or I have not sufficiently meditated the questions to offer an opinion. There is, however, one question of the highest importance, addressed by Dr. Bridges to Mr. Mill, which cannot be passed over in silence. "Is there," he asks, "as yourself, M. Littré, Mr. Lewes, and other writers of great ability have asserted, a fundamental discrepancy between Comte's earlier and later speculations? Is there the difference between them of a sound method wisely, and in the main successfully, applied, and a radically unsound method, hitting sometimes, as if by accident, on brilliant truths, but in its essence affording clear proof of its mental degeneracy?" As may be foreseen, Dr. Bridges answers this question with a decided negative. After considering his arguments, I must say that he seems to marshal his troops against positions that were unoccupied, passing by the fortresses in which our batteries were erected. We never supposed that the conception of a spiritual power distinct from the temporal power, or the conception of the social reorganisation being founded on the philosophical reorganisation, were not present from the first in Comte's mind: it is sufficiently plain that the ultimate aim of all his efforts was the creation of a Polity founded on a Philosophy. What we asserted was not the change of purpose, but the change of Method: when he came to construct the Polity he forsook the Method which had organised the Philosophy; and in consequence of this change all who remained true to the principles of the Positive Philosophy were bound to leave him.

The change was vital. Being a substitution of the Subjective Method, which is essentially *personal*, for the Objective Method, which is essentially *impersonal*, the influence of Comte's own peculiarities and experiences came to be mingled disastrously with his theoretic constructions. When he was expounding the great truths of Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology, his own personal peculiarities and predilections were of minor importance—they could be recognised cropping up here and there, but they could always be disregarded. It was otherwise when he came to treat Sociology on the Subjective Method. He was then no longer classifying phenomena according to the relations existing between them, no longer subordinating his conceptions to the facts (as

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a primary law of Positivism decrees), but was calling in the avowed aid of fictions to assist him in the construction of a scheme deduced, without verification, from sentimental premises.

Dr. Bridges, unable to overlook the patent fact, endeavours, as Comte himself endeavoured, to persuade us that the change was from the first foreseen. If this is true, the answer is that from the first there was a vital error. But is it true? What Dr. Bridges proves is, that Comte looked forward to a final reconciliation of the two antagonistic methods, by a regeneration of the Subjective and a combination of it with the Objective. But my complaint is that Comte did not regenerate the Subjective Method, nor did he always combine it with the Objective Method according to the positive spirit; on the contrary, he gave it a delusive prominence, which increased as his pontifical pretensions grew, and which culminated in "La Synthèse Subjective."

A few sentences will serve to characterise the two methods. "The study of man," says Comte, "and the study of the external world form the twofold subject of all philosophic research. Each of these two orders of speculation may be applied to the other, and form its *point of departure.* Hence spring two radically distinct and opposite Methods: the one which proceeds from man to the World; and the other which proceeds from the World to man. When arrived at maturity, Philosophy must evidently tend towards the general conciliation of these two antagonistic Methods. But their contrast is the germ of the fundamental difference between the two great orders of speculation, theological and positive, which the human mind has been forced to follow successively. . . . The real spirit of every theological or metaphysical philosophy is seen in its principle of explaining the phenomena of the external world by our internal consciousness; whereas, on the contrary, the positive spirit is characterised by the necessary and rational subordination of the conception of man to that of the world."[1] This is not very lucidly expressed, and the want of precision in this description, especially the want of accurate distinction between the *point of departure* and the *process*, prevented him, I think, as it has prevented Dr. Bridges, from seeing how very far he was from regenerating that Method when he came to apply it to Sociology.

The Objective Method is the same whether the point of departure be from Man or from the World; it seeks to ascertain what are the relations of objects among themselves, and of objects in connection with us; it is called objective because its conceptions are moulded on the Object, not on the Subject. Entirely discarding human likings or dislikings, desires for symmetry and simplicity or wishes founded on convenience, disengaging itself as far as

(1) COMTE, *Phil. Positive*, iii. p. 270.

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possible from all that is personal, it aims at the formation of conceptions which shall accurately represent the external order. The Subjective Method is the opposite of this. It not only makes human needs and human fancies the point of departure; it continues as it began, by animating nature with human passions, interpreting *motors* by *motives*. It seeks in the unverified suggestions of consciousness an interpretation of the external order. Logical deductions from data either assumed or traditionally accepted and never verified, are its means of exploration. Hypothesis is thus the animating principle of the Subjective Method, as Verification is of the Objective Method.

Inasmuch as all history shows on the one hand that both Methods have been spontaneously and universally employed, and on the other that the Subjective has been the fertile parent of error, it is incumbent on the Positive Philosophy, which claims to be the outcome of all previous effort, resuming all real tendencies, to reconcile these conflicting Methods by rectifying them. Comte has attempted the reconciliation; but, I think, with imperfect success. He has rectified the Objective Method by restoring to it the subjective point of departure—that is to say, by the final reference of all speculation to Sociology, and the habitual predominance of human needs.[1] And he has further rectified it by the free admission of Hypothesis as a necessary instrument of research. But he has not rectified the Subjective Method, although no one has at times more energetically exposed its weakness. He truly says that there is no absolute demarcation between observation and reasoning. No observation can be purely objective. "En tant que phénomène humain cette première opération mentale est en même temps subjective, dans un cas quelconque, à un degré proportionnel à sa complication." It is evident that the domain of observation coincides essentially with that of hypothesis, which is destined to supply the gaps, *i.e.*, to make present to the mind the complementary facts absent from sense. Comte elsewhere refers this inseparable union of subject and object to the fundamental biological relation of organism and medium; and he adds, "La moindre détermination extérieure pourrait être formulée comme un problème scientifique, où l'esprit s'efforce de produire une conception en harmonie avec l'ensemble des impressions du dehors. Moins celles-ci sont nettes, plus il tente d'y suppléer par ses propres combinaisons, souvent très fines ou fort indirectes." Here the necessary part played by the Subject is clearly indicated. Not less clearly is the danger indicated, "Quand le jugement

(1) See *Philos. Positive*, vi. p. 668: a remarkable passage. In a later work astronomy is transformed from an indefinite and dispersive study of the heavens into a definite convergent study of our planet. *Politique Positive*, i. pp. 508—526, and compare Dr. Bridges' *Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine*, p. 68.

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est assez désiré, le défaut de documents extérieurs pousse quelquefois à le prononcer d'après des opinions purement intérieurs uniquement dues à une énergique réaction du cœur sur l'esprit." And it is precisely this danger which he has neither avoided nor prepared for in his attempt to reconstruct Society. He has given the Subjective Method the predominance, and he has employed it in all its primitive crudity, instead of regenerating it, as his principles required.

I have already indicated that he did not sufficiently distinguish between the subjective point of departure and the subjective process. This is evident in many of his sociological speculations, where the point of departure must obviously be subjective, for human relations are the *objects* of Sociology, as cosmical relations are of Cosmology. But if the point of departure is subjective, the process of search must be objective; since the establishment of relations can only be effected by objective verification, whether the relations be cosmical or social. It is true that we have a key to the phenomena in the facts of our own consciousness, a key not possessed for cosmical phenomena, and this in some degree compensates for the increased difficulty attendant on the increased complexity of social phenomena. But in order that we may not mistake an idiosyncrasy or fancy of our own for a general fact, we must test it by the corroboration of the feelings and ideas of others: hence our subjective inspirations are hypotheses which need the verification of Psychology and History.

Comte imagined that the point of departure which placed him at the only possible point of view admitting of a real synthesis (the objective synthesis, a dream of ancient philosophy, being chimerical), was equivalent to a re-establishment of the Subjective Method. In this, according to Dr. Bridges, "Comte comprehended all modes of speculation which started from the human point of view. It is the method by which man, in his earliest mental phases, fetchist or theist, begins to philosophise. He places himself at the centre of the Universe; he regards the world and its contents as penetrated by like passions with himself, or, at least, as made solely for his use. Then comes Positive science, with its objective method, and his primitive philosophy is shattered. Man and his planet are shown to be not the centre of the Universe, but an infinitesimal atom in infinite Space. Positivism, as Comte conceived it, brings the reconciliation of these two methods. The subjective method is susceptible of a meaning not less rational than its antagonist. By it, in its positive sense, Comte understands the habitual reference of every department of speculation to the human point of view. Humanity becomes again the centre of the Universe; but the centre not absolute, as under theology, but relative."

Granting this, we must still insist on Verification being dominant in the process of search, and that Comte's failure lies in his

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disregarding it and relying confidently on Hypothesis. The test of a speculation is not (as he seems to think) its convergence towards "unity," and its adaptation to our "desire for synthesis" and system, but its correspondence with reality: its objective, not its subjective character: its position in the scheme of things, not its service to our theories.

It will be said, perhaps, that Comte did regenerate the Subjective Method, and gave it its positive constitution. Let us see this in theory and in practice. In theory he lays down the propriety of reinstating the method, the provisional exclusion of which he admits to have been indispensable to the establishment of the sciences. It possesses essential qualities which alone compensate for the inconvenience of the objective method. Our logical constitution can only be durable on a combination of the two. The past history of man by no means warrants us in concluding the two methods to be irreconcilable, if they are both systematically regenerated. We have no more right to give theology the exclusive privilege of the subjective method, than to give it the exclusive privilege of a religion. If, therefore, Sociology has appropriated the latter, it may equally appropriate the former, according to their intimate connection. For this it is only necessary that the subjective method should renounce the vain search after causes, and tend directly, like the objective method, towards the simple discovery of laws.

This, then, is the principle of regeneration, that the search for causes should be abandoned. He elsewhere says, the radical vice of the subjective method consisted not in its subjective, but in its absolute character. "Mieux on médite sur la marche primitive de notre intelligence, plus on reconnait qu'elle n'exigeait d'autre rectification radicale que de substituer l'étude des lois à la recherche des causes. Son vice fondamental, d'ailleurs inévitable, ne consistait point dans son caractère subjectif, mais dans sa nature absolue." I think, on the contrary, that the radical vice of the method is the reliance on unverified inductions and unverified deductions—the tendency to accept hypotheses for truths, and to frame these hypotheses according to subjective inspirations. Aware that all the sciences had been elaborated on the objective method, and nevertheless wishing to reinstate the subjective in its ancient position, he affirmed that the creation of Sociology justified this by placing us at the universal point of view.[1] Here note a two-fold error: he first confounds the point of view with the method of search, and he next confounds the deductive with the subjective methods. Deduction from an universal point of view is not peculiarly subjective. Gravitation is the universal point of view in astronomy, from which celestial phenomena may be deduced. But this is not by the subjective method. What

(1) *Polit. Positive*, vol. i. p. 446.

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is the distinction between the two? They agree in proceeding regularly from premises to conclusions, but the subjective method has not verified its premises, and does not verify its conclusions; the deductive method objectively does both. Comte has confounded these very different procedures. As M. Littré remarks, having placed himself at the sociological point of view, he ought to have employed the deductive method, whereas he employed the subjective:—"Il tire les consequences non que l'expérience vérifie mais que son imagination, ou si l'on vent, une logique subjective lui fournit."[1] And M. Littré recalls one of the cardinal principles of Positivism—namely, that the higher a science is in the hierarchy, the less it admits of deduction. In Mathematics deduction is incessant; in Astronomy constant; in Chemistry the power has notably diminished; still more so in Biology; and in Sociology it is at its minimum.

Let us now see Comte's practice. How far a method is from becoming positive simply by the substitution of laws for causes, may be exemplified in his attempt to construct a Polity and a Religion. As I am here confining myself to a special question, it is unnecessary to consider how much there is of profound insight and available truth, how much high moral precept and suggestive thought, in the four volumes of the "Politique;" these do not alter the fact that the theoretic basis of his Polity is subjective, and that in its construction he often follows the vicious tendency not only to use hypotheses as guides, but to rely on them in disregard of verification. Dr. Bridges may first be heard in defence:—

"The 'Politique Positive,' a treatise upon the structure of human nature and society, of which the avowed object is to indicate a higher mode of life, to institute the Religion of Humanity, differs from the former treatise by far greater prominence of the subjective or human point of view. The Subjective method, as Comte understood it, included indeed something more than the mere classification of knowledge according to its relation to man. It included the vast question, so well explored in geometry, but so profoundly misunderstood in the higher sciences, of the formation of hypotheses. The first step in every inquiry, according to Comte, was to form the best hypothesis compatible with all the facts before us. It is obvious that in the institution of hypotheses the highest powers of imagination are called into play. No one doubts that Kepler and Archimedes were gifted with imaginative faculties as vigorous as those of Æschylus or Milton. And for this mental process not the imagination only, but the highest sympathies of man, so Comte thought, were to be involved no less. Stringent analyst as he was of each special function of the social or individual organism, yet man's nature was after all in his eyes, or rather was ever tending to become, a harmonious whole. That the intellect should do its work well with cankered sympathies or amidst the turbulence of ignoble passions, was to him philosophically inconceivable. And the experience of his own life taught him the direct contrary.

"This, then, is the explanation of the expression which has shocked or perplexed so many of his readers, *la logique des sentiments*. Logic, as he used the

(1) LITTRE, *Auguste Comte et la Philos. Positive*, p. 533.

word (and an extended use of it is less unusual in France than in England), had a moral no less than an intellectual significance. As defined in his latest work, Logic is 'le concours normal des sentiments, des images, et des signes, pour nous inspirer les conceptions qui conviennent à nos besoins, moraux, intellectuels, et physiques.'

"The obvious criticism on the Subjective method, thus understood, will be that it is a short and straight path to mysticism. This is the reproach made by M. Littré, and it is endorsed by yourself. 'The Subjective method,' you say, 'had come to mean drawing truth itself from the fountain of his own mind.' If the 'Politique Positive' were based exclusively upon this method, as M. Littré has given his readers to understand, this would be the gravest reproach that could be made against it. As it is, it is no reproach at all. The chief function of the Subjective method is to create hypotheses; and it is no concern of the critic by what internal process these hypotheses are framed, provided that they conform to the rules which Comte has laid down for their formation; that is, that they shall be the best obtainable, that they shall form a satisfactory though provisional basis for our action, and that, until verified, they shall be not regarded as demonstrated truths."

Dr. Bridges omits one consideration, the neglect of which specially distinguishes the Subjective Method in its primitive and unregenerate form, namely, that every hypothesis should be held as a simple indication, a suggestion for research, never as a basis of deduction, until it has been verified objectively. By this is fulfilled the first law of positive inquiry: "la subordination normale du raisonnement à l'observation." The indulgence in hypothesis is the source of anarchy, not progress.[1] It is indeed a native tendency of the mind, and therefore needs vigilant control. "Nous y retomberons toujours quand nous voudrons agir systématiquement sur des phénomènes dont nous ignorons les lois spéciales. Il faut bien, en effet, que, faute de notions extérieures, notre sagesse suive des impulsions intérieures, *plutôt morales que mentales*, à moins qu'elle ne s'abstienne totalement, ce qui devient souvent impossible."[2] This is the source of Comte's chief aberrations; and as his pontifical pretensions grew, his impatience to construct a system made him follow subjective inspirations without regard to objective verification. I have said before that I consider the later works to be surpassingly rich in profound thought; nevertheless, in almost every chapter there is something questionable or extravagant which will be found due to his starting an hypothesis which is quickly transformed into a basis of deduction, neither premiss nor conclusion being submitted to verification.

General charges of this kind are usually ineffective, and I will therefore specify the cerebral theory as an example. It is an example far more favourable to Comte than several others which might be chosen, because the theory exhibits some admirable suggestions; and its importance to his scheme justifies a deliberate consideration. Two

(1) Comp. *Politique Positive*, iv. p. 176.
(2) *Politique Positive*, ii. p. 81.

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peculiarities may be noted at the outset. In the first place, the theory is avowedly subjective; and we have thus the spectacle of a philosopher who holds that Psychology is a branch of Biology, and who laughs to scorn the notion of psychological analysis being furthered by internal observation, actually treating Psychology on a Method which he would repudiate in Biology. A physiologist who attempted to construct a scheme of the vital processes without a preliminary knowledge of the properties of tissues, who theorised on the dynamic laws without a knowledge of the static laws, who classified functions and disregarded organs, would be held by Comte as a "nebulous metaphysician." Yet this is precisely what he does with regard to one class of the vital functions. He proposes a scheme of the psychical faculties, their order, development, and relations, and leaves it to successors "to complete *à posteriori* my solutions and my proofs, in realising the necessary separation of the eighteen elements which I have just established *à priori* in the cerebrum. The existence of these organs seems to me already as much demonstrated as is possible on the only method proper to the institution of such a doctrine. I do not fear that future researches will make any serious change in the localisations I have assigned." Thus the whole is an hypothesis (always subsequently treated by him as an established truth), and as such is admissible. But suppose the *à posteriori* researches establish a very different result? Suppose another analyst propounds a very different scheme of the faculties, or an anatomist demonstrates a different localisation of the organs? Comte is doubtless assured that he has seized the truth; so is every theoriser; but experience often rudely contradicts this confidence in *à priori* views, and positive thinkers insist on the verification of experience. The confidence of Comte in his own scheme is such that he actually warns us against "attaching an exaggerated importance to anatomical verification!" and he adds this very inaccurate reason in support of the warning:— "Although the structure of the liver is now known with minute accuracy, its vegetative function is almost as obscure as it ever was. The total study of the brain is, at bottom, already even further advanced, in spite of the extreme imperfection of its special anatomy." Any biologist would assure him that the anatomy of the brain and the anatomy of the liver are on a par, and that the physiology of both is equally limited.

The second peculiarity noticeable in this theory is, that whereas Psychology, being the science of the psychical *functions*, is necessarily connected with the science of the psychical *organs*, and needs therefore to have its subjective analysis confirmed by objective verification, the two methods, Subjective and Objective, are employed by Comte with a complete inversion of their obvious directions. The

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analysis of the faculties, which must be mainly guided by the Subjective Method (its results only controlled by the Objective), Comte has conducted objectively, *i.e.* on zoological and historical indications; and in so far as his classification is moulded on the facts of animal nature and historical development, it exhibits a large amount of available truth. The determination of organs, on the contrary, which is obviously a question of anatomy, and can gain nothing more than indications from subjective inspiration, he pursues on the Subjective Method, leaving to successors the task of objective verification.

To any one versed in the Positive Philosophy it would be unnecessary minutely to examine a theory thus constructed in defiance of primary rules. But disciples will doubtless find sufficient motives for their acceptance of the theory in the explanations which their teacher has given, and in the coherence of the theory itself. I do not imagine that my objections will shake their confidence, I only state the reasons of my dissent. Comte's analysis yields the hypothesis of eighteen elementary faculties, neither more nor less. It is needless to say that another analysis would give more, and a third analysis less. How are we to decide between the three? Obviously each hypothesis needs the control of objective verification, which must show that the assumed faculties are elementary, irreducible to others, and having separate organs. First a rational decomposition, next an organic verification. Otherwise it is impossible to decide whether any mental act is the direct product of a distinct faculty, or the indirect product of a concourse of two or more faculties. What is wanted among the prolegomena of Psychology is a decisive discussion respecting the Faculties, their Modes, and their Synergies and Sympathies. For example, Memory, Judgment, Attention, and Will, are by the metaphysical psychologist classed as Faculties; by Gall as Modes of each Faculty; by Comte as Synergies of mental operations.[1] Is Music a Faculty? Is Wit? Such a discussion would illumine the subsequent analysis. This may be shown by following Comte's proposed series of eighteen elementary faculties.

He lays down ten fundamental faculties as constituting the personal motors, egoistic and altruistic. I do not here intend to estimate the propriety of his arrangement, but only to intimate how easily and justifiably another may be made. He assumes the existence of an industrial instinct with its special organ. It would be easy to derive the phenomena thus grouped as the direct product of a special instinct, from the concurrence of the Intelligence with the Nutritive Instinct. In the same way his military instinct may be affiliated on the direct action of Aggressiveness inseparable from the nutritive and sexual instincts. These two instincts are primordial. The organism having two

(1) *Politique Positive*, i. 710.

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fundamental properties, Assimilation and Reproduction, the two fundamental instincts must necessarily issue from these. What Comte, and most other philosophers, call the instinct of self-preservation I take to be a metaphysical figment. The conception of "self" is one of late development, and the idea of self-preservation the result of a very complex reflection. But the instincts of Nutrition and Reproduction are primordial, and are the direct actions of the organism; so also is the shrinking from Pain (and its obverse the seeking of Pleasure) the direct action of the primordial property of Sensibility.

Now, the action of the Nutritive Instinct is directly aggressive. From it, therefore, will naturally be evolved the aggressive tendencies of destructiveness, combativeness, and love of domination. The Sexual Instinct is directly sympathetic, and indirectly leads to aggressiveness when its desires are thwarted. Thus, as we derived the military, industrial, and domineering instincts from the synergy of the Intelligence with the Nutritive Instinct, we may likewise derive the altruistic instincts—maternity, attachment, love of approbation, —from the synergy of the Intelligence with the Sympathetic instinct. Comte's ten fundamental faculties are manifestations of Sensibility, Nutrition, and Sympathy (which has its root in the sexual instinct). Similar reductions might be made throughout; and I ask, How, on the subjective method, are we to determine which classification represents the organic reality? Obviously by a comparison with biological facts, an objective verification showing that certain faculties which were primitively identical have been differentiated in the progress of evolution; just as the physiological functions, which were primitively the activities of a homogeneous structure, have become the specialised activities of a heterogeneous structure. The biological parallel is complete, because Psychology is itself a branch of Biology. We see the primitive condition of an organism to be simply that of a germinal membrane, which subsequently separates into two layers; and from these proceed, by gradual differentiations, the several tissues; and these tissues are finally combined into separate organs. That is the morphological process. The physiological process is the differentiation of functions. The functions are the activities of the properties of tissues in their organic combinations; each function, while dependent on the whole organism, is nevertheless individualised by the speciality of its organ, and the connections of that organ; and thus the membrane which secretes, and the muscle which contracts, though both spring from a common root, branch in such dissimilar directions, that to the uninstructed eye they seem altogether independent. It is the same with the psychical life. Its functions result from a differentiation and

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recombination of elements, and from the synergies of one organ with another, and with the whole.

However, this subject is too vast for discussion here. I have effected my purpose if I have shown the radical incompetence of the Subjective Method to construct a cerebral theory. No one saw this more clearly than Comte in his first period. In the *Philosophie Positive* (iii. 775) he laid down the rule that no function could be studied except in relation to its organ or its acts; he pointed out the error of separating psychological phenomena from their connections with other phenomena, and declared that the anatomical point of view ought to predominate. This, which all biologists admit, is a rule for the vital functions: "à quel titre les études cérébrales seraient elles exceptées d'une telle obligation philosophique?" He urges, indeed, that physiological analysis of the functions must be joined with it, "dans un ordre d'idées entièrement distinct quoique parallèle," but he never thought of subordinating physiology to anatomy (only of combining them), still less of disregarding both physiology and anatomy in favour of a subjective hypothesis. That was reserved for his second period.

And yet even in his second period, let us never forget it, strange as some of his speculations may appear, untenable as some of his theories may be in presence of facts, the constant presence is felt of a vast meditative mind, earnestly aiming to unriddle the great mysteries of life, and to make that life nobler by a wise subjection of the lower to the higher impulses. The attempt to construct a Philosophy from Science, and from that to deduce a Polity which should also be a Religion, is the most gigantic effort that has yet been made. That the attempt could not at once succeed, is due to the very imperfection of our knowledge which made it urgent; but we who stand by and note the shortcomings (as we are bound to note them, in the hope of their being one day removed), must not forget to pay our homage to the splendid mind which achieved so much of its gigantic scheme.

EDITOR.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH.

THE English speak a dialect which belongs to the Low German branch of the class of languages called Teutonic. This dialect seems to have been introduced into this country by settlers or invaders whose first coming is assigned to the fifth century, and has become the national tongue of England and the lowlands of Scotland. But no one supposes that the English of the present day are a pure and unmixed people. The mongrel character of the nation is not seldom alleged as the cause of its political greatness; and no popular prejudice is offended if we assert that the blood of Romans and ancient Britons, of Danes and Normans, is combined with that of Angles and Saxons in the aggregate body of Englishmen. But any attempt to throw doubt on the idea, that the predominating element is the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic, not only offends a popular prejudice, but excites, even in historical critics, a spirit of antagonism not very favourable to the discussion of facts and the discovery of truth.

The annals of the country, such as they are, describe a series of conquests by which certain tribes from the peninsula to the north of the Elbe, as well as from more southern regions, established a number of kingdoms popularly known as the Heptarchy; but although they relate one subsequent conquest which led to the establishment of another dialect as the official language of the kingdom, no instance occurs, after the Anglo-Saxon settlement, of a general change of speech on the part of the people. It is hence assumed that the great bulk of the English nation is Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic; and the fact that conquerors of the same stock in Gaul and other countries adopted the language of the conquered is alleged as proof that the Teutonic conquest of England must have been very different from Teutonic conquests elsewhere; the inference being that the difference lay in the larger proportion of the invaders to the existing population in this country. But this inference is itself an assumption which may be fairly disputed even by those who are willing to accept the proposition from which it is drawn; and thus the subject resolves itself into two questions, the one affecting the evidence on which the generally received theory rests, the other relating to the possibility or impossibility of reaching any other conclusion if this theory is to be set aside. To doubts on such points it is obviously no answer to say, as some have hastily said, that we think such or such a theory the most probable, or that learning and research must be thrown away upon any hypothesis based on an inversion of the great fact that the Saxon absorbed the Briton, and not the Briton

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the Saxon. This is clearly the very matter to be determined, and it can be determined only by evidence. But evidence which may suffice to upset the existing belief may be wholly inadequate to establish any other in its place; and if this should be the case with the belief that the English are mainly a Teutonic people, then this too must be added to that large and perhaps increasing list of subjects on which we must be content to suspend our judgment and confess our ignorance. It cannot be too often repeated that the duty of the critic, as such, is confined to the rigorous and judicial examination of alleged facts, and if he proves, or thinks that he has proved, that some of these are not facts, his task, as regards those alleged facts, is done. He is not bound to account for the origin of the statements, or to show how the results could have been produced if they were not produced in the way alleged. When Bentley had shown that Phalaris was not the author of the letters ascribed to him, his purpose was accomplished; and the belief that the English are mainly a Teutonic people must in like manner be discarded, if it can be shown that the annals of Teutonic conquests in this country throw no light on the numerical proportions of the invaders to the original population, that the alleged accounts are inconsistent or contradictory, that the chronology is artificial and raised on a mythical basis, and that the hypothesis fails to account for the physical and psychical characteristics of the English, as compared with the tribes or nations now known as Teutonic. If all this can be shown, this part of the inquiry is ended; whether an examination of national characteristics or national language may warrant any positive conclusions in another direction, is another and a totally distinct question. But if this be impossible, the result is still not wholly a loss. There is no use in thinking ourselves Teutons if we are not, and there is much use in knowing that we are not Teutons, even if we cannot further show what we are. The historian, who cannot rest contented without positive conclusions, where adequate evidence for such conclusions is lacking, shows himself unworthy to be called a historian. The judicial temper will acquiesce in the verdict of Sir Cornewall Lewis, that "researches into ancient history which lead to mainly negative results, are important and useful as well as similar researches which lead to positive results. They distinguish between fiction, which, however diverting, instructive, or elevating, can never be historical, and reality, which is a necessary attribute of a historical narrative." (Astronomy of the Ancients, 433.)

Have we then sufficient evidence to warrant the belief that the great body of the English people is as Teutonic as their language? And if we have not such evidence, are there any valid grounds for asserting that they belong to any other race? The former of these two questions is answered in the negative by Mr. Pike, who, in his

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recently published work,[1] gives also his reasons for thinking that the second question may be answered in the affirmative. Both alike are questions of evidence, and on neither side is mere assertion of the least use. Mr. Pike's book is likely to call forth opposition which may be more vehement than reasonable: and his adversaries may perhaps allege by way of extenuation a certain superciliousness of tone which he seems sometimes to adopt towards the sciences of ethnology and philology. Some, too, may be offended by an apparent parade of learning in the list of books consulted, which may not contain some authority on which they lay stress, while others may think that he alleges doubtful instances of resemblance in the comparison of dialects, that he refines too much in the criteria of language, and assigns as permanent characteristics of the people certain features which seem to be only the growth of yesterday. These objections, in so far as they are shown to be valid, must be allowed to carry due weight; but all of them taken together furnish no reason for regarding the question as foreclosed, or for refusing to consider any evidence urged by Mr. Pike, either for his negative or his positive conclusions.

The first point examined by Mr. Pike is necessarily the historical evidence for the first settlement or invasion of the so-called Anglo-Saxons. Genuine contemporary testimony on this subject would, of course, be conclusive; but we have only one writer who on any supposition belongs even to the second generation after these conquests; and that writer is Gildas. But who was Gildas? or was there any Gildas at all? A sentence in his so-called history tells us that he was born at the time of the battle of Mount Badon, and Mr. Pike remarks that "some one, no matter whether we call him Gildas or not, did certainly write a historical work at some time between the battle of Mons Badonicus and the date of 'Beda's Ecclesiastical History;'" and adds that "Gildas might therefore have heard from living men the whole story of the Saxon settlement." But the book which bears his name is full of contradictions and impossibilities, and the writer (whoever he may be) admits that his narrative is drawn, not from any British written documents, but from accounts of foreign writers. These accounts, again, may have been obtained by Gildas in person, or received at second-hand; and the expressions used do not resolve the doubt. But such as it is, the work of Gildas describes a perfect deluge of conquest which swept away everything that opposed it, and paints a state of things in which all the evils of Pandora's box are let loose at once. There is no vice of which the Britons are not guilty. More especially they are sensual, sluggish, and cowardly; they allow themselves to be smitten by the enemy like sheep, and suffer their cities to be laid

(1) "The English and their Origin: a Prologue to Authentic English History." By Luke Owen Pike, M.A. Longmans, 1866.

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waste without resistance. Cowards they were in the days of Cæsar, and cowards they are in the days of Hengst. Yet all the horrors inflicted on them come from a set of pirates, who land in three boats, followed at intervals by other robbers whose numbers he does not specify; and the Britons carry on their civil wars, in which they are bold and invincible, at a time when he admits that their struggles with the Anglian invaders are for the time ended. But people who are exterminated or hopelessly vanquished cannot show their bravery in civil wars; and his imputations on his countrymen (if they were his countrymen) are belied by the express statements of Cæsar. But in truth, we know nothing of Gildas. In the words of Mr. Stevenson, who has edited the book for the English Historical Society, "We are unable to speak with certainty as to his parentage, his country, or even his name; the period when he lived, or the works of which he was the author;" and although he may have been a Briton, and may have conversed with the subjects of Vortigern, still it may be fairly held by any who choose so to think, that his ridiculous book is a fiction, composed by some one who was no Briton, but wished to preach a series of sermons on the prevailing vices of the age. From Gildas, therefore, we can learn nothing as to the numerical proportion of the Teutonic invaders to the people in whose territories they settled themselves; and when from him we turn either to earlier writers or to national traditions, we are confronted by statements which it is not easy to reconcile with a preponderance of numbers on the side of the Angles and Saxons. By Cæsar we are told that the island, at the time of his landing, was not merely well, but thickly, peopled; he describes the multitude of men as infinite, and attributes to them buildings fairly comparable to those of the continental Gauls. From Tacitus we learn that this population was composed not of mere savages, but of men who submitted willingly to the legal burdens of taxes, tribute, and military service, but not to oppression or injustice. Thus, then, we have apparently the established historical fact, that at the time of the first Roman invasion the country was well peopled; and probably the expressions of Cæsar may fairly warrant the hypothesis of a population not far short of two millions, even if it did not exceed that limit. For the ethnological affinities of this population we have first the evidence of the Welsh Triads (which, of course, describe the island as held by various tribes of Cymry); and the statements of Cæsar and Tacitus, who substantially confirm it. According to both, the inhabitants were non-Teutonic, with the exception of the Belgæ and the Caledonians, who are regarded as German, the former by Cæsar, the latter by Tacitus; but it is admitted on all hands that in these assertions both were mistaken, while it may be remarked that, if he had been aware of the fact, Tacitus would certainly not

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have omitted to mention any German tribes settled to the south of the Tweed. Thus the whole population of the country would be Celtic or Cymric, (these terms being used as simple equivalents to non-Teutonic), unless an exception is to be made in favour of the Coranians, to the north of the Humber.[1] These are in the Triads excluded from the number of Cymry; but their authority will not justify us in assigning to them a German, rather than a Scandinavian origin. The analogies of later history would lead us to regard them as Danes.

This large and tolerably compact population was not likely to be greatly affected in blood by the Roman garrisons and military colonies. The number of men in the legions seems never to have exceeded twenty thousand; and Mr. Pike urges further that such influence as might have been exercised by that number of genuine Romans could not be exercised by the heterogeneous components of the occupying forces. Among the Roman soldiers in Britain were "Frisians, Gauls of the tribe of the Senones, Belgians, Mauritanians, natives of Nîmes, of Lyons, and of Fréjus in Gaul, of Rauricum in Switzerland, of Nicomedia in Bithynia, of Tysdrus in Africa, of Mursa in Lower Pannonia, and of Samosata in Syria." A considerable portion of these troops was thus drawn from tribes closely akin to the Celtic or non-Teutonic inhabitants of Britain.

Whatever allowances are to be made for men draughted into the legions, the suspension of civil wars under the sway of the Romans would more than compensate the loss; and thus the population at the end of the Roman rule would be not less probably than what it was at the beginning. In Mr. Pike's opinion, if the whole population of the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles had migrated bodily into Britain, their numbers would scarcely have been equal to those of the Britons; but there is no evidence of any such migration, and hence we are apparently driven to the conclusion that the number of women and children brought over fell probably far short of that of the men. If, again, we allow that all adult male Britons were put to the sword, the British women with their children (in other words, the larger portion of the whole population) would still remain, and the race

(1) The office of the so-called "Comes littoris Saxonici," presents many difficulties. Lappenberg, while mentioning that the title first occurs in the "Notitia Dignitatum Imperii," compiled under Arcadius and Honorius, adds that this officer had been previously called simply "comes maritimi tractus." In Mr. Kemble's view this tract was already in possession of the Saxons. Mr. Pike thinks it almost incredible that the Romans could have allowed the invaders to gain a footing in Britain while they were still able to hold their own. But perhaps they were not able to do so; and such seems to have been the opinion of Gibbon, who, referring to Procopius and Bede, holds that the Romans finally left Britain in the reign of Honorius, and expresses his surprise at historians who extend the term of their dominion, even so far as to allow the interval of only a few months between their departure and the arrival of the Saxons. (Roman Empire, ch. xxxi.)

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which would spring up by their connection with the Anglo-Saxons would be neo-Britannic rather than Teutonic. But the evidence, such as it is, for the extent of the Teutonic conquests, tells us only of the subjugation of the country, not of the occupation of the towns; and the continuance of the Roman constitution of the towns, with the prevailing characteristics of the present town population of England, may be taken as evidence that the effect of the Saxon conquests was chiefly to drive the pure British population from the country into the towns.

If it be urged that from the inferiority of the Celtic to the Teutonic race we may infer the gradual disappearance of the Briton before the Anglo-Saxon, it may be answered that this inferiority must first be proved; and that, if any inferiority be allowed, it was far less than that which marks populations such as those of New Zealand and Australia, as compared with the white colonists. On the Hindu inhabitants of India the English have made no impression, and the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Briton was not nearly so great as that which separates the Englishman from the Rajpoot or the Bengali.

The history of the Danish successes in England seems rather to militate against the Teutonic hypothesis. Those successes can scarcely be explained by the overwhelming numbers of the invaders, for the territory from which they came was much smaller than that which had been the home of the Anglo-Saxon emigrants; but the dissensions which favoured the kinsfolk of Hengst and Cerdic would now favour the countrymen of Olaf and Cnut, and the repeated treacheries of Eadric Streone can scarcely be accounted for except on the hypothesis of alliances between the Danes and the Britanno-Saxons or neo-Britannic inhabitants. But the brunt of the Danish invasions would fall on the eastern coasts, and would be scarcely felt in the western parts of the island; and thus the Teutonic population would suffer to a far greater extent than the British. If it be argued that Danish ascendency implies a considerable Danish element in the people, it may be answered that nothing in the subsequent history of the country runs counter to such a notion. The Anglo-Saxon dynasty ended practically with Ethelred, Edward the Confessor being half Norman, and Harold, the son of Godwin, half a Dane. But when all allowance has been made for the number of Anglo-Britons slaughtered by the Danes, the argument for the large preponderance of the British element in the population still seems to be unaffected.

We come, lastly, to the Norman Conquest. Judging from the number of knights mentioned in the roll of Battle Abbey, Sir James Mackintosh, following Sismondi, estimates the whole invading army at about twenty or twenty-five thousand men. But like the Roman legions, these did not belong to a single tribe or race; and the

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Picards, and more especially the Britons, who followed the standard of William of Normandy, were probably far more nearly akin to the ancient Britons than to the Saxons or Danes. From the times of the Norman Conqueror to our own, the population has been affected not so much by settlements of Flemings in Pembrokeshire, or the influx of French Huguenots, as by the immigration of Scots (whether Celtic or Lowlanders), from the days of James I., and more especially of Irishmen, who have found their way into our large towns to such an extent, that in 1851 there were 733,866 natives of Ireland living in Great Britain, as a set-off against 56,665 foreigners of all descriptions. The elements so introduced would not tend to increase the proportion of Teutonic to non-Teutonic blood in the people of England.

If in addition to these facts the areas of the Anglo-Saxon hundreds and the number of places in the several parts of the country are taken into account,[1] the historical evidence seems to be exhausted. The evidence of philology would probably not be adduced by any sound philologist of the present day, as a means of settling the question. The speech of a people cannot of itself determine the race to which they belong; and Mr. Pike seems rather to oppose a giant of his own creation, when he asserts that philology "will lend her aid joyously to cloak any ethnological absurdity, but shrinks away abashed from the naked truth." To Professor Max Müller, from whom he makes more than one citation, he does but scanty justice. In his first series of Lectures, Professor Müller had stated explicitly that "to the student of language English is Teutonic, and nothing but Teutonic. The physiologist may protest, and point out that in many instances the skull, or the bodily habitat of the English language, is of Celtic type; the genealogist may protest and prove that the arms of many an English family are of Norman origin: the student of language must have his own way. Historical information as to an early substratum of Celtic inhabitants in Britain as to Saxon, Danish, and Norman invasions, may be of use to him. But though every record were burned, and every skull mouldered, the English language as spoken by any ploughboy would reveal its own history, if analyzed according to the rules of comparative grammar."

Here Mr. Pike joins issue with the assertion that the English

(1) Mr. Isaac Taylor estimates the proportion of the Celtic to the Teutonic population by the number of the slaves, as well as from the area of the Saxon hundreds in different countries. Sir J. Mackintosh, from the extreme inequality in the number of slaves (York and Lincoln, with two others, having none), infers that this class of men had various names in different counties, or that different sets of commissioners employed in the survey varied from each other in their language. But whatever may have been the numbers of the slaves, the civil wars of the Teutonic invaders, not less frequent or savage than those of the British inhabitants, render it difficult, if not impossible, to determine the race to which the servile class principally belonged.

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language is not wholly or even in the main Teutonic; and he refers to Professor Max Müller as his authority for the statement that of the words in the language not one third portion is of Teutonic origin. It would not, however, be a sufficient answer to Mr. Pike, to say that no amount of foreign words imported into a dialect will affect the character of that dialect, because he maintains that English exhibits not merely foreign words, but foreign grammatical forms; and by way of illustration, adduces the terminations—*ble*, of adjectives, and *ance*, *ment*, &c., in nouns—as distinctly of Romanic origin. Mr. Pike's argument either fails to affect the question, or goes too far. The termination of a word may be imported together with the word itself, without affecting the character of a language, unless the inflections of the foreign dialect are imported with them. The adjectival ending *ble* is not so much French as Latin, and the modification which it has undergone is the result of a process common to all modern Aryan languages; and the assertion that such terminations in English are instances of hybrid grammar, must be followed up by the assertion that a pure or non-hybrid grammar is not to be found. It is, of course, quite possible so to link together the resemblances between the words and grammatical forms of different languages as to reach the conclusion that all the Aryan languages are really one and the same language; and so in a certain sense they are. The very use of the word *dialect* involves this admission; but these dialects may be classified according to certain salient features, these being the inflexions of nouns and verbs. Nor can Mr. Pike fairly ask why in our ordinary conversation we abandoned the Teutonic *brethren* for the Romanic *brothers*, unless he is prepared also to admit that the modern High German is more closely akin to the French than is the English.

This unnecessary antagonism may, perhaps, indispose some to consider impartially the philological evidence, which, under certain circumstances, Mr. Pike does not scruple to adduce from this "dangerous ally" in illustration of English history. This evidence is found partly in geographical names, and especially in the names of rivers and hills. Far from questioning the statement that names containing the low Celtic *uisge*, water, point to the occupation of all Britain by a low Celtic race, "not necessarily at one and the same time, but every portion at some time or other," Professor Max Müller would probably admit that the existence of such names as Acheron, Achelous, Axius, Oxus, and Jaxartes point to a still wider extension of the same or of a kindred race. It is, of course, possible that the race which gave these names may have altogether passed away, just as in America Indian names are retained for many towns where Indian blood can no longer be traced; but in the absence of any evidence to this effect in the case of the old British people, we

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seem to be justified in marking any features which the English of the present day owe apparently to their British ancestors, and not to the Teutonic invaders.

These features are to be found in the spoken, rather than in the written, language of the country; and too much stress can scarcely be laid on a distinction the force of which is fully admitted by Professor Max Müller. The popular dialect is the living speech of a nation; the literary language may be compared rather to a branch torn from its parent trunk, and its condition is one not of growth, but of phonetic decay. It follows from this that peculiarities of pronunciation may be taken as certain evidence of the present or past existence of a people from whom these peculiarities have been inherited; and if evidence be not forthcoming of the disappearance of that race, it seems fair to infer that these peculiarities survive because the main stock of the people has continued unchanged. In such cases it is better to confine our attention to certain points which are not likely to be called into question; and we may therefore ask how the presence of the letters *th*, as representing both the Cymric *th* and the Cymric *dd* or *dh*, is to be accounted for in English, while it is not found in Teutonic dialects. If it be urged that the form of the letter is found in German, the reply is that the Germans pronounce neither the one sound nor the other, and that, for them, the *th* in *thin* and *then* is simply the *t* in *tear*. If it be urged that the existence of the letters in Anglo-Saxon proves that the sounds were uttered by Anglo-Saxon speakers, the answer is that this assumption cannot be taken for evidence of a fact on which they are not alive to bear witness; while the existing German pronunciation raises a strong presumption against it. But on the other hand there is the present fact that both these sounds characterise the speech of Welshmen and the speech of the modern Greeks. It is but fair to ask that this fact may be allowed to carry due weight; nor may those indications be disregarded which seem to show that a Cymric *dd* has encroached upon the simple *d* of the Teutonic settlers, as in the words *farthing* and *further*, which by the rural (*i.e.* confessedly the more Teutonic) population, are often pronounced *furder* and *farden*. The sailors of the Yorkshire coast, Mr. Pike remarks, still speak of the sea as so many fa*d*oms deep. On the other hand the Welsh scarcely know the sound *sh*, which is so much in favour with Germans; and the lower classes in this country betray a tendency to follow in such words the Welsh fashion.

In the former of these two facts we have evidence, far more conclusive than any furnished by a mere coincidence of words, for a connection of the English of the present day either with the people who still speak the Cymric dialect in Britain, or with a people to whom both Englishmen and Welshmen are akin. This connection, it may

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be argued, must be one of blood, unless direct proof be adduced to the contrary; and this conclusion seems to be borne out by the fact that the language of the Britons of Cæsar's day was closely allied to the Welsh of the present time. The names of the British commanders are still familiar sounds in a Welshman's ear; Armoricas are still, as they were in Cæsar's age, regions on the sea (ar môr.). The British *petorrita* are explained by the Welsh *pedwar*, form, and *rhot*, a wheel.

The conclusion seems to be that the modern English retain certain modes of pronunciation which are not found among Teutonic peoples or in Teutonic dialects; that these modes are in use among Welshmen and modern Greeks; that the language of the whole island in the time of Cæsar was closely related to the extant Welsh; and that the historical evidence at our command does not require us to admit that the main body of the people is other than what it was when Volusenus first approached our shores.

But although other features might be pointed out which show the influence of Cymric forms of expression on the Romanic dialects of Gaul, and even on Teutonic idioms, it is of more importance to consider the similarity of Welsh to Greek words in instances which preclude all idea of borrowing; and in making such comparisons we must not forget that modern Greeks and Welshmen alone exhibit those peculiarities of pronunciation which the English have applied to their Teutonic dialect. We may pass by the question which relates to the identity of the names Cimmerii, Cimbri, and Cymry, with the remark that a people may not be related in blood to the race whose name they bear, and that the name Cymry in particular must be taken in a sense from which the identity of Englishmen and Welshmen must not be inferred merely because it is asserted that Englishmen are descended from a people more closely akin to the Welshman than to the German. It is possible that all may in the end be traced to a common source. Such, at least, is the belief of Professor Max Müller, who maintains that "as sure as the six Romanic dialects point to an original home of Italian shepherds on the seven hills at Rome, the Aryan languages together point to an earlier period of language, when the first ancestors of the Indians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Slaves, the Celts, and the Germans were living together within the same enclosures, nay, under the same roof." We have, therefore, his authority for comparing the words of Celtic dialects with those of Greek dialects, and for laying stress on the fact (if it can be proved to be a fact) that many Welsh words exhibit a closer resemblance to Greek words than that which is furnished by other cognate languages. Of the instances adduced by Mr. Pike, some may have but slender warrant, others may be perhaps mistaken; but it is difficult to resist the conclusion when we compare the Welsh *huddygl*, soot, with the Greek αἰθάλη; *achlud*, dark-

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ness, with ἀχλύς; *cawr*, gigantic, with γαῦρος; *hedddwch* with ἡσυχία; *pedol* with πέδιλον; *porth* with πορθμός. When it is seen that the Welsh numerals resemble the Greek far more closely than the Greek resemble the Latin, and that the Welsh *dedd* (law or order) answers to τὸ θετόν, and still more nearly approaches the Sanskrit *dadhami*, some stress may fairly be laid on such an agreement as that of the Welsh *ymafael*, wrestling, with the Greek συμπαλαίω, not merely because the words are etymologically the same, but because we find the same word used to denote a practice common to both Welshmen and Englishmen with Greeks, but not shared by Teutonic tribes—because, in short, they lead us away from the philological argument to the consideration of psychical characteristics.

In tracing these characteristics, Mr. Pike may perhaps have treated as ancient some features of comparatively modern date; but the tone of the argument is not weakened if we confine ourselves to those instances in which no one will be disposed to raise objections on the score of time. It will not be denied that the Greeks were noted for their boxing-ring (πυγμή) and their wrestling (πάλη), that these practices are not found among Teutonic nations, and that they are to be found in especial favour with Englishmen. The wrestlers of Cornwall and Cumberland are well known, and the Cornish hug has passed into a proverb. The English prize-ring, Mr. Pike states, is fed chiefly, or wholly, from men of confessedly Celtic districts, or from the westerly counties of England. The love of Englishmen and Greeks for the sea may be attributed to local circumstances; but it may be remarked that the Romans and Teutons have never exhibited the same natural aptitude as oarsmen and sailors.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Pike through the rest of his examination of the common characteristics or the salient differences of Greeks, Celts, and Teutons. Some of the instances may be overdrawn, some may be worthless; but those which cannot be set down as exaggerated or unwarranted must be duly considered along with the physical characteristics which Mr. Pike has examined with great care, and on which he has brought together a large amount of valuable information. The popular notion that the English are a fair-haired people, he meets by statements which seem to prove that the dark shades are nearly ten times as common as those which are regarded as purely Teutonic; and he adduces the evidence of M. Worsaae, who, while pleading for the resemblance of the northern Englishmen to the Danes, admits that the English of the South—the representatives of the whole nation—are of a wholly different type, with dark hair and oval faces. Thus the Scandinavian archæologist bears out Mr. Pike's inferences from the forms of Teutonic and Celtic skulls found in this country. These forms lead him to the conclusion that no one type existed even in Celtic ages to the exclusion of all others,

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and that from the earliest times dolicocephalic skulls and brachycephalic skulls are found side by side, the former, however, exceeding the latter by the proportion of perhaps three to one. But the prevailing type at the present day is the dolicocephalic; and therefore, if there were any extirpation of one race by another, it would seem to be the extirpation of the short-headed by the long-headed race. But the Germans, as a whole, are brachycephalic. For the evidence on which these conclusions are based the reader must be referred to Mr. Pike's pages; but it may be worth while to remark (in connection with the coincidences of Greek and Welsh words), that both these types of skull are found also among the ancient Greeks; that while the short head marks the Farnese Hercules, the latter, which was the prevailing form and furnished the ideal of beauty, is seen in the Apollo Belvidere. This type, Mr. Pike asserts, is not to be found commonly in Berlin and other German cities, while it may be seen more frequently in Paris, and is common even in the lowest haunts of the lowest neighbourhoods of London.

On the whole, the conclusion is that history furnishes no direct or explicit testimony as to the numbers of the Teutonic invaders of the fifth century, while it does furnish distinct assertions as to the populousness of the country five hundred years earlier; that it gives no warrant for the notion that the country was less populous at the end of the Roman occupation than at the beginning, while it shows that the brunt of Danish invasions fell chiefly or wholly on the more Teutonised portions of this island, and that the numbers of the Roman legionaries, as well as of those who followed the Norman William, were wholly inadequate to make any great impression on the native population, even if they themselves had been of pure or of a single race, whereas, in matter of fact, a large proportion of both belonged to the same stock with the British population of this island. It would follow, apparently, that the great bulk of Englishmen are the genuine descendants of the ancient Britons, or in other words, that they are not Anglo-Saxons or Germans, or Teutons.

To this negative conclusion Mr. Pike adds reasons for thinking that the ancient Britons were a people more closely akin to the Greeks than is generally imagined, and that the high Celtic civilisation of the Hellenic States, as described in the funeral oration of Pericles, finds its counterpart in the high Celtic civilisation of England,—the caution being repeated that this conclusion is not to be taken as a statement that Englishmen and Welshmen are one and the same people.

The foregoing remarks may serve to show the aspect which the question assumes in Mr. Pike's hands. It would be superfluous, and therefore invidious, to point out flaws where so much work has been honestly done, and where so much evidence has been brought forward, which must be weighed and examined coolly, thoroughly, and

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impartially before any really satisfactory conclusions can be reached. It might be easy to show that Mr. Pike has been led astray by Cæsar and Diodorus into an exaggerated faith in Druidic philosophy, or that his criticism of the characteristics of German poetry, music, and architecture is not always in harmony with facts. But he has written, not only with learning and after full consideration of the subject in its various bearings, but with candour and caution. His conclusions rest on certain alleged proofs, and they can be rebutted only by the production of stronger evidence on the other side, as well as by a direct refutation of his own premisses; and the latter condition is perhaps even more necessary than the former. Nor must it be forgotten that, if his constructive theories should turn out to be worthless, his negative conclusions are not thereby invalidated. We are not proved to be, as a whole, a Teutonic people because it may be shown that we have nothing whatever to do with the ancient Greeks. It is time that the whole question should be thoroughly sifted,[1] and Mr. Pike will have earned a title to our gratitude if his able book should lead to such a result.

GEORGE W. COX.

(1) The question is certainly not settled by a writer in the *Saturday Review* (August 11, 1866), who seems to think that he has really untied the knot, when he upsets some fallacies of an adversary. It matters nothing whether Mr. Pike draws a sufficiently clear line between High Germans and Low Germans, or whether he does not. The point to be determined is, whether the English are in the main a German people at all; and if the Reviewer could show that the chief characteristics of Englishmen are shared by Low Germans, it was his business to do so. Instead of doing this, he has charged Mr. Pike with saying that Englishmen are Welshmen (a position which the latter has explicitly disclaimed), and contents himself with asserting that, "as far as we can go back, our nation has always borne the English name;" that in such inquiries physiology is of very little consequence, and language of the highest; that the colour of hair and the form of the skull go for nothing, and that the fact of living in the same island will account for almost any amount of assimilation among different races. This is really not the way in which such questions can be settled. Professor Max Müller, whose bias we might suppose would be all the other way, has protested against confusing the science of language with that of ethnology; and the *Saturday* Reviewer's *belief* that "extermination or expulsion of the male inhabitants" was the rule, will scarcely establish the fact in the absence of all contemporary evidence, especially when he adds in the next sentence that in a considerable part of England extermination was not the rule. The truth seems to be that historical documents do not furnish us with conclusive evidence on either side; and the assumption of endless massacres is the last which an impartial historical writer will admit. The adoption of the English name for the nation proves nothing more than the political supremacy of the conquerors; and the stubborn fact remains that the island contained in the days of Cæsar a large population, and that we have no warrant for stating that this population ever disappeared. On one point I must enter a serious protest against the arguments of the Reviewer, who asserts that "light hair and blue eyes were at least not uncommon among the Homeric Achaians." The beings to whom such hair and eyes are given in the Iliad are Phœbus Apollo, Athênê, Achilleus, Sarpedon, Odysseus, &c.; and to adduce such instances is about as much to the point as to bring forward the hair and complexion of Balos and Sigundo in a question of Scandinavian ethnology. There is no evidence that any of the human inhabitants of Hellas, in the days of the Homeric poets (whoever these were and whenever they may have lived) had light hair or blue eyes.

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A NEW THEORY OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Everyone is in the habit of saying, and no doubt everyone thinks he knows, that price depends on supply and demand. No doubt, therefore, everyone also thinks he knows what supply and demand really are, and in what manner it is that they determine price. The object of this paper is to show that the knowledge which everyone thus supposes himself to possess is really possessed by no one, for that, firstly, no definitions of supply and demand have ever been given which do not require more or less of correction or amplification, and secondly, no definitions of them can be given, consistently with which it is possible for them to determine price. Towards proving this, one of the earliest steps must be the substitution of improved definitions for those hitherto in vogue. Let us then, without further preface, proceed to inquire of what improvement these latter stand in need.

First, what is the proper meaning of "supply?" What is to be understood by the supply of a commodity? One thing which may at once be affirmed with regard to it is that it is neither more nor less than the quantity of the commodity actually offered for sale. Supply does not comprise any portion of a dealer's stock which its owner refuses to part with. It would not, for instance, comprise the sacks of wheat which corn-factors, in expectation of a season of dearth, might reserve for the consumption of their own families. Neither would it include the contents of corn ships, merely conjectured to be on their way to the market, and which, perhaps, might exist only in imagination; though it might include cargoes of corn known positively to be on their way, and which, though not yet arrived, might at once be sold. It comprehends everything actually offered for sale; and anything, wherever situated, may be so offered, provided its ownership can be immediately transferred. What is meant then by the supply of a commodity, is precisely the quantity, and neither more nor less than the quantity, that is offered for sale, whether the whole of that quantity be or be not actually present in the market. This definition will be presently perceived to be defective; something must be supplied to render it a complete description of supply; but so far as it goes it is correct, and for the moment may be permitted to suffice us.

Next, what is "demand?" Evidently not simply desire to possess. There is no demand in the longing with which a penniless school-boy eyes the jam tarts in a pastrycook's window. His mere eagerness

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to get at them cannot in the least affect their price. Ability to purchase must also be present. The boy must have some halfpence in his pocket. So much is clear, and demand accordingly is not uncommonly described as consisting of desire to possess combined with power to purchase. But, irrespectively of other objections to this definition,—if it were correct, there would, as Mr. Mill has pointed out, be no possibility of comparing demand with supply. For supply is a quantity,—the quantity offered for sale,—and obviously there can be no ratio between a quantity and a desire; still more obviously can there be none between a quantity and a desire combined with a power. The phrase is intelligible only if by the desire and the power be meant the quantity desired and the quantity over which the power extends. And this is what is really meant. When we speak of ratio between supply and demand, we are thinking of a ratio between the quantity supplied and the quantity demanded; and accordingly these last two words constitute the definition of demand adopted by Mr. Mill.

So far, so good; but this definition also is imperfect. If demand admitted of no more precise limitation, the ratio between it and supply would be, not indeed invariable, but one varying only in one direction. Demand might easily exceed supply, but supply could never be in excess of demand. Of any merchantable commodity, of anything at once useful and difficult of attainment, the supply can scarcely be so great but that some customer will be willing to give something in exchange for it, even if not more than half a farthing. Only let the price be low enough, and some one or other will be pretty sure to consent to take the whole stock at that price. If goods be offered for sale unreservedly, if the salesman be content that they should go for what they will fetch, the quantity demanded will be pretty sure to be at least equal to the quantity supplied. This consideration may suggest to us a needful emendation of our late definition of supply, which is not simply the quantity offered for sale, but the quantity offered at some specified price, some price or other being in practice always named either by dealer or customer for goods exposed for sale. To correspond with this amended definition of supply, the definition of demand must be similarly amended. The demand for a commodity is not simply the quantity of that commodity which customers are ready to buy at some price or other, but the quantity they are ready to buy at some specified price. As supply is the quantity of a commodity offered for immediate sale at a particular price, so demand is the quantity demanded at the price at which the commodity is offered for sale. The necessity for one of these emendations has been pointed out by Mr. Mill, or at least is recognised by him when he says that "the quantity demanded is not a fixed quantity, but varies according to the value." The other is

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believed to have never before been made in print, possibly because no previous writer thought it worth making. If so, some service will here have been done, in pointing out for the first time its importance. Any definitions less distinctive than those just given would fail to mark the exact outlines of actual or present supply and demand.

The nature and limits of such supply and demand being thus ascertained, the manner in which they affect price is next to be considered. The prevailing doctrine on this subject is variously expressed. Sometimes the statement is simply that supply and demand determine price; sometimes, a little less loosely, that price depends on the proportion or relations between supply and demand. Always it is assumed that price rises when demand exceeds supply, and falls when supply exceeds demand. These are the popular ways of putting the case, and in none of them is there anything inconsistent with the more scientific language used by Mr. Mill, who, however, besides systematising previous notions on the subject, has made some material additions to the stock. With arguments which appeared to me to be irresistible, until I caught myself half unconsciously resisting them, he maintains that price depends on the equation of supply and demand; propounding as the law of value or price, that the price resulting from competition will be the one at which demand and supply—the quantity supplied and the quantity demanded—will be equalised. These several propositions are quite consistent with each other; they are one and all versions, more or less complete, of a doctrine preached by the first teachers of political economy, and unanimously accepted as axiomatic by their successors. Nevertheless, in opposition to pre-eminent authority and universal credence, the present writer is heretic enough to assert that not one, or at least not more than one, of these propositions is strictly and invariably true. They are indeed not put forward by their propounders unconditionally; they are not represented to be applicable except to a market in which competition is perfectly free and unrestricted—in which dealers, on the one hand, are anxious to get the utmost for their goods, and customers, on the other, anxious to get the utmost for their money. Neither—although this point is not so generally insisted on—can they be applicable unless goods be offered unreservedly for sale, or unless the customers be at least two in number. Evidently they cannot apply either if dealers are resolved not to sell below a certain price, or unless there be customers as well as dealers to compete with each other. But what I presume to assert is, that even though all these conditions be fulfilled, the propositions I am impugning will still be untenable. How can such presumption be excused? How can such audacity be justified? Clearly only by my making good my case, only by my completely proving my assertions. This, however, I shall do to the satisfaction of every competent judge,

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if I cite examples inconsistent with the propositions in question—examples in which the relations between supply and demand do not determine price—in which, though demand exceed supply, price does not rise—in which, at the price finally resulting from competition, supply and demand, or the quantity offered for sale at a certain price and the quantity demanded at that price will not be equal; and such examples I undertake to bring forward.

When a herring or mackerel boat has discharged on the beach, at Hastings or Dover, last night's take of fish, the boatmen, in order to dispose of their cargo, commonly resort to a process called "Dutch auction." The fish are divided into lots, each of which is set up at a higher price than the salesman expects to get for it, and he then gradually lowers his terms, until he comes to a price which some bystander is willing to pay rather than not have the lot, and to which he accordingly agrees. Suppose on one occasion the lot to have been a hundredweight, and the price agreed to twenty shillings. If, on the same occasion, instead of the Dutch form of auction, the ordinary English mode had been adopted, the result might have been different. The operation would then have commenced by some bystander making a bid, which others might have successively exceeded, until a sum was arrived at beyond which no one but the actual bidder could afford or was disposed to go. That sum would not necessarily be twenty shillings: very possibly it might be only eighteen shillings. The person who was prepared to pay the former price might very possibly be the only person present prepared to pay even so much as the latter price; and if so, he might get by English auction for eighteen shillings the fish for which at Dutch auction he would have paid twenty. In the same market, with the same quantity of fish for sale, and with customers in number and every other respect the same, the same lot of fish might fetch two very different prices.

This, however, although a very noteworthy case, is not a case in point, and the only motive for bringing it forward is to show the utility of our amended definitions of supply and demand. If by supply were meant the quantity absolutely offered for sale, there would here be an instance of price varying while supply and demand —the quantity offered for sale and the quantity demanded—remained the same. But if we adhere to our own definitions, we shall see that supply and demand varied just as much as price. When the price was twenty shillings the supply was not the same as when the price was eighteen. In both cases it was indeed a hundredweight of fish; but in the one case it was a hundredweight offered for sale at twenty shillings, and in the other a hundredweight virtually offered at eighteen shillings; while the quantity demanded, instead of being a hundredweight for which somebody or other was prepared to pay something or other, was a hundredweight for which some one was

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prepared to pay, in the one case twenty shillings, and in the other eighteen shillings. This, then, is no example of price varying while the relations of supply and demand remain unaltered; nor does such a variation seem to be possible in a market under the influence of unrestricted competition. But though no instance of this sort be producible, examples of a converse character are as plentiful as blackberries. Although, where competition has full sway, price can never vary if supply and demand remain the same, price often continues the same while supply and demand vary exceedingly. Suppose two persons at different times, or in different places, to have each a horse to sell valued by the owner at fifty pounds; and that in the one case there are two, and in the other three persons, of whom every one is ready to pay fifty pounds for the horse, though no one of them can afford to pay more. In both cases supply is the same, viz., one horse at fifty pounds; but demand is different, being in one case two, and in the other three, horses at fifty pounds. Yet the price at which the horses will be sold will be the same in both cases, viz., fifty pounds. Or again, reverting to our former hypothesis, suppose that when a hundredweight of fish was sold by auction for eighteen shillings, there was no more fish of the same description in the market; but that no one, except the actual purchaser, was willing to buy any at that price, and that even he did not want to buy more than a hundredweight. The whole demand, then, was one hundredweight of fish at eighteen shillings. But now suppose that, though there was only one hundredweight of that sort of fish to be had, the actual purchaser would willingly have bought three hundredweight at the same price if he could have got them; or suppose that two other customers as well as himself, though neither of them willing to pay more than eighteen shillings a hundredweight, would each of them have been glad to take a hundredweight at that price if he had not forestalled them. The total demand would then have been three hundredweight at eighteen shillings, yet the resulting price would still have been only eighteen shillings, the same as it was when the demand was only one hundredweight, the supply all the time remaining the same. Here are palpable examples of the relations between supply and demand varying without any variation of price, and such examples might evidently be multiplied at pleasure.

Perhaps this sale of fish may be deemed an exceptional transaction. Even if it were so, its importance as an example would be in no degree impaired, for a scientific law admits of no exceptions whatever; one single exception suffices to deprive it of all legal character. If one single instance could be found or conceived in which water failed to seek its own level, that water seeks its own level would cease to be a law. So, however exceptional might be an instance of price

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remaining unaffected while supply and demand varied, that one instance would be not the less conclusive against the notion that price depends on supply and demand, or that the relations of these determine price. But, in fact, the instance selected, instead of being exceptional, is almost typical of commercial transactions in general, most of which partake more or less of the character of sales by auction. Every trader who wishes, as all traders do, to get the utmost for his goods, begins by setting a price upon them, probably the highest at which he thinks they can be speedily sold. If the sale simply answers his expectation, he will have no motive for altering his price, but he will be tempted to raise or will be obliged to reduce it, either at once or gradually, if he finds the goods go off much more rapidly in the one case, or much more slowly in the other, than he anticipated. In either case, he will imitate the practice of an auctioneer, adopting the Dutch method when he reduces the set up price, and the English mode when he raises it. The price finally reached may probably be the highest at which the stock then remaining in hand can be disposed of, but although in that case no customer might be willing to pay a higher price for any part of that remainder, the whole body of customers might be very glad to take much more than the whole remainder if more could be got at the same price. They might or they might not be; but whether they were or not, the price in the circumstances supposed would remain unaltered, that is to say, the price would not vary, whether, while supply remained the same, demand were or were not in excess of supply. It would not, in short, follow that, because price had reached the utmost height at which any of the customers would purchase at all, therefore the stock in hand was the utmost which customers would have consented to purchase at that price. Exceptions, it is said, prove the rule, but to the rule that price depends on the relations between supply and demand, the exceptions are evidently so numerous, that beneath their weight of proof the rule itself would be crushed as completely as Tarpeia was beneath the weight of Sabine bucklers.

The illustration already used will serve to refute another of the popular fallacies respecting supply and demand. The demand of horses at fifty pounds each, or of fish at eighteen shillings a hundredweight, may, as we have seen, be three times as great as the supply, without occasioning any increase of the price of horses or fish. When a tradesman has placed upon his goods the highest price which any one will pay for them, the price cannot, of course, rise higher, yet the supply may be below the demand. A glover in a country town, on the eve of an assize ball, having only a dozen pair of white gloves in store, might possibly be able to get ten shillings a pair for them. He would be able to get this if twelve persons were willing

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to pay that price rather than not go to the ball, or than go ungloved. But he could not get more than this, even though, while he was still higgling with his first batch of customers, a second batch, equally numerous and neither more nor less eager, should enter his shop, and offer to pay the same but not a higher price. The demand for gloves which at first had been just equal to the supply would now be exactly doubled, yet the price would not rise above ten shillings a pair. Such abundance of proof is surely decisive against the supposition that price must rise when demand exceeds supply. Although, however, price does not always rise when demand exceeds supply, it must needs fall when supply exceeds demand, provided always that competition is allowed free play, and that goods are offered unreservedly for sale. This is the one solitary truth among the fallacies of the popular theory. In the circumstances supposed, a dealer must either lower his terms or part of his stock will be left on his hands. Three horses cannot possibly be sold at fifty pounds a piece, nor three hundredweight of fish at eighteen shillings a hundredweight, nor three pair of gloves at three shillings a pair, if at those prices only one horse, or one hundredweight of fish, or one pair of gloves be demanded. If a dealer wish to sell more than is actually demanded, he must tempt customers to demand more by reducing his price.

Next we come to the supposed dependence of price on the equation of supply and demand; and here I find myself in collision with Mr. Mill, feeling in consequence a little as Saul of Tarsus might have felt, if, while sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, he had suddenly found himself compelled by a sense of duty to contradict his master. But Mr. Mill is not one of those teachers who desire that their scholars should prefer them to truth, as Cicero foolishly boasted of preferring Plato. On the contrary, there is nothing respecting which he is more likely to be curious than the grounds on which others differ from his views. Now his theory is that price is always tending to a point at which supply and demand will be equal; that price will keep falling towards this point as long as supply exceeds demand, and rising towards it as long as demand exceeds supply. I venture to assert that no part of this theory is strictly or literally true. One half of it, I submit, was completely refuted when examples were given of demand greatly exceeding supply without occasioning the smallest increase of price; and with regard to the other half also, I undertake to show that, though perhaps near enough to the truth for most practical purposes, it is not accurate enough to satisfy the rigid requirements of science.

No doubt, when of goods offered unreservedly for sale, the supply exceeds the demand, the whole stock cannot be sold unless the price be lowered to a point at which supply and demand will be equalised; but it does not follow that the fall of price will then cease. The only

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thing certain is that the point at which the fall will cease will be one at which supply will not be in excess of demand, but it may quite possibly proceed to some still lower point, at which demand will be in excess of supply. When a hundredweight of fish, put up for sale at Dutch auction, was knocked down for twenty shillings, it did not follow that a single hundredweight was all the actual purchaser was willing to buy at the price, or that other customers would not have been glad to buy at the same price though it did not suit them to pay a higher. Because a horse offered for sale at sixty pounds finds no purchaser, and cannot be sold until its price be reduced to fifty pounds, it does not follow that only one person would give fifty pounds for the horse, or that he himself would not willingly give fifty pounds a piece for two or three such horses.

It thus appears that of the equation theory no part is strictly true, while one-half is quite contrary to the truth; but what is equally worth remarking is that, if the whole of it were literally true, it would be a truth of small significance. Even if it were true that the price ultimately resulting from competition is always one at which supply and demand are equalised, still only a small proportion of the goods offered for sale would actually be sold at any such price. Suppose the glover to whom we have already once or twice referred, to have five hundred pairs of gloves on hand, to begin by selling them at three shillings a pair, and to be tempted, by the rapid sale of two hundred pairs at that price to raise the price to four shillings; suppose him to be subsequently tempted to raise it to five and six shillings successively, but not to be able to sell at the last-named price, and therefore to reduce it to five shillings, at which price the last hundred pairs are sold. The price ultimately resulting from competition would then be five shillings, and this may, for the sake of argument, be also assumed to be a price at which supply and demand would be equalised. But at this price only one-fifth of the whole quantity would be sold, the other four-fifths having been sold at prices at which supply was in excess of demand. Next, suppose the glover to begin by selling at five shillings, to sell a hundred pairs at that price, and then, finding he can sell no more without lowering his terms, to lower them to four and three shillings successively, and to sell his last two hundred pairs at the last-named price. The price ultimately resulting from competition is now three shillings, and at that price also supply and demand may again, for the sake of argument, be supposed to be equal; but at that price only two-fifths of the stock would be sold, the other three-fifths having been sold at prices at which supply exceeded demand. But when we speak of prices depending on certain causes, we surely refer to the prices at which all goods, or at least the great bulk of them, not that at which merely a small remnant of them, will be sold. How can we say that the equation of supply and demand

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determines price, if goods are almost always sold at prices at which supply and demand are unequal?

Similar exception may be taken to every other mode of stating the orthodox theory. Suppose it to be true, which it is, that where there is unrestricted competition prices must fall as long as supply exceeds demand; and suppose it to be also true, which it is not, that in the same situation price must rise as long as demand exceeds supply—still, even then none but the extreme prices finally reached would be determined by the relations between supply and demand. None of the prices intermediate between the original set-up price and the final price would be so determined. But it is not at the finally resulting price that goods would be chiefly sold, but rather at the original set-up price, or at prices intermediate between it and the final price. So far would the relations between supply and demand be from determining these intermediate prices, that they would not even permit them to remain as they were, but would compel them to keep changing. Of what consequence would it be, then, that supply and demand determined finally resulting prices, if goods were almost all sold before those prices were reached?

But further, not only is the orthodox theory not true—not only would it be of little significance if true—it is not even by its propounders believed to be true, except on certain conditions; and of these conditions there is one which, as will now be shown, is scarcely ever present. Hitherto it has been throughout assumed that goods are offered for sale unreservedly, and that dealers are always content to let them go for what they will fetch. Such has hitherto been throughout the assumption, but such is scarcely ever—nay, might almost be said to be absolutely never—the fact. With one notable exception, that of labour, commodities are almost never offered unreservedly for sale; scarcely ever does a dealer allow his goods to go for what they will immediately fetch—scarcely ever does he agree to the price which would result from the actual state of supply and demand, or, in other words, to the price at which he could immediately sell the whole of his stock. Imagine the situation of a merchant who could not afford to wait for customers, but was obliged to accept for a cargo of corn, or sugar, or sundries, the best offer he could get from the customers who first presented themselves; or imagine a jeweller, or mercer, or draper, or grocer, obliged to clear out his shop within twenty-four hours. The nearest approach ever made to such a predicament is that of a bankrupt's creditors selling off their debtors' effects at a proverbially "tremendous sacrifice;" and even they are, comparatively speaking, able to take their time. But the behaviour of a dealer under ordinary pressure is quite different from that of a bankrupt's assignees. He first asks himself what is the best price which is likely to be presently given, not for

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the whole, but for some considerable portion of his stock, and he then begins selling, either at that price or at such other price as proves upon trial to be the best obtainable at the time. His supply of goods is probably immensely greater than the quantity demanded at that price, but does he therefore lower his terms? Not at all: he sells as much as he can at that price, and then, having satisfied the existing demand, he waits awhile for further demand to spring up. In this way he eventually disposes of his stock for many times the amount he must have been fain to accept if he had attempted to sell off all at once. A corn dealer who in the course of a season sells thousands oi quarters of wheat at fifty shillings per quarter, or thereabouts, would not get twenty shillings a quarter if, as soon as his corn ships arrived, he was obliged to turn the cargoes into money. A glover who, by waiting for customers, will no doubt get three or four shillings a-pair for all the gloves in his shop, might not get sixpence a-pair if he forced them on his customers. But how is it that he manages to secure the higher price? Simply by not selling unreservedly, simply by declining the price which would have resulted from the relations between actual supply and actual demand, and by setting up his goods at some higher price, below which he refuses to sell.

My case has now, I submit, been completely made out. It has, I submit, been conclusively shown that supply and demand do not determine price, either in the manner commonly supposed, or in any other manner. But if supply and demand do not determine price, what does? Or, since it is past dispute that somehow or other they do influence price, how is it that price is affected by them? These questions are more easily asked than answered. To throw down is much easier than to build up, and to point out inaccuracies in one theory than to devise another more accurate in its stead. Unlearning what is wrong is, however, the best preparation for learning what is right; and though getting rid of prejudice is not the same thing as getting at truth, it at least permits truth to be looked for in the right direction. Divesting ourselves, then, of preconceived notions, and commencing the inquiry anew, we have in the first place to observe that there are two opposite extremes—one above which the price of a commodity cannot rise, the other below which it cannot fall. The upper of these limits is marked by the utility, real or supposed, of the commodity to the customer; the lower by its utility to the dealer. No one will give for a commodity a quantity of money or of money's worth which, in his opinion, would be of more use to him than the commodity itself. No one will take for a commodity a quantity of money or of anything else which he thinks would be of less use to himself than the commodity. The price eventually given and taken may be either at one of the opposite extremes, or may be anywhere intermediate between them, but, with so much latitude for

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variation, what is it that decides what price shall exactly be? Our best chance of finding this out is by considering carefully all that happens when a sale takes place. Practically, it is almost always the dealer who begins by naming some set-up price. His object is to get in exchange for his whole stock the largest aggregate price which he can get within the period during which it will suit him to keep part of his stock unsold. To sell the whole stock at a moderate price may be better for him than to sell part only at an exorbitant price, and have the rest left on his hands; and it may also be better for him to realise moderate prices soon, and so be able soon to re-invest his capital, than to obtain double the prices after treble the time, during which his money would lie idle. He begins, therefore, by naming the highest price at which he thinks the whole of his stock is likely to be readily purchased. We have seen that there is an extreme point, dependent on the value of his goods in the eyes of his customers, above which their price cannot possibly rise, but he scarcely ever, or rather almost never, asks that extreme price. Why does he not? Why, seeing that he is eager to get the utmost for his goods, does he not ask the highest price which his customers would consent to pay rather than not have his goods? Evidently the only thing that prevents him is the fear of competition—the fear, that is, of being undersold by some rival dealer. It is competition alone that deters him from asking a higher price than he actually does ask—that may perhaps compel him to lower his price, or may, if he has over-estimated its force, permit him to raise his price. It is competition, wherever competition exists, that determines price. Competition remaining the same, price cannot possibly vary. As long as there are dealers ready to sell goods at a certain price, goods of the same description cannot be selling in the same market at a higher price—except, indeed, to persons of the class described by Mr. Mill, "who, either from indolence or carelessness, or because they think it fine," are content to "pay and ask no questions." Wherever competition exists, competition is the only thing which directly influences price: supply and demand cannot affect it except indirectly, and by their influence upon competition.

In this respect their influence, though very great, is far from supreme, as will be perceived on examination of the manner in which it is exerted. The immediate object of every dealer is to get the largest possible sum for the whole of his goods. If there were but one single dealer, he would probably ask the highest price at which he thought all his goods would readily be purchased; but if he have competitors, he must content himself with the highest price at which he will not be undersold. All dealers, while considering at what price they shall offer their goods, consider each for himself the actual state and future prospects of the market. Each takes stock as well as he can

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of the quantities already in hand of the commodity he deals in, and estimates as well as he can the additional quantities likely to be brought in within the period during which he can manage to wait, and also the quantities which, within the same period, customers will be likely to take off at different prices. In this manner each frames his own calculation and judges for himself what would be the best price to ask; but different dealers in the same market may calculate differently, or may draw different inferences from the same calculations. Some may estimate lower than others the probable proportion of demand to supply, or may think that the same estimate requires a lower price; or some may not be able to wait so long as others, and may be compelled to adopt a price which will enable them to dispose of their goods more rapidly than others would care to do. But whatever be, for whatever reason, the lowest price at which any resolve to sell, that price becomes, for the time being, the current price. Competition prevents anyone from selling more dearly, and competition, according to the hypothesis, is not keen enough to induce anyone to sell more cheaply. For all dealers have precisely the same object in view; each wishes to sell his whole stock as dearly as possible. Dealers do not undersell each other merely for fun. Each is quite content that all the rest should sell dearly, provided he himself can sell as dearly all he has to sell. If he undersell, it is because he expects thereby to sell either more, or more rapidly, than he could otherwise do; but he has no motive for selling below the current price, if in his judgment customers will readily purchase at the current price all he has to sell. Thus it is competition and competition alone which regulates current price; but what regulates competition? After what has been said it may not unreasonably be thought to be prospective supply and demand, or, in other words, the estimates formed by dealers of the probabilities of the market. And though the same probabilities may be very differently estimated by different individuals, and though the same estimates may affect different individuals very differently, there is, perhaps, one sense in which prospective supply and demand may not inaccurately be said to determine competition. They may be said to do so by their influence on those particular dealers who are most disposed to sell cheaply. For it is undoubtedly the estimate of supply and demand formed by those particular dealers, which makes them decide what selling price will most suit them, and it is their competition which makes that selling price the current price. Their estimate may indeed be found on trial to be erroneous; if so, the errors when discovered will be corrected, and the proceeding suggested by it will be modified. Supply may turn out to be greater, or demand less than was expected, or *vice versâ*, supply may be less, or demand greater. If so, competition will be stimulated in the one case, or

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slackened in the other, compelling dealers in the one case to lower prices, and permitting them to raise prices in the other. Still, however, it is always competition, and competition alone, which determines price, and always it is the estimate formed of supply and demand by some particular dealer or dealers which regulates competition. In this limited sense it may not untruly be said that perspective supply and demand determine competition.

After all, then, perhaps, it may seem that the distinction between the orthodox faith and the suggested heresy is a distinction without much difference. For price to depend upon competition, and competition upon prospective supply and demand, may appear to be much the same thing as for price itself to depend upon prospective supply and demand. The only defect in the received theory may thus appear to be the want of a single word, and the only correction it requires the substitution of "estimated" or "prospective," for "actual" or "existing," supply and demand. But, in the first place, with either of these adjectives prefixed, the substantives would entirely change their original signification, and would require to be newly defined in order to have any meaning at all. Hitherto we have understood by supply the quantity offered for sale at a certain price, and by demand the quantity which customers are ready to buy at that price. But to prospective supply, consisting partly of goods which neither are yet, nor, perhaps, ever may be, in the market, no set-up price can as yet be affixed. Prospective supply can therefore signify nothing more distinct than the whole quantity expected to be brought to market within a definite period, while prospective demand must similarly signify the several quantities which customers might be likely to buy at all imaginable prices within the same period. Secondly, even with the help of these definitions, the received axioms regarding price will be found to be, if possible, still more inapplicable to prospective than they have already been shown to be to actual supply and demand. Excess of prospective supply over prospective demand, or the contrary, would be mere empty phrases. The supply of goods could not be expected to become greater than people might be expected to buy if they could get them cheap enough; nor would any notion of demand be conveyed to the mind by saying that people would be willing to buy more goods than were likely to be brought to market, without adding how much they would be prepared to pay for them. Equation of prospective supply and demand would be, if possible, a still more unintelligible expression — for prospective demand is not one quantity only, but many different quantities, and quantities differing from each other cannot all be equal to any other quantity. Thirdly, the extreme narrowness of the sense in which alone it can be said that prospective supply and demand regulate competition, completely destroys the value of the

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proposition as a general rule. The same probabilities of supply and demand may affect competition very differently at different times. The state and prospects of the market being in other respects the same, competition will be more or less keen, according as the dealers, or some of them, are more or less experienced, more or less shrewd, or more or less needy. The estimates of the future formed by individual dealers will thus depend partly on individual necessity and partly on individual discretion; and for discretion, or anything dependent on it, to be subject to law or rule, is not in the nature of things. But if prospective supply and demand do not affect competition in an uniform manner, clearly in no sense can they determine price—clearly in no sense can price depend on them.

The real influence of supply and demand is of a very inferior character, and the whole truth on the subject may be summed up in a few brief, and rather negative than positive propositions. Actual or present supply and demand do not affect price at all, except in so far as they form part of prospective supply and demand, or except when their limits and those of the latter coincide, as they do when there is no apparent chance of any increase of present supply and demand. Nor do even prospective supply and demand affect price, except indirectly, and by their influence on competition, which, and which alone, is the immediate arbiter of price. Neither is competition affected by them in any uniform or regular manner. Competition does indeed always depend upon the estimate of probable supply and demand formed by those dealers who rate lowest the probable proportion of demand to supply, or who from any other cause are most disposed to sell cheaply; but the estimate of these dealers need not be always the same in the same circumstances, for the same probabilities of supply and demand may be very differently estimated at different times or by different people, and the same estimates may affect different dealers differently. Thus it is, and in no more definite manner, that wherever or whenever competition exists, prospective supply and demand affect the competition which determines price. Where competition does not exist, where a monopoly of trade is exercised by a single dealer or by a combination of dealers, the case is no doubt materially altered. Prospective supply and demand then become of almost paramount authority, and may be not improperly said directly to influence and even to determine price; for the price at which a monopolist sells may always be presumed to be the highest at which, judging from his estimate of the probabilities of supply and demand, he expects to be able to sell either the whole of his goods, or as much as he has resolved to sell. Provided, then, that different monopolists at different times estimate these probabilities alike, they will no doubt charge the same prices.

These conclusions appear to me to contain the whole truth con-

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cerning price: "conclusions inconclusive that I own," as Mr. Henry Taylor does of the results of much more interesting speculations, "but yet methinks," to continue the quotation, "not vain, not nothing worth." Vague, loose, they must be confessed to be; ascertaining nothing, prescribing nothing, leaving almost everything to be settled by individual judgment or caprice; yet perhaps not on that account the less valuable. If little can be learnt from them, much may be unlearned. It is no small gain to have perceived that on the subject of which they treat, little can be known beyond what they teach. Nine-tenths of the confusion and obscurity in which the doctrine of price has hitherto been involved has arisen from searching after the unsearchable, from seeking for some invariable rule for inevitable variations, from straining after precision where to be precise is necessarily to be wrong. Supply and demand are commonly spoken of as if they together formed some nicely-fitting, well-balanced, self-adjusting piece of machinery, whose component parts could not alter their mutual relations without evolving, as the product of every change, a price exactly corresponding with that particular change. Price, and more especially the price of labour, is scarcely ever mentioned without provoking a reference to the "inexorable," the "immutable," the "eternal" laws by which it is governed; to laws which, according to my friend Professor Fawcett, are "as certain in their operation as those which control physical nature." It is no small gain to have discovered that no such despotic laws do or can exist; that, inasmuch as the sole function of scientific law is to predict the invariable recurrence of the same effects from the same causes, and as there can be no invariability—where, as in the case of price, one of the most efficient causes is that ever-changing chameleon, human character or disposition—price cannot possibly be subjected to law. The progress of inquiry need no longer be barred by this legal bugbear. Whether it be possible to raise the price of labour artificially, and irrespectively of supply and demand, is no doubt a problem not less difficult than momentous, but at least we need no longer be deterred from approaching it by the belief of its being also an unlawful mystery.

WILLIAM T. THORNTON.

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THE ARMY: BY A (LATE) COMMON SOLDIER.[1]

For some years the state of the Army has caused considerable uneasiness to the authorities. It is notorious that at the present time recruits cannot be induced to join; and the want of men is seriously felt. Not very long ago the murder of officers and non-commissioned officers became so frequent, as to cause something like a panic in the public mind: it ceased, and the excitement as quickly subsided, under the assurance that the outbreak was spasmodic, and not the natural result of a chronic disaffection in the ranks. In a little work of mine, published in 1860,[2] I warned the public against the probability of such an outbreak of crime occurring at any moment, and entered fully into the causes which were likely to lead to it. I also discussed the question of recruiting—taking a view of it which has been more than supported by events, and which, if the proper reforms are not carried out in time, will most certainly be fully confirmed. Notwithstanding the urgent appeals of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and of the press generally, made to the authorities, either to refute the statements if false, or to remedy the evils which I pointed out, the book was quietly shelved, and nothing was done. It was proposed as a precautionary measure, that, for the future, no ammunition should be served out to the soldiers in barracks; and to the best of my belief this was the only remedy suggested. As it was favourably received, even in quarters where it should not even have got a hearing, I must say a few words upon it. If we organise a protective force, on which our national honour and the safety of our constitution depend, we must repose confidence in it. If it be unworthy of that confidence, it becomes, by a plain logical sequence, dangerous to our liberties and to our peace. If we acknowledge the necessity of servants, we do violence to our understanding if we deny them the appurtenances of their various callings, yet maintain them as an institution.

The ammunition of the soldier must be at the soldier's command. Apart from the moral injury which would be the result of withholding it, the question of such contingencies as a surprise, or a sudden descent upon a garrison, is at all times to be considered and calculated for; not by doling out the minimum of ball with the

(1) For reasons easily divined the name of the writer of this paper is withheld; but the Editor testifies to the important fact that the writer, an acquaintance of his own, was formerly a common soldier, and that his statements, therefore, deserve that attention which *boná fide* complaint may always claim.

(2) "Army Misrule." By a Common Soldier.

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minimum of confidence, but rather by a lavish expenditure of both. If I discover that he whom I have hired as a protector would use the weapons with which I have provided him for my defence to take away my life, I shall surely not rest contented with merely disarming him, while I still retain him in my service, nor be so foolhardy as to suppose that in the event of danger I have but to restore the weapon to his hand, and him to my confidence, in order to secure his faithfulness and love. Yet this is, practically, the line of action which was proposed.

It is advisable that the public mind should be disabused of the idea that there is anything mysterious or unaccountable in the nature or outbreak of these crimes; they have their cause. It is hard to be obliged to accept this assertion—the more so since no cause has been discovered by the public; and the theory of a moral epidemic is more flattering to the nation's pride. It is less flattering, however, than dangerous; and the sooner, therefore, we accept the more unpleasant view of the question, and entertain the convictions which it suggests, the more certain shall we be of an advance in the right direction.

The soldier shoots his officers because in them he finds a practical illustration of abuse of power, which is daily manifested at his expense, and which is all the more galling because it is intangible, and will not bear narration; for, stripped of concurrent circumstances, sarcasms of look and manner, and of the small annoyances which lead up and lend a point to it, it becomes frivolous in the ears of the public. Smarting under an injustice which is hydra-headed, but withal so edged in as to be inaccessible—so circumscribed by forms and routine—so bound up beyond unravelling in the meshes of red-tape, as to hold out no hope of redress, save by violence—no certainty of escape, save by the gallows—infatuated men rush of necessity into crime. The gordian-knot is severed by the bullet; and the soldier yields up to justice, as a burden for him too heavy to be borne, that life which has become in his estimation valueless; and the law is invoked to destroy what the nation has been at cost to obtain, at cost to train, and at cost to maintain.

The murder of officers, however horrible it may be, is no mystery. The soldier cannot, from the nature of the service, reach the Horse-Guards; nor can he retaliate upon a community which forms courts-martial, sits upon him, judges him, frames the rules which fetter almost his thoughts (certainly his tongue), and whose sentences upon him pass unquestioned by, because unknown to, the outer world. If he strives to eliminate from the system (as far as his unschooled understanding will allow) the discordant elements which strike at his peace, and which, combined, are too powerful to be coped with single-handed, since they but go to make up the intangible something called authority;

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he must fix his gaze upon the practical exponents and representatives of the hardship which he suffers. To the soldier every court-martial is a Star Chamber; what wonder, then, if the officer and non-commissioned officer in turn assume the proportions of a Jefferies?

I must not be understood to insinuate that the soldier is so base as to harbour hatred in his breast towards all who inflict punishment upon him. I know the case to be otherwise, and could name the lieutenant-colonel of my own corps, in refutation of the supposition. He was loved by every man under him; and no less loved by those whom he severely punished than by those who had never been charged with crime before him. But I have heard him say to a brother officer on parade, "Don't worry the men, So-and-so, for God's sake don't worry them." The sound of his nervous footsteps across the barrack square was—and I doubt not still is—always welcome to the soldier.

I have given in another place many instances of the extent to which authority is abused in the army; to do so here would be to extend the dimensions of this paper beyond reasonable limits. Let us pass on to the consideration of how far the commissioned officer conduces, by his acts, to the state of things which we deplore.

When a captain and adjutant encrusted with medals for services rendered, as it would seem, everywhere, and the son-in-law of a general, so far forgets himself as to shout to a recruit on parade, "D—— your soul, you stupid booby" (this because of a trifling mistake made in drill), it becomes a question whether that officer will have it in his power, at any subsequent period of his career, to undo the mischief which he so easily effected. I unhesitatingly assert that such an officer should be summarily dealt with, and degraded a step in his regiment, and that his sentence should be read with those of private soldiers, by the adjutant, on parade.

But the above is a tangible case; not so others quite as baneful. I know, for a fact, that another recruit—a jolly, light-hearted Jack Tar, who joined shortly after myself—was reproved by an officer for jocosely saluting a comrade across the square one evening after drill. The officer saw Jack from a window, and addressed him to the effect that for the future he had better keep the salute for the gentlemen above him, or that perhaps he might find himself in trouble. "Ax pardon, sir," said Jack, "meant no offence." The result of the admonition was that Jack, on his return to the barrack-room, saluted us all round with evidences of profound respect, and with profuse ceremony; after which he related, word for word, his adventure for the amusement of his company. The incident became Jack's serio-comical and conversational capital ever after: and he made much of it, by saluting every person and thing, including his regimentals, before putting them on in the morning. But his was a sailor's nature: there were

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other men in the room upon whom the anecdote left a bitter impression.

I have known an officer, after having previously rubbed his gloved finger across the door-ledges in search of dust, which he did not find, reprimand an orderly because he had neglected to place the forms of his barrack-room on a line with the ends of the table. He has left that barrack-room without bestowing one word of general praise, to counteract the ill effects of needless and frivolous fault-finding. I have been myself taken to task for sitting down to dinner without my stock; though I could not, nor can most men, swallow with it on without difficulty, nay, in some instances, without absolute pain. Of course, the stock is again set aside on the disappearance of the officer, and he leaves the barrack-room, followed, perhaps, by curses, for having sown the seeds of discontent, and perhaps of crime. I was at mortal enmity with my stock, and accordingly cut it down to suit my comfort. One day the regiment was called out for inspection; stocks were shown, and I, in common with others, had to provide myself with a new one at my own expense. I had to deal with the same adjutant on this occasion, who once ordered me to stand to "attention" in his presence; though I wore then a slip-shod shoe, and had been several weeks in hospital, and could not stand regimentally erect without pain. I have known soldiers reprimanded for wearing non-regulation boots of their own purchase, instead of those served out to them, and in which some cannot march any distance with comfort to themselves or credit to the regiment.[1] I have seen an officer stand on tip-toe to examine the button of a cap, when the remainder of the soldier's appurtenances had passed muster. Any private seated, whether at his meals or off duty, in the barrack or out of it, must rise on the appearance of an officer. If he be enjoying a harmless smoke, outside the walls, in the company of a civilian, one hand immediately grasps the pipe and drops by his side, the other is raised to his forehead, and he rises to his feet; while his companion is left to draw conclusions favourable to the dignity and independence of a civil calling, however humble. If saluting an officer were not imperative, it is just possible that some clue might occasionally be obtained as to who were popular officers and who were not.

Again, there is no check upon an officer—I mean as far as regards his power over his soldier. If he requires any private business of a laborious nature performed, he has but to signify the same to a non-

(1) Shortly after I had joined, I received a mysterious communication from one of the serjeants-major, to the effect that he wished to see me at his quarters. He informed me that he could not allow me to keep civilian's clothes, *but that he would be happy to purchase what I had.* I had no alternative but to sell them—shoes, boots, and all; with the exception of under linen, which he kindly allowed me to retain. Of course he named his own price—at about the rate of a shilling in the pound.

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commissioned officer to insure its execution. There are always, in every company, men ready to undertake menial services for adequate remuneration. There should be no compulsion, *even towards defaulters or bad characters,* to compel them to perform any tasks unconnected with the interests of the service, or incompatible with the purposes for which they have undertaken to serve the country.

Those I have cited are but a few of the many instances which I could give of the extent to which the army suffers by the presence of the martinet. If such cases were isolated ones, it would be, perhaps, unwise to dwell upon them; they are not so, they form the majority. Of the numerous shortcomings of officers in the simple matter of courtesy, it is not easy to speak in detail; they are, to use a familiar phrase, "more easily imagined than described." I will content myself by quoting on the same subject a sentence from "Army Misrule:"—"No officer is disliked by his men without a cause, or precluded from winning their regard by the magnitude of the sacrifice requisite to obtain it; though he more frequently gives ground for the one than seeks to gain the other."

I will now turn to the consideration of remedial measures which I deem necessary for the safety and stability of the service; and shall call the attention of the public to a few concessions which might be made with as much benefit to the soldier as ease to the authorities.

I am convinced that the hours of drill are much too long, and only serve to render men discontented with their lot, and to destroy all interest in the pursuit of their profession. This is eminently so in the case of the recruit; who should be led, as it were, by easy stages to a knowledge of his duties.

I would suggest the establishment of workshops for all trades—as has been done in India, I believe, by Lord Strathnairn—in which the men might work for Government at the same wage as recognised tradesmen, minus the shilling a day (or, more correctly speaking, the fourpence which they receive out of it). The nation would thus save the extra profits paid to contractors. I would go so far as to allow men who gained and maintained good characters to execute work for civilians during their leisure hours.

When men are told off to occupy certain rooms, they should be allowed to remain in them, and to form communities. It seems the custom to prevent this as much as possible. On occasions when there occurs a general cleaning up, re-filling of beds, &c., men are separated, and companions in whom they may take an interest are scattered over the barrack. This was my experience of the service; it may not be so generally the case, and I am willing to hope that it may have been exceptional in my own corps, though I don't believe it *was.*

Now, touching pack-drill. When a soldier rebels against this, and perpetrates a crime which brings him before a jury, the law is lost in

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amazement at the enormity of the offence which, sometimes, apparently springs from so insignificant a cause; but I question whether one in any civil jury knows what pack-drill really is, or what is the daily round of a soldier's duties, to which it becomes so frequently an adjunct. If I remember rightly, the regimental hours for ordinary drill amount to eight or nine, and to these any number of extra hours of pack-drill may be added at the direction of a military court.

I cannot forego the conviction that all reforms must be inadequate to meet the end which the public has in view, until the unbiassed opinions of the common soldier have been heard and weighed. The praiseworthy efforts of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge to meet and check crime in the army, and to raise the standard of morality in it, must, of necessity, prove futile, whilst they are in the aggregate but the reflex of what has been done before. He must step out of the beaten track if he would learn the truth. Government has repeatedly endeavoured to probe the mystery of insubordination in the army, which, like many other mysteries, will cease to be such when it is fully understood. It is self-evident that Blue-books and inquiries have been found inadequate as a means of ascertaining what the soldier's grievances are; and it is equally plain that some means of learning them *from his own lips* must be resorted to. I hope, in summing up, to show how this desirable end is to be attained.

The soldier is, practically, in the hands of, and ruled by, middlemen —the non-commissioned officers. Now, if I can show that the non-commissioned officer is, in every respect, unfitted for the great and responsible duties he has to perform, I shall have taken a most important step in advance.

The first man with whom the embryo soldier comes in contact is the recruiting sergeant, who receives extra pay when on the recruiting staff, or is, at least, free from stoppages and deductions from his pay, which amounts to the same thing: he has an interest in the enlistment of men. This should not be; for its result upon himself must be demoralising, whilst its effect upon the service is baneful to a degree, and the most fruitful source of crime. He cares not whom he enlists. His most productive haunts are the *purlieus* of our great towns. The men he entraps are, generally speaking, depraved. They smoke with him, drink with him, and swallow with avidity the gilded pill, usually administered to them when in a state of intoxication. They awake, in sober moments, to a bitter reality, and find things the very reverse of what they had been led to expect.

One of the first reforms I would suggest, therefore, is that of the recruiting system. The non-commissioned officer should have no interest in obtaining recruits, over and above that resulting from *esprit de corps*, and should undertake the office solely as a duty

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appertaining to his profession. If he reaped no pecuniary advantages, or advantages of position (such as that of being free from barrack drill), he might then fairly be trusted to use his discrimination in the selection of fitting candidates, who would be likely to reflect credit on his judgment and on his regiment. If it be objected that it is necessary to procure the raw material without special reference to character, since a sufficient number of reputable recruits are never forthcoming, I reply that the odium attaching to the service, and to the name of common soldier, may be fairly presumed the cause of the deficiency, until experiment has proved otherwise. When men of good character offer themselves, they should be honestly and openly dealt with; their presence, under the existing state of things especially, is greatly to be desired, and of vast importance; some effort should be made to retain them in the ranks; this cannot be done by fraudulently enlisting them, and then placing them under the absolute control of non-commissioned officers who are incapable of governing their own propensities to keep their superiors under.

If the present system is to be retained, something should be done —and that speedily—to check its demoralising influence. The recruiting sergeant found guilty of falsehood should be severely punished. If he were liable to be convicted on the unsupported testimony of a disreputable recruit, so much the better; the evil would stand a fairer chance of working its own cure, since it would ensure some amount of caution in preliminary selection. But I would go even further than this, and would, on his demanding it within a stipulated time, give any soldier his unconditional discharge, who could satisfactorily prove before a civil tribunal, and by the production of witnesses, that he had been deceived by deliberate lies.

Of the power of the non-commissioned officer to annoy the soldier, after his entrance into the ranks; how far he avails himself of that power; and how far he is fitted to exercise authority at all, I shall now speak briefly.

These several questions will hinge upon the principle of selection which obtains in the army, and which arms the non-commissioned officer with power. If it were found that, when a vacancy occurs, the best man in his company were chosen to fill it, nothing would remain to be said; but when we learn that the mode of election is not only adverse to his advancement, but conducive to the advancement of another who is in every respect unfitted, the matter becomes of vital importance. I shall draw all my facts from actual experience, gained during my connection with the first corps in the service, and shall avoid all theorizing and speculation.

When a vacancy occurs, the stripes are given to the soldier most in favour; in other words, to him who is fortunate enough, or, rather, subservient enough, to obtain the strongest recommendation from the

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body of non-commissioned officers above him. Thus the toady and the *suspect* among his fellows, steps above them into almost unlimited power. It is plain that if once a worthy staff of non-commisioned officers could be instituted in any regiment, this mode of election would work satisfactorily enough. At present it is iniquitous to a degree. The man whom his comrades avoid becomes their ruler and their tyrant, while the means of persecution at his command are infinite. As can be readily surmised, he is not the more likely to overlook them because he is disliked. If he is indiscreet enough to perpetrate a tangible wrong, he has still a loophole of escape; the ear of the authorities is exclusively his; for the soldier dare not speak to an officer, save when introduced to him by a sergeant or a corporal, who stands by during the interview, and gives the word to "right about face, quick march," when it is ended.[1] If the soldier chance to be commanded by a humane officer, and succeeds in calling forth a reprimand upon his persecutors, he does so at a risk; for he well knows the penalty which attaches to his temerity; if not, he will soon discover it to his cost. There are innumerable irksome duties to be performed, daily, in every barrack, which usually fall to the lot of the defaulters in the regiment; to any of these the non-commissioned officer can, and does, doom the man whom he most dislikes. How much of the truth is to be gleaned before a parliamentary or military inquiry from the mouth of non-commissioned officer or from that of the private? Will the former criminate himself? Will the latter ruin his prospects of advancement (however weak these may be) by fully speaking his mind, knowing that he returns, a marked man, to the ranks? Assuredly not!

To enumerate cases of petty tyranny on the part of non-commissioned officers is beyond my present purpose and beside the mark. I have dwelt upon them elsewhere. When I have shown that inferior men are appointed to rule the soldier, I have done enough; an evil result is to be expected, and is but a necessary corollary following the injudicious investiture of these men with official power, fenced round by official protection.

But this evil is to be encountered and overcome; the remedy appears to me as simple as it is secure. A certain amount of education is necessary for a non-commissioned officer; I would let that requirement stand, as at present; and bearing it in mind, I would,

(1) "Among the modern military changes, there is one introduced by martinets—not soldiers, only martinets—who will not let a poor soldier eat his dinner his own way. . . . . The innovation is that of prohibiting a man addressing his officer unless in full uniform, and accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, also full dressed! This is a very dangerous innovation; it is digging a ditch between the officers and their men! (Thus) the men are at the mercy of the non-commissioned officers, who, as all officers know well, will, like other men, play into each other's hands, and oppress the man who complains."—Gen. Sir C. J. Napier. *Journal*, April 27, 1851.

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when a vacancy occurred, allow the privates of the company to take the first step towards suggesting a fitting man to fill it. Why not permit them to vote by ballot for a certain number of their fellows who might be willing to put themselves forward as candidates? If this concession were made, the difficulty would be overcome. A certain number (say six) of the successful candidates in each company should then be called upon, each in turn, to drill a squad; he who performed the task most creditably, in the opinion of the officers, to have the corporal's step. To apply this test to any step but the first would, at present, clash with many vested interests, to which time has lent countenance: and it might, therefore, be thought unjust to apply it. I leave that point to the Horse-Guards to consider; for myself, I should be inclined to enforce it at once and generally. We are called upon to meet and check a growing evil, affecting not only the army, but, through it, the nation, and the personal interests of expectant corporals on the watch for successional promotion are not for a moment to be weighed in the same balance with the public. safety and the stability of the service.

It may be said that popular men, chosen by the soldier himself, when once they have succeeded in gaining their promotion, may subsequently abuse their power. True, but the same remedy may be applied as simply and as readily as in the first instance.

It is possible—nay almost certain—that if this plan were to be forthwith pursued, some captains would find themselves minus non-coms., and face to face with their respective companies. Even such a result is less dangerous than that which must sometime tread upon the heels of routine, if it continues to pursue its course unchangeably and unchecked.

The close shaving of a soldier's head for crime is, to my mind, repulsive and inhuman—savouring more of barbarous times than of the present—and tends to sap all sense of self-respect. If the award of punishment is not deemed heavy enough, let it be increased in severity: but do not send a man forth among his fellows, civil and military, with a brand upon him which is fatal to his self-esteem.

Again, the hour of returning to barrack is absurdly early; if retained at all, it should be retained as a punishment, binding only upon those who had previously offended. A man of good character should be allowed a certain laxity. I would myself suggest at least an additional hour; so that after a weary day's drill, he might be in a position to spend his evenings socially, among civilian friends, outside the barrack walls; and not be compelled, as he is now, to withdraw when more favoured mortals are beginning to enjoy themselves. It should be the aim of a legislature, in a free country such as this, in which institutions are safe, to throw down as much as possible the barriers that exist between the soldier and his fellow-countrymen: intercourse with

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them cannot but tend to the soldier's good; and the more he is allowed to mix with the world, without infringing the necessary duties of his profession, the better.

Why not allow good-conduct men certain privileges, and provide them with passes, to be held by them till forfeited by breach of discipline? I believe an almost incalculable amount of good would be the result. I am certain that the boon of an extra hour and a half, for instance, after tattoo, would be hailed with delight by the men and eagerly sought for. It has the merit of being easily and cheaply tested. There can be no difficulty in its working. At present every man who enters barracks after regulation hours, reports himself to the guard. Every privileged soldier should be compelled to go through the same form. If he made his appearance drunk, he should forfeit his pass for a limited time (on the first offence), and lose it altogether after a stated number of forfeitures. Suspension should, however, be the only punishment for a first crime on the part of an otherwise well-conditioned soldier.

Of one thing I am firmly convinced, namely, that all commissions of inquiry will fail unless composed exclusively of civilians (I would except the Duke of Cambridge, perhaps, in whom the soldier has confidence); I say this without meaning to cast any slur upon the officers of the service, but simply because I know the soldier will not speak his mind in their presence. If we take exception to the management of any private firm, we do not entrust the investigation of its affairs to the heads of it; the illustration applies exactly to the present case. It may be a question still whether the soldier will speak his mind even to civilians, so dangerous to his prospects is the risk. The safest and surest mode would be, for the civil commission to apply to the Horse-Guards for the names and addresses of men of good character, who have, within a certain period, *purchased* their discharge, and to take the evidence of these: they are "without the pale," and need fear nothing. The soldier who has served the stipulated number of years, and is receiving a pension, is not so likely to remember ills that galled him far distantly in the past; while he who has made a sacrifice to become a soldier, and a second to regain his liberty, is likely to speak freely, feelingly, and to the point.

I cannot conclude without reproducing a passage from "Army Misrule," in reference to recruiting. You give a certain sum to induce a man to become a soldier. He is enlisted (I will say nothing of what he has to go through during the various stages of acceptance by the authorities—perhaps a full sense of their degrading tendency is palpable only to a class of recruits who are above their influence). The recruiting officer wears a beard, smokes his pipe openly in the street, puts his stock into his pocket, and slings his waist-belt on his arm—a mere reckless sort of fellow, who drinks his beer with the

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green ploughboy and the haggard London starveling in an easy, familiar way, suggestive of perpetual equality, or, at worst, of kindly authority. This seems natural enough to the green ploughboy and the city starveling, for both are Englishmen who "never will be slaves!" They get drunk, enlist, and shaving is then essential, pipes are unallowable, stocks become indispensable—even at meals,—and the whole dream of *voluntary* servitude is dissipated, while the reality becomes a constant nightmare and a heartburn. You start with the possession of the raw material, which you have gained by dishonest dealing, and which has cost you money; he (the raw material) finds that you are a rogue, and he strives to quit your service; he succeeds, and you then offer a bribe to a rival servant—a policeman—to capture him. At this stage of the proceedings you have lost doubly. You get him back by force, and then punish him; in other words, render that state of life which was at first unpleasant absolutely unbearable. Surely, this is scarcely compatible with wisdom—with common sense? Putting humanity out of the question, and looking at it simply as a matter of business, it assumes a suicidal aspect, and must continue to have a suicidal *result*. It is as if a man were to cheat another in the sale of an article, then compel him to purchase again; and, lastly, to insist upon his becoming *a constant* purchaser *and consumer* of that article without grumbling.

HOME TRAVEL.—WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.[1]

At the beginning of this century, the country now so familiar to us as the Lake District was comparatively unvisited. Before that period, indeed only a few months prior to the birth of Wordsworth, at Cockermouth, the poet Gray made a tour of the lakes, and sent an account of his excursion to Dr. Warton. The narrative, which appears in the form of a journal, is worthy of the writer. There is no attempt to describe grand scenery in grand language. He does not weary the reader, as was the wont of many travellers in his day, with a multitudinous and indiscriminate use of adjectives. His enthusiasm is genuine, but not extravagant, and his fine taste is never at fault. Gray is, I think, the first poet whose name is associated with the scenery of Westmoreland and Cumberland. A few lines descriptive of Derwentwater, in the "Pleasures of Memory," enable us to award the second place to Samuel Rogers. There were, however, several writers in prose—for the most part terribly prosaic—who endeavoured before the commencement of this century to describe the scenery of

(1) Handbook for Travellers in Westmoreland and Cumberland. With new Travelling Maps. John Murray. 1866.

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the Lakes. Mr. West, of Ulverston, a professor of natural philosophy, about a hundred years ago "frequently accompanied genteel parties on the tour of the Lakes," and for the benefit of these "parties" drew up a guide. He did his best, with a redundant vocabulary, to describe the scenes with which he was familiar. He tells us in words heaped upon words of mountains heaped upon mountains. His style recalls some of the most brilliant efforts of the paragraph-mongers in our cheap newspapers. Mrs. Radcliffe, whose romances were once so famous, has also recorded her impressions of the Lakes. They are not striking, but she only offends when she moralises. In the year 1772, William Gilpin made, and afterwards published, his "Observations," and they are sensible and original enough to be worth reading still. Indeed, it is always interesting to compare the statements of an author who like Gilpin won in his day a respectable position as a traveller, and art-critic, with our own observation, or the statements of more recent writers. A great gap seems to divide us from Gilpin. The language he uses is strangely different from that which we should now employ, and some of the facts related recall days long since passed away. The tourist who has spent rememberable summer hours in the lonely valley of Borrowdale will be amused to read in Gilpin that it is "replete with hideous grandeur," and after driving rapidly along the well-made road which leads from Rossthwaite to Keswick, one of the most populous towns in Cumberland, it will amuse him to learn that the villagers have at all times little intercourse with the country, and that during half the year they are "almost totally excluded from all human commerce."—"Here," adds Gilpin, "the sons and daughters of simplicity enjoy health, peace, and contentment, in the midst of what city luxury would call the extreme of human necessity." He sees, also, eagles and wild cats, the latter being four times as large as the domestic cat. Both bird and beast have long since disappeared from our English mountains. Many and great changes have taken place in this neighbourhood since Gilpin wrote. Good roads have been formed across districts which, like Borrowdale a hundred years since, could only be traversed by horses; the distant whistle of the steam engine may in some places be heard among the mountains; the principal Lakes can be viewed from the deck of the steamer; hotels, large, well-arranged, and supplied with all modern luxuries, invite the traveller at Windermere and Ambleside, at Ullswater and Keswick. Even the retired village of Grasmere, one of the sweetest nooks in all England, has its monster hotel, "The Lake," which, as "Murray" truly says, is "a first-class establishment." The price of provisions is more than double what it once was; the dalesmen are losing their rusticity; they read the newspapers, take their cheap railway excursions, and relate what they have seen in Manchester, if not in London.

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We know how Wordsworth deprecated the changes which took place before his death, and one can believe that he would have recoiled from many that have happened since. How he would have loathed the new village of Windermere, which, as Mrs. Linton says in her delightful book,[1] resembles the poet's "mountain child with a perpetual Sunday frock on, and curls newly taken out of paper;" how severely he would have written against the incursion of limited liability companies, how the lines of telegraph wire would have vexed his soul and eyes, and how his wrath would have been excited at the issue of excursion tickets! But it is useless to deplore changes which are inevitable. If we lose much as individuals, we perhaps gain as a community, and it is certainly for good and not for evil that thousands of Englishmen can now see something of the loveliness which until recently was hidden from all but men of wealth or leisure. And moreover, Wordsworth has done more than any man to promote the distraction of which he complained. As a poet he has identified himself with mountain summit, and solitude, with noisy beck and lonely tarn, with river and waterfall, with almost every spot of sublimity or beauty in the Lake country. He has set up a shrine at Rydal, to which most Englishmen perform loving pilgrimage. He has given spiritual life to material beauty, and all who value the wise lessons taught by the great poet are glad to visit his cottage, and to stand beside his grave. Moreover, Wordsworth is not the sole monarch of the Lake country. When Gray wrote to Warton he was perhaps the only man of genius in the two counties, but if he had lived at a later period he would have been welcomed warmly by brother poets of equal cultivation and greater originality—by Wordsworth and Southey, by Coleridge and Shelley, and by men such as Wilson and De Quincey. What Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland, these authors have done for the English Lakes; and tourists are now attracted thither as much perhaps by these associations as by the beauty of the scenery. Guide-books therefore abound. "Murray's Handbook," which has been long looked for, has one or two formidable competitors. "Black's Guide," which has reached its thirteenth edition, is more expansive and readable. Miss Martineau's is more picturesque, and has also higher literary pretensions. She has written with affectionate enthusiasm of the neighbourhood she loves, and the book is worthy of its author and of the scenery it describes. "Murray's Handbook" differs in many points from its predecessors. It embraces the whole of Westmoreland and Cumberland; it is very concise, very exact—a business-like book, which contains in the fewest words possible all needful information. Its map, beautifully engraved by Stanford, has been constructed chiefly from the new ordnance survey,

(1) "The Lake Country." By E. Lynn Linton. With a Map and one hundred Illustrations, by W. J. Linton. Smith, Elder, and Co.

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and is stated to be the most complete that has been hitherto published; and the Skeleton Tours, always so valuable in Murray's Handbooks, are arranged here with great felicity, and given in sufficient variety. Finally, and this for pedestrian tourists is good news, the volume consists of less than one hundred and thirty pages, and can be carried without inconvenience in the pocket.

Topographical literature has greatly improved of late years, and much of this improvement is due to Mr. Murray. His English Handbooks, as yet far from complete, are remarkable for the accuracy with which they have been compiled. Trivial mistakes are rare; and I believe it is seldom possible to find in them one important error. Such a series of works is of national importance. They will promote home-travel, they will make excursions in England as fashionable as a Continental tour, they will increase our love of the country by enlarging our knowledge of it, and will thus promote a patriotic spirit, the mother of many noble virtues. As far as the Lake District is concerned, such a stimulus is not required. Englishmen will always be familiar with Westmoreland and with Cumberland. They are the most popular counties in England; in some respects the most beautiful, and certainly the most remarkable for the literary associations with which they are connected. For headquarters some tourists will prefer Ambleside, while others may give the preference to Keswick: the scenery of the former is the more beautiful; the latter, although rich in beauty also, is on the whole wilder and nobler. In the olden time the tourist generally started for the Lake country from Lancaster, now he will take the train at once for Windermere or Keswick. Windermere the largest, some say the loveliest, of the lakes, is also, if the word may be spoken, a little tedious; the beauty, of which it may boast much, is rather monotonous, and the villas and pleasure-grounds which crowd along its banks give it the aspect of

> "A nature tamed,
> And grown domestic, like a barn-door fowl."

There is a taint about it of that heavy but reputable sobriety with which wealth is apt to clothe field and woodland as well as human beings. You want more freedom and less refinement; but when you leave Bowness behind you and approach Ambleside, the aspect of the scenery changes. Beauty gives place to sublimity; you catch the scent of the mountains, and hear the music of their streams. Ambleside is a spot in which a true lover of nature would willingly spend weeks and months, or indeed a long lifetime. It forms the centre of a wide expanse of noticeable scenery; the near walks are charming, the distant walks almost sublime. In a few minutes you can escape from houses and men to the solitude of streams and waterfalls, or without great exertion you may ascend

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Wansfell Pike, or roam through the woods of Rydal, or climb Nab Scar and drop down upon Grasmere. Then there is the Rothay Valley to be explored; and let the tourist take off his hat as he passes Fox How, for there lived, when leisure permitted, one of the most earnest, upright, noble Christian gentlemen which these modern days have produced, and there still lives his widow, beloved for her own sake and honoured for the name of Arnold. The falls of Rydal will be visited, and with deeper interest Rydal Mount, where on the 23rd April, 1850, died the greatest of modern English poets. The house, according to the Handbook, is shown to visitors, but this is a mistake. Entrance was, I believe, possible last year under certain conditions; although even then the notices painted on the gates of "Private" and "No admittance," would have sufficed to deter any save an American tourist; but now the house and garden are strictly private, and the gates are secured with a padlock.

Wordsworth's study was the mountain side or the rustling stillness of the woods; he conversed more with nature than with books, and less with men than either. He had deep affections, but he was not sociable; strong attachments for a few friends, but his friendship was not widely diffused. Not perhaps a very loveable man, for his faults were those for which men feel little tenderness or pity, and his virtues, of which he was himself too conscious, had in them something repellent. But how great he was, and how good! His life was consistent, his aim lofty, his courage invincible. The sneers of critics failed to disturb him. He let them rave on while he continued to write, pleased "with the joy of his own thoughts," and strong in the belief that he was doing a great work which would be hereafter recognised. "Posterity," he once said, "will settle all accounts justly, and works that deserve to last will last. If undeserving this fate, the sooner they perish the better," and he said this with the unfaltering conviction that his own works would not perish, but that they would live "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." Rydal Mount is but a short distance from Rydal Water, a lake which being very small may be easily surveyed. It is scarcely more than a mile round, but from every point of view the scenery is delightful. The road to Grasmere runs by the side of the lakelet, and in walking thither you pass Nab's cottage, in which poor Hartley Coleridge lived, and where he tried so earnestly but so vainly to get rid of his besetting frailty. His life, like his father's, was full of sadness—incomplete, ill-regulated; his conscience was sensitive, but he wanted strength to follow its dictates. He lies amid the scenes and by the friends he loved in Grasmere churchyard, close to Mary Wordsworth and William and Dora. The

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simple black stones which mark their graves tell the common tale of our mortality, but with more than common impressiveness. It is a spot for quiet thought, but not for despondency, and standing under the yew-trees planted by the Christian poet, I thought that in that corner of this churchyard among the mountains a wiser lesson might be learnt than any delivered in the church itself, where I had just suffered from a monotonous delivery of one of the homilies.

The situation of Grasmere is pre-eminently beautiful. The mountains surround it on all sides.

"Of all the lake country villages," writes Mrs. Linton, "it is the most picturesque and the likest one's ideas of the English typical home. It has no street properly so called, but is a scattered collection of human habitations—cottages, shops, houses, mansions—each with its own garden or special plot of greenery, however small, and all for the most part standing apart and individual. The postman walks daily some eight miles in and about the village in the delivery of his letters, which may give an idea of its scattered and therefore picturesque character. . . . Though not trimmed and decorated as the dainty Rydal hamlet, nor so evidently artistic and considered as the new town of Windermere, it has a certain well-to-do look about it—not as of fashion and luxury and a few large fortunes flaring out over all the rest like the dominant notes in an orchestra, or the master colours of a picture, but in the quiet beauty and cleanliness everywhere, and the absence of sordid squalor even in the poorer cottages. It is full of flowers, and green trees, and pleasant meadows, and lovely little lanes, and the signs of human care throughout; but not of human care putting a luxuriant nature too fussily to rights. . . . So sheltered and so peaceful is it, that even in the rugged winter time it does not look cheerless or dreary; while in the bright young spring, in the luscious summer, and in the ripe and lusty autumn, it is the pleasantest spot for lotus-eating and dreaming in by-arbours of Armida's gardens to be found between Windermere and Loweswater. Unimportant, uncommercial, unproductive, but serene, beautiful, and happy, it is like some gracious lady sitting by the wayside and offering milk to thirsty travellers."

The little cottage at Grasmere, to which Wordsworth brought home his wife, and where he wrote some of his finest poems, including the noblest of them all, the "Intimations of Immortality," is now in the possession of a shoemaker, and is let as a lodging-house.

From his headquarters at Ambleside, the tourist can make several delightful excursions, more conveniently, perhaps, than from any other spot. He should visit Langdale, not solely for its own beauty and grandeur (though this reason were surely sufficient), for who does not remember that at Langdale Hall lived Sir Leoline and Cristabel? He should take a two-horse car and drive to Coniston Water, returning, albeit the driver may grumble at the badness of the road, through Yewdale and Tilberthwaite, by the slate quarries, and Holmground, by Skelwith-bridge, and Brathay. This is, perhaps, the finest drive in the district, and there is one portion of it which Wilson said he preferred to the Pass over the Simplon. The variety of the mountain ranges, the majestic sweep of the hills, the distant views, and the beauty lying at your feet, all unite in giving a charm to

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the excursion which it is hardly possible to describe. In the Handbook the pedestrian is recommended to make his way to Coniston by Skelwith and Yewdale, but it is, I think, preferable to visit these spots *en route* for Ambleside. Coniston, by the way, may tempt the traveller to linger for more than a few hours, for there is the Lake to be visited, and the Old Man, a grand but not very lofty mountain, to be ascended. Coniston is accessible from the south, as there is a line of railway from Furness, and it can also boast a first-class hotel, one of the most comfortable, says Miss Martineau, in England; but, despite these advantages, the lake is said to be the least visited. Ullswater, for which a return ticket by coach can be taken from Bowness, has a higher fame, and is worthy of it. There is a large hotel on its banks, and another at Patterdale, from whence it is customary to make the ascent of Helvellyn; there are guides here, offering their services, and ponies to ascend the mountain, and a steamer to explore the lake, and, in the season, considerable gaiety and excitement. But there is solitude, also, for those who love it—lonely mountain sides and sunny valleys—much that is solemn—much, also, that opens the heart to all cheerful influences. There are half-a-score places in the Lake regions which seem specially marked out for the enjoyments of a honeymoon, and Ullswater is one of them.

The traveller who has spent a day or two at the "Salutation Hotel," Ambleside, will be loath to leave it; but a bright, sunshiny morning may tempt him, nevertheless, when he has taken a last lingering look at Stock Ghyll Force, to mount the coach and proceed to Keswick—a difficult matter, sometimes, as the vehicle startes from Windermere, and may be full before reaching Ambleside. The distance is seventeen miles, and Wordsworth, whose residence was two miles nearer, thought little of walking over to drink tea with Southey, and returning to Rydal Mount the same evening. The villagers used to say he was always "booing about," and indeed it was while taking these long and lonely rambles that he performed the work of his life. "A pedestrian is a great ass," said Christopher North, and he wrote from a rare experience. But, of course, when writing thus, he alluded to cockney tourists, and not to lake poets. Londoners, with little time and less money, will find it economical to employ the railroad or coach for all long distances, and if bent on performing muscular feats, there are mountains to be climbed, on which they can prove their metal. Sit, then, behind four horses, as in the old coach days, and they will carry you with as much swiftness as the road will allow past Miss Martineau's pretty cottage, by Rydal Mount and Rydal, through Grasmere—"the very Eden of English beauty, peace, and pastoral solitude"—past Helm Crag, by the little beck which runs at the foot of Steel Fell, and divides Westmoreland and Cumberland, through the Pass of Dunmail Raise, from whence you look down upon Thirle-

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mere, the highest of all the English lakes, past the tiny church of Wythburn, "as lowly as the lowliest dwelling," and the little inn, which was once the "Cherry Tree," described by Wordsworth, in his "Waggoner," where excursionists frequently alight who wish to ascend Helvellyn, for the mighty mountain is on your right, and at its feet is the Vale of St. John's, and soon you catch a fine glimpse of Saddleback and Skiddaw, and then suddenly turning the road, the Vale of Keswick appears, with Derwentwater and Borrowdale, the town of Keswick itself, and the lake of Bassenthwaite lying beyond it. This, says the Handbook, is admitted to be the finest view in the Lake District. It may be; but the finest views are not always the most impressive, and it is doubtful whether the recollection of it will remain as vivid as of some other scenes in which the beauty is more circumscribed and brought nearer to the eye.

Last year a splendid hotel was opened at Keswick; it adjoins the station, and it would be difficult to choose a more comfortable halting-place. From it ponies may be secured and Skiddaw ascended, on the summit of which you can alight by a heap of stones, and while the wind is freezing your blood and the teeth are chattering in your head, the guide will point out a score of mountains, the names of which you will immediately forget, and tell you that you may see the coast of Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Solway, Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, and even the king of the Welsh mountains himself, when the weather is clear enough,—which it never is.

Far more delightful, though lest notable, are the views from Castle Hill, or Walla Crag, or from Crow Park, which Gray loved so fondly. But it is idle to point out the beauties of Keswick scenery. Go where you will, and the eye is gladdened by mountain ranges, while close at hand are delicious lanes and rustic cottages, quiet meadows, and leafy nooks, and, crowning all, the lake of Derwent, most beautiful of inland waters. Southey's house—the well-known Greta Hall—lies at a short distance from the town, on a slight eminence; it is not generally shown, but I obtained admittance last year, in the absence of the owner. Writing of his library in the "Colloquies," the Laureate says: "Here I possess the gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations laid up in my garners; and when I go to the window, there is the lake, and the circle of mountains, and the illimitable sky." These grand objects remain, but the growth of trees has considerably obstructed the view, and within doors there is no longer any trace of Southey. The room which was once his library and study was crowded with valuable and useless lumber; pictures, stuffed birds, articles of vertu, and curiosities of the most heterogeneous description, lay about upon the floor, or were packed against the walls. Other rooms, too, were crammed with such strange objects as a man might collect who had travelled over the world, and these

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objects lay confusedly about, so that it was difficult to find a passage through them. The parlour which Coleridge once occupied is pointed out, and the small, gloomy chamber in which Southey died. It was a natural impulse upon leaving this room, in which one would willingly have lingered, to visit the poet's monument in Crossthwaite church—a fine recumbent marble figure, executed by Lough ; and the grave in the churchyard, where, in sure and certain hope, his body was placed beside those of his beloved wife, his son Herbert, and his daughters, Emma and Isabel.

One of the lions of Keswick is the cataract at Lodore, which has perhaps been over-praised. Yet it has a classic name, and should be visited; and then, if the tourist be wise, he will drive or walk through Borrowdale and Buttermere, and put up for the night at the Victoria Inn. "Very humble accommodation," says the Handbook; but it is clean, comfortable, and cosy; and if the fare be rough, it is wholesome. Rise early in the morning, and ascend Red Pike; or if that is too great an undertaking, Buttermere How. Crummock Water, too, is near at hand, and is separated by a little stream from the lake of Buttermere. Either of these expeditions will suffice to give an appetite for breakfast; and then, having eaten and rested, start on pony-back with a guide and some good friend—for companionship is needful in these lonely regions —over Scarf Gap and Black Sail for Wastdale, and you will have as fine and wild a bit of mountain scenery as may be met with in Great Britain. Wastdale is the most solemn—some will say gloomy —of all the lakes, for the dark shadow of Scawfell hangs over it, the loftiest of the lake mountains, and the most difficult of ascent. The little inn in the dale is kept by Ritson, a true Cumberland man, who has many a strange story to tell of Christopher North, whose name and fame still live in these wild districts. There is a farmhouse too, kept also by a Ritson, in which strangers are welcomed and hospitably treated. The church should be visited, for it is the smallest in England, consisting only of eight pews ; and not far from it is, or was, a dilapidated shed once known as the school-house. I looked in at the broken window, and saw the master's desk, old and worn, in one corner, a form or two, a writing-table, and a few school implements strewed about. The poor pedagogues had been accustomed to live week or month about with the fathers of their pupils—a servile position, which the last master felt too keenly. He committed suicide, and the room, if it may be called a room, in which he taught his pupils, had been closed ever since. Wastdale is one of those grand and gloomy spots which you leave without lingering, and as you pass upward into brighter regions you wonder how men, women, and little children also, can enjoy life year after year in a place so lonely and unfruitful, hemmed in by moun-

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tains, snow-covered all the winter through, and by the black waters of the lake. From hence to Rossthwaite, however, through a glorious pass, is only ten rough mountain miles, and there, though the mountains still surround, they do not close upon you and oppress you, for you can see far away up the Borrowdale valley, and there are wooded heights to ascend, and meadows of the brightest green in which to luxuriate, and a river running swiftly and clearly over the smooth stones, and at the "Royal Oak" a kindly welcome will greet the traveller, and the simple dainties of the farm, well-cooked and served, will soothe his temper and appease his appetite. Two years ago a well-known historian spent several weeks under this homely roof, and for the work done in that cosy retirement the public will ere long have to thank him.

It is pleasant to linger even in memory among these mountains; but pleasanter, unfortunately, for a writer than for his readers. The impressions thus recalled cannot be transferred. Those who have grown up among the English Lakes, who know with the familiar knowledge of years every beck and fell, every ghyll and pike, every lonely tarn and woodland combe, within twenty miles of their homes, will find something to interest them in the minutest detail of the Handbook; but they will, I fear, be dissatisfied with the rough and necessarily imperfect manner in which a few dearly-loved scenes have been described in this paper, and dissatisfied also at the omission of others equally loved and familiar. On the other hand, those who are still ignorant of the Lake country, or know it only through pictures or photographs, will not care to read about mountains they have never climbed or lakes on which they have never sailed. But it is at least well to remind them that such ignorance may be overcome, and should be speedily. Saddleback, Helvellyn, and Scawfell, Derwentwater, Windermere, and Coniston, should be something more than familiar names to which the eye has been accustomed on the map; the Duddon should be followed by cheerful pilgrims from its source upon Wrynose Fell; the mountain walks immortalised by Wordsworth, which all of us have trodden in fancy, should be trodden also with eager footsteps; the land which so lately nourished some of England's wisest teachers and singers should be the resort of all Englishmen who can appreciate genius, not for the indulgence of hero-worship, but from the instinct which prompts us reverently to visit spots in which noble deeds have been done or great thoughts uttered.

JOHN DENNIS.

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VITTORIA.

Chapter XXXVII.

ON LAGO MAGGIORE.

Carlo's hours were passed chiefly across the lake, in the Piedmontese valleys. When at Pallanza he was restless, and he shunned the two or three minutes of privacy with his betrothed which the rigorous Italian laws besetting courtship might have allowed him to take. He had perpetually the look of a man starting from wine. It was evident that he and Countess d'Isorella continued to hold close communication, for she came regularly to the villa to meet him. On these occasions Countess Ammiani accorded her one ceremonious interview, and straightway locked herself in her room. Violetta's grace of ease and vivacity soared too high to be subject to any hostile judgment of her character. She seemed to rely entirely on the force of her beauty, and to care little for those who did not acknowledge it. She accepted public compliments quite royally, nor was Agostino backward in offering them. "And you have a voice, you know," he sometimes said aside to Vittoria; but she had forgotten how easily she could swallow great praise of her voice; she had almost forgotten her voice. Her delight was to hang her head above inverted mountains in the lake, and dream that she was just something better than the poorest of human creatures. She could not avoid putting her mind in competition with this brilliant woman's, and feeling eclipsed; and her weakness became pitiable. But, Countess d'Isorella mentioned once that Pericles was at the Villa Ricciardi, projecting magnificent operatic entertainments. The reviving of a passion to sing possessed Vittoria like a thirst for freedom, and instantly confused all the reflected images within her, as the fury of a sudden wind from the high Alps scourges the glassy surface of the lake. She begged Countess Ammiani's permission that she might propose to Pericles to sing in his private operatic company, in any part, at the shortest notice.

"You wish to leave me?" said the countess, and resolutely conceived it.

Speaking to her son on this subject, she thought it necessary to make some excuse for a singer's instinct, who really did not live save on the stage. It amused Carlo; he knew that his mother was really angry with persons she tried to shield from the anger of others; and her not seeing the wrong on his side in his behaviour towards his betrothed was laughable. Nevertheless she had divined the case more correctly than he: the lover was hurt. After what

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he had endured, he supposed, with all his forgivingness, that he had an illimitable claim upon his bride's patience. He told his mother to speak to her openly.

"Why not you, my Carlo?" said the countess.

"Because, mother, if I speak to her, I shall end by throwing out my arms and calling for the priest."

"I would clap hands to that."

"We will see; it may be soon or late, but it can't be now."

"How much am I to tell her, Carlo?"

"Enough to keep her from fretting."

The countess then asked herself how much she knew. Her habit of receiving her son's word and will as supreme kept her ignorant of anything beyond the outline of his plans; and being told to speak openly of them to another, she discovered that her acquiescing imagination supplied the chief part of her knowledge. She was ashamed also to have it thought, even by Carlo, that she had not gathered every detail of his occupation, so that she could not argue against him, and had to submit to see her dearest wishes lightly swept aside.

"I beg you to tell me what you think of Countess d'Isorella; not the afterthought," she said to Vittoria.

"She is beautiful, dear Countess Ammiani."

"Call me mother now and then. Yes; she is beautiful. She has a bad name."

"Envy must have given it, I think."

"Of course she provokes envy. But I say that her name is bad, as envy could not make it. She is a woman who goes on missions, and carries a husband into society like a passport. You have only thought of her beauty?"

"I can see nothing else," said Vittoria, whose torture at the sight of the beauty was appeased by her disingenuous pleading on its behalf.

"In my time Beauty was a sinner," the countess resumed. "My confessor has filled my ears with warnings that it is a net to the soul, a weapon for devils. May the saints of Paradise make bare the beauty of this woman. She has persuaded Carlo that she is serving the country. You have let him lie here alone in a fruitless bed, silly girl. He stayed for you while his comrades called him to Vercelli, where they are assembled. The man whom he salutes as his chief gave him word to go there. They are bound for Rome. Ah me! Rome is a great name, but Lombardy is Carlo's natal home, and Lombardy bleeds. You were absent—how long you were absent! If you could know the heaviness of those days of his waiting for you. And it was I who kept him here! I must have omitted a prayer, for he would have been at Vercelli now with Luciano and Emilio,

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and you might have gone to him; but he met this woman, who has convinced him that Piedmont will make a winter march, and that his marriage must be delayed." The countess raised her face and drooped her hands from the wrists, exclaiming, "If I have lately omitted one prayer, enlighten me, blessed Heaven! I am blind; I cannot see for my son; I am quite blind. I do not love the woman; therefore I doubt myself. You, my daughter, tell me your thought of her, tell me what you think. Young eyes observe; young heads are sometimes shrewd in guessing."

Vittoria said, after a pause, "I will believe her to be true, if she supports the king." It was hardly truthful speaking on her part.

"How can Carlo have been persuaded!" the countess sighed.

"By me?" Vittoria asked herself with a glad thrill, and for a moment she was exulting.

She spoke from that emotion when it had ceased to animate her.

"Carlo was angry with the king. He echoed Agostino, but Agostino does not sting as he did, and Carlo cannot avoid seeing what the king has sacrificed. Perhaps the Countess d'Isorella has shown him promises of fresh aid in the king's handwriting. Suffering has made Carlo Alberto one with the Republicans, if he had other ambitions once. And Carlo dedicates his blood to Lombardy: he does rightly. Dear countess—my mother! I have made him wait for me; I will be patient in waiting for him. I know that Countess d'Isorella is intimate with the king. There is a man named Barto Rizzo, who thinks me a guilty traitress, and she is making use of this man. That must be her reason for prohibiting the marriage. She cannot be false if she is capable of uniting extreme revolutionary agents and the king in one plot,—I think; I do not know," Vittoria concluded her perfect expression of confidence with this atoning doubtfulness.

Countess Ammiani obtained her consent that she would not quit her side.

After Violetta had gone, Carlo, though he shunned secret interviews, addressed his betrothed as one who was not strange to his occupation, and the trial his heart was undergoing. She could not doubt that she was beloved, in spite of the colourlessness and tonelessness of a love that appealed to her intellect. He showed her a letter he had received from Laura, laughing at its abuse of Countess d'Isorella, and the sarcasms levelled at himself.

In this letter Laura said that she was engaged in something besides nursing.

Carlo pointed his finger to the sentence, and remarked, "I must have your promise—a word from you is enough—that you will not meddle with any intrigue."

Vittoria gave the promise, half trusting it to bring the lost bloom

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of their love to him; but he received it as a plain matter of necessity. Certain of his love, she wondered painfully that it should continue so barren of music.

"Why am I to pledge myself that I will be useless?" she asked. "You mean, my Carlo, that I am to sit still, and watch, and wait."

He answered, "I will tell you this much: I can be struck vitally through you. In the game I am playing, I am able to defend myself. If you enter it, distraction begins. Stay with my mother."

"Am I to know nothing?"

"Everything—in good time."

"I might—might I not help you, my Carlo?"

"Yes; and nobly too. And I show you the way."

Agostino and Carlo made an expedition to Turin. Before he went, Carlo took her in his arms.

"Is it coming?" she said, shutting her eyelids like a child expecting the report of firearms.

He pressed his lips to the closed eyes. "Not yet; but are you growing timid?"

His voice seemed to reprove her.

She could have told him that keeping her in the dark among unknown terrors ruined her courage; but the minutes were too precious, his touch too sweet. In eyes and hands he had become her lover again. The blissful minutes rolled away like waves that keep the sunshine out at sea.

Her solitude in the villa was beguiled by the arrival of the score of an operatic scena, entitled "HAGAR," by Rocco Ricci, which she fancied that either Carlo or her dear old master had sent, and she devoured it. She thought it written expressly for her. With HAGAR she communed during the long hours, and sang herself on towards the verge of an imagined desert beyond the mountain-shadowed lake and the last view of her beloved Motterone. Guercino's "Hagar"—the face of tears—was known to her; and Hagar in her "Addio" gave the living voice to that dumb one. Vittoria revelled in the delicious vocal misery. She expanded with the sorrow of poor Hagar, whose tears refreshed her, and parted her from her recent narrowing self-consciousness. The great green mountain fronted her like a living presence. Motterone supplied the place of the robust and venerable Patriarch, whom she reproached, and worshipped, but with a fathomless burdensome sense of cruel injustice, deeper than the tears or the voice which spoke of it: a feeling of subjected love that was like a mother's giving suck to a detested child. Countess Ammiani saw the abrupt alteration of her step and look with a dim surprise. "What do you conceal from me?" she asked, and supplied the answer by charitably attributing it to news that the signora Piaveni was coming.

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When Laura came the countess thanked her, saying—"I am a wretched companion for this boiling head."

Laura soon proved to her that she had been the best, for after very few hours Vittoria was looking like the Hagar on the canvas.

A woman such as Violetta d'Isorella was of the sort from which Laura shrank with all her feminine power of loathing; but she spoke of her with some effort at personal tolerance until she heard of Violetta's stipulation for the deferring of Carlo's marriage, and contrived to guess that Carlo was reserved and unfamiliar with his betrothed. Then she cried out, "Fool that he is! Is it ever possible to come to the end of the folly of men? She has inflamed his vanity. She met him when you were holding him waiting, and no doubt she commenced with lamentations over the country, followed by a sigh, a fixed look, a cheerful air, and the assurance to him that she *knew* it—uttered as if through the keyhole of the royal cabinet—she knew that Sardinia would break the Salasco armistice in a month:—if only, *if* the king could be sure of support from the youth of Lombardy."

"Do you suspect the unhappy king?" Vittoria interposed.

"Grasp your colours tight," said Laura, nodding sarcastic approbation of such fidelity, and smiling slightly. "There has been no mention of the king. Countess d'Isorella is a spy and a tool of the Jesuits, taking pay from all parties—Austrian as well, I would swear. Their object is to paralyse the march on Rome, and she has won Carlo for them. I am told that Barto Rizzo is another of her conquests. Thus she has a madman and a fool, and what may not be done with a madman and a fool! However, I have set a watch on her. She must have inflamed Carlo's vanity. He has it, just as they all have. There's trickery: I would rather behold the boy charging at the head of a column than putting faith in this base creature. She must have simulated well," Laura went on talking to herself.

"What trickery?" said Vittoria.

"He was in love with the woman when he was a lad," Laura replied, and pertinently to Vittoria's feelings. This threw the moist shade across her features.

Beppo in Turin and Luigi on the lake were the watch set on Countess d'Isorella; they were useless save to fortify Laura's suspicions. The Duchess of Graätli wrote mere gossip from Milan. She mentioned that Anna of Lenkenstein had visited with her the tomb of her brother, Count Paul, at Bologna, and had returned in double mourning; and that Madame Sedley—"the sister of our poor ruined Pierson"—had obtained grace, for herself at least, from Anna, by casting herself at Anna's feet, and that they were now friends.

Vittoria felt rather ashamed of Adela.

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When Carlo returned, the signora attacked him boldly with all her weapons; reproached him; said, "Would my husband have treated me in such a manner?" Carlo twisted his moustache and stroked his young beard for patience. They passed from room to balcony and terrace, and Laura brought him back into company without cessation of her fire of questions and sarcasms, saying, "No, no; we will speak of these things publicly." She appealed alternately to Agostino, Vittoria, and Countess Ammiani for support, and as she certainly spoke sense, Carlo was reduced to gloom and silence. Laura then paused. "Surely you have punished your bride enough?" she said; and more softly, "Brother of my Giacomo! you are under an evil spell."

Carlo started up in anger. Bending to Vittoria, he offered her his hand to lead her out. They went together.

"A good sign," said the countess.

"A bad sign!" Laura sighed. "If he had taken *me* out for explanation! But tell me, my Agostino, are you the woman's dupe?"

"I have been," Agostino admitted frankly.

"You did really put faith in her?"

"She condescends to be so excessively charming."

"You could not advance a better reason."

"It is one of our best; perhaps our very best, where your sex is concerned, signora."

"You are her dupe no more?"

"No more. Oh, dear, no!"

"You understand her now, do you?"

"For the very reason, signora, that I have been her dupe. That is, I am beginning to understand her. I am not yet in possession of the key."

"Not yet in possession!" said Laura contemptuously; "but, never mind. Now for Carlo."

"Now for Carlo. He declares that he never has been deceived by her."

"He is perilously vain," sighed the signora.

"Seriously"—Agostino drew out the length of his beard—"'I do not suppose that he has been—boys, you know, are so acute. He fancies he can make her of service, and he shows some skill."

"The skill of a fish to get into the net!"

"My dearest signora, you do not allow for the times. I remember"—Agostino peered upward through his eyelashes in a way that he had—"I remember seeing in a meadow a gossamer running away with a spider-thread. It was against all calculation. But, observe: there were exterior agencies at work: a stout wind blew. The ordinary reckoning is based on calms. Without the operation of dis-

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turbing elements, the spider-thread would have gently detained the gossamer."

"Is that meant for my son?" Countess Ammiani asked slowly, with incredulous emphasis.

Agostino and Laura, laughing in their hearts at the mother's mysterious veneration for Carlo, had to explain that 'gossamer' was a poetic, generic term, to embrace the lighter qualities of masculine youth.

A woman's figure passed swiftly by the window, which led Laura to suppose that the couple outside had parted. She ran forth, calling to one of them, but they came hand in hand, declaring that they had seen neither woman nor man. "And I am happy," Vittoria whispered. She looked happy, pale though she was.

"It is only my dreadful longing for rest which makes me pale," she said to Laura, when they were alone. "Carlo has proved to me that he is wiser than I am."

"A proof that you love Carlo, perhaps," Laura rejoined.

"Dearest, he speaks more gently of the king."

"It may be cunning, or it may be carelessness."

"Will nothing satisfy you, wilful sceptic? He is quite alive to the Countess d'Isorella's character. He told me how she dazzled him once."

"Not how she has entangled him now?"

"It is not true. He told me what I should like to dream over without talking any more to anybody. Ah, what a delight! to have known him, as you did, when he was a boy. Can one who knew him then mean harm to him? I am not capable of imagining it. No; he will not abandon poor broken Lombardy, and he is right; and it is my duty to sit and wait. No shadow shall come between us. He has said it, and I have said it. We have but one thing to fear, which it is contemptible to fear; so I am at peace."

"Love-sick," was Laura's mental comment. Yet when Carlo explained his position to her next day, she was milder in her condemnation of him, and even admitted that a man must be guided by such brains as he possesses. He had conceived that his mother had a right to claim one month from him at the close of the war; he said this reddening. Laura nodded. He confessed that he was irritated when he met the Countess d'Isorella, with whom, to his astonishment, he found Barto Rizzo. She had picked him up, weak from a paroxysm, on the highroad to Milan. "And she tamed the brute," said Carlo, in admiration of her ability; "she saw that he was *plot mad*, and she set him at work on a stupendous plot; agents running nowhere, and scribblings concentering in her work-basket! You smile at me, as if I were a similar patient, signora. But I am my own agent. I have personally seen all my men in

Turin and elsewhere. Violetta has not one grain of love for her country; but she can be made to serve it. As for me, I have gone too far to think of turning aside and drilling with Luciano. He may yet be diverted from Rome, to strike another blow for Lombardy. The chief, I know, has some religious sentiment about Rome. So might I have; it is the Head of Italy. Let us raise the body first. And we have been beaten here. Great gods! we will have another fight for it on the same spot, and quickly. Besides, I cannot face Luciano, and tell him why I was away from him in the dark hour. How can I tell him that I was lingering to bear a bride to the altar? while he and the rest—poor fellows! Hard enough to have to mention it to you, signora!"

She understood his boyish sense of shame. Making smooth allowances for a feeling natural to his youth and the circumstances, she said, "I am your sister, for you were my husband's brother-in-arms, Carlo. We two speak heart to heart: I sometimes fancy you have that voice: you hurt me with it more than you know; gladden me too! My Carlo, I wish to hear why Countess d'Isorella objects to your marriage."

"She does not object."

"An answer that begins by quibbling is not propitious. She opposes it."

"For this reason: you have not forgotten the bronze butterfly."

"I see more clearly," said Laura, with a start.

"There appears to be no cure for the brute's mad suspicion of her," Carlo pursued; "and he is powerful among the Milanese. If my darling takes my name, he can damage much of my influence, and—you know what there is to be dreaded from a fanatic."

Laura nodded, as if in full agreement with him, and said, after meditating a minute, "What sort of a lover is this!" She added a little laugh to the singular interjection.

"Yes, I have also thought of a secret marriage," said Carlo, stung by her penetrating instinct so that he was enabled to read the meaning in her mind.

"The best way, when you are afflicted by a dilemma of such a character, my Carlo," the signora looked at him, "is to take a chess-table and make your moves on it. 'King—my duty;' 'queen—my passion;' 'bishop—my social obligation;' 'knight—my what-you-will and my round-the-corner wishes.' Then, if you find that queen may be gratified without endangering king, and so forth, why, you may follow your inclinations; and if not, not. My Carlo, you are either enviably cool, or you are an enviable hypocrite."

"The matter is not quite so easily settled as that," said Carlo.

On the whole, though against her preconception, Laura thought him an honest lover, and not the player of a double game. She saw

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that Vittoria should have been with him in the critical hour of defeat, when his passions were down, and heaven knows what weakness of his common manhood, that was partly pride, partly love-craving, made his nature waxen to every impression; a season, as Laura knew, when the mistress of a loyal lover should not withhold herself from him. A nature tender like Carlo's, and he bearing an enamoured heart, could not, as Luciano Romara had done, pass instantly from defeat to drill. And vain as Carlo was (the vanity being most intricate and subtle, like a nervous fluid), he was very open to the belief that he could diplomatize as well as fight, and lead a movement yet better than follow it. Even so the signora tried to read his case.

They were all, excepting Countess Ammiani ("who will never, I fear, do me this honour," Violetta wrote, and the countess said, "Never," and quoted a proverb), about to pass three or four days at the villa of Countess d'Isorella. Before they set out, Vittoria received a portentous envelope containing a long scroll, that was headed "YOUR CRIMES," and detailed a list of her offences against the country, from the revelation of the plot in her first letter to Wilfrid, to services rendered to the enemy during the war, up to the departure of Charles Albert out of forsaken Milan.

"B. R." was the undisguised signature at the end of the scroll.

Things of this description restored her old war-spirit to Vittoria. She handed the scroll to Laura; Laura, in great alarm, passed it on to Carlo. He sent for Angelo Guidascarpi in haste, for Carlo read it as an ante-dated justificatory document to some mischievous design, and he desired that hands as sure as his own, and yet more vigilant eyes, should keep watch over his betrothed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VIOLETTA D'ISORELLA.

THE villa inhabited by Countess d'Isorella was on the water's edge, within clear view of the projecting Villa Ricciardi, in that darkly-wooded region of the lake which leads up to the Italian-Swiss canton.

Violetta received here an envoy from Anna of Lenkenstein, direct out of Milan: an English lady, calling herself Mistress Sedley, and a particular friend of Countess Anna. At one glance Violetta saw that her visitor had the pretension to match her arts against her own; so, to sound her thoroughly, she offered her the hospitalities of the villa for a day or more. The invitation was accepted. Much to Violetta's astonishment, the lady betrayed no anxiety to state the exact terms of her mission; she appeared, on the contrary, to have

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an unbounded satisfaction in the society of her hostess, and prattled of herself, and Antonio-Pericles, and her old affection for Vittoria, with the wiliest simplicity, only requiring to be assured at times that she spoke intelligible Italian and exquisite French. Violetta supposed her to feel that she commanded the situation. Patient study of this woman revealed to Violetta the amazing fact that she was dealing with a born bourgeoise, who, not devoid of petty acuteness, was unaffectedly enjoying her noble small talk, and the prospect of a footing in Italian high society. Violetta smiled at the comedy she had been playing in, scarcely reproaching herself for not having imagined it. She proceeded to the point of business without further delay.

Adela Sedley had nothing but a verbal message to deliver. The Countess Anna of Lenkenstein offered, on her word of honour as a noblewoman, to make over the quarter of her estate and patrimony to the Countess d'Isorella, if the latter should succeed in thwarting—something.

Forced to speak plainly, Adela confessed she thought she knew the nature of that something.

To preclude its being named, Violetta then diverged from the subject.

"We will go round to your friend the Signor Antonio-Pericles at Villa Ricciardi," she said. "You will see that he treats me familiarly, but he is not a lover of mine. I suspect your 'something' has something to do with the Jesuits."

Adela Sedley replied to the penultimate sentence: "It would not surprise me, indeed, to hear of any number of adorers."

"I have the usual retinue, possibly," said Violetta.

"Dear countess, I could be one of them myself!" Adela burst out with tentative boldness.

"Then, kiss me."

And behold, they interchanged that unsweet performance.

Adela's lips were unlocked by it.

"How many would envy me, dear Countess d'Isorella!"

She really conceived that she was driving into Violetta's heart by the great high road of feminine vanity. Violetta permitted her to think as she liked.

"Your countrywomen, madame, do not make large allowances for beauty, I hear."

"None at all. But they are so stiff! so frigid! I know one, a Miss Ford, now in Italy, who would not let me have a male friend, and a character, in conjunction."

"You are acquainted with Count Karl Lenkenstein?"

Adela blushingly acknowledged it.

"The whisper goes that I was once admired by him," said Violetta.

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"And by Count Ammiani."

"By count? by milord? by prince? by king?"

"By all who have good taste."

"Was it jealousy, then, that made Countess Anna hate me?"

"She could not—or she cannot now."

"Because I have not taken possession of her brother."

"I could not—may I say it?—I could not understand his infatuation until Countess Anna showed me the portrait of Italy's most beautiful living woman. She told me to look at the last of the Borgia family."

Violetta laughed out clear music. "And now you see her?"

"She said that it had saved her brother's life. It has a star and a scratch on the left cheek from a dagger. He wore it on his heart, and an assassin struck him there: a true romance. Countess Anna said to me that it had saved one brother, and that it should help to avenge the other. She has not spoken to me of Jesuits."

"Nothing at all of the Jesuits?" said Violetta, carelessly. "Perhaps she wishes to use my endeavours to get the Salasco armistice prolonged, and tempts me, knowing I am a prodigal. Austria is victorious, you know, but she wants peace. Is that the case? I do not press you to answer."

Adela replied hesitatingly: "Are you aware, countess, whether there is any truth in the report that Countess Lena has a passion for Count Ammiani?"

"Ah, then," said Violetta, "Countess Lena's sister would naturally wish to prevent his contemplated marriage! We may have read the riddle at last. Are you discreet? If you are, you will let it be known that I had the honour of becoming intimate with you in Turin—say, at the Court. We shall meet frequently there during winter, I trust, if you care to make a comparison of the Italian with the Austrian nobility."

An eloquent "Oh!" escaped from Adela's bosom. She had certainly not expected to win her way with this estimable Italian titled lady thus rapidly. Violetta had managed her so well that she was no longer sure whether she did know the exact nature of her mission, the words of which she had faithfully transmitted as having been alone confided to her. It was with chagrin that she saw Pericles put his forefinger on a salient dimple of the countess's cheek when he welcomed them. He puffed and blew like one working simultaneously at bugle and big drum on hearing an allusion to Vittoria. The mention of the name of that abominable traitress was interdicted at Villa Ricciardi; he said she had dragged him at two armies' tails to find his right senses at last: Pericles was cured of his passion for her at last. He had been mad, but he was cured, and so forth, in the old strain. His preparations for a private operatic performance

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diverted him from these fierce incriminations, and he tripped busily from spot to spot, conducting the ladies over the tumbled lower floors of the spacious villa, and calling their admiration on the desolation of the scene. Then they went up to the maestro's room. Pericles became deeply considerate for the master's privacy. "He is my slave; the man has ruined himself for la Vittoria; but I respect the impersonation of art," he said under his breath to the ladies as they stood at the door; "hark!" The piano was touched, and the voice of Irma di Karski broke out in a shrill crescendo. Rocco Ricci within gave tongue to the vehement damnatory dance of Pericles outside. Rocco struck his piano again encouragingly for a second attempt, but Irma was sobbing. She was heard to say: "This is the fifteenth time you have pulled me down in one morning. You hate me; you do; you hate me." Rocco ran his fingers across the keys, and again struck the octave for Irma. Pericles wiped his forehead when, impenitent and unteachable, she took the notes in the manner of a cock. He thumped at the door violently and entered.

"Excellent! horrid! brava! abominable! beautiful! My Irma, you have reached the skies. You ascend like a firework, and crown yourself at the top. No more to-day; but descend at your leisure, my dear, and we will try to mount again by-and-by, and not so fast, if you please. Ha! your voice is a race-horse. You will learn to ride him with temper and judgment, and you will go. Not so, my Rocco! Irma, you want repose, my dear. One thing I guarantee to you—you will please the public. It is a minor thing that you should please me."

Countess d'Isorella led Irma away, and had to bear with many fits of weeping, and to assent to the force of all the charges of vindictive conspiracy and inveterate malice with which the jealous creature assailed Vittoria's name. The countess then claimed her ear for half a minute.

"Have you had any news of Countess Anna lately?"

Irma had not; she admitted it despondently. "There is such a vile conspiracy against me in Italy—and Italy is a poor singer's fame—that I should be tempted to do anything. And I detest la Vittoria. She has such a hold on this Antonio-Pericles, I don't see how I can hurt her, unless I meet her and fly at her throat."

"You naturally detest her," said the countess. "Repeat Countess Anna's proposition to you."

"It was insulting—she offered me money."

"That you should persuade *me* to assist you in preventing la Vittoria's marriage to Count Ammiani?"

"Dear lady, you know I did not try to persuade you."

"You knew that you would not succeed, my Irma. But Count Ammiani will not marry her; so you will have a right to claim

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some reward. I do not think that la Vittoria is quite idle. Look out for yourself, my child. If you take to plotting, remember it is a game of two."

"If she thwarts me in one single step, I will let loose that madman on her," said Irma, trembling.

"You mean the Signor Antonio-Pericles?"

"No; I mean that furious man I saw at your villa, dear countess."

"Ah! Barto Rizzo. A very furious man. He bellowed when he heard her name, I remember. You must not do it. But, for Count Ammiani's sake, I desire to see his marriage postponed, at least."

"Where is she?" Irma inquired.

The countess shrugged. "Even though I knew, I could not prudently tell you in your present excited state."

She went to Pericles for a loan of money. Pericles remarked that there was not much of it in Turin. "But, countess, you whirl the gold-pieces like dust from your wheels; and a spy, my good soul, a lovely secret emissary, she will be getting underpaid if she allows herself to want money. There is your beauty; it is ripe, but it is fresh, and it is extraordinary. Yes; there is your beauty." Before she could obtain a promise of the money, Violetta had to submit to be stripped to her character, which was hard; but on the other hand, Pericles exacted no interest on his money, and it was not often that he exacted a return of it in coin. Under these circumstances, ladies in need of money can find it in their hearts to pardon mere brutality of phrase. Pericles promised to send it to the countess on one condition; which condition he cancelled, saying dejectedly, "I do not care to know where she is. I will not know."

"She has the score of *Hagar*, wherever she is," said Violetta, "and when she hears that you have done the scena without her aid, you will have struck a dagger in her bosom."

"Not," Pericles cried in despair, "not if she should hear Irma's Hagar. To the desert with Irma! It is the place for a crab-apple. Bravo, Abraham! you were wise."

Pericles added that Montini was hourly expected, and that there was to be a rehearsal in the evening.

When she had driven home, Violetta found Barto Rizzo's accusatory paper was laid on her writing-desk. She gathered the contents in a careless glance, and walked into the garden alone, to look for Carlo.

He was leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, near the water-gate, looking into the deep clear lake-water. Violetta placed herself beside him without a greeting.

"You are watching fish for coolness, my Carlo?"

"Yes," he said, and did not turn to her face.

"You were very angry when you arrived?"

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She waited for his reply.

"Why do you not speak, Carlino?"

"I am watching fish for coolness," he said.

"Meantime," said Violetta, "I am scorched."

He looked up, and led her to an arch of shade, where he sat quite silent.

"Can anything be more vexing than this?" she was reduced to exclaim.

"Ah!" said he, "you would like the catalogue to be written out for you in a big bold hand, possibly, with terrific initials at the end of the page."

"Carlo, you have done worse than that. When I saw you first here, what crimes did you not accuse me of? what names did you not scatter on my head? and what things did I not confess to? I bore the unkindness, for you were beaten, and you wanted a victim. And, my dear friend, considering that I am after all a woman, my forbearance has subsequently been still greater."

"How?" he asked. Her half pathetic candour melted him.

"You must have a lively memory for the uses of forgetfulness, Carlo. When you had scourged me well, you thought it proper to raise me up and give me comfort. I was wicked for serving the king, and therefore the country, as a spy; but I was to persevere, and cancel my iniquities by betraying those whom I served to you. That was your instructive precept. Have I done it or not? Answer, too—have I done it for any payment beyond your approbation? I persuaded you to hope for Lombardy, and without any vaunting of my own patriotism. You have seen and spoken to the men I directed you to visit. If their heads master yours, I shall be reprobated for it, I know surely; but I am confident as yet that you can match them. In another month I expect to see the king over the Ticino once more, and Carlo in Brescia with his comrades. You try to penetrate my eyes. That's foolish; I can make them glass. Read me by what I say and what I do. I do not entreat you to trust *me*; I merely beg that you will trust your own judgment of me by what I have helped you to do hitherto. You and I, my dear boy, have had some trifling together. Admit that another woman would have refused to surrender you as I did when your unruly Vittoria was at last induced to come to you from Milan. Or, another woman would have had her revenge on discovering that she had been a puppet of soft eyes and a lover's quarrel with his mistress. Instead of which, I let you go. I am opposed to the marriage, it's true; and you know why."

Carlo had listened to Violetta, measuring the false and the true in this recapitulation of her conduct with cool accuracy until she alluded to their personal relations. Thereat his brows darkened.

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"We have had 'some trifling together,'" he said, musingly.

"Is it going to be denied in these sweeter days?" Violetta reddened.

"The phrase is elastic. Suppose my bride were to hear it?"

"It was addressed to your ears, Carlo."

"It cuts two ways. Will you tell me when it was that I last had the happiness of saluting you, lip to lip?"

"In Brescia—before I had espoused an imbecile—two nights before my marriage—near the fountain of the Greek girl with a pitcher."

Pride and anger nerved the reply. It was uttered in a rapid low breath. Coming altogether unexpectedly, it created an intense momentary revulsion of his feelings by conjuring up his boyish love in a scene more living than the sunlight.

He lifted her hand to his mouth. He was Italian enough, though a lover, to feel that she deserved more. She had reddened deliciously, and therewith hung a dewy rosy moisture on her underlids. Raising her eyes, she looked like a cut orange to a thirsty lip. He kissed her, saying, "Pardon."

"Keep it secret, you mean?" she retorted. "Yes, I pardon that wish of yours. I can pardon much to my beauty."

She stood up as majestically as she had spoken.

"You know, my Violetta, that I am madly in love."

"I have learnt it."

"You know it:—what else would . . . . ? If I were not lost in love, could I see you as I do and let Brescia be the final chapter?"

Violetta sighed. "I should have preferred its being so rather than this superfluous additional line to announce an end, like a foolish staff on the edge of a cliff. You thought that you were saluting a leper, or a saint?"

"Neither. If ever we can talk together again as we have done," Carlo said gloomily, "I will tell you what I think of myself."

"No, but Richelieu might have behaved . . . . Ah! perhaps not quite in the same way," she corrected her flowing apology for him. "But, then, he was a Frenchman. He could be flighty without losing his head. Dear Italian Carlo! Yes, in the teeth of Barto Rizzo, and *for the sake* of the country, marry her at once. It will be the best thing for you; really the best. You want to know from me the whereabouts of Barto Rizzo. He may be in the mountain over Stresa, or in Milan. He also has thrown off my yoke, such as it was! I do assure you, Carlo, I have no command over him: but, mind, I half doat on the wretch. No man made me desperately in love with myself before he saw me, when I stopped his raving in the middle of the road with one look of my face. There was foam on his beard and round his eyes; the poor wretch took out his hand-

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kerchief, and he sobbed. I don't know how many luckless creatures he had killed on his way; but when I took him into my carriage—king, emperor, orator on stilts, minister of police—not one has flattered me as he did, by just gazing at me. Beauty can do as much as music, my Carlo."

Carlo thanked heaven that Violetta had no passion in her nature. She had none: merely a leaning towards evil, a light sense of shame, a desire for money, and in her heart a contempt for the principles she did not possess; but which, apart from the intervention of other influences, could occasionally sway her actions. Friendship, or rather the shadowy recovery of a past attachment that had been more than friendship, inclined her now and then to serve a master who failed distinctly to represent her interests; and when she met Carlo after the close of the war, she had really set to work in hearty kindliness to rescue him from what she termed "shipwreck with that disastrous Republican crew." He had obtained greater ascendency over her than she liked; yet she would have forgiven it, as well as her consequent slight deviation from direct allegiance to her masters in various cities, but for Carlo's commanding personal coolness. She who had tamed a madman by her beauty, was outraged, and not unnaturally, by the indifference of a lover.

Later in the day, Laura and Vittoria, with Agostino, reached the villa; and Adela put her lips to Vittoria's ear, whispering: "Naughty! when are you to lose your liberty to turn men's heads?" and then she heaved a sigh with Wilfrid's name. She had formed the acquaintance of Countess d'Isorella in Turin, she said, and satisfactorily repeated her lesson, but with a blush. She was little more than a shade to Vittoria, who wondered what she had to live for. After the early evening dinner, when sunlight and the colours of the sun were beyond the western mountains, they pushed out on the lake. A moon was overhead, seeming to drop lower on them as she filled with light. Agostino's conceits ran like sparks over dead paper: "The moon was in her nunnery below:" "The clock on the high tower (quasi-campanile) of the Villa Ricciardi blazed to the sunset, deeming it no piece of supererogation to tell the God of Day the hour:" "Or to tell a king he is beaten," said Vittoria, so reminding him of their many discussions upon Charles Albert. Carlo laughed at the queer fall of Agostino's chin.

"We near the vesper hour, my daughter," said Agostino; "you would provoke me to argumentation in heaven itself. I am for peace. I remember looking down on two cats with arched backs in the solitary arena of the Verona amphitheatre. We men, my Carlo, will not, in the decay of time, so conduct ourselves."

"If you mean, that you will allow the hour to pass without discord, I approve you," said Violetta.

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Vittoria looked on Laura and thought of the cannon-sounding hours, whose echoes rolled over their slaughtered hope. The sun fell, the moon shone, and the sun would rise again, but Italy lay face to earth. They had seen her together before the enemy. That recollection was a joy that stood, though the winds beat at it, and the torrents. She loved her friend's worn eyelids and softly-shut mouth; the after-glow of battle seemed on them; the silence of the field of carnage under heaven; and the patient turning of Laura's eyes this way and that to speakers upon common things, covered the despair of her heart as with a soldier's cloak.

Laura met the tender study of Vittoria's look and smiled.

They neared the Villa Ricciardi, and heard singing. The villa was lighted profusely, so that it made a little mock-sunset on the lake.

"Irma!" said Vittoria, astonished at the ring of a well-known voice that shot up in firework fashion, as Pericles had said of it. Incredulous, she listened till she was sure; and then glanced hurried questions at all eyes. Violetta laughed, saying, "You have the score of Rocco Ricci's *Hagar!*"

The boat drew under the blazing windows, and half-guessing, half hearing, Vittoria understood that Pericles was giving an entertainment here, and had abjured her. She was not insensible to the slight. This feeling, joined to her long unsatisfied craving to sing, led her to be intolerant of Irma's style, and visibly vexed her.

Violetta whispered: "He declares that your voice is cracked: show him! Burst out with the 'Addio' of Hagar. May she not, Carlo? Don't you permit the poor soul to sing? She cannot contain herself."

Carlo, Adela, Agostino, and Violetta prompted her, and, catching a pause in the villa, she sang the opening notes of Hagar's "Addio" with her old glorious fulness of tone, and perfect utterance.

The first who called her name was Rocco Ricci, but Pericles was the first to rush out and hang over the boat. "Witch! traitress! infernal ghost! heart of ice!" and in English "humbug!" and in French "coquine!" These were a few of the titles he poured on her. Rocco Ricci and Montini kissed hands to her, begging her to come to them. She was very willing outwardly, and in her heart most eager; but Carlo bade the rowers push off. Then it was pitiful to hear the moans of abject supplication from Pericles. He implored Count Ammiani's pardon, Vittoria's pardon, for telling her what she was; and as the boat drew farther away, he offered her sums of money to enter the villa and sing the score of *Hagar;* sums of money to every form of assistance. He offered to bear the blame of her bad behaviour to him, said he would forget it and

stamp it out; that he would pay for the provisioning of a regiment of volunteers for a whole month; that he would present her marriage trousseau to her—yea, and let her marry. "Sandra! my dear! my dear!" he cried, and stretched over the parapet speechless, like a puppet slain.

So strongly did she comprehend the sincerity of his passion for her voice that she could, or would, see nothing extravagant in this demonstration which excited unrestrained laughter in every key from her companions in the boat. When the boat was about a hundred yards from the shore, and in full moonlight, she sang the great "Addio" of Hagar. At the close of it, she had to feel for her lover's hand blindly. No one spoke, either at the Villa Ricciardi, or about her. Her voice possessed the mountain-shadowed lake.

The rowers pulled lustily home through chill air.

Luigi and Beppo were at the villa, both charged with news from Milan. Beppo claiming the right to speak first, which Luigi granted with a magnificent sweep of his hand, related that Captain Weisspriess, of the garrison, had wounded Count Medole in a duel severely. He brought a letter to Vittoria from Merthyr, in which Merthyr urged her to prevent Count Ammiani's visiting Milan for any purpose whatever, and said that he was coming to be present at her marriage. She was reading this while Luigi delivered his burden; which was that in a subsequent duel the slaughtering captain had killed little Leone Rufo, the gay and gallant boy, Carlo's comrade, and her friend.

Luigi laughed scornfully at his rival, and had edged away out of sight before he could be asked who had sent him. Beppo ignominiously confessed that he had not heard of this second duel. At midnight he was on horseback, bound for Milan, with a challenge to the captain from Carlo, who had a jealous fear that Luciano at Vercelli might have outstripped him. Carlo requested the captain to guarantee him an hour's immunity in the city on a stated day, or to name any spot on the borders of Piedmont for the meeting. The challenge was sent with Countess Ammiani's approbation and Laura's. Vittoria submitted to it as a necessity.

That done, Carlo gave up his heart to his bride. A fight in prospect was the hope of wholesome work after his late indecision and double play. They laughed at themselves, accused hotly, and humbly excused themselves, praying for mutual pardon.

She had behaved badly in disobeying his mandate from Brescia.

Yes, but had he not been over-imperious?

True; still she should have remembered her promise in the Vicentino!

She did indeed; but how could she quit her wounded friend Merthyr?

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Perhaps not: then, why had she sent word to him from Milan that she would be at Pallanza?

This question knocked at a sealed chamber. She was silent, and Carlo had to brood over something as well. He gave her hints of his foolish pique, his wrath, and bitter baffled desire for her when, coming to Pallanza, he came to an empty house. But he could not help her to see, for he did not himself feel, that he had been spurred by the silly passions, pique, and wraths, to plunge instantly into new political intrigue; and that some of his worst faults had become mixed up with his devotion to his country. Had he taken Violetta for an ally in all purity of heart? The kiss he had laid on the woman's sweet lips had shaken his absolute belief in that. He tried to set his brain travelling backward, in order to contemplate accurately the point of his original weakness. It being almost too severe a task for any young head, Carlo deemed it sufficient that he should say—and this he felt—that he was unworthy of his beloved. Could Vittoria listen to such stuff? She might have kissed him to stop the flow of it, but kissings were rare between them; so rare that, when they had put mouth to mouth, a little quivering spire of flame, dim at the base, stood to mark the spot in their memories. She moved her hand, as to throw aside such talk. Unfretful in blood, chaste and keen, she at least knew the foolishness of the common form of lovers' trifling when there is a burning love to keep under, and Carlo saw that she did, and adored her for this highest proof of the passion of her love.

"In three days, you will be mine, if I do not hear from Milan? within five if I do?" he said.

Vittoria gave him the whole beauty of her face, a divine minute, and bowed it assenting. Carlo then led her to his mother, before whom he embraced her for the comfort of his mother's heart. They decided that there should be no whisper of the marriage until the couple were one. Vittoria had seen Weisspriess fall in combat, and she had perfect faith in her lover's right hand. She obtained the countess's permission to write for Merthyr to attend her at the altar, and drew rest for the intervening hours.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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Chapter VII.

1. More immersed in Public Business. Writes his "Utopia" (1515, 1516).

It does not often happen that two friends, engaged in fellow-work, publish in the same year two works, both of which take an independent and a permanent place in the literature of Europe. But this may be said of the "Novum Instrumentum" of Erasmus and the "Utopia" of More.

Still more remarkable is it that two such works, written by two such men, should be traceable to the influence and express the views of a more obscure but greater man than they. Yet, in truth, half the merit of both these works belongs fairly to Colet.

As the "Novum Instrumentum," upon careful examination, proves to be the expression, on the part of Erasmus, not so much of his own isolated views as of the views held in common by the little band of Oxford Reformers, on the great subject of which it treats; so the "Utopia" will be found to be in great measure the expression, on More's part, of the views of the same little band of friends on social and political questions. On most of these questions Erasmus and More, in the main, thought alike; and they owed their common convictions chiefly to the influence of Colet.

While the work of Erasmus had for some years past lain chiefly in the direction of laborious literary study, it had been far otherwise with More. His lines had fallen among the busy scenes and cares of practical life. His capacity for public business, and the diligence and impartiality with which he had now for some years discharged his judicial duties as under-sheriff, had given him a position of great popularity and influence in the city. He had been appointed by the Parliament of 1515 a Commissioner of Sewers—a recognition at least of his practical ability. In his private practice at the bar he had risen to such eminence, that Roper tells us "there was at that time in none of the prince's courts of the laws of this realm any matter of importance in controversy wherein he was not with the one party of counsel.[1] Roper further reports that "by his office and his learning (as I have heard him say) he gained without grief not so little as £400 by the year" (equal to £4,000 a year in present money). He had in the meantime married a second wife, Alice Middleton, and taken her daughter also into his household; and thus tried, for the

(1) Roper, 9.

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sake of his little orphans, to roll away the cloud of domestic sorrow from his home.

Becoming himself more and more of a public man, he had anxiously watched the course of political events.

The long continuance of war is almost sure to bring up to the surface social evils which in happier times smoulder on unobserved. It was so especially with these wars of Henry VIII. Each successive parliament, called for the purpose of supplying the king with the necessary ways and means, found itself obliged reluctantly to deal with domestic questions of increasing difficulty. In previous years it had been easy for the flattering courtiers of a popular king, by talking of victories, to charm the ear of the Commons so wisely, that subsidies and poll-taxes had been voted without much, if any, opposition. But the Parliament which had met in February, 1515, had no victories to talk about. Whether right or wrong in regarding "the realm of France his very true patrimony and inheritance," Henry VIII. had not yet been able "to reduce the same to his obedience." Meanwhile the long continuance of war expenditure had drained the national exchequer. It is perfectly true that under Wolsey's able management the expenditure had already been cut down to an enormous extent, but during the three years of active warfare—1512, 1513, and 1514—the revenues of more than twelve ordinary years[1] had been spent, the immense hoards of wealth inherited by the young king from Henry VII. had been squandered away, and even the genius of Wolsey was unable to devise means to collect the taxes which former Parliaments had already voted. The temper of the Commons was in the meantime beginning to change. They now, in 1515, for the first time entered their complaint upon the rolls of Parliament, that whereas the king's noble progenitors had maintained their estate and the defences of the realm out of the ordinary revenues of the kingdom, he now by reason of the improvident grants made by him since he came to the throne, had not sufficient revenues left to meet his increasing expenses. The result was that all unusual grants of annuities, &c., were declared to be void.[2] The Commons then proceeded to deal with the large deficiency which previous subsidies had done little to remove. Of the £160,000 granted by the previous Parliament only £50,000 had been gathered, and all they now attempted to achieve was the collection, under new arrangements, of the remaining £110,000.[3]

(1)

Year	Amount
1512	£286,269
1513	699,714
1514	155,757
	£1,141,740

Year	Amount
1515	£74,007
1516	130,779
1517	78,887
	£283,673

See Brewer, ii, preface, cxciv.

(2) 6 Henry VIII. c. 24.

(3) 6 Henry VIII. c. 26.

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It was evident that the temper of the people would not bear further trial; and no wonder, for the tax which in the previous year had raised a total of £50,000, was practically an income tax of sixpence in the pound *descending even to the wages of the farm labourer*. In the coming year this income tax of sixpence was to be *twice* repeated simply to recover arrears of taxation. What should we think of a government which should propose to exact from the day-labourer, by direct taxation, a tax equal to between two and three weeks' wages!

The selfishness of Tudor legislation—or, perhaps, it might be more just to say of *Wolsey's* legislation, for he was the presiding spirit of this Parliament—was shown no less clearly in its manner of dealing with the social evils which came under its notice.

Thus the Act of Apparel, with its pains and penalties, was obviously more likely to give a handle to unscrupulous ministers to be used for purposes of revenue, than to curb those tastes for grandeur in attire which nothing was so likely to foster as the example of Wolsey himself.[1]

Thus too, not content with carrying their income-tax down to the earnings of the peasant, this and the previous Parliament attempted to interfere with the wages of the labouring classes solely for the benefit of employers of labour. The simple fact was that the drain upon the labour market to keep the army supplied with soldiers, had caused a temporary scarcity of labour, and a natural rise in wages. The last Parliament had thereupon attempted virtually to re-enact the old statutes of labourers, as against the labourers, whilst repealing all the clauses which might possibly prove inconvenient to employers. This Parliament of 1515 completed the work; re-enacted a rigid scale of wages; imposed pains and penalties upon "artificers who should leave their work except for the king's service."[2] Here again was oppression of the poor to spare the pockets of the rich.

Again: the scarcity of labour made itself felt in the increased propensity of landowners to throw arable land into pasture, and the enactment of statutary provisions[3] to check this tendency was not to be wondered at, but the rumour that "divers by compounding secretly with the cardinal were able to exempt themselves,"[4] leads one to suspect that Wolsey thought more of the wants of the exchequer than of the hardships and misery of ejected peasants.

It was natural that the result of these wholesale ejections, and the

(1) 6 Henry VIII. c. 1. The draft of this act in the final form in which it was adopted when Parliament met again in the autumn is in Wolsey's handwriting.—Brewer.

(2) 4 Henry VIII. c. 5, and 6 Henry VIII. c. 3.

(3) 6 Henry VIII. c. 5.

(4) Lord Herbert's History.

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return of deserting or disbanded soldiers (often utterly demoralised),[1] should still show itself in the appalling increase of crime. Perhaps it was equally natural that legislators who held the comforts and lives of the labouring poor so cheap, should think that they had provided at once a proper and efficient remedy, when by abolishing benefit of clergy in the case of felons and murderers, and by abridging the privilege of sanctuary, they had multiplied to a terrible extent the number of executions.[2]

If the labouring classes were thus harshly dealt with, so also the mercantile classes did not find their interests very carefully guarded.

The breach of faith with Prince Charles in the matter of the marriage of the Princess Mary had caused a quarrel between England and the Netherlands, and this Parliament of 1515 had followed it up by prohibiting the exportation of Norfolk wool to Holland and Zealand,[3] thus virtually interrupting commercial intercourse with the Hanse towns of Belgium at a time when Bruges was the great mart of the world.

It was not long before the London merchants expressed a very natural anxiety that the commercial intercourse between two countries so essential to each other should be speedily resumed. They saw clearly that whatever military advantage might be gained by the attempt to injure the subjects of Prince Charles by creating a wool-famine in the Netherlands, would be purchased at their expense. It was a game that two could play at, and it was not long before retaliative measures were resorted to on the other side, very injurious to English interests.

When therefore it was rumoured that Henry VIII. was about to send an embassy to Flanders, to settle international disputes between the two countries, it was not surprising that London merchants should complain to the king of their own special grievances, and pray that their interests might not be neglected. It seems that they pressed upon the king to attach "Young More," as he still was called, to the embassy, specially to represent themselves. So, according to Roper, it was at the suit and instance of the English merchants, "and with the king's consent," that in May, 1515, More was sent out on an embassy with Bishop Tunstal, Sampson, and others into Flanders.

The ambassadors were appointed generally to obtain a renewal and continuance of the old treaties of intercourse between the two countries, but More, aided by a John Clifford, "governor of the English merchants," was specially charged with the *commercial*

(1) Brewer, i., Nos. 4019 and 4020.
(2) 4 Henry VIII. c. 2, and 6 Henry VIII. c. 6.
(3) 6 Henry VIII. c. 12.

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matters in dispute: Wolsey informing Sampson of this, and Sampson replying that he "is pleased with the honour of being named in the king's commission with Tunstal and 'Young More.'"[1]

The party were detained in the city of Bruges about four months.[2] They found it by no means easy to allay the bitter feelings which had been created by the prohibition of the export of wool, and other alleged injuries.[3] In September they moved on to Brussels,[4] and in October to Antwerp,[5] and it was not till towards the end of the year that More having at last successfully terminated his part in the negotiations, was able to return home.

During the absence of More, Wolsey, quit of a Parliament which, however selfish and careless of the true interests of the Commonwealth, had shown some symptoms of grumbling at royal demands, had pushed on more rapidly than ever his schemes of personal ambition. His first step was to procure through the aid of Henry VIII. a cardinal's hat. Poor Archbishop Warham (who had already quarrelled with him) was compelled to perform in great pomp and state the ceremony of placing this hat upon his head in Westminster Abbey, and Colet was called upon to preach the sermon on this great occasion. He took the opportunity, we are told, to remind Wolsey that the ecclesiastical dignity of cardinal corresponded with the order of the seraphim in the celestial hierarchy, "which continually burneth in the love of the glorious Trinity," exhorted him "*to execute righteousness to rich and poor,*" and desired all people to pray for him.[6]

This happened on the 15th November. On the 22nd December, Warham resigned the great seal into the king's hands, and the Cardinal Archbishop of York assumed the additional title of Lord Chancellor of England.[7] On the same day Parliament, which had met again on the 12th November to grant a further subsidy, was dissolved, and Wolsey commenced to rule the kingdom, according to his own will and pleasure, for eight years, without a Parliament and with but little regard to the opinions of other members of the king's council.

It was while More's keen eye was anxiously watching these gathering clouds upon the political horizon, and during the leisure snatched from the business of his embassy, that he conceived the idea of embodying his notions on social and political questions, in a description of the imaginary commonwealth of the island of "Utopia,"—"Nusquamam,"—or "Nowhere."[8]

(1) Brewer, ii., 422, 480, and 534; also Roper, 10.
(2) Brewer, ii., 672, 679, 733, 782, 807.
(3) Brewer, ii., 672 and 733.
(4) Brewer, ii., 904 and 922.
(5) Brewer, ii., 1067.
(6) Brewer, ii., 1153.
(7) Brewer, ii., 1335.
(8) Epist. ccli., and lxxxvii. app.

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2. The Second Book of the "Utopia" (1516).

The first book of the "Utopia" was written after the second, under circumstances and for reasons which will in due course be mentioned.

The second book was complete in itself, and contained the description, by Raphael the supposed traveller, of the Utopian commonwealth. Erasmus informs us that More's intention in writing it was to point out where and from what causes European commonwealths were at fault, and he adds that it was written with special reference to *English* politics, with which More was most familiar.[1]

Whilst, however, we trace its close connection with the political events passing at the time in England, it must not be supposed that More was so gifted with prescience that he knew what course matters would take. He could not know, for instance, that Wolsey was about to take the reins of government so completely into his own hands, as to dispense with a Parliament for so many years to come. As yet, More and his friends, in spite of Wolsey's ostentation and vanity, which they freely ridiculed, had a high opinion of his character and powers. Thus More paid a full tribute to the diligence and justice of his administration in the Court of Chancery; and it was not unnatural that, knowing that Wolsey was a friend to education, and, to some extent, at least, inclined to patronise the projects of Erasmus, they should hope for the best. Hence the satire contained in "Utopia" was not likely to be directed personally against Wolsey's policy, however much that policy might come for its share of criticism along with the rest.

The point of the "Utopia" consisted in the contrast presented by its ideal commonwealth to the condition and habits of the European commonwealths of the period. This contrast is most often left to be drawn by the reader from his own knowledge of contemporary politics, and hence the peculiar advantage of the choice by More of such a vehicle for the bold satire it contained. Upon any other hypothesis than that the evils against which that satire was directed were admitted to be *real*, the romance of "Utopia" must be also admitted to be harmless. To pronounce it to be dangerous was to admit its truth.

Take, *e.g.*, the following passage relating to the international policy of the Utopians:—

"While other nations are always entering into leagues, and breaking and renewing them, the Utopians never enter into a league with any nation. For what is the use of a league? they say. As though there were no natural tie between man and man! and as though any one who despised this natural tie could, forsooth, be made all right by this word! They hold this opinion all

(1) Erasmus to Hutten, Epist. ccccxlvii. (Eras. op. iii. p. 476 F.)

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the more strongly because that in that part of the world the leagues and treaties of princes are not observed as faithfully as they should be. For in *Europe*, and everywhere where the Christian faith and religion is professed, the sanctity of leagues is held sacred and inviolate; partly owing to the justice and goodness of princes, and partly from their fear and reverence of the authority of the Popes, who, as they themselves never enter into obligations which they do not most religiously perform, command other princes under all circumstances to perform *their* promises, and punish delinquents by pastoral censure and discipline. For indeed, with good reason, it would be thought a most scandalous thing for those whose peculiar designation is 'the faithful,' to be wanting in the faithful observance of leagues. But in those distant regions . . . . no faith is to be placed in leagues, even though confirmed by the most solemn ceremonies. Some flaw is easily found in their wording which is intentionally made ambiguous so as to leave a loophole through which they may break both their league and their faith. Which craft—yes, *fraud* and *deceit*—if it were perpetrated with respect to a contract between private parties, they would indignantly denounce as sacrilege and deserving the gallows, whilst those who suggest these very things to princes, glory in being the authors of them. Whence it comes to pass that justice seems altogether a plebeian and vulgar virtue, quite below the dignity of royalty; or at least there must be two kinds of it, the one for common people and the poor, very narrow and contracted, the other, the virtue of princes, much more dignified and free, so that *that* only is unlawful to *them* which they don't *like*. The morals of princes being such in that region, it is not, I think, without reason that the Utopians enter into no leagues at all. Perhaps they would alter their opinion if they lived amongst us." [1]

Read without reference to the international history of the period, these passages appear perfectly harmless. But read in the light of that political history which, during the past few years, had become so mixed up with the personal history of the Oxford reformers, recollecting "*how* religiously" treaties had been made and broken by almost every sovereign in Europe—Henry VIII. and the Pope included, the words in which the justice and goodness of European princes is so mildly and modestly extolled, become almost as bitter in their tone as the cutting censure of Erasmus in the "Praise of Folly," or his more recent and open satire upon kings.

Again bearing in mind the wars of Henry VIII., and how evidently the love of military glory was the motive which induced him to engage in them, the following passage contains almost as direct and pointed a censure of the king's passion for war as the sermon preached by Colet in his presence:—

"The Utopians hate war as plainly brutal, although practised more eagerly by man than by any other animal. And contrary to the sentiment of nearly every other nation, they regard nothing more inglorious than glory sought in war." [2]

Turning from international politics to questions of internal policy, and bearing in mind the hint of Erasmus that More had in view chiefly the politics of his own country, it is impossible not to recognise in the "Utopia" the expression, again and again, of the *sense of*

(1) Utopia, 1st ed. Louvain, 1516, T. Martin, chap. "De fœderibus."
(2) Utopia, 1st edition, "De Re Militari."

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wrong stirred up in More's heart, as he had witnessed how every interest of the commonwealth had been sacrificed to Henry VIII.'s passion for war; and how, in sharing the burdens it entailed, and dealing with the social evils it brought to the surface, the interests of the poor had been sacrificed to spare the pockets of the rich; how, whilst the very wages of the labourer had been taxed to support the long-continued war expenditure, a selfish Parliament, under colour of the old statutes of labourers, had attempted to cut down the amount of his wages, and to rob him of that fair rise in the price of his labour which the drain upon the labour market had produced.

It is impossible not to recognise that the recent statute of labourers was the target, against which More's satire was specially directed, in the following paragraph:—

"Let any one dare to compare with the even justice which rules in Utopia, the justice of other nations; amongst whom, let me die, if I find any trace at all of equity and justice. For where is the justice, that noblemen, goldsmiths, and usurers, and those classes who either do nothing at all, or, in what they do, are of no great service to the commonwealth, should live a genteel and splendid life in idleness or unproductive labour; whilst in the meantime the servant, the waggoner, the mechanic, and the peasant, toiling almost longer and harder than the horse, in labour so necessary that no commonwealth could endure a year without it, lead a life so wretched that the condition of the horse seems more to be envied; his labour being less constant, his food more delicious to his palate, and his mind disturbed by no fears for the future? . . .

"Is not that Republic unjust and ungrateful which confers such benefits upon the gentry (as they are called) and goldsmiths and others of that class, whilst it cares to do nothing at all for the benefit of peasants, colliers, servants, waggoners, and mechanics, without which no republic could exist? Is not that Republic unjust which, after these men have spent the spring time of their lives in labour, have become burdened with age and disease, and are in want of every comfort, unmindful of all their toil, and forgetful of all their services, rewards them only by a miserable death? Worse than all, the rich constantly endeavour to rob something further from the daily wages of the poor, not only by private fraud, *but even by public laws*, so that the already existing injustice (that those from whom the republic derives the most benefit should receive the least reward), is made still more unjust *through the enactments of public law!* Thus, after careful reflection, it seems to me, as I hope for mercy, that our modern republics are nothing but a conspiracy of the rich, pursuing their own selfish interests under the name of a republic. They devise and invent all ways and means whereby they may in the first place secure to themselves the possession of what they have amassed by evil means; and in the second place, secure to their own use and profit the work and labour of the poor at the lowest possible price. And so soon as the rich, in the name of the public (of which public the poor form a part!) choose to decide that these schemes shall be adopted, then they become *law!*"

The whole framework of the Utopian commonwealth bears witness to More's conviction, that what should be aimed at in his own country and elsewhere, was a true *community*—not a rich and educated aristocracy on the one hand, existing side by side with a poor and

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ignorant peasantry on the other—but *one people, well-to-do and educated throughout.*

Thus, More's opinion was, that in England in his time, "far more than four parts of the whole [people], divided into ten, could never read English,"[1] and probably the education of the other six-tenths was anything but satisfactory. He represented that in Utopia *every child was properly educated.*[2]

Again, the great object of the social economy of Utopia was not to increase the abundance of luxuries, or to amass a vast accumulation in few hands, or even in national or royal hands, but *to lessen the hours of labour to the working man.* By spreading the burden of labour more evenly over the whole community—by taking care that there shall be no idle classes, be they beggars or begging friars—More expressed the opinion that the hours of labour to the working man might probably be reduced to *six.*

Again: Living himself in Bucklersbury, in the midst of all the dirt and filth of London's narrow streets; surrounded by the unclean, ill-ventilated houses of the poor, whose floors of clay and rushes, never cleansed, were pointed out by Erasmus as breeding pestilence and inviting the ravages of the sweating sickness; himself a commissioner of sewers, and having thus some practical knowledge of London's sanitary arrangements; More described the towns of Utopia as well and regularly built, with wide streets, waterworks, hospitals, and numerous common halls; all the houses well protected from the weather, as nearly as might be fireproof, three stories high, with plenty of windows, and doors both back and front, the back door opening always into a well-kept garden. All this was Utopian doubtless, and the result in Utopia of the still more Utopian abolition of private property; but the gist and point of it consisted in the contrast it presented with what he saw around him in Europe, and especially in England, and men could hardly fail to draw the lesson he intended to teach.

It will not be necessary here to dwell further upon the details of the social arrangements of More's ideal commonwealth,[3] but a word or two will be needful to point out its connection with the views of that little band of friends whose joint history I am here trying to trace.

It is not needful to refer again to the resemblance of the views expressed in "Utopia" on international questions with those of Colet and Erasmus. Far more important and characteristic is the *fearless faith in science, combined with a profound faith in religion,* which runs

(1) More's English works. The Apology, p. 850.

(2) Utopia, 1st ed. f. h. ii.

(3) I may be allowed to refer the reader to the valuable mention of "Utopia" in the preface to Mr. Brewer's Calendar of the Letters, &c., of Henry VIII. vol. ii. cclxvii., et seq., where its connection with the political and social condition of Europe at the time is well pointed out

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through the whole work, and which may I think be traced also in every chapter of the history of the Oxford Reformers of 1498. Their scientific knowledge was imperfect, as it needs must have been before the days of Copernicus and Newton; but they had their eyes fearlessly open in every direction with no foolish misgivings, lest science and Christianity might be found to clash. They remembered (what is not always remembered in this nineteenth century) that if there be any truth in Christianity, Nature and her laws on the one hand, and Christianity and her laws on the other, being framed and fixed by the same Founder, must be in harmony. And from this they drew the practical conclusion, that for Christians to act contrary to the laws of Nature, or to reject facts of science, on the ground that they are opposed to Christianity, is—to speak plainly—to fight against one portion of the Almighty's laws under the supposed sanction of another—to fight, therefore, without the least chance of success, and with every prospect of doing harm instead of good.

It will not be necessary to quote long passages to show in what the moral philosophy of the Utopians consisted. Its distinctive features, according to More, were—1st, that they placed *pleasure* (in the sense of utility) as the chief object of life; and 2ndly, drew their arguments in support of this as well from the principles of religion as from natural reason.[1]

Thus, in considering "pleasure" as the object of life, they carefully limited its definition to "those delights both of body and mind which are according to Nature;" and they defined "virtue," also, to be "living according to Nature." For they considered those pleasures only to be sanctioned by law of Nature which are not injurious, which do not prevent greater pleasures or entail trouble, and which are approved not only by the senses, but by right reason also. They deduced from the law of Nature, which inclines men to society, that it is for a man's own interest to regard the interests of others and of the commonwealth; for, they reasoned, "to abridge the happiness of another whilst pursuing thy own, is really to commit an injury; while to deprive thyself of some pleasure in order to add to the pleasure of another, is to discharge the duty of humanity and kindness, which in itself never costs so much as it brings back again, for it is compensated both by the return of mutual benefits and the consciousness of having done right."

Thus, in Utopian philosophy, "*utility*" was recognised as *a* criterion of right and wrong; and from experience of what, under the laws of Nature, is man's real far-sighted interest, was derived *a* sanction to the golden rule. And thus, instead of setting themselves against the doctrine of utility, as some would do, on the ground of a supposed opposition to Christianity, they recognised the harmony

(1) Utopia, 1st ed. H ii. to K i.

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between the two standards, or, as it has been recently put by Mr. Mill, they found in the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth the complete spirit of the ethics of utility.[1] It was natural to them that the laws of Nature and those of Christianity should coincide, because they regarded both as enacted by the same Ruler. The laws of Nature are such as they are, they said, "because God of his goodness has designed that man should be happy;" and so fixed the laws of nature, that "to live according to nature is to live a life of virtue." The Utopians, More said, "gratefully acknowledged the tenderness of the great Father of nature, who hath given us appetites which make the things necessary for our preservation also agreeable to us. How miserable would life be if hunger and thirst could only be relieved by bitter drugs!" Hence, too, the Utopians esteemed it not only "madness," but also "*ingratitude to God*," to waste the body by fasting, or to reject the delights of life, unless by so doing a man can serve the public or promote the happiness of others. Hence also they regarded the pursuit of natural science, the "searching out the secrets of nature," not only as an agreeable pursuit, but as "peculiarly acceptable to God." Finally, "they believed man to follow nature when he follows reason; and say that the first dictate of reason is love and reverence for Him to whom we owe all we have and all we can hope for."

From their possession of so fearless a faith in the consistency of Christianity with science, it might be inferred that the religion of the Utopians would be at once broad and tolerant. It could not logically be otherwise. The Utopians, we are told, differed very widely; but notwithstanding all their different objects of worship, they agreed in thinking that there is one Supreme Being who made and governs the world. By the exigencies of the romance, the Christian religion had only been recently introduced into the island. It existed there side by side with other and older religions, and hence the difficulties of complete toleration in Utopia were much greater hypothetically than they would be in any European country. Still, sharing Colet's hatred of persecution, More represented that it was one of the oldest laws of Utopia "that no man is to be punished for his religion." Every one might be of any religion he pleased, and might use argument to induce others to accept it. It was only when men resorted to other force than that of persuasion, using reproaches and violence, that they were banished from Utopia; and *then*, not on account of their religion, and irrespective of whether their religion were true or false, but for sowing sedition and creating a tumult.

This law Utopus founded to preserve the public peace, and for the interests of religion itself. Supposing only one religion to be true and the rest false (which he dared not rashly assert), Utopus had faith

(1) Mill's Essay on Utilitarianism, p. 24.

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that in the long run the innate force of truth would prevail, if supported only by fair argument and not damaged by resort to violence and tumult. Thus, he did not punish even avowed atheists, although he considered them unfit for any public trust.

Their priests were very few in number, and, like all their other magistrates, elected by ballot (*suffragiis occultis*), and it was a point of dispute even with the Utopian *Christians* whether *they* could not elect their own Christian priests in like manner, and qualify them to perform all priestly offices, without any apostolic succession or authority from the Pope. Their priests were, in fact, rather conductors of the public worship, inspectors of the public morals, and ministers of education, than "priests," in any sacerdotal sense of the word, and such was the respect shown them that they were not amenable to the civil tribunals—an exemption which, on account of the extreme fewness of their number and the high character secured by their mode of election, gave rise to no great inconvenience in Utopian practice.

If the diversity of religions in Utopia made it more difficult to suppose perfect toleration, and thus made the contrast between Utopian and European practice in this respect all the more telling, so also was this the case in respect to the conduct of *public worship.*

The hatred of the Oxford Reformers for the endless dissensions of European Christians; the advice Colet was wont to give to theological students, "to keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest;" the appeal of Erasmus to Servatius, whether it would not be better for "all Christendom to be regarded as one monastery, and all Christians as belonging to the same religious brotherhood,"—all pointed, if directed to the practical question of public worship, to a mode of worship in which all of every shade of sentiment could unite.

This might be a dream, even then while as yet Christendom was nominally united in one Catholic Church; and still more practically impossible in a country like Utopia, where men worshipped the Supreme Being under different symbols and different names, as it might be now even in a Protestant country like England, where religion seems to be the source of social divisions and castes rather than a tie of brotherhood, separating men in their education, their social life, and even in their graves, by the hard line of sectarian difference. It might be a dream, but it was one worth a place in the dream-land of More's ideal commonwealth.

Temples, nobly built and spacious, in whose solemn twilight men of all sects meet, in spite of their distinctions, to unite in a public worship avowedly so arranged that nothing may be seen or heard which shall jar with the feelings of any class of the worshippers—nothing in which all cannot unite (for every sect performs its own *peculiar* rites in *private*);—no images, so that every one may represent

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the Deity to his own thoughts in his own way; no forms of prayer, but such as every one may use without prejudice to his own private opinion; a service so expressive of their common brotherhood that they think it a great impiety to enter upon it with a consciousness of anger or hatred to any one, without having first purified their hearts and reconciled every difference; incense and other sweet odours and waxen lights, burned, not from any notion that they can confer any benefit on God, which even men's prayers cannot, but because they are useful aids to the worshippers; the men occupying one side of the temple, the women the other, and all clothed in white; the whole people rising as the priest who conducts the worship enters the temple in his beautiful vestment, wonderfully wrought of birds' plumage, to join in hymns of praise, accompanied by music; then priest and people uniting in solemn prayer to God in a set form of words, so composed that each can apply its meaning to himself, offering thanks for the blessings which surround them, for the happiness of their commonwealth, for their having embraced a religious persuasion which they *hope* is the most true one; praying that if they are mistaken they may be led to what is *really* the true one, so that all may be brought to unity of faith and practice, unless in his inscrutable will the Almighty should otherwise ordain; and concluding with a prayer that, as soon as it may please Him, He may take them to Himself; lastly, this prayer concluded, the whole congregation bowing solemnly to the ground, and then, after a short pause, separating to spend the remainder of the day in innocent amusement,—this was More's ideal of public worship![1]

Such was the second book of the "Utopia," written by More whilst on the Embassy, towards the close of 1515, and left by him with his friend Peter Giles, at Antwerp, for his perusal and criticism. Well might he conclude with the words, "I freely confess that many things in the commonwealth of Utopia I rather *wish* than *hope* to see adopted in *our own!*"

3. More drawn into Court. His Introduction to the "Utopia" (1516).

On More's return to England in the spring of 1516, he was obliged to throw himself again into the vortex of public business. The singular discretion and ability displayed by him in the conduct of the delicate negotiations entrusted to his skill on this and another occasion, now induced Henry VIII. to try to attach him to his court.

Hitherto he had acted more on behalf of the London merchants than directly for the king. Now Wolsey was ordered to retain him in the king's service. More was unwilling, however, to accede to the proposal, and made excuses. Wolsey thinking no doubt that he was

(1) Utopia, 1st ed. "De religionibus Vtopiensium."

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unwilling to relinquish the emoluments of his position as under-sheriff, and the income arising from his practice at the bar, offered him a pension, and suggested that the king could not, consistently with his honour, offer him less than the income he would relinquish by entering his service.[1] More wrote to Erasmus that he had declined the pension, and thought he should continue to do so; he preferred, he said, his present judicial position to a higher one, and was afraid that were he to accept a pension without relinquishing it, his fellow citizens would lose their confidence in his impartiality in case any questions were to arise, as they sometimes did, between them and the crown. The fact that he was indebted to the king for his pension, might make them think him a little the less true to their cause.[2] Wolsey reported More's refusal to the king, who it seems honourably declined to press him further at present.[3] Such, however, was More's popularity in the city, and the rising estimation in which he was held, that it was evident the king would not rest until he had drawn him into his service—yes, "*drawn*" exclaims Erasmus, "for no one ever tried harder to get admitted to court than he did to keep out of it."[4]

So the months of 1516 went by. The second part of "Utopia" was already in the hands of his friend Peter Giles of Antwerp, who was determined to have it published, and in the autumn, More seeing that his entry into royal service was only a question of time, took the opportunity, while as yet he was free and unfettered, to write an introduction in which he could make still more pointed allusion to one or two other matters relating to the social condition of the country, and the policy of Henry VIII.

The prefatory book which More now added to his description of the commonwealth of Utopia was so arranged as to introduce the latter to the reader in such a way as to attract his interest, and to throw an air of reality over the romance.

More related how he had been sent by Henry VIII. as an ambassador to Flanders in company with Tunstal, to compose some important disputes between him and Prince Charles. They met the Flemish ambassadors at Bruges. They had had several meetings without coming to an agreement. While the others went back to Brussels to consult their prince, More went to Antwerp to see his friend Peter Giles. One day coming from mass, he saw Giles talking to a stranger,—a man past middle age, his face tanned, his beard long, his cloak hanging carelessly about him, and wearing altogether the aspect of a seafaring man.

More then related how he had joined in with the conversation,

(1) Roper, pp. 9, 10; Eras., op. iii. pp. 474, 476.
(2) *More to Erasmus.* Eras., Epist. ccxxvii. (3) Roper, 10.
(4) Erasmus to Hutten, Epist. ccccxlvii.; Eras., op. iii. p. 476, B.

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which turned upon the manners and habits of the people of the new lands which Raphael (for that was the stranger's name) had visited in voyages he had recently taken with Vesputius. After he had told them how well and wisely governed were some of these newly-found peoples, and especially the Utopians, and here and there had thrown in just criticisms on the defects of European governments, Giles put in the question, why, with all his knowledge and judgment, he did not enter into royal service, in which his great experience might be turned to so good an account? Raphael expressed in reply his unwillingness to enter into royal servitude. Giles explained that he did not mean any "*servitude*" at all, but *honourable service*, in which he might confer great public benefits as well as increase his own happiness. The other replied that he did not see how he was to be made happier by doing what would be so entirely against his inclinations. Now he was free to do as he liked, and he suspected very few courtiers could say the same.

Here More put in a word, and urged that even though it might be against the grain to Raphael, he ought not to throw away the great influence for good which he might exert by entering the council of some great prince. Raphael replied that his friend More was doubly mistaken. His talents were not so great as he supposed, and if they were, his sacrifice of rest and peace would be thrown away. It would do no good, for nearly all princes busy themselves far more in military affairs (of which he said he neither had, nor wished to have, any experience), than in the good arts of peace. They care a great deal more how by fair means or foul to acquire new kingdoms, than how to govern well those which they have already. Besides, their ministers either are, or think that they are, too wise to listen to any new counsellor, and if they ever do so, it is only to attach to their own interest some one whom they see to be rising in their prince's favour.

After this Raphael having made a remark which showed that he had been in England, the conversation turned incidentally upon *English* affairs, and Raphael proceeded to tell how once at the table of Cardinal Morton he had expressed his opinions freely upon the social evils of England. He had on this occasion, he said, ventured to condemn the system of the wholesale execution of thieves, who were hanged so fast that there were sometimes twenty on a gibbet. The severity was both unjustly great, and also ineffectual. No punishment, however severe, could deter those from robbing who can find no other means of livelihood.

Then Raphael is made to allude to three causes why the number of thieves was so large :—

"1st. There are numbers of wounded and disbanded soldiers who are unable to resume their old employments, and are too old to learn new ones.

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"2nd. The gentry who live at ease out of the labour of others, keep around them so great a number of idle fellows not brought up to any trade, that often from the death of their lord or their own illness numbers of these idle fellows are liable to be thrown upon the world without resources to steal or starve. Raphael then is made to ridicule the notion that it is needful to maintain this idle class, as some argue, in order to keep up a reserve of men ready for the army, and still more severely to criticise the notion that it is necessary to keep a standing army in time of peace. France, he said, had found to her cost the evil of keeping in readiness these human wild beasts, as also had Rome, Carthage, and Syria, in ancient times.

"3rd. Raphael pointed out as another cause of the number of thieves—an evil peculiar to England—the rage for sheep-farming, and the ejections consequent upon it. 'For,' he said, 'when some greedy and insatiable fellow, the pest of his county, chooses to enclose several thousand acres of contiguous fields within the circle of one sheepfold, farmers are ejected from their holdings, being got rid of either by fraud or force, or tired out by repeated injuries into parting with their property. In this way it comes to pass that these poor wretches, men, women, husbands, wives, orphans, widows, parents with little children, households greater in number than in wealth, for arable farming requires many hands—all these emigrate from their native fields without knowing where to go. Their effects are not worth much at best; they are obliged to sell them for almost nothing when they are forced to go. And the produce of the sale being spent, as it soon must be, what resource, then, is left to them but either to steal and to be hanged, justly, forsooth, for stealing, or to wander about and beg. If they do the latter, they are thrown into prison as idle vagabonds, when they would thankfully work if only some one would give them employment. For there is no work for husbandmen when there is no arable farming. One shepherd and herdsman will suffice for a pasture farm, which, while under tillage, employed many hands. Corn has in the meantime been made dearer in many places by the same cause. Wool, too, has risen in price, owing to the rot amongst the sheep, and now the little clothmakers are unable to supply themselves with it. For the sheep are falling into few and powerful hands; and these, if they have not a monopoly, have at least an *oligopoly*, and can keep up the price.

"'Add to these causes the increasing luxury and extravagance of the upper classes, and indeed of all classes—the tippling houses, taverns, brothels, and other dens of iniquity, wine and beer houses, and places for gambling. Do not all these, after rapidly exhausting the resources of their devotees, educate them for crime?

"'Let these pernicious plagues be rooted out. Enact that those who destroy agricultural hamlets or towns should rebuild them, or give them up to those who will do so. Restrain these engrossings of the rich, and the licence of exercising what is in fact a monopoly. Let fewer persons be bred up in idleness. Let tillage farming be restored. Let the woollen manufacturer be introduced so that honest employment may be found for those whom want has already made into thieves, or who, being now vagabonds or idle retainers, will become thieves ere long. Surely if you do not remedy these evils, your rigorous execution of justice in punishing thieves will be in vain, which indeed is more specious than either just or efficacious. For indeed if you allow your people to be badly educated, their morals corrupted from childhood, and then when they are men punish them for the very crimes to which they have been trained from childhood, what is this, I ask, but first to make the thieves, and then to punish them?'"[1]

Raphael then went on to show that in his opinion it was both a

(1) These extracts are somewhat abridged and condensed.

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bad and a mistaken policy to inflict the same punishment in the case of both theft and murder, such a practice being sure to operate as an encouragement to the thief to commit murder, also to cure his crime, and suggested that hard labour on public works would be a better punishment for theft. After Raphael had given an amusing account of the way in which these suggestions of his had been received at Cardinal Morton's table, More repeated his regret that such wisdom as Raphael possessed could not be turned to practical account in some royal court, for the benefit of mankind.

Thus the point of the story was brought round again to the question whether Raphael should or should not attach himself to some royal court—the question which Henry VIII. was pressing upon More, and which he would have finally to settle, in the course of a few months, one way or the other. It is obvious that, in framing Raphael's reply to this question, More intended to express his own feelings, and to do so in such a way that, if, after the publication of the "Utopia," Henry VIII. were still to press him into his service, it would be with a clear understanding of his strong disapproval of the king's most cherished schemes, as well as of many of those expedients which would be likely to be suggested by courtiers as the best means of tiding over the evils which must of necessity be entailed upon the country by his persistence in them.

Raphael, in his reply, puts the supposition that the councillors were proposing schemes of international intrigue, with a view to the furtherance of the king's desires for the ultimate extension of his empire:—

"What if Raphael were then to express his own judgment that this policy should be entirely changed, the notion of extension of empire given up, that the kingdom was already too great to be governed by one man, and that the king had better not think of adding others to it? What if he were to put the case of the 'Achorians,' neighbours of the Utopians, who some time ago waged war to obtain possession of another kingdom to which their king contended that he was entitled by descent through an ancient marriage alliance, [just as Henry VIII. claimed France as '*his very true patrimony and inheritance*,'] but which people after conquering it with great labour, found the trouble of keeping it no less irksome, [just as England was already finding Henry's recent conquests in France,] involving the continuance of a standing army, the burden of taxes, the loss of their property, the shedding of their blood for another's glory, the destruction of domestic peace, the corrupting of their morals by war, the nurture of the lust of plunder and robbery, till murders became more and more audacious, and the laws even treated with contempt? What if Raphael were to suggest that the example of these Achorians should be followed who under such circumstances refused to be governed by half a king, and insisted that their king should choose which of his two kingdoms he would govern, and give up the other; how, Raphael was made to ask, would such counsel be received?

"And further: what if the question of ways and means were discussed for the supply of the Royal exchequer, and one were to propose tampering with the currency; a second, the pretence of imminent war to justify war taxes, and

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the proclamation of peace as soon as these were collected; a third the exaction of penalties under antiquated and obsolete laws which have long been forgotten and thus are often transgressed; a fourth, the prohibition under great penalties of such things as are against public interest, and then the granting of dispensations and licenses for large sums of money; a fifth, the securing of the judges on the side of the Royal prerogative;—'What if here again I were to rise' (Raphael is made to say) 'and contend that all these counsels were dishonest and pernicious, that not only the king's honour, but also his safety, rests more upon his people's wealth than upon his own, who (I might go on to show) choose a king for their own sake and not for his, viz., that by his care and labour they might live happily and secure from danger; . . . that if a king should fall into such contempt or hatred of his people that he cannot secure their loyalty without resort to threats, exactions, and confiscations, and his people's empoverishment, he had better abdicate his throne, rather than attempt by these means to retain the name without the glory of empire. . . . . What if I were to advise him to put aside his sloth and his pride, . . . that he should live on his own revenue, that he should accommodate his expenditure to his income, that he should restrain crime, and by good laws prevent it, rather than allow it to increase and then punish it, that he should repeal obsolete laws instead of attempting to exact their penalties. . . . . If I were to make such suggestions as these to men strongly inclined to contrary views, would it not be telling idle tales to the deaf?'"[1]

Thus was Raphael made to use words which must have been understood by Henry VIII. himself, when he read them, as intended to convey to a great extent More's own reasons for declining to accept the offer which he had commissioned Wolsey to make to him.

The introductory story was then brought to a close, by the conversation being made again to turn upon the laws and customs of the Utopians, the detailed particulars of which, at the urgent request of Giles and More, Raphael agreed to give, after the three had dined together. A woodcut in the Basle edition, probably executed by Holbein, represents them sitting on a bench in the garden behind the house, under the shade of the trees, listening to Raphael's discourse, of which the second book of the "Utopia" proposed to give, as nearly as might be, a verbatim report.

This introductory book, being written by More in the autumn of 1516, the completed work was sent by him to Giles at Antwerp, or to Erasmus, to be forwarded to him.[2] More expressed his fears that it was hardly worth publication; but Giles, without any hesitation, had it published at Louvain, by Theodore Martin, the printer, with a woodcut prefixed, representing the island of Utopia, and a specimen of the Utopian language and characters.

Such was the remarkable political romance, which, from its literary interest and merit, has been translated into almost every modern language—a work which, viewed in its close relations to the history of the times in which it was written, and the personal circumstances of its author when he wrote it, derives still greater interest and im-

(1) These extracts are abridged and condensed somewhat.
(2) Eras., Epist. lxxxvii., App., Oct. 31, 1516. See also Epist. ccxviii.

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portance, inasmuch as it not only discloses the visions of hope and progress floating before the eyes of the Oxford Reformers, but also embodies, as I think I have been able to show, perhaps one of the boldest declarations of a political creed ever uttered by an English statesman on his entry into a king's service.

For the latter it proved to be. Within a few months of the publication of the "Utopia," More yielded to the king's persuasions, and became a courtier. There can be little doubt that Henry VIII. must have read the book, and that his persisting in his determination to draw More into his court, notwithstanding its outspoken censure of his royal policy, was another proof added to those which he had repeatedly given to Colet, that he could appreciate honesty and boldness, and other high qualities, even when taking the form of opposition to himself.

In the spring of 1517, More did become a courtier.[1] And Roper tells us that the occasion of his doing so was the great ability shown by him in the conduct of a suit respecting "a great ship" belonging to the Pope, which the king claimed for a forfeiture. In connection with which, Roper tells us, that More, "in defence on the Pope's side, argued so learnedly, that both was the aforesaid forfeiture restored to the Pope; and himself, among all the hearers for his upright and commendable demeanour therein, so greatly renowned, that for no entreaty would the king from henceforth be induced any longer to forbear his service."[2]

What passed between the king and his new courtier on this occasion, and upon what conditions More yielded to the king's entreaties, we are not informed; but that he maintained his independence of thought and action, may be inferred from the fact that eighteen years after, when in peril of his life from royal displeasure, he had occasion upon his knees to remind his sovereign of "the most godly words that his highness spake unto him, at his first coming into his noble service—the most virtuous lesson that ever a prince taught his servant—willing him *first to look to God, and after God unto him.*"[3]

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

(1) Eras., Epist. cxxvii. Louvain, ap. 1517; also, cclxxxii. app. Louvain 24 ap. [1517.] That the latter was written in 1517 see cclxxxv. app., which shows that Erasmus was in Basle April 13, 1518, to print the second edition of the New Testament. See also ccclxxvii. Basle, 26th July, 1518, and which must have been written in that year, as it mentions Ammonius as dead, who died August 19, 1517.

(2) Roper, p. 11.

(3) Roper, p. 48.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

In home politics for the last fortnight nothing has been stirring. Mr. Gladstone has wisely been prevailed upon to resist the temptations of the democracy, and flee to Rome, where he will shortly be followed by the greater portion of the late Cabinet. Mr. Mill is recovering as far as he can his philosophical equilibrium at Avignon, and Mr. Bright alone is equal to the fatigues of perpetual agitation. Mr. Bright performs a useful function in the body politic —he is the continual test of the soundness of our institutions; like the workman hammering at the wheels of the carriages, when we take a railway journey, to see that they ring properly, and that our course will be safe and prosperous. He is to our monarchy what aquafortis is to the precious metals, what the devil's advocate is to the saint about to be received into the Roman Calendar. He thinks it his duty to point out every flaw (are we wrong in saying so ?), to magnify every defect; to show, as far as he can, the evil results and evil tendencies of our existing institutions; to deny any merit in our forefathers, or that the present state of the British Empire should be a source of pride or satisfaction to any Englishman. He would as quickly as possible get rid of all privileged classes, and would accept all other conclusions which would necessarily flow from this measure. He looks upon the United States as the perfect State, at the perpetual turmoil of elections there as the noblest use of human faculties, and every energy of his own superior mind is devoted, during a lifelong struggle, to turn England into a particular kind of republic. He would be anxious that that time should arrive as soon as possible, because his mind is perfectly satisfied with the purely material prosperity of the United States. But what says his friend and coadjutor, Mr. Mill—not Mr. Mill the member of Parliament, but Mr. Mill the philosopher ? He fairly and fully speaks his mind out in a passage on the state of society in America, the greater part of which is not to be found in the latest edition of his works. It was doubtless expunged after Mr. Mill entered on his career of practical politics, to succeed in which he considers violent partisanship to be a duty, and that it is unsafe to utter your real sentiments, because they may clash with the political action which, "per fas aut nefas," you think it your duty to support. The passage in Mr. Mill's writings is the following:—"I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of humankind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. The northern and middle States of America are a specimen of this stage of civilisation in very favourable circumstances; having apparently got rid of all social injustices and inequalities that affect persons of Caucasian race and of the male sex, while the proportion of population to capital and land is such as to ensure abundance to every able-bodied member of the community who does not forfeit it by misconduct. They have the six points of Chartism, and they have no poverty; and all that these advantages do for them is, that the life of the whole of one

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sex is devoted to dollar-hunting, and of the other to breeding dollar-hunters. This is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising." ("Pol. Econ.," vol. ii. p. 309). These sentiments, expressed by Mr. Mill a few years ago, are such as must have passed through the mind of every educated Englishman during a visit to the United States; they are such as are entertained by many highly-educated Americans, and they are the real motives why so many of them leave their own country and live away from it in Europe. They do not think their country by any means perfect in its present political state, and these opinions are quite consistent with enlightened and affectionate patriotism. They would wish to see less agitation and less turmoil, fewer elections, more fixed authorities, less jealousy of superior excellence, and greater weight allowed to education, learning, and virtue. Some might wish to see a new virtue introduced on American soil—humility; and are led to ask whether the wire-pullers and panderers to popular passions and prejudices, who have such a grand career of power, influence, and profit open to them in the United States, are not nearly as great an evil as an hereditary aristocracy? Mr. Mill concludes the passage we have quoted above with two remarkable sentences, giving his view as to what should be the proper state of feeling in a perfect state:—"Most fitting indeed it is that while riches are power, and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favour or partiality. But the best state of human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward."

Now we would ask Mr. Mill in which country is this state of mind nearest realisation, in the United States or England. We are inclined to think the latter. We grant that there is a very unsatisfactory distribution of wealth at present, and that this is our weak point, but we also maintain that the decided tendency during the last twenty years has been to reduce the great inequality which prevailed, and that this tendency has been during the last few years greatly increasing. There is, however, in a remarkable degree, that spirit of contentment which Mr. Mill thinks, or used to think, so desirable, when he says, "While no one is poor, no one desires to be richer," and the characteristic of Englishmen generally is that, while they work hard and are as skilful as those of any other country, they are not absorbed in their toil, do not think work the great end of existence, take an interest in general affairs and the cultivation of their minds; and are even too much inclined to spend in social intercourse with their families and friends their hard-earned wages. It was this cheerful, happy, contented, well-balanced character which in former times earned for us the name of "merrie England," but intense competition introduced into our political life will assuredly alter our national character. Whether the increased "struggling, pushing, and treading on one another's heels" is likely to raise it, we leave our readers to judge. An ancient philosopher, Aristotle, has been much quoted of late, and not without reason, for no man ever possessed a clearer reason or sounder sense, combined with great experience in various forms of government. He had also the advantage of being merely a spectator and not a member of Parliament. He says that "a State should be a partnership, aiming not merely at subsistence but at well-being, and subservient not merely to the interests of life, but to the interests of that kind of life which is

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ultimately desirable to man as the perfection of his social and moral nature." We cannot have a better picture of the state of society at which we should aim than what is here depicted, but it is an ideal very much higher than that which is presented to us by the United States, and it is one which we shall not reach by abandoning wholly the conduct of affairs to the uneducated classes. Much as they can assist the State by generous emotions in great emergencies, it is the educated classes which can alone conduct it in a course of steady and sure progress, and the very great extension of the suffrage aimed at by Messrs. Beales and Odgers, and apparently approved of by Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill, would place political power in the same hands as possess it in the United States, and probably lead to the same political condition.

May we not, therefore, aim at a higher ideal than is presented to us by any existing State, and seek from our own history the proper mode of perfecting our institutions? There is a continuity of growth in English institutions unparalleled in any other country. We have laid under contribution the wisdom of Roman civilisation, freshened by the natural justice of the free barbaric tribes. We have gone on mending and improving according to the wants of each generation, without suddenly transforming ourselves to some philosophical ideal; and it may well be questioned whether our real progress has not been as great or greater by this system of patchwork, than if we had advanced by jumps to some state of perfection thought out by certain ingenious men among us.

In foreign politics the most important event of the last fortnight has undoubtedly been the French Emperor's Circular. Read fairly, it exactly expresses the views which every enlightened Liberal in England would be inclined to take of the recent transformation of power in Germany, and of the proper position of France in Europe. It states plainly and justly the divided opinions of the French public on recent events—the desirable results, and the apparently undesirable results, which have been the consequences of a great political movement. It frankly states that if France had been really injuriously affected, it would have been the duty of her chief to lead the nation to war; but that, considered in a broad and liberal view, both Europe and France have benefited by the enfranchisement of Germany and Italy. We dare say it may not have struck some of our readers how cleverly the much-abused treaties of 1815 fulfilled one great object of their enactment, viz., to hem in France by a very powerful organisation, extending, as the Emperor says, from Luxemburg to Triest, from the Baltic to Trent, backed in most cases, on account of the similarity of political principles, by Russia, which would then give a compact mass from the Rhine to the Ural Mountains, ever ready to repress the sometimes too exuberant energies of the Gallic people, and confine them to the bounds which had been marked out for them. Their value as regards this object is brought out with great perspicuity in the Circular, and shows why French statesmen united with the popular voice in condemning these treaties which were a real curb on the ambition of France, as well as a badge of conquest. France by this system was left without any ally worth having on the Continent, while at the same time a check was placed on the development of the nations which had been thus banded together for an object which, from the altered feeling of Europe, was no longer considered desirable. This system the Emperor justly takes

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the credit of having put an end to, sometimes by arms, as in the case of Italy, sometimes by diplomacy, as in the case of Germany; and the popular cry can never again be raised in France, "À bas les traites de 1815!" The Emperor has answered that cry, and so far fulfilled one of the dearest wishes of the French people. "The coalition of the three Northern Courts is broken up. The new principle which governs Europe is freedom of alliances. All the Great Powers are restored to the plenitude of their independence, to the proper development of their destinies." Now, until lately, people who thought themselves far-sighted politicians in England were chuckling at the events of the German war, at the Emperor being overreached, and at his having raised up an united Germany without getting his stipulated pay. But he has in this manifesto a very good account to give for what he has done; and if he has not succeeded in getting the frontier of the Rhine, he has yet done a great service to France by promoting what we believe all must acknowledge as a great step towards the union of Germany. Then follows a comparison of the masses which will be united in each European State, showing that by the break-up of the German Confederation France possesses the largest mass of population in Europe after Russia, having 40,000,000 against the 60,000,000 of Russia; while there being now so many powerful States in Europe, unbound by any ties to one another, she is freer to contract alliances according to the interest of the moment, at the same time that the liberal principles which recent events have done so much to develop, will forbid any idea of combinations with a view to conquer or coerce any civilised State. The Emperor then touches on a point which must seem an axiom to the rising generation, namely, "the irresistible power—can it be regretted?—which impels peoples to unite themselves in great masses, by causing the disappearance of minor States." Except in very exceptional circumstances, such as Switzerland, we see everywhere the inconveniences attending small States. They exist only on the forbearance of their neighbours. The expenses of their government are disproportionate to their size, and they have no suitable career to offer for the ablest of their citizens. If well governed, they can really only form a subordinate division of some larger State, as Coburg we believe was of Prussia; if ill governed, their citizens are peculiarly obnoxious to over-taxation and tyranny, like the unfortunate inhabitants of Hesse-Cassel. Therefore the sooner they disappear the better, and if we mistake not, the absorption already begun in Europe is not yet completed. We can place no limit on the size which States may attain with advantage to the citizens as civilisation progresses. At present the best limit seems to be from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000, on a tolerably close area—such as England or France. When the population is much scattered, and settlements exist at a great distance from the central authority, as happens in Russia and the United States, every traveller in those countries can bear witness how imperfect is the administration of the government.

With time, however, as the Emperor says, the amount of population which can be conveniently assembled in one State may become greater, and countries like the United States and Russia, which have unlimited room for expansion, may increase in a century to 100,000,000 each. Europe should be prepared for such a contingency, and none can blame the Emperor for looking beforehand at the proper means to secure to the old countries of Europe an equal amount of prosperity and power. He lays down the rules which he thinks

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should govern annexations, the same habits, the same national spirit, and the free will of the inhabitants. These paragraphs of the circular have been the subject of much comment, and have been understood to point to the Rhine and Belgium. No doubt, if circumstances permitted, France would wish to annex these territories, and the pamphlet of Mr. Pope Hennessey may possibly be a feeler with regard to the Rhine; but we must remember that Belgium exists under our guarantee, and the Rhine is an integral part of Prussia. In no case has Louis Napoleon acted unfaithfully to us, and in no part of the circular is there any menace to any foreign power. So long as things remain as they are there is no chance of aggression; but should divisions ensue in Germany, and any wish to join France be manifested in the Rhine provinces, we can hardly believe that so national a sovereign as the Emperor would fail to profit by circumstances which may arise. One of the wisest and boldest parts of the circular is where he states the mission of France to be to aid and to direct the democratic movement now taking place in Europe, and thus to take away from "the revolution," *i.e.* the ultra-Liberal party, the *prestige* of the patronage with which they pretend to cover the cause of Liberty; and thus the great Powers which are sufficiently enlightened will keep in their hands the wise direction of the democratic movement which is now taking place in Europe. The adoption of the weapons which have proved so decisive of the fate of empires in the last few months, is announced as a matter of course to satisfy the alarms of the French people, but the details of the measure consequent upon this and the reorganisation of the army have not yet been announced. A feeler has, however, been put out by an article in the newspaper of M. Emile de Girardin, by which it would appear that a modification of the Landwehr system is to be adopted in France, which will furnish, in case of need, nearly one million of men instructed in military exercises. The allusion in the circular to one more of the great European difficulties having been resolved without any very considerable amount of disturbance, makes us naturally ask when all those thorny questions will be settled, which for the last fifty years have kept all the European nations in a state of armed truce. America has the advantage over us. Her difficulties were soon over, her enormous army could be immediately disbanded, her powerful fleet quickly laid up, and no heavy tax laid upon her industry to keep up armaments to watch her neighbours. Then the United States are one powerful state on the American continent, surrounded by weak ones; a very safe position, which the Monroe doctrine is intended to perpetuate. In Europe, however, we have had all sorts of difficulties, and a number of almost equally powerful States, having sources of disagreement among them, which could hardly have been settled by a peaceable solution. There were the Italian and the German questions, now happily disposed of, and there remains still the Eastern question, as one of first-class magnitude. There are signs that it is approaching maturity, and we must all heartily wish that such may be the case. Until it is settled there can be no important diminution of military and naval armaments by the great Powers of Europe; and nearly three times the total produce of our present income-tax must be expended beyond what would otherwise be needed to keep up our land and sea forces. If this unfortunate question, then, were once resolved, what taxes might be remitted, what an improvement in the condition of our working classes, what progress in the payment of the national debt! Until this question

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be settled, we must go on devoting our best energies to providing ourselves with the most murderous weapons, and, as a nation, sheathing ourselves with steel like a knight of the middle ages. What a lamentable and ridiculous result for the civilisation of the nineteenth century! Let us get out of our false position as fast as we can, and to do this we must promote to the utmost of our power the solution of the Eastern question;—but warily, cautiously, longsightedly, remembering that the island England is the heart of the body politic; but that we have a distant empire, where our interests and our honour are deeply engaged, the safety of which must not be compromised by any arrangements which may be entered into.

The most fortunate man in Europe is probably at this moment the King of PRUSSIA. If the saying be true, that no man can be said to be fortunate until he dies, it may also be said with equal truth that it is only when a man is in the grave that we can say whether he has been unfortunate or not. Fortune is in truth a fickle goddess, who seldom favours those in old age who have not known how to win her in their youth; but this rule, too, is not without exceptions, as has been proved by the example of the King of Prussia.

This monarch, who is close upon seventy, has neither been fortunate in youth nor in manhood. He was brought up with excessive strictness and pedantry, and had to listen from his childhood upwards to the reproach that his elder brother, the late Frederick William IV., surpassed him in every kind of talent. He threw himself with more industry than ability into military studies, commanded for thirty years at numberless parades, unceasingly busied himself with military details, often plagued both himself and his soldiers with very unnecessary matters, and knew so much about every regimental button of the whole of the Prussian army, that he at last thought himself a great general, and yearned after the moment in which he would be able to measure his strength and that of his army with some enemy, which he would have preferred to be France. He had taken part in the war of independence against Napoleon, but only in his youth, when he occupied a subordinate position which gave him no scope for the development of his military talents. He therefore wished for a great war, but long wished for it in vain. Instead of a war, the revolution of 1848 broke out. He could now only employ the military qualities which he had hoped to use against a foreign enemy, against the revolutionists who fought at the barricades in Berlin, but, whether he was seized with a sudden fit of tardiness, or was obliged to follow the orders of his royal brother, he allowed the people who attacked the palace to enter it, instead of defending it to the utmost, while he fled to London in order to avoid the unpopularity which was attached to his name.

In fighting the revolutionists of Baden he also won no laurels. The revolutionary army which had collected round the remnants of the Frankfort Parliament was, it is true, at length dispersed, but the Prussians, whose numbers were ten times those of the enemy, suffered reverses in this unequal contest which they would never have been exposed to under more skilful leadership, and the Prusian military tribunals acted with such severity against the vanquished under the presidency of the prince, that the latter is to this day cordially detested in the whole of Southern Germany, and especially in Baden.

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At court in Berlin his position was also anything but a pleasant one. He had for years been on terms of merely formal courtesy with his brother, whose character was the very opposite of his own; and his position became utterly intolerable in consequence of the coldness which existed between his wife and the queen. He came more and more seldom to Berlin, where the *Kreuzzeitung* party intrigued against him at court unceasingly, and often in the coarsest way. The heir presumptive thus lived in a sort of exile; and the childless king, although he had long been sickly, would not die. At length he was attacked by a disease of the brain, which made it necessary to establish a regency, and from that time forward the life of the prince, now King William I., became a brighter one; for, thanks to the evil reputation which attached to his former opponents, the *Kreuzzeitung* men, in the whole country, he at length attained a certain popularity, and entered on the duties of the regency accompanied by the best wishes of the people.

King William is a man who cannot very well do without popularity; the first days of his regency were therefore perhaps the happiest he had known since he was a boy. Unfortunately his happiness was not of long duration. He could not agree with the Liberal party and the weak-minded Ministers with which it had provided him, and by degrees he fell into the power of those very *Kreuzzeitung* men who had embitttered his life when he was Crown Prince, and who at length pressed upon him Herr von Bismarck as Premier. It cost him a hard struggle before he could decide on such an appointment, and it gave him great pain to perceive that though he desired nothing more than to be honoured as the father of his people, he was no longer cheered by his Berliners in the streets; but he was still impressed with the firm conviction that all he had done was for the good of his country.

Fortunate old man! that which he had aspired to for half a century has been given him towards the decline of his life: first, a little war against Denmark, and a short time after a great, unprecedently glorious and brilliant war against Austria, the formidable neighbour of Prussia in Germany. He has hailed his son and the princes of his house as victors on the battle-field of Königgrätz, where he himself nominally held the chief command; he has made Prussia the master of Germany and the powerful neighbour of France; he has (as he may himself honestly believe) been selected by God as the special instrument of his providence; he has proved to his people that he understands more about military matters than the Liberal deputies in the Chamber, who wished to baulk his plan for the organisation of his army; and he has finally entered his capital in triumph at the head of his victorious troops, in the midst of the enthusiastic rejoicings of the whole population, which is generally not over-disposed to make any very strong demonstrations of feeling. These are in truth moments of great happiness, such as few monarchs have enjoyed at so advanced an age.

The military solemnity was worthy of the occasion. When 208 guns, taken from the enemy in a few days, can be placed side by side as trophies, while the enemy cannot boast of a single gun won in battle from his adversary, the victory really requires no further ornament. But Berlin is rich in artists and the taste for art; the space between the Brandenburg-gate and the Castle is perhaps more suitable than any that can be found in the other capitals of Europe for holiday pomp; the troops richly deserved to have an unequalled reception; and so universal is the enthusiasm in the country in consequence of

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its increase of power that no unpleasant remembrance of the past, no anxious cares for the future, diminish the general exultation. Those two days were indeed such holidays as had perhaps not been seen since the triumphal processions of ancient Rome before it fell through the self-will of its Cæsars.

Similar rejoicings, though accompanied by less magnificence, celebrated the return of the troops to the other larger and smaller towns of the monarchy. These were no demonstrations got up to order, as often happens; no sham festivals prepared by the authorities, at which the people, always glad to see a show, collect in crowds, without thinking or feeling much about its object; they were real national holidays, at which wives could at length again embrace their long absent husbands, fathers their sons, sisters their brothers, and maidens their lovers. In such happy moments the severest of Catos does not think of what and who brought on the war, of broken treaties, violated rights, and diplomatic disputes, regarding the Power by whom this war was begun. Individual feelings are stronger than feelings of right, and those who are happy prefer to look before than behind. Notwithstanding this, it is remarkable that at most of the solemnities which have been celebrated in Prussia, during the last few days, Count Bismarck, the creator of the present situation, has been less honoured than might have been expected. If the Prussian people cannot shut out the fact that it has to thank the determination of this man above all for its brilliant successes on the fields of diplomacy and battle, its moral instinct yet recoils from burning too much incense before him. Prussia has not yet reached the stage of unconditional adoration for him; nor has it lost all remembrance, in the noise of victory and power, of the events of the last four years.

As for the Count himself, it must be said to his honour that there is a remarkable change in his conduct towards the Chamber. Since the world has bowed down before his successes, and in its often only too extravagant praises of his genius seemed to have done its utmost to make him haughty and arrogant, he appears before the representatives of the people with far more moderation and modesty than before. His object is unmistakably to foster the harmony which has lately sprung up between them and the Government in order to be able to show to foreign powers a Prussia united on all sides. He is not nearly so intoxicated with victory as the masses, and thinks of the possible conflicts which Prussia may yet have to endure before she consolidates her power and realises his ultimate aim, namely, her dominion over the whole of Germany. He is, therefore, only consistent from his own point of view when he asks the Chamber for supplies, in order that Prussia might be armed against all eventualities, both militarily and financially. He requires that from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 of thalers may be always lying in the treasury at the disposal of the Government, and evidently looks upon this perpetual reserve as equally important with the king's new reserve battalions. From his own point of view he is undoubtedly right. At the same time no Minister has ever asked in time of peace for a more important vote of confidence, and it will be difficult to find an instance in the history of Constitutional States where a free representative assembly has agreed to such a demand. It means nothing less than asking for the most unconditional support to the future policy of the Government, and for the restoration of the Chamber to such a position that the Government might be able to conduct its foreign policy and wage war on its own account, and against the will of the Chamber. To this, however, Count

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Bismarck replied that such confidence is necessary in order to steer Prussia clear of the dangers which still threaten her, and that the ministry had shown itself worthy of this degree of confidence by its acts. He urged the House to consider the Bill from a political stand-point, and place the Government in a position to defend what had been gained. He maintained that the spirit of conciliation had not yet entered the Imperial Court of Vienna with the conclusion of peace; that the Eastern question might lead to serious European difficulties; and that in time of danger, with the money-market in an unfavourable condition, the Government would not be able to raise a loan. Should no such circumstances arise, no money would be expended by the Government without the approval of the House. He concluded by appealing once more to the House to trust the Government, and by declaring that the Ministry accepted the compromise as proposed by Mr. Michaelis' amendment. This amendment was passed on the 25th instant by a large majority, and thus the danger of another interminable conflict between the Government and the Chamber has been removed.

Count Bismarck does not show himself so yielding to the King of Saxony as he does to the Chamber. Notwithstanding the high protection which the latter has obtained from the Austrian and French Courts, he will in the end have to accept the terms offered him by Prussia. In some subordinate matters probably some concessions will be made to him (thus, perhaps, he will be allowed to keep a small detachment of his troops as a guard for his palace in Dresden); but this will make no difference in the main point, and the nominally independent king will practically become a vassal of Prussia, when his army has sworn allegiance to King William I., and the diplomatic representation of his country has passed into Prussian hands. There is already talk of increasing the Saxon army under the leadership of Prussia, of nearly doubling the present military budget, and of organising the army after the Prussian model. If it is further considered that Dresden will be converted into a fortress, it will not be too much to say that the King of Saxony will henceforward be far more like a prisoner of war than an independent monarch; and if we take away the shadow of sovereignty which is left to him, he is but little better off than the sovereigns of Hanover, Cassel, and Nassau, whose territories have been declared forfeit; and as regards any hopes he may have for the future, we really, now that matters have arrived at their present state, have no wish that such hopes may be realised. As the development of Germany proceeds, the King of Saxony will have to be satisfied if in a few years he is permitted, like the Elector of Hesse Cassel, to reside as a wealthy private gentleman in one of his palaces.

There is as little that is definite and satisfactory to report from Austria now as there was a fortnight ago. No ray of light has yet penetrated the chaos which prevails there. While the state of siege is still maintained at Vienna, the Czechs have shown by their recent abominable persecutions of the Jews at Prague, that they are more fitted for the times of Ziska than for our modern civilisation; and the conduct of the Magyars at Pesth proves that they are determined to take every advantage of the difficulties of the Hofburg at Vienna. The withdrawal of Count Esterhazy from the government, in which he had no ostensible place, but was only thereby enabled to exercise with greater effect his prejudicial influence, may doubtless be looked upon as the sign of a liberal tendency; but beyond this nothing tangible has as yet occurred, and the dis-

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content at Pesth in consequence of the delay in appointing a Hungarian Ministry is daily increasing. Meanwhile the re-organisation of the army is being seriously proceeded with at Vienna, and neither the Emperor nor the present commander-in-chief, the Archduke Albert, will show any want of zeal in this point. But Austria has had only too many paper organisations, which either never turn into flesh and blood, or prove failures when they are tried; and it is a bad omen for the one now about to be introduced that the command of the army will be separated from the Ministry of War—a separation whose disadvantages we bitterly felt during the Crimean war, and against which we have since striven in vain with endless expedients.

The feeling against Prussia continues to be very strong at Munich, Stuttgart, Dresden, Hanover, Frankfort, and, above all, at Vienna. A great deal of water will have to flow down the Rhine, the Main, and the Danube before this feeling is changed; and it will now be Prussia's chief task thoroughly to reconcile the annexed territories with their position, by exercising a temperate rule over them, before new warlike complications, which are slumbering in the background, again put her power to the test.

Although reports are current that Russia is concentrating troops in Bessarabia and on the Austrian frontier, there are no indications of any important movement of forces in these parts. Soldiers on two and three years' furlough have orders to hold themselves in readiness, and no further leave of absence is at present allowed to those employed in the military service.

The recent attempt on the life of the Emperor has naturally caused much sensation in all quarters. Very few details relative thereto have been as yet suffered to transpire here. The general impression that more than one person is concerned in the atrocious act seems to prevail. Fortunately, the criminal is neither a Pole nor a foreigner, otherwise another outburst of indignation would have ensued against the non-orthodox inhabitants of this country. Loyal demonstrations are now the order of the day, and in the southern portion of the empire they are, we believe, sincere.

Of the financial position of the empire, it is merely necessary to say that, with nothing but an inconvertible paper currency, the exchanges are progressing very unfavourably to Russia, the rouble value having within the last three years declined about 35 per cent. The issue of an inland lottery loan in the autumn of 1864 for 100,000,000 roubles, and another similar loan for a like amount in the early part of the current year, ostensibly for the purpose of enabling the Government to extend railway communications, but only partially employed for that object, are operations ill suited to promote the well-being of the country, and must in every case divert much working capital from trade for investment that cannot speedily become remunerative.

The events in CANDIA are daily becoming of a more threatening character, and it really seems as if the dreaded Eastern question, after having been laid to rest for ten years, were about to re-open in a more formidable shape than ever. At first the insurgents, hoping to win the support of the guaranteeing Powers, assigned as the only ground of their rising, the non-fulfilment, by the Turkish

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authorities in the island, of the *hatti-humayoun* of the 3rd of February, 1856, which guaranteed to the Christians in the empire an equality of rights with the Mussulmans. Although, however, the "high value" of this decree was "recognised" by the Powers at the Conference of Paris, they in no way bound themselves to see to the fulfilment of its provisions. It is true that in the Treaty of Paris of 1856 the independence and integrity of Turkey were guaranteed, on the condition "that she should recognise and sanction the political and religious rights of the Christians in the East;" but no definition of these rights is contained in the treaty, and in acknowledging the receipt of the *hatti-humayoun*, the powers expressly declared "that they did not arrogate to themselves any right to interfere with the relations existing between the Sultan and his subjects." Such an interference, in fact, would have been irreconcilable with the independence of Turkey, which the powers had bound themselves to preserve. The hopes of the Candiote insurgents, therefore, were disappointed. Neither England nor France would stir a finger in their behalf, and their ambassadors very properly confined themselves to representing to the Turkish Cabinet the necessity for making concessions and refraining from any rash proceedings against the insurgents.

The complaints of the Candiote Christians against the Government were of a vague character. The "national assembly of the Candiotes," in their despatches to the representatives of the guaranteeing powers, say a great deal about "abuses" and "arbitrary conduct" on the part of the authorities, and the necessity of their taking up arms in defence of "their honour and their lives and properties," but they do not make a single specific charge against the Turks in respect of their conduct before the insurrection began. Still less definite is the important memorandum of the Greek Government on this subject, which does not seem to have attracted as much attention in England as it deserves. This memorandum begins by stating that "the island of Crete has, during the last four months, been passing through a crisis, the prolongation of which is a proof of the importance of the motives which have provoked it, and the inefficiency of the means employed to appease it." It is hardly to be expected, perhaps, that the Foreign Minister at Athens should acknowledge that the insurrection was not caused by the misgovernment of the Turks, but by Greek agitators, who attempted, while the attention of Europe was still absorbed by the all-engrossing events in Germany, to wrest Candia from the Turkish rule and annex it to Greece. In this sense the "motives" which provoked the insurrection are unquestionably important, and if Turkey has failed to prevent the outbreak, that has been her misfortune rather than her fault. This, however, is not, as may be supposed, the view taken by the Greek Cabinet. It goes on to say that "the situation tends to aggravate the sufferings of the Cretans," and that Greece "would be wanting to her mission as the first Christian state in the East if she did not raise her voice in favour of her brothers of Candia, oppressed by the misfortunes of a bad administration, surrounded by numerous troops, and having everything to fear from Turkish fanaticism and the measures which have been ordered against them." In another passage the "situation" is described as follows:—"An administration of justice which does not offer any of the guarantees that in Europe make this institution the principal basis of all social order; oppressive taxes, unjustly distributed and collected in a manner which renders exactions inevitable; daily abuses of authority; absence of every means of

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intellectual culture; and repression of the aspirations of the people towards Christian civilisation." For this formidable array of grievances the Greek Government knows the remedy, but hesitates to say what it is. "To put together notorious facts, and trace a faithful picture of this dangerous situation, was for the Government of his Majesty an easy task; it would be far more difficult for it to give an opinion regarding the measures which alone can guarantee to the Cretans an existence more in conformity with their history and the exigencies of civilisation and justice."

This significant passage, which closes the memorandum, evidently points to an annexation of the island to Greece; and the Cretans have now openly proclaimed this to be their policy. That it was their policy all along there cannot be the slightest doubt; and although the Turkish authorities probably committed abuses, as they usually do when they have Christians under them, there is no proof whatever that these abuses produced the insurrection. It is important to bear this fact in mind, as it is indicative of an awakening of the national spirit among the Greeks of Turkey which may be productive of very serious danger to the empire. From the island of Samos and Albania appeals against the Turkish rule have already reached the representatives of the guaranteeing Powers, and in Albania these appeals have been followed by an armed movement, which promises to give the Turkish troops in that province no little trouble. The Albanians, like the Cretans, have sent their women and children to Greece, and seem to be preparing for a desperate effort to shake off the Turkish yoke. The governor of the province, Husni Pasha, has been dismissed for having permitted the movement to acquire such development; but it may be doubted whether, with the few troops at his command, he could have opposed to it any effectual resistance.

Nor is the revolutionary spirit which is now convulsing Turkey confined in the Greek populations of the empire. Among the Roumans and Slavonians a new plan of a so-called "Danubian Confederation," established on the ruins of Turkey and Austria, has found great favour. Prince Michael, of Servia, who has placed himself at the head of a movement in this sense, is strengthening his army, and cultivates friendly relations with the neighbouring states of Roumania and Montenegro, which he hopes to draw into the Confederation. The plan is in itself a visionary one, for the Slavonian peoples are too disunited to form themselves into a Confederation, but it shows the existence of strong separatist tendencies in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey, and the Ottoman Government is so sensible of the importance of the movement that it has concentrated an army on the Drina and another at Novi Bazar, on the frontiers of Servia and Montenegro, with the object of preventing the entrance of Servian agents or troops into Bulgaria.

Sept. 27th.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Coal Question; an Inquiry concerning the Progress of the Nation, and the Probable Exhaustion of our Coal-Mines. By W. S. Jevons, M.A. Second edition. London: Macmillan, 1866.

Many a good book has a slow sale, and rarely is a second edition of a scientific work called for in a year's time. Perhaps Mr. Jevons' volume might have shared the unkind fate of others had it not been for the late speech of Mr. Mill on the national debt, and for Mr. Gladstone's last budget. Happily it has been otherwise, and this edition has followed the former so closely that there is little difference between them, excepting in the addition of a very imperfect Index—which, however, is the only weak part of the book—and of some twenty pages of Preface, in great part devoted to the summary annihilation of adverse critics. The first edition, however, was so carefully written that few corrections were needed.

Mr. Jevons first corrects some misunderstandings that may have occurred, and explains that by "exhaustion of our coal-mines," he does not mean the extraction of the last ton of coal in the country, but simply that state of things in which coal will be so difficult and expensive to get that we shall not be able to use it for manufactures in competition with the countries which may then have vast quantities of easily got coal. Neither does he mean by "the end" the sudden downfall of the nation, but the end of its present progressive state. It should be remembered, however, that to be stationary, or to progress but slightly, is to fall back comparatively, as in such case other nations must progress and work their way ahead of us.

The author also briefly treats of our duties at the present time, whilst the nation is prosperous; duties which cannot be put off without danger to a time when we may be less able to perform them, and states his conviction that we ought to make it a national matter to do away with that large amount of ignorance and vice which characterise a great part of our lower orders, and on which "the whole structure of our wealth and refined civilisation is built." He thinks that one "indispensable measure" for lessening these evils, and for giving the next generation a better education than the present, is a restriction on the employment of children. The able preface ends with an answer to the notion that it is not good, because discouraging, for us to think of future national weakness:—"Even the habitual contemplation of death injures no man of any strength of mind. It rather nerves him to think and act justly while it is yet day."

More cannot be done here than to give a short analysis of the book and of its line of argument. After giving a sketch of the plan of his work, Mr. Jevons notices what has been published before on the subject, and remarks that the "so-called estimates of duration" which have been made from time to time "are no such thing, but only compendious statements how many times the coal existing in the earth exceeds the quantity annually drawn." Having accepted Mr. Hull's estimate[1] of the existing quantity in Britain as the latest and the most trustworthy, he then says "that the exact quantity of coal existing is a less important point in this question than the rate at which our consumption

(1) The Coal-Fields of Great Britain. 2nd edition. London: Stamford, 1864.

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increases," or, in other words, the inquiry belongs to the science of statistics rather than to geology. The latter, however, is not by any means disregarded by our author, who supplies a short and clear account of the "Geological Aspect of the Question," which shows that he is not only well read in this part of the subject, but also well understands it.

Then follows a chapter on the cost of coal-mining, the conclusion drawn being that there is no danger of our reaching a limit of deep mining from physical impossibility, but that what we must look forward to is a limit of commercial possibility. The increase in the price of coal that has taken place is next noticed, but from this we must pass on to the three following chapters, which treat of "inventions in regard to the use of coal." The first of these may be summed in the author's words as follows:—"Almost all the arts we practised in England, until within the last century, were of Continental origin," and "almost all the arts and inventions we have of late contributed spring from our command of coal.". In the second, Mr. Jevons disposes of the not uncommon idea that the economy of coal from improvements in machinery will cause a decrease in the consumption: it is that very economy which will give rise to a great increase in the use of machinery, and consequently to a further consumption of coal; just as the lowering of heavy dues has led to increased demand, and sometimes also to increased revenue. The third of these chapters proves that there is no likelihood of finding a substitute for coal as a source of power. Wind is too uncertain; water is too limited; electricity pre-supposes the use of coal for the extraction of the needful metals, &c.

Three chapters are then given to the consideration of several social and statistical questions; and it is shown that since the beginning of the century our consumption of coal per head has increased fourfold; that within sixty years our export of crude iron has increased two-hundred-and-forty-fivefold; and that manufactures dependent on coal and iron, as nearly all are, have progressed in a like way. The general conclusion therefrom is, that our development as a nation progresses in a geometrical, not in an arithmetical series.

The author then speaks of the consumption of coal, and notices a correction made since his first edition was published, in the returns of coal got in the years 1861-4, which, however, he does not avail himself of, although it adds to the amounts for those years, and thereby slightly strengthens his conclusion. This conclusion, the chief point of the book, is as follows:—Our average yearly increase in the consumption of coal is at the rate of about 3½ per cent. If we go on at that rate the consumption in the year 1961 will be about two thousand six hundred millions of tons; and the total amount consumed in the hundred and ten years from 1861 to 1970 will be a hundred thousand million tons, which is more than Mr. Hull's estimate of all the available coal in the kingdom. Mr. Jevons, however, thinks that we cannot long keep up the present rate of increase; but he insists, and we fear rightly, that the check which it will receive will be the sign of that "exhaustion," or greatly increased cost and difficulty of winning the coal, which he foretells. Mr. Hunt's last return (for 1865) bears out the author's conclusions, ninety-eight million tons being the yield of that year, some five millions more than that of 1864. The exact quantity of coal which we still have is of secondary importance in this argument, for the yearly consumption grows so fast that each successive year

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tells more and more on the lessened remainder, so that "were our coal half as abundant again as Mr. Hull states, the effect would only be to defer the climax of our growth perhaps for one generation." It must be remarked, however, that Mr. Jevons' calculation of the rate of our yearly increase in the consumption of coal is most likely too high; for in each successive year the returns of coal raised are more exact, and nearer to the truth; and therefore the constant increase is in some measure owing to this greater exactness, the yield of former years being more underrated than that of later years.

The chapter on the export and import of coal successfully combats the notion that when our supplies are gone we may import from America. Of course the factories will be where the coal is. And the conclusion that must be drawn from the account of the coal-resources of different countries is that North America is the only country where they can compare with our own, which indeed they vastly exceed. It is somewhat strange, perhaps, that Mr. Jevons has not gone into the probable effect of the decrease of British coal on other European countries, all of which have far less coal than we have.

A good account of the progress of our iron-works follows; then an analysis of our trading relations with other countries; and then a disquisition on taxes and the national debt, in which the author opposes any export duty on coal, which really "would be equivalent to a duty on outward tonnage," and therefore a burden to navigation (for coal is in fact taken out as ballast); and also any excise duty on coal, as every manufactured article would be indirectly taxed thereby; but he suggests that we might lighten the burden of posterity by reducing the national debt, instead of making constant demands for the remission of taxes.

In his "Concluding Reflections," Mr. Jevons eloquently describes the part which our country has had to play in the world's history, and remarks that "Britain may contract to her former littleness, and her people be again distinguished for homely and hardy virtues, for a clear intellect, and a regard for law, rather than for brilliancy and power. But our name and race, our language, history, and literature, our love of freedom, and our instincts of self-government, will live in a world-wide sphere."

After carefully reading this book we cannot but feel that it has been written in a fair and open spirit, with much careful research, and a thorough method of reasoning. Moreover it is in good plain English, and in a very pleasant style, so as to be anything but the dry reading which many would expect. Those who disagree with Mr. Jevons' agreements will have a very hard fight in trying to disprove them, and we fear that they will not even then succeed, though we heartily hope that they may be able to soften them, however slightly.

One remark in conclusion: the author has supported his views so ably, that he has every right to ask that they may be treated "with candour, not separating any statement from its qualifications and conditions;" and it is to be hoped that he will not again have to complain of unfair treatment. His views can, indeed, be met only in fair fight by good argument; and even should they be disproved, which seems improbable, the book would not lose its value as an example of sound reasoning. W. WHITAKER.

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ACROSS MEXICO IN 1864-5. By W. H. BULLOCK. Macmillan and Co., London and Cambridge. 1866.

THE name of Mexico is a word of power, which calls up instantly in our imagination visions of ancient wealth and splendour, of modern adventure and romance, and of tropical scenery in its most luxuriant magnificence. At present, moreover, a special interest attaches to this country, as being the scene of a great political experiment, undertaken by the most powerful and far-sighted of modern statesmen. A final attempt is now in progress to restore Mexico to that place among the nations, for which she appears to have been fitted by nature. Mr. Bullock, who has travelled and seen much on this side of the Atlantic, gives us his impressions of the Mexicans and their country, as he saw them during the progress of this experiment, little more than a year ago. As to its ultimate success he appears to be far from sanguine, although the only hope for Mexico seems to lie in foreign intervention, and there can be little doubt that the Americans are watching for the evacuation of Mexico by the French, almost as eagerly as the Italians for the departure of the garrison of Rome. Doubtful as is the future of Mexico, disturbed and impoverished as is its present condition, still things are now better than they have been for many a long day. French intervention has, at least, conferred *some* security on life and property; it is now possible in *some* districts for a proprietor to reside at his country-seat, as safely perhaps as if he were in Ireland; and wherever Mr. Bullock went he found that nine-tenths of the well-to-do inhabitants were favourable to the Imperial *régime*.

Mr. Bullock landed at Vera Cruz in November, 1864, went up by Puebla to the capital, where he stayed seven weeks; thence he proceeded by Morelia to Guadalajara, from which city he made an expedition to San Blas, on the shores of the Pacific. He returned to Mexico by Guanajato, and the fertile plains of El Bajio; then, taking a new route down to the shores of the Gulf, by the silver mines of Real del Monte, and the splendid scenery of the Huasteca, he arrived at Tampico in time for the steamer of March 28th, 1865. He thus traversed the most interesting and important part of the Mexican dominions, but is quite unable to conceal his disappointment as regards the whole of the great table-land of Anahuac, and especially the famous valley where stands the capital itself. Sadly changed, indeed, is its appearance since the days of Montezuma. Dreary morasses, salt incrustations, black ditches, sandy roads, ruinous villages, square fields with maguey fences, the whole surrounded by barren mountains denuded of timber. Such is the landscape around the so-called Venice of the New World. The lakes have shrunk away from her walls, while the snow-capped volcanoes alone remain unchanged, and magnificent as when they were objects of worship to the Aztecs. If the face of nature has undergone so great a change, we must not feel surprised to hear that scarcely a monument remains of the ancient glories of Tenochtitlan; it has, indeed, been the special care of the Roman Catholic priesthood to destroy everything which might recall the old religion to the minds of the natives. A few ruined pyramids, or teocallis, and a carved calendar stone seem to be the only visible relics of the Aztec empire, the conquest of which by a handful of Spanish adventurers reads more like a fairy tale than does any other historical narrative claiming to be authentic. But, allowing for much exaggeration, we

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still cannot doubt that, fully four centuries ago, there existed in Mexico a great and wealthy kingdom, founded on the ruins of an older and probably superior civilisation, while the rest of North America was peopled only with wandering hunter tribes. Mighty and flourishing States have now arisen where there was primeval forest in the time of Hernando Cortes; but the scene of his brilliant exploits has had a most disastrous history ever since he landed in 1519.

Three centuries of Spanish oppression and misgovernment have been followed by fifty years of anarchy and civil war. Foreign intervention has lately substituted an empire for a republic, and any day may bring us the news that by foreign intervention the republic has been restored. By a singular fatality the fairest regions of the tropical New World seem doomed to perpetual anarchy. With every advantage of soil and climate, the greater part of Mexico is practically a desert; it is Jamaica on a larger scale. In India one may pass in a descent of a few miles from ice and snow to the region of sugar-canes, and may see growing on the same mountain slopes the deodara, teak-tree, tea plant, cinchona, coffee plant, and banana, while the plains beneath are covered with rice and cotton, and the sea-coast fringed with a forest of palms. With a thrifty, industrious, docile race of inhabitants, under a just and powerful government, Mexico might rival British India, but in tropical America these essential elements of prosperity are not to be found. Europe may provide the wage-fund and the market for produce; she may even establish a strong and responsible government, but failing an ample supply of native labour, foreign energy and capital can never produce national wealth.

About two-thirds of the Mexican population are of pure Indian race; these are in general poor, and much given to habits of intemperance; as a rule, they show little interest in politics, and rarely take up arms for either side, although Juarez himself is a full-blooded Indian. The rest of the population consists of Mestizos, or half-breeds, and a small minority of pure European descent. Except in gambling, they are listless and indolent in the highest degree, caring for little beyond pulque and papiros, and leaving all enterprises, such as mining, banking, planting, in the hands of foreigners. They are remarkably polite to strangers, and hospitable also, as might be expected in a country where there are hardly any inns. Mr. Bullock was singularly fortunate throughout in his travelling companions, one of whom, Don Antonio Escandon, proved to him "a sort of Mexican Providence." Altogether his luck was great, as he appears to have enjoyed perfect health, and he somehow escaped falling among brigands, of whom he heard much, but saw little. His friend Don Carlos was carried off by them, and ransomed for 6,000 dollars; had Mr. Bullock fallen into their hands he would probably have been put to death as a Frenchman. He only once encountered Juarists; it was very near Tampico, and they treated him well; in the interior, however, the name of "Chinaco," or Liberal, is synonymous with brigand, and strikes terror into all the peaceable inhabitants.

The roads are dreadful, whether on plains or on mountains, being sometimes a mere quicksand, sometimes a rough zig-zag track over rocks, and steep beyond anything in Switzerland; twenty-eight mules may be seen harnessed to one vehicle, and struggling on desperately amid yells, blows, and volleys of stones. A railway is now in progress from Santa Cruz to the capital. With the present means of communication in a country nearly four times the size of

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France, it cannot be matter for astonishment that the central authority is little felt in the remote provinces, and that the French troops find the brigands rather troublesome to deal with, especially where the country is well-wooded, as in Michoachan. In this picturesque province Mr. Bullock saw something of "hacienda" life; sport he had none, scarcely seeing a single wild animal during his travels in Mexico. He gives an amusing account of carnival festivities, which are kept up with much enthusiasm, although religious observances in general are at a discount, most of the churches being in ruins, and many districts without a parish priest. It is noticeable, however, that schools have been lately re-opened, which were closed during the tenure of office by Juarez. The Mexican law gives great encouragement to mining adventurers, who may compel the owner of the soil to part with his property by simply "denouncing" it as containing precious minerals. In an excellent coloured map of Central Mexico Mr. Bullock has illustrated the remarkable configuration of surface, which confers on the country a threefold climate. The "tierra caliente" extends from the sea level to an elevation of 3,000 feet; the climate is of course tropical, and deadly to Europeans. Above this a zone of extreme fertility and delightful climate extends along the slopes of the great table-land, with an average breadth of 70 miles. This earthly paradise is the "tierra templada." Higher still lies the "tierra fria," embracing the valley of Mexico, which stands 7,000 feet above the sea. This region is arid and treeless, but when irrigated produces good crops of cereals. The slopes of the loftier mountains, rising far above this elevation, are covered with dense forests of oak and pine, the limit of perpetual snow being at a height of 12,000 feet. The colouring of the map shows how, in the interior, verdure and fertility are found only in a "barranca," or on a mountain peak. At the average height of the great plateau the rapid evaporation parches up all animal and vegetable life.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

REMINISCENCES OF A BENGAL CIVILIAN. By WILLIAM EDWARDS, B.C.S. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WHILE yet a very young man, entering for the first time upon the active duties of life, Mr. Edwards formed the laudable resolution of keeping a faithful record of whatever interesting events might befall him during his career as a Bengal Civilian. It so chanced that many strange and startling experiences did fall to his lot, among which, not the least vexatious, perhaps, was the destruction of all his cherished letters and manuscripts at the outbreak of the great Indian rebellion. This misadventure is the more to be regretted because, not only was he himself an exceptionally shrewd observer, but it was also his good fortune to be employed in the political department of the service, by which he was enabled to see face to face, what others beheld, as in a glass, darkly. The disastrous retreat from Cabul, avenged but not redeemed by Pollock's victorious campaign,—the blundering, if successful, struggle at Maharajpore, at which he was present, in immediate and perilous attendance upon the Governor-General,—the two fearful contests with the Sikhs, where existence rather than empire was at stake,—and finally, that dread convulsion which revealed alike the spasmodic strength and the innate weakness of the British power in India; such were the notable episodes which, crowded within the brief space of thirty years, furnished

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the Bengal Civilian with ample matter for his note-books, and of a kind that could never be quite effaced from memory.

The lessons which Mr. Edwards appears to have learned from his eventful and troubled career, are only too nearly akin to the conclusions arrived at by the most illustrious of his predecessors. With Sir John Malcolm, he protests against the precipitancy of the progress that is being forced upon the natives, without reference to their capacity for appreciating innovations which belong to a totally different system of society. The British government, while actuated by the best intentions, has committed the fatal error of proceeding too much in advance of public opinion. It has overlooked the important truth that all civilisation is spurious which does not permeate the habits of the people, their domestic usages and modes of thought. Intellectual and social improvements, to be permanent, must be introduced by degrees, and not by leaping over a century at a time. But India, as Mr. Edwards justly observes, is governed chiefly from Calcutta, and by men who know nothing of the interior of the country and its millions of inhabitants, except from official reports, and who consequently think and act "as if India generally was similarly situated to Calcutta, as if the mind of the nation was in that forward state of social progress which would have been the case had it worked out for itself all existing improvements, instead of having them suddenly implanted from without." One little illustration will suffice to show how widely apart are the European and Asiatic points of view. When the late Maharajah of Puttialah ascended the throne on the death of his father, it was a matter of the most urgent importance to secure the goodwill of that prince and his subjects. Mr. Edwards was accordingly despatched with rich presents, a *sunnud* of investiture, an autograph letter from Lord Hardinge, and with general instructions to use every endeavour to conciliate the young chief and his people, who were in a state of almost hostile excitement through Sir Harry Smith's discomfiture at Buddiwal. The aspect of affairs, indeed, was so unpropitious, that the envoy found it necessary to exceed his authority, and to make promises on his own responsibility. First of all, he hinted at enlargement of territory, and the annexation of lands about to be wrested from the Sikhs, but his assurances were so coldly received that he lost no time in playing his trump card. He engaged that the salute to which his highness was entitled should be increased to such a number of guns as would place him at once on a level with the ancient Rajahs of Hindustan. This bait proved irresistible, and neither the Maharajah, nor his Wuzeer, attempted to conceal their satisfaction. What the practical prosaic Englishman has come to despise as childish and vainglorious, the sensitive Oriental still values more dearly than life or riches, for his tastes, feelings, knowledge, and opinions are all mediæval.

Again, Mr. Edwards agrees with Sir Thomas Munro, in deploring the moral and social debasement of the natives under the British rule. Since the subjugation of the Greeks by the Turcomans, never has a people been so needlessly humiliated. Until very recently there was no opening of any kind for men of good family, or, indeed, for any native who cared to retain his self-respect. Even now, the landed gentry in most parts of India are subjected to all manner of slights, and openly treated as an inferior race. The old landed proprietary body, indeed, have been systematically deprived of all power and influence, and their estates brought to the hammer under the harsh and frequently unjust

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action of our civil courts. But, though reduced to beggary, the representatives of the ancient families have never lost their hold upon the affections of their hereditary retainers and followers, and thus it came to pass, that when the insurrection broke out, the new landowners were summarily evicted by the rural population, and a large and influential class, who might have been made the firmest supporters of order, were compelled to range themselves on the side of the insurgents. Wherever the ancient feudal superiors had been left unmolested, tranquillity was preserved and the villagers went about their ordinary avocations with as much unconcern as if the land were at rest, and war and rapine far from its borders. One useful lesson, at least, has been taught by the mutiny, and that is the utter failure of the levelling system, a policy so cruel and heartless that it never deserved to succeed.

Lastly, Mr. Edwards again and again re-echoes the warnings, so clearly uttered by Sir Charles Metcalfe, who never lost an occasion of registering his belief that our Indian empire is built upon a quicksand, and will some day crumble away and leave scarce a vestige behind. Our position in India is precisely analogous to that of the Turks in Europe—it is an encampment, surrounded on all sides by enemies, and tenable only so long as we command the seas, and can spare a sufficient force to crush the first demonstrations of hostility. It was not love of British rule, but fear of British bayonets, which prevented at the outset the warlike inhabitants of the Punjab from throwing in their lot with the revolted soldiery, and enabled the authorities in that province to disarm the sepoy regiments and overawe the malcontents, "until the mass of the turbulent spirits among the Sikhs had been organised into armed bodies, marched out of the country, and let loose on Delhi and our old provinces." But it cannot be too earnestly inculcated upon those who are responsible for the security of our Eastern possessions, that we have struck no root into the land, that we are merely strewed upon the surface,—ocean weeds scattered upon the shore,—and that the only result of our long usurpation has been the gradual formation of an Indian nationality adverse to foreign supremacy. The chief effect of our oppressively benevolent rule has been "to fuse into a whole the previously discordant elements of native society, and to bind together, by a bond of common country, colour, and language, those whom we have been in the habit of considering as effectually and for ever separated by diversity of race and religion, and the insurmountable barrier of caste." Hindoo and Mahommedan have gradually been drawn together to oppose a common danger, and it is undeniable that the followers of the Arabian prophet have become so completely Hindooised that there is actually less difference between them and the native idolaters than exists between different castes of the latter. Our tenure of India, therefore, is every year growing less certain. Another and far worse cataclysm than the last will assuredly burst upon us before another generation has passed away, unless more heed be paid to the teaching of such experienced and clearsighted observers as the Bengal Civilian, whose Reminiscences form a pleasant and even valuable addition to our Anglo-Indian literature.

James Hutton.

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THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

No. VII. On Changes of Ministry.

There is one error as to the English constitution which crops up periodically. Circumstances which often, though irregularly, occur naturally suggest that error, and as surely as they happen it revives. The relation of Parliament, and especially of the House of Commons, to the Executive Government is the specific peculiarity of our constitution, and an event which frequently happens much puzzles some people as to it.

That event is a change of ministry. All our administrators go out together. The whole executive government changes—at least, all the heads of it change in a body, and at every such change some speculators are sure to exclaim that such a habit is foolish. They say, "No doubt Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell may have been wrong about reform; we do not say they have, but they may have; no doubt Mr. Gladstone may have been cross in the House of Commons, though we do not say he was; but why should either or both of these events change all heads of all our practical departments? What could be more absurd than what happened in 1858? Lord Palmerston was for once in his life over-buoyant; he gave rude answers to stupid inquiries; he brought into the Cabinet a nobleman who had come before the public in an ugly trial about a woman; he, or his Foreign Secretary, did not answer a French despatch by a despatch, but told our ambassador to reply orally. And because of these trifles, or at any rate, these *un*-administrative mistakes, all our administration had fresh heads. The Poor Law Board had a new chief, the Home Department a new chief, the Public Works a new chief. Surely this was absurd." Is this objection good or bad? Speaking generally, is it wise or is it not wise so to change all our rulers?

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The practice produces three great evils. First, it brings in on a sudden new persons and untried persons to preside over our policy. A little while ago Lord Cranborne had no more idea that he would now be Indian Secretary than that he would be a bill broker. He had never given any attention to Indian affairs; he can get them up because he is an able educated man who can get up anything. But they are not "part and parcel" of his mind; not his subjects of familiar reflection, nor things of which he thinks by predilection, of which he cannot help thinking. But because Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone did not please the House of Commons about reform, there he is. A perfectly inexperienced man, so far as Indian affairs go, rules all our Indian empire. And if all our heads of offices change together, so very frequently it must be. If twenty offices are vacant at once, there are almost never twenty tried, competent, clever men ready to take them. The difficulty of making up a government is very much like the difficulty of putting together a Chinese puzzle. The spaces do not suit what you have to put into them. And the difficulty of matching a ministry is more than that of fitting a puzzle, because the ministers to be put in can object, though the bits of a puzzle cannot. One objector can throw out the combination. In 1847 Lord Grey would not join Lord John Russell's projected government if Lord Palmerston was to be Foreign Secretary; Lord Palmerston would be Foreign Secretary, and so the government was not formed. The cases in which a single refusal prevents a government are rare, and there must be many concurrent circumstances to make it effectual. But the cases in which refusals impair or spoil a government are very common. It almost never happens that the ministry-maker can put into his offices exactly whom he would like; a number of placemen are always too proud, too eager, or too obstinate to go just where they should.

Again, this system not only makes new ministers ignorant, but keeps present ministers indifferent. A man cannot feel the same interest that he might in his work if he knows that by events over which he has no control,—by errors in which he had no share,—by metamorphoses of opinion which belong to a different sequence of phenomena, he may have to leave that work in the middle, and may very likely never return to it. The new man put into a fresh office ought to have the best motive to learn his task thoroughly, but, in fact, in England he has not at all the best motive. The last wave of party and politics brought him there, the next may take him away. Young and eager men take, even at this disadvantage, a keen interest in office work, but most men, especially old men, hardly do so. Many a battered minister may be seen to think much more of the vicissitudes which make him and unmake him, than of any office matter.

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Lastly, a sudden change of ministers may easily cause a mischievous change of policy. In many matters of business, perhaps in most, a continuity of mediocrity is better than a hotch-potch of excellences. Any decent plan steadily pursued will work far better than a changing trial of superlative schemes; one of which begins to-day, and the next begins to-morrow. For example, now that progress in the scientific arts is revolutionising the instruments of war, rapid changes in our head-preparers for land and sea war are most costly and most hurtful. A single competent selector of new inventions would probably in the course of years, after some experience, arrive at something tolerable; it is in the nature of steady, regular, experimenting ability to diminish, if not vanquish such difficulties. But a quick succession of chiefs has no similar facility. They do not learn from each other's experience; you might as well expect the new head boy at a public school to learn from the experience of the last head boy. The most valuable result of many years is a nicely balanced mind instinctively heedful of various errors; but such a mind is the incommunicable gift of individual experience, and an outgoing minister can no more leave it to his successor than an elder brother can pass it on to a younger. A shifting, a temporary, an unforeseen policy is apt to follow from a rapid change of ministers.

These are formidable arguments, but four things may, I think, be said in reply to, or mitigation of them. A little examination will show that this change of ministers is essential to a Parliamentary government;—that something like it will happen in all elective governments, and that worse happens under presidential government; that it is not neccessarily prejudicial to a good administration, but that, on the contrary, something like it is a prerequisite of good administration;—that the evident evils of English administration are not the results of Parliamentary government, but of grave deficiencies in other parts of our political and social state;—that, in a word, these evils result not from what we have, but from what we have *not*.

As to the first point, those who wish to remove the choice of ministers from Parliament have not adequately considered what a Parliament is. A Parliament is nothing less than a big meeting of more or less idle people. In proportion as you give it power it will inquire into everything, settle everything, meddle in anything. In an ordinary despotism, the powers of a despot are limited by his bodily capacity, and by the calls of pleasure; he is but one man, there are but twelve hours in his day, and he is not disposed to employ more than a small part in dull business; he keeps the rest for the court, or the harem, or for society. He is at the top of the world, and all the pleasures of the world are set before him. Mostly there is only a very small part of political business which he cares to

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understand, and much of it (with the shrewd sensual sense belonging to the race) he knows that he will never understand. But a Parliament is composed of a great number of men by no means at the top of the world. When you establish a predominant Parliament, you give over the rule of the country to a despot who has unlimited time,—who has unlimited vanity,—who has, or believes he has unlimited comprehension, whose pleasure is in action, whose life is work. There is no limit to the curiosity of Parliament. Sir Robert Peel once suggested that a list should be taken down of the questions asked of him in a single evening; they touched more or less on fifty subjects, and there were a thousand other subjects which by parity of reason might have been added too. As soon as bore A ends, bore B begins. Some inquire from genuine love of knowledge, or from a real wish to improve what they ask about,—others to see their name in the papers,—others to show a watchful constituency that they are alert,—others to get on and to get a place in the government,—others from an accumulation of little motives they could not themselves analyse, or because it is their habit to ask things. And a proper reply must be given. It was said that "Darby Griffith destroyed Lord Palmerston's first Government," and undoubtedly the cheerful impertinence with which in the conceit of victory he answered similar grave men much hurt his Parliamentary power. There is one thing which no one will permit to be treated lightly, and that something is himself. There is one thing which a sovereign assembly will never permit to be lessened or ridiculed,—its own power. The minister of the day will have to give an account in Parliament of all branches of administration, to say why they act as they do act, and why they do not act as they do not.

Nor is mere inquiry all that Parliament may enjoin, or all a public department has to fear. Fifty members of Parliament may be zealous for a particular policy affecting the department, and fifty others for another policy, and between them they may divide its action, spoil its favourite aims, and prevent its consistently working out either of their own aims. The process is very simple. Every department at times looks as if it was in a scrape; some apparent blunder, perhaps some real blunder, catches the public eye. At once the antagonist Parliamentary sections, which want to act on the department, seize the opportunity. They make speeches, they move for documents, they amass statistics. They declare "that in no other country is such a policy possible as that which the department is pursuing; that it is mediæval; that it costs money; that it wastes life; that America does the contrary; that Prussia does the contrary." The newspapers follow according to their nature. These bits of administrative scandal amuse the public. Articles on them are very easy to

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write, easy to read, easy to talk about. They please the vanity of mankind. We think as we read, "Thank God, *I* am not as that man; *I* did not send green coffee to the Crimea; *I* did not send patent cartridge to the common guns, and common cartridge to the breech-loaders. *I* make money; that miserable public functionary only wastes money." As for the defence of the department, no one cares for it or reads it. Naturally at first hearing it does not sound true. The opposition have the unrestricted selection of the point of attack, and they seldom choose a case in which the department, upon the surface of the matter, seems to be right. The case of first impression will always be that something shameful has happened; that such and such men did die; that this and that gun would not go off; that this or that ship will not sail. All the pretty reading is unfavourable, and all the praise is very dull.

Nothing is more helpless than such a department in Parliament if it has no authorised official defender. All the wasps of the House are at once upon it; here they perceive is something easy to sting, and safe, for it cannot sting in return. The small grain of foundation for complaint germinates, till it becomes a whole crop. At once the minister of the day is appealed to; he is at the head of the administration, and he must put the errors right, if such there are. The opposition leader says, "I put it to the right honourable gentleman, the First Lord of the Treasury. He is a man of business. I do not agree with him in his choice of ends, but he is an almost perfect master of methods and means. What he wishes to do he does do. Now I appeal to him whether such gratuitous errors, such fatuous incapacity, are to be permitted in the public service. Perhaps the right honourable gentleman will grant me his attention while I show from the very documents of the department," &c., &c. What is the minister to do? He never heard of this matter; he does not care about the matter. Several of the supporters of the Government are interested in the opposition to the department; a grave man, supposed to be wise, mutters, "This is *too* bad." The Secretary of the Treasury tells him, "The House is uneasy. A good many men are shaky. A. B. said yesterday he had been dragged through the dirt four nights following. Indeed I am disposed to think myself that the department has been somewhat lax. Perhaps an inquiry," &c., &c. And upon that the Prime Minister rises and says, "That Her Majesty's Government having given very serious and grave consideration to this most important subject, are not prepared to say that in so complicated a matter the department has been perfectly exempt from error. He does not indeed concur in all the statements which have been made; it is obvious that several of the charges advanced are inconsistent with one another. If A had really died from eating

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green coffee on the Tuesday, it is plain he could not have suffered from insufficient medical attendance on the following Thursday. However, on so complex a subject, and one so foreign to common experience, he will not give a judgment. And if the honourable member would be satisfied with having the matter inquired into by a committee of that House, he will be prepared to accede to the suggestion."

Possibly the outlying department knowing that the ministry will not state its case, may cram a friend. But it is happy indeed if it chances on a judicious friend. The persons most ready to take up that sort of business are benevolent amateurs, very well intentioned, very grave, very respectable, but also rather dull. Their words are good, but their arguments are weak about the joints. They speak very well, but while they are speaking, the decorum is so great that everybody goes away. Such a man is no match for a couple of House of Commons gladiators. They pull what he says to shreds. They show or say that he is wrong about his facts. Then he rises in a fuss and must explain: but in his hurry he mistakes and cannot find the right paper, and becomes first hot, then confused, next inaudible, and so sits down. Probably he leaves the House with the notion that the defence of the department has broken down, and so the *Times* announces to all the world as soon as it awakes.

Some thinkers have naturally suggested that the heads of departments should as such have the right of speech in the House. But the system when it has been tried has not answered. M. Guizot tells us from his own experience that such a system is not effectual. A great popular assembly has a corporate character; it has its own privileges, prejudices, and notions. And one of those notions is that its own members—the persons it sees every day—whose qualities it knows, whose minds it can test, are those whom it can most trust. A clerk speaking from without would be an unfamiliar object. He would be an outsider. He would speak under suspicion; he would speak without dignity. Very often he would speak as a victim. All the bores of the House would be upon him. He would be put upon examination. He would have to answer interrogatories. He would be put through the figures and cross-questioned in detail. The whole effect of what he said would be lost in *quæstiunculæ* and hidden in a controversial detritus.

Again, such a person would rarely speak with great ability. He would speak as a scribe. His habits must have been formed in the quiet of an office; he is used to red paper, placidity, and the respect of subordinates. Such a person will hardly ever be able to stand the hurly-burly of a public assembly. He will lose his head,—he will say what he should not. He will get hot and red; he will feel

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he is a sort of culprit. After being used to the flattering deference of deferential subordinates, he will be pestered by fuss and confounded by invective. He will hate the House as naturally as the House does not like him. He will be an incompetent speaker addressing a hostile audience.

And what is more, an outside administrator addressing Parliament, can move Parliament only by the goodness of his arguments. He has no votes to back them up with. He is sure to be at chronic war with some active minority of assailants or others. The natural mode in which a department is improved on great points and new points is by external suggestion; the worst foes of a department are the plausible errors which the most visible facts suggest, and which only half invisible facts confute. Both the good ideas and the bad ideas are sure to find advocates first in the press and then in Parliament. Against these a permanent clerk would have to contend by argument alone. The Minister, the head of the parliamentary Government, will not care for him. The Minister will say in some undress soliloquy, "These permanent 'fellows' must look after themselves. I cannot be bothered. I have only a majority of nine, and a very shaky majority, too. I cannot afford to make enemies for those whom I did not appoint. They did nothing for me, and I can do nothing for them." And if the permanent clerk come to ask his help he will say in decorous language, "I am sure that if the department can evince to the satisfaction of Parliament that its past management has been such as the public interests require, no one can be more gratified than I am. I am not aware if it will be in my power to attend in my place on Monday; but if I can be so fortunate, I shall listen to your official statement with my very best attention." And so the permanent public servant will be teazed by the wits, oppressed by the bores, and massacred by the innovators of Parliament.

The incessant tyranny of Parliament over the public officer is prevented and can only be prevented by the appointment of a parliamentary head, connected by close ties with the present ministry and the ruling party in Parliament. The parliamentary head is not only to be valued for what he does, but also for what he prevents. He is a protecting machine. He and the friends he brings stand between the department and the busybodies and crotchet makers of the House and the country. So long as at any moment the policy of an office could be altered by chance votes in their House of Parliament, there is no security for any consistency. Our guns and our ships are not, perhaps, very good now. But they would be much worse if any thirty or forty advocates for this gun or that gun could make a motion in Parliament, beat the department, and get their ships or their guns adopted. The "Black Breech

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Ordnance Company" and the "Adamantine Ship Company" would soon find representatives in Parliament, if forty or fifty members would get the national custom for their rubbish. But this result is now prevented by the parliamentary head of the department. As soon as the opposition begins the attack he looks up his means of defence. He studies the subject, compiles his arguments, and builds little piles of statistics, which he hopes will have some effect. He has his reputation at stake, and he wishes to show that he is worth his present place, and fit for future promotion. He is well-known, perhaps liked, by the House—at any rate the House attends to him; he is one of the regular speakers whom they hear and heed. He is sure to be able to get himself heard, and he is sure to make the best defence he can. And after he has settled his speech he loiters up to the Secretary of the Treasury, and says quietly, "They have got a motion against me on Tuesday, you know. I hope you will have your men here. A lot of fellows have crotchets, and though they do not agree a bit with one another, they are all against the department; they will all vote for the inquiry." And the Secretary answers, "Tuesday, you say; no (looking at a paper) I do not think it will come on Tuesday. There is Higgins on education. He is good for a long time. But anyhow it shall be all right." And then he glides about and speaks a word here, and a word there, in consequence of which, when the anti-official motion is made, a considerable array of steady, grave faces sits behind the Treasury Bench—nay, possibly a rising man who sits in outlying independence below the gangway rises to defend the transaction. And so the department wins by a majority of thirty-three, and the administration of that business pursues its consistent way.

This contrast is no fancy picture. The experiment of conducting the administration of a public department by an independent unsheltered authority has often been tried, and always failed. Parliament always poked at it, till it made it impossible. The most remarkable is that of the Poor Law. The administration of that law is not now very good, but it is not too much to say that almost the whole of its goodness has been preserved by its having an official and party protector in the House of Commons. Without that contrivance we should have drifted back into the errors of the old Poor Law, and superadded to them the present meanness and incompetence in our dealings with the large towns. All would have been given up to local management. Parliament would have interfered with the central board till it made it impotent, and the local authorities would have been despotic. The first administration of the new Poor Law was by "Commissioners"—the three kings of Somerset House, as they were called. At last, the system was certainly not tried

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in untrustworthy hands. Mr. Chadwick, one of the most active and best administrators in England, was the secretary and motive power. The principal Commissioner was Sir George Lewis, perhaps the best selective administrator of our time. But the House of Commons would not let the Commission alone. For a long time it was defended because the Whigs had made the Commission, and felt bound as a party to protect it. The new law started upon a certain intellectual impetus, and till that was spent its administration was supported in a rickety existence by an abnormal strength. But afterwards the Commissioners were left to their intrinsic weakness. There were members for all the localities, but there were none for them. There were members for every crotchet and corrupt interest, but there were none for them. The rural guardians would have liked to eke out wages by rates; the city guardians hated control, and hated to spend money. The Commission had to be dissolved, and a Parliamentary head was added; the result is not perfect, but it is an amazing improvement on what would have happened in the old system. The new system has not worked well because the central authority has too little power, but under the previous system the central authority was getting to have, and by this time would have had, no power at all. And if Sir George Lewis and Mr. Chadwick could not maintain an outlying department in the face of Parliament, how unlikely that an inferior compound of discretion and activity will ever maintain it!

These reasonings show why a changing Parliamentary head, a head changing as the ministry changes, is a necessity of good Parliamentary government, and there is happily a natural provision that there will be such heads. Party organisation ensures that there shall be such ministers. In America, where on account of the fixedly recurring presidential election, and the perpetual minor elections, party organisation is much more effectually organised than anywhere else, the effect on the offices is tremendous. Every office is filled anew at every presidential change, at least every change which brings in a new party. Not only the greatest posts, as in England, but the minor posts change their occupants. The scale of the financial operations of the Federal government is now so increased that most likely in that department, at least, there must in future remain a permanent element of great efficiency; a revenue of £90,000,000 sterling cannot be collected and expended with a trifling and changing staff. But till now the Americans have tried to get on not only with changing heads to a bureaucracy, as the English, but without any stable bureaucracy at all. They have facilities for trying it which no one else has. All Americans can administer, and the number of them really fit to be in succession lawyers, financiers, or

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military managers is wonderful; they need not be as afraid of a change of all their officials as European countries must, for the incoming substitutes are sure to be much better there than here; and they do not fear, as we English fear, that the outgoing officials will be left destitute in middle life, with no hope for the future and no recompense for the past, for in America (whatever may be the cause of it) opportunities are numberless, and a man who is ruined by being "off the rails" in England soon there gets on another line. The Americans will probably to some extent modify their past system of total administrative cataclysms, but their very existence in the only competing form of free government should prepare us for and make us patient with the mild transitions of Parliamentary government.

These arguments will, I think, seem conclusive to almost every one; but, at this moment, many people will meet them thus: they will say, "You prove what we do not deny, that this system of periodical change is a necessary ingredient in Parliamentary government, but you have not proved what we do deny, that this change is a good thing. Parliamentary government may have that defect, among others, for anything we care; we maintain merely that it is a defect." In answer, I think it may be shown not, indeed, that this precise change is necessary to a permanently perfect administration, but that some analogous change, some change of the same species, is so.

At this moment, in England, there is a sort of leaning towards bureaucracy—at least, among writers and talkers. There is a seizure of partiality to it. The English people do not easily change their rooted notions, but they have a vast many unrooted notions. Any great European event is sure for a moment to excite a sort of twinge of conversion to something or other. Just now, the triumph of the Prussians—the bureaucratic people, as is believed, *par excellence*—has excited a kind of admiration for bureaucracy, which a few years since we should have thought impossible. I do not presume to criticise the Prussian bureaucracy of my own knowledge; it certainly is not a pleasant institution for foreigners to come across, though agreeableness to travellers is but of very second-rate importance. But it is quite certain that the Prussian bureaucracy, though we, for a moment, half admire it at a distance, does not permanently please the most intelligent and liberal Prussians at home. What are two among the principal aims of the *Fortschritt Partei*—the party of progress—as Mr. Grant Duff, the most accurate and philosophical of our describers, delineates them?

First, "a liberal system, conscientiously carried out in all the details of the administration, with a view to avoiding the scandals now of frequent occurrence, when an obstinate or bigoted official sets

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at defiance the liberal initiations of the government trusting to backstairs influence."

Second, "an easy method of bringing to justice guilty officials who are at present, as in France, in all conflicts with simple citizens—like men armed *cap-à-pie,* fighting with undefenceless." A system against which the most intelligent native liberals bring even with colour of reason such grave objections, is a dangerous model for foreign imitation.

The defects of bureaucracy are, however, extremely well known. It is a form of government which has been tried often enough in the world, and it is easy to show what, human nature being what it in the long run is, the defects of a bureaucracy must in the long run be.

It is an inevitable defect, that bureaucrats will care more for routine than for results; or, as Burke put it, "that they will think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms of it." Their whole education and all the habit of their lives make them do so They are brought young into the particular part of the public service to which they are attached; they are occupied for years in learning its forms—afterwards, for years too, in applying these forms to trifling matters. They are, to use the phrase of an old writer, but the "tailors of business; they cut the clothes, but they do not find the body." Men so trained must come to think the routine of business not a means but an end—to imagine the elaborate machinery of which they form a part, and from which they derive their dignity, to be a grand and achieved result, not a working and creaking instrument. But in a changing, miscellaneous world, there is now one evil and now another. The very means which best helped you yesterday, may very likely be those which most impede you to-morrow—you may want to do a different thing to-morrow, and all your accumulation of means for yesterday's work is but an obstacle to the new work. The Prussian military system is the theme of popular wonder now, yet it sixty years pointed the moral against form. We have all heard the saying that "Frederic the Great lost the battle of Jena." It was the system which he had established—a good system for his wants and his times, which, blindly adhered to, and continued into a different age, put to strive with new competitors, brought his country to ruin. The "dead and formal" Prussian system was then contrasted with the "living" French system—the sudden outcome of the new explosive democracy. The system which now exists is the product of the reaction; and the history of its predecessor is a warning what its future history may be too. It is not more celebrated for its day than Frederic's for his, and principle teaches that a bureaucracy, elated by sudden success, and marvelling at its own merit, is the most unimproving and shallow of governments.

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Not only does a bureaucracy thus tend to undergovernment, in point of quality; it tends to overgovernment, in point of quantity. The trained official hates the rude, untrained public. He thinks that they are stupid, ignorant, reckless—that they cannot tell their own interest—that they should have the leave of the office before they do anything. Protection is the natural inborn creed of every official body; free trade is an extrinsic idea, alien to its notions, and hardly to be assimilated with life; and it is easy to see how an accomplished critic, used to a free and active life, could thus describe the official.

"Every imaginable and real social interest," says Mr. Laing, "religion, education, law, police, every branch of public or private business, personal liberty to move from place to place, even from parish to parish within the same jurisdiction, liberty to engage in any branch of trade or industry, on a small or large scale, all the objects, in short, in which body, mind, and capital can be employed in civilised society, were gradually laid hold of for the employment and support of functionaries, were centralised in *bureau*, were superintended, licensed, inspected, reported upon, and interfered with by a host of officials scattered over the land, and maintained at the public expense, yet with no conceivable utility in their duties. They are not, however, gentlemen at large, enjoying salary without service. They are under a semi-military discipline. In Bavaria, for instance, the superior civil functionary can place his inferior functionary under house-arrest, for neglect of duty, or other offence against civil functionary discipline. In Wurtemberg, the functionary cannot marry without leave from his superior. Voltaire says, somewhere, that, 'the art of government is to make two-thirds of a nation pay all it possibly can pay for the benefit of the other third.' This is realised in Germany by the functionary system. The functionaries are not there for the benefit of the people, but the people for the benefit of the functionaries. All this machinery of functionarism, with its numerous ranks and gradations in every district, filled with a staff of clerks and expectants in every department looking for employment, appointments, or promotions, was intended to be a new support of the throne in the new social state of the Continent; a third class, in connection with the people by their various official duties of interference in all public or private affairs, yet attached by their interests to the kingly power. The *Beamptenstand*, or functionary class, was to be the equivalent to the class of nobility, gentry, capitalists, and men of larger landed property than the peasant-proprietors, and was to make up in numbers for the want of individual weight and influence. In France, at the expulsion of Louis Philippe, the civil functionaries were stated to amount to 807,030 individuals. This civil army was more than double of the military. In Germany, this class

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is necessarily more numerous in proportion to the population, the landwehr system imposing many more restrictions than the conscription on the free action of the people, and requiring more officials to manage it, and the semi-feudal jurisdictions and forms of law requiring much more writing and intricate forms of procedure before the courts, than the Code Napoleon."

A bureaucracy is sure to think that its duty is to augment official power, official business, or official members, rather than to leave free the energies of mankind; it overdoes the quantity of government, as well as impairs its quality.

The truth is, that a skilled bureaucracy,—a bureaucracy trained from early life to its special avocation, is, though it boasts of an appearance of science, quite inconsistent with the true principles of the art of business. That art has not yet been condensed into precepts, but a great many experiments have been made, and a vast floating vapour of knowledge floats through society. One of the most sure principles is, that success depends on a due mixture of special and nonspecial minds—of minds which attend to the means, and of minds which attend to the end. The success of the great joint-stock banks of London—a most remarkable achievement of recent business—has been an example of the use of this mixture. These banks are managed by a board of persons mostly *not* trained to the business, supplemented by, and annexed to, a body of specially trained officers, who have been bred to banking all their lives. These mixed banks have quite beaten the old banks, composed exclusively of pure bankers; it is found that the board of directors has greater and more flexible knowledge—more insight into the wants of a commercial community—knows when to lend and when not to lend, better than the old bankers, who had never looked at life, except out of the bank windows. Just so the most successful railways in Europe have been conducted—not by engineers or traffic managers—but by capitalists; by men of a certain business culture, if of no other. These capitalists buy and use the services of skilled managers, as the unlearned attorney buys and uses the services of the skilled barrister, and manage far better than any of the different sorts of special men under them. They combine these different specialities—make it clear where the realm of one ends and that of the other begins, and add to it a wide knowledge of large affairs, which no special man can have, and which is only gained by diversified action. But this utility of leading minds used to generalise, and acting upon various materials, is entirely dependent upon their position. They must not be at the bottom—they must not even be half way up—they must be at the top. A merchant's clerk would be a child at a bank counter; but the merchant himself could, very

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likely, give good, clear and useful advice in a bank court. The merchant's clerk would be equally at sea in a railway office, but the merchant himself could give good advice, very likely, at a board of directors. The summits (if I may so say) of the various kinds of business are, like the tops of mountains, much more alike than the parts below—the bare principles are much the same; it is only the rich variegated details of the lower strata that so contrast with one another. But it needs travelling to know that the summits are the same. Those who live on one mountain believe that *their* mountain is wholly unlike all others.

The application of this principle to Parliamentary government is very plain; it shows at once that the intrusion from without upon an office of an exterior head of the office, is not an evil; but that, on the contrary, it is essential to the perfection of that office. If it is left to itself, the office will become technical, self-absorbed, self-multiplying. It will be likely to overlook the end in the means; it will fail from narrowness of mind; it will be eager in seeming to do; it will be idle in real doing. An extrinsic chief is the fit corrector of such errors. He can say to the permanent chief, skilled in the forms and pompous with the memories of his office, "Will you, sir, explain to me how this regulation conduces to the end in view? According to the natural view of things, the applicant should state the whole of his wishes to one clerk on one paper; you make him say it to five clerks on five papers." Or, again, "Does it not appear to you, sir, that the reason of this formality is extinct? When we were building wood ships, it was quite right to have such precautions against fire; but now that we are building iron ships," &c., &c. If a junior clerk asked these questions, he would be "pooh-poohed!" It is only the head of an office that can get them answered. It is he, and he only, that brings the rubbish of office to the burning-glass of sense.

The immense importance of such a fresh mind is greatest in a country where business changes most. A dead, inactive, agricultural country may be governed by an unalterable bureau for years and years, and no harm come of it. If a wise man arranged the bureau rightly in the beginning, it may run rightly a long time. But, if the country be a progressive, eager, changing one, soon the bureau will either cramp improvement, or be destroyed itself.

This conception of the use of a Parliamentary head shows how wrong is the obvious notion which regards him as the principal administrator of his office. The late Sir George Lewis used to be fond of explaining this subject. He had every means of knowing. He was bred in the permanent civil service. He was a very successful Chancellor of the Exchequer, a very successful Home Secretary, and he died Minister for War. He used to say, "It is not the

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business of a Cabinet Minister to work his department. His business is to see that it is properly worked. If he does much, he is probably doing harm. The permanent staff of the office can do what he chooses to do much better, or if they cannot, they ought to be removed. He is only a bird of passage, and cannot compete with those who are in the office all their lives round." Sir George Lewis was a perfect Parliamentary head of an office, so far as that head is to be a keen critic and rational corrector of it.

But Sir George Lewis was not perfect. He was not even an average good head in another respect. The use of a fresh mind applied to the official mind is not only a corrective use. It is also an animating use. A public department is very apt to be dead to what is wanting for a great occasion till the occasion is past. The vague public mind will appreciate some signal duty before the precise, occupied administration perceives it. The Duke of Newcastle was of this use at least in the Crimean war. He roused up his department, though when roused it could not act. A perfect Parliamentary minister would be one who should add the animating capacity of the Duke of Newcastle to the accumulated sense, the detective instinct, and the *laissez faire* habit of Sir George Lewis.

As soon as we take the true view of Parliamentary office we shall perceive that fairly frequent change in the official is an advantage, not a mistake. If his function is to bring a representative of outside sense and outside animation in contact with the inside world, he ought often to be changed. No man is a perfect representative of outside sense. "There is some one," says the true French saying, "who is more able than Talleyrand, more able than Napoleon. *C'est tout le monde.*" That many-sided sense finds no microcosm in any single individual. Still less are the critical function and the animating function of a Parliamentary minister likely to be perfectly exercised by one and the same man. Impelling power and restraining wisdom are as opposite as any two things, and are rarely found together. And even if the natural mind of the Parliamentary minister was perfect, long contact with the office would destroy his use. Inevitably he would accept the ways of office, think its thoughts, live its life. The "dyer's hand would be subdued to what it works in." If the function of a Parliamentary minister is to be an outsider to his office, we must not choose one who, by habit, thought, and life, is acclimatised to its ways.

There is every reason to expect that a Parliamentary statesman will be a man of quite sufficient intelligence, quite enough various knowledge, quite enough miscellaneous experience, to represent effectually general sense in opposition to bureaucratic sense. Most Cabinet ministers in charge of considerable departments are men of superior

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ability; I have heard an eminent living statesman of long experience say that in his time he only knew one instance to the contrary. And there is the best protection that it shall be so. A considerable Cabinet minister has to defend his Department in the face of mankind; and though distant observers and sharp writers may depreciate it, this is a very difficult thing. A fool, who has publicly to explain great affairs, who has publicly to answer detective questions, who has publicly to argue against able and quick opponents, must soon be shown to be a fool. The very nature of Parliamentary government answers for the discovery of substantial incompetence.

At any rate, none of the competing forms of government have nearly so effectual a procedure for putting a good untechnical minister to correct and impel the routine ones. There are but four important forms of government in the present state of the world,—the Parliamentary, the Presidential, the Hereditary, and the Dictatorial, or Revolutionary. Of these I have shown that, as now worked in America, the Presidential form of government is incompatible with a skilled bureaucracy. If the whole official class change when a new party goes out or comes in, a good official system is impossible. Even if more officials should be permanent in America than now, still, vast numbers will always be changed. The whole issue is based on a single election—on the choice of President; by that internecine conflict all else is won or lost. The managers of that contest have the greatest possible facility in using what I may call patronage-bribery. Everybody knows that, as a fact, the President can give what places he likes to what persons, and when his friends tell A. B., "If we win C. D. shall be turned out of Utica Post-office, and you, A. B., shall have it," A. B. believes it, and is justified in doing so. But no individual member of Parliament can promise place effectually. *He* may not be able to give the places. His party may come in, but he will be powerless. In the United States party intensity is aggravated by concentrating an overwhelming importance on a single contest, and the efficiency of promised offices as a means of corruption is augmented, because the victor can give what he likes to whom he likes.

Nor is this the only defect of a Presidential government in reference to the choice of officers. The President has the principal anomaly of a Parliamentary government without having its corrective. At each change of party the President distributes (as here) the principal offices to his principal supporters. But he has an opportunity for singular favouritism. The minister lurks in the office; he need do nothing in public; he need not show for years whether he is a fool or wise. The nation can tell what a Parliamentary member is by the open test of Parliament; but no one, save from actual contact,

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or by rare position, can tell anything certain of a Presidential minister.

The case of a minister under an hereditary form of government is yet worse. The hereditary king may be weak; may be under the government of women; may appoint a minister from childish motives, may remove one from absurd whims. There is no security that an hereditary king will be competent to choose a good chief minister, and thousands of such kings have chosen millions of bad ministers.

By the dictatorial, or revolutionary, sort of government, I mean that very important sort in which the sovereign—the absolute sovereign—is selected by insurrection. In theory, one would have certainly hoped that by this time such a crude elective machinery would have been reduced to a secondary part. But, in fact, the greatest nation (or, perhaps, after the exploits of Bismarck, I should say one of the two greatest nations of the Continent) vacillates between the Revolutionary and the Parliamentary, and now is governed under the revolutionary form. France elects its ruler in the streets of Paris. Flatterers may suggest that the democratic empire will become hereditary, but close observers know that it cannot. The idea of the government is that the emperor represents the people in capacity, in judgment, in instinct. But no family through generations can have sufficient, or half sufficient, mind to do so. The representative despot must be chosen by fighting, as Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. were chosen. And such a government is likely, whatever be its other defects, to have a far better and abler administration than any other government. The head of the government must be a man of the most consummate ability. He cannot keep his place, he can hardly keep his life, unless he is. He is sure to be active, because he knows that his power, and perhaps his head, may be lost if he be negligent. The whole frame of the State is strained to keep down revolution. The most difficult of all political problems is to be solved—the people are to be at once thoroughly restrained and thoroughly pleased. The executive must be like a steel shirt of the middle ages—extremely hard and extremely flexible. It must give way to attractive novelties which do not hurt; it must resist such as are dangerous; it must maintain old things which are good and fitting; it must alter such as cramp and give pain. The dictator dare not appoint a bad minister if he would. I admit that such a despot is a better selector of administrators than a parliament; that he will know how to mix fresh minds and used minds better; that he is under a stronger motive to combine them well; that here is to be seen the best of all choosers with the keenest motives to choose. But I need not prove in England that the revo-

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lutionary selection of rulers obtains administrative efficiency at a price altogether transcending its value; that it shocks credit by its catastrophes; that for intervals it does not protect property or life; that it maintains an undergrowth of fear through all prosperity; that it may take years to find the true capable despot; that the interregna of the incapable are full of all evil; that the fit despot may die as soon as found; that the good administration and all else hang by the thread of his life.

But if, with the exception of this terrible revolutionary government, a Parliamentary government upon principle surpasses all its competitors in administrative efficiency, why is it that our English government, which is beyond comparison the best of Parliamentary governments, is not celebrated through the world for administrative efficiency? It is noted for many things, why is it not noted for that? Why, according to popular belief, is it rather characterised by the very contrary?

One great reason of the diffused impression is that the English government attempts so much. Our military system is that which is most attacked. Objectors say we spend much more on our army than the great military monarchies, and yet with an inferior result. But, then, what we attempt is incalculably more difficult. The continental monarchies have only to defend compact European territories by the many soldiers whom they force to fight; the English try to defend without any compulsion—only by such soldiers as they persuade to serve—territories far surpassing all Europe in magnitude, and situated all over the habitable globe. Our Horse Guards and War Office may not be at all perfect—I believe they are not; but if they had sufficient recruits selected by force of law—if they had, as in Prussia, the absolute command of each man's time for a few years, and the right to call him out afterwards when they liked, we should be much surprised at the sudden ease and quickness with which they did things. I have no doubt too that any accomplished soldier of the Continent would reject as impossible what we after a fashion effect. He would not attempt to defend a vast scattered empire, with many islands, a long frontier line in every continent, and a very tempting bit of plunder at the centre, by mere volunteer recruits who mostly come from the worst class of the people,—whom the Great Duke called the "scum of the earth,"—who come in uncertain numbers year by year,—who by some political accident may not come in adequate numbers, or at all, in the year we need them most. Our War Office attempts what foreign War Offices (perhaps rightly) would not try at; their officers have means of incalculable force denied to ours, though ours is set to harder tasks.

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Again, the English navy undertakes to defend a line of coast and a set of dependencies far surpassing those of any Continental power. And the extent of our operations is a singular difficulty just now. It requires us to keep a large stock of ships and arms. But on the other hand, there are most important reasons why we should not keep much. The naval art and the military art are both in a state of transition; the last discovery of to-day is out of date and superseded by an antagonistic discovery to-morrow. Any large accumulation of vessels or guns is sure to contain much that will be useless, unfitting, antediluvian, when it comes to be tried. There are two cries against the Admiralty which go on side by side; one says, "We have not ships enough, no 'relief' ships, no *navy*, to tell the truth;" the other cry says, "We have all the wrong ships, all the wrong guns, and nothing but the wrong; in their foolish constructive mania the Admiralty have been building when they ought to have been waiting; they have heaped a curious museum of exploded inventions, but they have given us nothing serviceable." The two cries for opposite policies go on together, and blacken our Executive together, though each is a defence of the executive against the other.

Again, the Home Department in England struggles with difficulties of which abroad they have long got rid. We love independent "local authorities," little centres of outlying authority. When the metropolitan executive most wishes to act, it cannot act effectually because these lesser bodies hesitate, deliberate, or even disobey. But local independence has no necessary connection with Parliamentary government. The degree of local freedom desirable in a country varies according to many circumstances, and a Parliamentary government may consist with any degree of it. We certainly ought not to debit Parliamentary government as a general and applicable polity with the particular views of the guardians of the poor in England, but it is so debited every day.

Again, as our administration has in England this peculiar difficulty, so on the other hand foreign competing administrations have a peculiar advantage. Abroad a man under Government is a superior being; he is higher than the rest of the world; he is envied by almost all of it. This gives the Government the easy pick of the *élite* of the nation. All clever people are eager to be under Government, and are hardly to be satisfied elsewhere. But in England there is no such superiority, and the English have no such feeling. We do not respect a stamp-office clerk, or an exciseman's assistant. A pursy grocer considers he is much above either. Our Government cannot buy for minor clerks the best ability of the nation in the cheap currency of pure honour; and no government is rich enough to buy very much of it in money. Our mercantile opportunities allure away

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the most ambitious minds. The foreign *bureaux* are filled with a selection from the ablest men of the nation, but only a very few of the best men approach the English offices.

But these are neither the only nor even the principal reasons why our public administration is not so good as, according to principle and to the unimpeded effects of Parliamentary government, it should be. There are two great causes at work, which in their consequence run out into numerous detail, which in their fundamental nature may be briefly described. The first of these causes is our ignorance. No polity can get out of a nation more than there is in the nation. A free government is essentially a government by persuasion; and as are the people to be persuaded, and as are the persuaders, so will that government be. On many parts of our administration the effect of our extreme ignorance is at once plain. The foreign policy of England has for many years been, according to the judgment now in vogue, inconsequent, fruitless, casual; aiming at no distinct pre-imagined end, based on no steadily preconceived principle. I have not room to discuss with how much or how little abatement this decisive censure should be accepted. However, I entirely concede that our recent foreign policy has been open to very grave and serious blame. But would it not have been a miracle if the English people, directing their own policy, and being what they are, had directed a good policy? Are they not, above all nations, divided from the rest of the world, insular both in situation and in mind, both for good and for evil, in a still backwater out of the current of common European causes and affairs? Are they not a race contemptuous of others? Are they not a race with no special education or culture as to this modern world, and too often despising such culture? Who could expect such a people to comprehend a new age, filled with ideas and desires different from those of a past age, and different also from their own? So far from wondering that the English Parliament has been inefficient in foreign policy, I think it is wonderful, and another sign of the rude, vague imagination that is at the bottom of our people, that we have done so well as we have.

Again, the very conception of the English Constitution, as distinguished from a purely Parliamentary constitution is, that it contains "dignified" parts—parts, that is, retained, not from their intrinsic use, but from their imaginative attraction upon an uncultured and rude population. All such elements tend to diminish simple efficiency. They are like the additional and solely-ornamental wheels introduced into the clocks of the middle ages, which tell the then age of the moon or the supreme constellation; which make little men or birds come out and in theatrically. All such ornamental work is a source of friction and error; it prevents the

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time being marked on accurately; each new wheel is a new source of imperfection. So if authority is given to a person, not on account of his working fitness, but on account of his imaginative efficiency, he will commonly impair good administration. He may do something better than good work of detail, but will spoil good work of detail. The English aristocracy is often of this sort. It has an influence over the people of vast value still, and of infinite value formerly. But no man would select the cadets of an aristocratic house as desirable administrators. They have peculiar disadvantages in the acquisition of business knowledge, business training, and business habits, and they have no peculiar advantages.

Our middle class, too, is very unfit to give us the administrators we ought to have. I cannot now discuss whether all that is said against its education is well grounded; it is called by an excellent judge "pretentious, insufficient, and unsound." But I will say that it does not fit men to be men of business as it ought to fit them. Till lately the very simple attainments and habits necessary for a banker's clerk had a scarcity-value. The sort of education which fits a man for the higher posts of practical life is still very rare; there is not even a good agreement as to what it is. Our public officers cannot be as good as the corresponding officers of some foreign nations till our business education is as good as theirs.

But strong as is our ignorance in deteriorating our administration, another cause is stronger still. There are but two foreign administrations probably better than ours, and both these have had something which we have not had. Theirs in both cases were arranged by a man of genius, after careful forethought, and upon a special design. Napoleon built upon a clear stage which the French Revolution bequeathed him. The originality once ascribed to his edifice was indeed untrue; Tocqueville and Lavergne have shown that he did but run up a conspicuous structure in imitation of a latent one before concealed by the mediæval complexities of the old *régime*. But what we are concerned with now, is not Napoleon's originality, but his work. He undoubtedly settled the administration of France upon an effective, consistent, and enduring system; the succeeding governments have but worked the mechanism they inherited from him. Frederic the Great did the same in the new monarchy of Prussia. Both the French system and the Prussian are new machines, made in civilised times to do the work of civilised times.

The English offices have never, since they were made, been arranged with any reference to one another; or rather they were never made, but grew as each could. The sort of Free-trade which prevailed in public institutions in the English middle ages is very curious. Our three courts of law—the Queen's Bench, the

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Common Pleas, and the Exchequer—for the sake of the fees extended an originally contracted sphere into the entire sphere of litigation. *Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*, went the old saying; or, in English, "It is the mark of a good judge to augment the fees of his court," his own income, and the income of his subordinates. The central administration, the Treasury, never asked any account of the moneys the courts then received; so long as it itself was not asked to pay any money, the Treasury was satisfied. Only last year one of the many remnants of this system cropped up, to the wonder of the public. A clerk in the Patent Office stole some fees, and naturally the men of the nineteenth century thought our principal finance minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, ought to be responsible for it. The Minister of Finance in France is responsible abroad for making due arrangements that all money duly received for the public is well accounted for. But the English law was different. The Patent Office was by an anomaly under the Lord Chancellor, and the Court of Chancery is one of the multitude of our institutions which owe their existence to fee competition,—and so it was the Lord Chancellor's business to look after the fees, which of course, being an occupied judge, he could not do. A certain Act of Parliament did indeed require that the fees of the Patent Office were to be paid into the "Exchequer;" and naturally Mr. Gladstone, who was then "Chancellor of the Exchequer," was upon that ground thought to be responsible in the matter, but only by those who do not know our system. According to it the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the enemy of the Exchequer; a whole series of enactments try to protect the Exchequer from him. Until within a few months there was a very lucrative sinecure called the "Comptrollership of the Exchequer," which was designed to guard the Exchequer against its Chancellor. The late holder of that office, Lord Monteagle, used to say he was the pivot of the English constitution. I have not room to explain what he meant, and it is not needful; what is to the purpose is that, by an inherited series of historical complexities, a defaulting clerk in an office of no litigation, was not under the natural authority, the finance minister, but under a far-away judge who had probably never heard that he had to attend to him.

The whole office of the Lord Chancellor is a heap of anomalies. He is a judge, and it is contrary to obvious principle that any part of administration should be entrusted to a judge; it is of very grave moment that the administration of justice should be kept clear of sinister temptations. Yet the Lord Chancellor sits in the Cabinet, is our minister of justice if we have one, makes party speeches in the Lords. Lord Lyndhurst was a principal Tory politician, and yet he presided in the O'Connell case. Lord Westbury was in

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chronic wrangle with the bishops, and yet he gave judgment upon "Essays and Reviews." In truth the Lord Chancellor became a Cabinet Minister because he was near the person of the sovereign, and high in court precedence, and not upon a political theory, wrong or right.

A friend once told me that an intelligent Italian asked him about the principal English officers, and that he was very puzzled to explain their duties, and especially to explain the relation of their duties to their titles. I do not remember all the cases, but I can recollect that the Italian could not comprehend why the First "Lord of the Treasury" had as a rule nothing to do with the Treasury, or why the "Woods and Forests" looked after the sewerage of towns. The conversation was years before the cattle plague, but I should like to have heard the reasons why the Privy Council office had charge of that malady. Of course I could give a legal and historical reason, but I mean an administrative reason—a reason which would show, not how it came to have the duty, but why in future it should keep the duty.

But the unsystematic and casual arrangement of our public offices is not more striking than their difference of arrangement for the one purpose they have in common. They all, being under the ultimate direction of a Parliamentary official, ought to have the best means of bringing the whole of the higher concerns of the office before that official. When the fresh mind rules, the fresh mind requires to be informed. And most business being rather alike, the machinery for bringing it before the extrinsic chief ought, for the most part, to be similar; at any rate, where it is different, it ought to be different upon reason, and where it is similar, similar upon reason. Yet there are almost no two offices which are exactly alike in the defined relations of the permanent official to the Parliamentary chief. The army and navy are the most similar in nature, yet here there is, in the first, a permanent outside office, called the Horse Guards, to which there is nothing comparable elsewhere. In the second, in the Admiralty, there is a curious anomaly—a Board, also changing with every government, which is to instruct the First Lord in what he does not know. The relations between the First Lord and the Board have not always been easily intelligible, and those between the War Office and the Horse Guards are in extreme confusion. Even now a Parliamentary paper relating to them has been presented to the House of Commons, from which it appears that the fundamental and ruling document cannot be traced beyond the possession of Sir George Lewis, who was Secretary for War three years since; and the confused details are endless, as they must be in a chronic struggle of contending offices. In the Board of Trade

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there is only the hypothesis of a Board; it has long ceased to exist. Even the President and Vice-President do not regularly meet for the transaction of affairs. The patent of the latter is only to transact business in the absence of the President, and if the two are not intimate and the President chooses to act himself, the Vice-President sees no papers and does nothing. At the Treasury the shadow of a Board exists, but its members have no power, and are the very officials whom Canning said existed to make a House, to keep a House, and to cheer the ministers. The India Office has a fixed "Council;" but the Colonial Office, which rules over our other dependencies and colonies, has not, and never had, the vestige of a council. *Any* of these various Constitutions may be right, but all of them can scarcely be right.

The truth is that the real constitution of a permanent office which is to be ruled by a permanent chief has been discussed only on a single case in England, that this case was a peculiar and anomalous one, and that the decision then taken was dubious. All our other offices have grown by time and accident to be what they are; but when the East India Company was abolished, a designed substitute had to be made. The late Mr. James Wilson, who was a consummate judge of administrative affairs, then maintained that no Council ought to be appointed *eo nomine*, but that the true Council of a Cabinet Minister was a certain number of highly paid, much occupied, responsible secretaries, whom the minister could consult by appointing a fool—either separately or together, as, and when, he chose. Such secretaries, Mr. Wilson maintained, must be able, for no minister will sacrifice his own convenience, and endanger his own reputation, to a post so near himself, and where he can do so much harm. A member of a Board may easily be incompetent; if some other members and the chairman are able, the addition of one or two stupid men will not be felt; they will receive their salaries and do nothing. But a permanent under-secretary, charged with a real control over much important business, must be able, or his superior will be blamed, and there will be what ministers most fear, "a scrape in Parliament."

I cannot here discuss, nor am I competent to discuss, the best mode of composing public offices, and of adjusting them to a Parliamentary head. There ought to be skilled recorded evidence on the subject before a person without specific experience can to any purpose think about it. But I may observe that the plan which Mr. Wilson suggested is that followed in the most successful part of our administration, the "Ways and Means" part. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer prepares a Budget, he requires from the responsible heads of the revenue department their estimates of the public revenue upon the preliminary hypothesis that no change in the taxes is made, but

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that last year's taxes will continue; if, afterwards, he thinks of making an alteration, he requires a report on that too. If he has to renew Exchequer bills, or operate anyhow in the City, he takes the opinion, oral or written, of the ablest and most responsible person at the National Debt Office, and the ablest and most responsible at the Treasury. Mr. Gladstone, by far the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer of this generation, one of the greatest of the very greatest of any generation, has often gone out of his way to express his obligation to these responsible skilled advisers. The more a man knows himself, the more habituated he is to action in general, the more sure he is to take and to value responsible counsel emanating from ability and suggested by experience. That this principle brings good fruit is certain. We have by unequivocal admission—the best budget in the world. Why should not the rest of our administration be as good if we did but apply the same method to it?

WALTER BAGEHOT.

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WALT WHITMAN.

There is as yet nothing distinctive in American literature except its tendency. This is interesting, because it is toward a reproduction of some of the characteristics hitherto peculiar to the earliest literature of the East. That the tints and splendours of the Oriental should begin to re-appear in the Occidental mind, is as manifest as it is suggestive. The passion for Oriental Scriptures in America was already active when the transcendentalists of Boston recognised it twenty-five years ago, and responded to it in the pages of their magazine, the *Dial*, which contained in each number an important chapter of "Ethnical Scriptures." Mr. Emerson reproduced many fine thoughts from Hafiz, Saadi, and the "Redekunste" and other Persian transcripts of Von Hammer. Thoreau, naturalist and scholar, passed his life in the woods as a devout *Yogi*, studying the Baghavat Geeta and the Puranas. Other miners of this old vein, as Brooks and Alger, scattered through the country orient pearls from "Wisdom of the Brahmin" and "Grains of Incense," which were hungrily caught up by the multitude. I could quote here worthy verses from several young poets of America, to show that the direction I have ascribed to the Occidental mind is genuine, and as free from mere imitativeness as from affectation; but my purpose at present is to give some account of a singular genius whose writings, although he certainly had no acquaintance with Oriental literature, have given the most interesting illustration of it, besides being valuable in other respects.

It was about ten years ago that literary circles in and around Boston were startled by the tidings that Emerson—whose incredulity concerning American books was known to be as profound as that of Sydney Smith—had discovered an American poet. Emerson had been for many years our literary banker; paper that he had inspected, coin that had been rung on his counter, would pass safely anywhere. On his table had been laid one day a queerly-shaped book entitled, "Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman." There was also in the front the portrait of a middle-aged man in the garb of a working-man. The Concord philosopher's feeling on perusing this book was expressed in a private letter to its author, which I quote from memory:—"At first I rubbed my eyes to find if this new sunbeam might not be an illusion. . . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start." Toward no other American, toward no contemporary excepting Carlyle, had Emerson ever used such strong expressions as these. The writer to whom they had been

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addressed at once printed a new edition of his poems, placing on the back of it, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career.—R. W. Emerson." This and the publication of the entire letter at the end of the volume annoyed Mr. Emerson very much, for it was a formidable book for any gentleman to carry by his endorsement into general society. Mr. Emerson was afterwards convinced, I believe, that Walt Whitman had printed his letter in ignorance of the *bienséances* in such cases, but he was destined to hear of some unpleasant results from it. Walt Whitman's book was, in fact, unreadable in many of those circles to which the refined thinker's name at once bore it; and many were the stories of the attempts to read it in mixed companies. One grave clergyman made an effort to read it aloud to some gentlemen and ladies, and only broke down after surprising his company considerably. Nevertheless, the book continued to be studied quietly, and those who read it ceased to wonder that it should have kindled the sage who had complained that the American freeman is "timid, imitative, tame," from listening too long to "the courtly muses of Europe." The plainness of speech in "Leaves of Grass" is indeed biblical; there is, too, a startling priapism running through it; nay, squeamish readers must needs hold their noses, for the writer does not hesitate to bring the slop-bucket into the drawing-room to show that the chemic laws work therein also; yet from its first sentence, "I celebrate myself," there starts forth an endless procession of the forms and symbols of life—now funeral, now carnival, or again a masquerade of nations, cities, epochs, or the elements, natural and human—fascinating the eye with wonder or dread. To these terrible eyes Maya surrenders; faces, forms, skeletons, are unsheathed. Here are the autographs of New York, and of the prairies, savannahs, Ohio, Mississippi, and all powers, good and evil. There is much that is repulsive to the ordinary mind in these things and in the poems that really express them; but as huge reptiles help to fashion the pedestal of man, as artists find in griffins and crouching animal forms the fundamental vitality upon which the statue or pillar may repose, one might not unreasonably find in the wild and grotesque forms of Walt Whitman's chants, so instinct with life, the true basis of any shaft, not the duplicate of any raised elsewhere, that American thought is to raise.

As my readers generally may not have seen, or may not have access to, the "Leaves of Grass," I quote here some characteristic passages from the book:—

From the Proto-Leaf.

"Take my leaves, America!
Make welcome for them everywhere, for they are your own offspring;

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Surround them, East and West! for they would surround you;
And you, precedents! connect lovingly with them, for they connect lovingly with you.

"Omnes! Omnes!
Let others ignore what they may,
I make the poem of evil also—I commemorate that part also,
I am myself just as much evil as good—And I say there is in fact no evil,
Or if there is, I say it is just as important to you, to the earth, or to me, as anything else.

"O expanding and swift! O henceforth,
Elements, breeds, adjustments, turbulent, quick, and audacious,
A world primal again. Vistas of glory incessant and branching,
A new race, dominating previous ones, and grander far,
New politics—new literatures and religions—new inventions and arts.
These! these my voice announcing—I will sleep no more, but arise;
You oceans that have been calm within me! how I feel you, fathomless, stirring, preparing unprecedented waves and storms.

Walt Whitman.

"Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace, and joy, and knowledge that pass all the art and argument of earth,
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a Kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves, stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm-fence, and heaped stones, alder, mullen, and pokeweed.

"A child said, '*What is the grass?*' fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven,
Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer, designedly dropped,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *whose?*

"Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

"Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

"And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

"Why should I pray? Why should I venerate and be ceremonious?

"Having pried through the strata, analysed to a hair, counselled with doctors, and calculated close,
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones.

"I know I am august.
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,

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I see that the elementary laws never apologise,
I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my home by, after all.

"I exist as I am—that is enough.
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content,
And if each and all be aware, I sit content.

"One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

"Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me,
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like faithful boatmen.
For room to me stars keep aside in their own rings;
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me.
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it.
For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long low strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths, and deposited it with care.
All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me,
Now I stand on this spot with my soul."

"The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me—he complains of my gab and my loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

"I too, Paumanok,
I too have bubbled up, floated the measureless float, and been washed on your shores;
I too am but a trail of drift and débris,
I too leave little wrecks upon you, you fish-shaped island.

"I throw myself upon your breast, my father,
I cling to you so that you cannot unloose me,
I hold you so firm, till you answer me something.

"Kiss me, my father,
Touch me with your lips, as I touch those I love,
Breathe to me, while I hold you close, the secret of the wondrous murmuring I envy,
For I fear I shall become crazed, if I cannot emulate it, and utter myself as well as it.

"Sea-raff! crook-tongued waves!
O, I will yet sing, some day, what you have said to me."

"O truth of the earth! O truth of things! I am determined to press my way toward you,
Sound your voice! I scale mountains, or dive in the sea after you.

Voices.

"O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?
Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow, as the waters follow the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.
Now I believe that all waits for the right voices;

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Where is the practised and perfect organ? Where is the developed soul?
For I see every word uttered thence has deeper, sweeter, new sounds, impossible on less terms.
I see brains and lips closed—I see tympans and temples unstruck,
Until that comes which has the quality to strike and to unclose.

To a Common Prostitute.

"Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you;
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you, and the leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.

The Child.

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder, pity, love or dread, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.
The early lilacs became part of this child;
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird,
And the third-month lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the mare's foal, and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barn-yard, or by the mire of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there, and the beautiful curious liquid,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads—all became part of him.
The strata of coloured clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint, away by itself—the spread of purity it lies motionless in,
The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt marsh and shore-mud—
These became part of that child that went forth every day, and who now goes, and will always go forth every day."

Having occasion to visit New York soon after the appearance of Walt Whitman's book, I was urged by some friends to search him out, and make some report to them concerning him. It was on a Sunday in midsummer that I journeyed through the almost interminable and monotonous streets which stretch out upon "fish-shaped Paumanok," and the direction led me to the very last house outward from the great city,—a small wooden house of two stories. At my third knock a fine-looking old lady opened the door just enough to eye me carefully, and ask what I wanted. It struck me, after a little, that his mother—for so she declared herself—was apprehensive that an agent of the police might be after her son, on account of his audacious book. At last, however, she pointed to an open common with a central hill, and told me I should find her son there. The day was excessively hot, the thermometer at nearly 100°, and the sun blazed down as only on sandy Long Island can the sun blaze. The common had not a single tree or shelter, and it seemed to me that only a very devout fire-worshipper indeed could be found there on such a day. No human being could I see at first in any direction; but just as I was about to return I saw stretched upon

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his back, and gazing up straight at the terrible sun, the man I was seeking. With his grey clothing, his blue-grey shirt, his iron-grey hair, his swart sun-burnt face and bare neck, he lay upon the brown-and-white grass—for the sun had burnt away its greenness—and was so like the earth upon which he rested, that he seemed almost enough a part of it for one to pass by without recognition. I approached him, gave my name and reason for searching him out, and asked him if he did not find the sun rather hot. "Not at all too hot," was his reply; and he confided to me that this was one of his favourite places and attitudes for composing "poems." He then walked with me to his home, and took me along its narrow ways to his room. A small room of about fifteen square feet, with a single window looking out on the barren solitudes of the island; a small cot, a wash-stand with a little looking-glass hung over it, from a tack in the wall, a pine table with pen, ink, and paper on it; an old line-engraving, representing Bacchus, hung on the wall, and opposite a similar one of Silenus; these constituted the visible environment of Walt Whitman. There was not, apparently, a single book in the room. In reply to my expression of a desire to see his books, he declared that he had very few. I found, upon further inquiry, that he had received only such a good English education as every American lad may receive from the public schools, and that he now had access to the libraries of some of his friends. The books he seemed to know and love best were the Bible, Homer, and Shakspeare: these he owned, and probably had in his pockets whilst we were talking. He had two studies where he read; one was the top of an omnibus, and the other a small mass of sand, then entirely uninhabited, far out in the ocean, called Coney Island. Many days had he passed on that island, as completely alone as Crusoe. He had no literary acquaintance, beyond a company of Bohemians who wrote for the *Saturday Press*—the organ at that time of all the audacity of New York—whom he now and then met at Pfaaf's lager-bier cellar. He was remarkably taciturn, however, about himself—considering the sublime egoism of his book—and cared only about his "poems," of which he read me one that had not then appeared. I could not help suspecting that he must have had masters; but he declared that he had learned all that he knew from omnibus-drivers, ferryboat-pilots, fishermen, boatmen, and the men and women of the markets and wharves. These were all inarticulate poets, and he interpreted them. The only distinguished contemporary he had ever met was the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, who had visited him. He had, he said, asked Mr. Beecher what were his feelings when he heard a man swear; and that gentleman having admitted that he felt shocked, he (Whitman) concluded that he still preferred keeping to the boatmen for his company. He was at the time a

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little under forty years of age. His father had been a farmer on Long Island, and Walt had worked on the farm in early life. His father was of English, his mother of Dutch, descent, thus giving him the blood of both the races which had settled New York. In his youth he had listened to the preaching of the great Quaker iconoclast, Elias Hicks, of whom his parents were followers; and I fancy that Hicks, than whom few abler men have appeared in any country in modern times, gave the most important contribution to his education. After leaving his father's farm he taught school for a short time, then became a printer, and afterwards a carpenter. When his first volume appeared he was putting up frame dwellings in Brooklyn; the volume was, however, set in type entirely by his own hand. He had been originally of the Democratic party; but when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed he found that he was too really democratic for that, and uttered his declaration of independence in a poem called "Blood-money,"—a poem not found in his works, but which was the first he ever wrote. He confessed to having no talent for industry, and that his forte was "loafing and writing poems;" he was poor, but had discovered that he could, on the whole, live magnificently on bread and water. He had travelled through the country as far as New Orleans, where he once edited a paper. But I would find, he said, all of him—his life, works, and days—in his book; he had kept nothing back whatever.

We passed the remainder of the day roaming, or "loafing," on Staten Island, where we had shade, and many miles of a beautiful beach. Whilst we bathed, I was impressed by a certain grandeur about the man, and remembered the picture of Bacchus on the wall of his room. I then perceived that the sun had put a red mask on his face and neck, and that his body was a ruddy blonde, pure and noble, his form being at the same time remarkable for fine curves and for that grace of movement which is the flower of shapely and well-knit bones. His head was oviform in every way; his hair, which was strongly mixed with grey, was cut close to his head, and, with his beard, was in strange contrast to the almost infantine fulness and serenity of his face. This serenity, however, came from the quiet light blue eyes, and above these there were three or four deep horizontal furrows, which life had ploughed. The first glow of any kind that I saw about him, was when he entered the water, which he fairly hugged with a lover's enthusiasm. But when he was talking about that which deeply interested him, his voice, always gentle and clear, became slow, and his eyelids had a tendency to decline over his eyes. It was impossible not to feel at every moment the *reality* of every word and movement of the man, and also the surprising delicacy of one who was even freer with his pen than modest Montaigne.

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After making an appointment to meet Walt again during the week, when we would saunter through the streets of New York, I went off to find myself almost sleepless with thinking of this new acquaintance. He had so magnetised me, so charged me, as it were, with somewhat indefinable, that for the time the only wise course of life seemed to be to put on a blue shirt and a blouse, and loafe about Manahatta and Paumanok—"loafe, and invite my soul," to use my new friend's phrase. I found time hanging heavily on my hands, and the sights of the brilliant city tame, whilst waiting for the next meeting, and wondered if he would seem such a grand fellow when I saw him again. I found him on the appointed morning setting in type in a Brooklyn printing-office, a paper from the *Democratic Review*, urging the superiority of Walt Whitman's poetry over that of Tennyson, which he meant to print (as he did everything, *pro* and *con*, in full) in the appendix of his next edition. He still had on the workingman's garb, which (he said) he had been brought up to wear, and now found it an advantage to continue. It became plain to me as I passed along the streets and on the ferry with him, that he was a prince incognito amongst his lower class acquaintances. They met him continually, grasped his hand with enthusiasm, and laughed and chatted (but on no occasion did he laugh, nor, indeed, did I ever see him smile). Having some curiosity to know whether this class of persons appreciated him at all, I privately said to a workman in corduroys, with whom I had seen him conversing, and whom he had just left, "Do you know who that man there is?" "That be Walt Whitman." "Have you known him long?" "Many a year." "What sort of a man is he?" "A fusrate man is Walt. Nobody knows Walt but likes him; nearly everybody knows him, and—and *loves* him." There was a curious look about the fellow as he emphasized the word *loves*, as if he were astonished at the success with which he had expressed himself. "He has written a book—hasn't he?" "Not as ever I hearn on." Several times, as we were crossing the waters about New York, I was able to separate from him, and put similar questions to artisans and others with whom I had seen him interchange greetings or words; but I found none of them knew anything about his writings, though all felt a pride in being acquainted with him. Nothing could surpass the blending of *insouciance* with active observation in his manner as we strolled along the streets. "Look at that face!" he exclaimed once as we paused near the office of the *Herald*. I looked and beheld a boy of perhaps fifteen years, with certainly a hideous countenance, the face one-sided, and one eye almost hanging out of a villainous low forehead. He had a bundle under his arm. "There," said Walt, "is a New York reptile. There's poison about his fangs I think." We watched him as he looked furtively about, and presently he seemed to see that we had

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our eyes on him, and was skulking off. At that my companion beckoned him, and after a little succeeded in bringing him to us, when we found that he was selling obscene books. At the Tombs prison we went among the prisoners, and the confidence and volubility with which they ran to him to pour out their grievances, as if he were one in authority, was singular. In one man's case he took a special interest. The man, pending trial for a slight offence, had been put into a very disagreeable and unhealthy place. Hearing his account, Walt turned about, went straight to the governor of the prison, and related the matter—ending thus: "In my opinion it is a damned shame." The governor was at first stunned by this from an outsider, and one in the dress of a labourer; then he eyed him from head to foot as if questioning whether to commit him; during which the offender stood eyeing the governor in turn with a severe serenity. Walt triumphed in this duel of eyeshots, and, without another word, the governor called an officer to go and transfer the prisoner to a better room. I have often remembered the oath of Walt Whitman on this occasion, as being one of the most religious utterances I have ever heard.

Henry Thoreau, who, though at present almost without European reputation, will be hereafter regarded as one of the ablest thinkers and scholars that ever lived in America, visited Walt Whitman in 1856; and I find in his posthumous "Letters," edited by R. W. Emerson, two that were addressed to the poet giving him good advice in the matter of reading, and especially, it would seem, answering some questions about Oriental books. In another letter written by Thoreau to a friend soon after the visit to which I have referred, he says:—"That Walt Whitman, of whom I wrote to you, is the most interesting fact to me at present. I have just read his second edition (which he gave me), and it has done me more good than any reading for a long time. . . . There are two or three pieces in the book which are disagreeable; simply sensual. . . . It is as if the beasts spoke. . . . Of course Walt Whitman can communicate to us no experience; and if we are shocked, whose experience is it that we are reminded of? . . . He occasionally suggests something a little more than human. . . . Wonderfully like the Orientals, too, considering that when I asked him if he had read them, he said, 'No; tell me about them.' . . . He is apparently the greatest democrat the world has seen." He made an equal impression on other men of culture and ability who visited him.

How Walt Whitman came to write those nine thousand extraordinary lines,—or verses, one knows not which to call them,—it were hard to say. The idea with which he entered upon his work may be gathered from the following extract from a private letter, which I am permitted to insert here. "I assume," he wrote, "that

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poetry in America needs to be entirely recreated. On examining with anything like deep analysis what now prevails in the United States, the whole mass of poetical works, long and short, consists either of the poetry of an elegantly weak sentimentalism, at bottom nothing but maudlin puerilities, or more or less musical verbiage, arising out of a life of depression and enervation, as their result; or else that class of poetry, plays, &c., of which the foundation is feudalism, with its ideas of lords and ladies, its imported standard of gentility, and the manners of European high-life-below-stairs in every line and verse. . . . . Instead of mighty and vital breezes, proportionate to our continent with its powerful races of men, its tremendous historic events, its great oceans, its mountains, and its illimitable prairies, I find a few little silly fans languidly moved by shrunken fingers." His ambition is, he says in the same letter, "to give something to our literature which will be our own, with neither foreign spirit, nor imagery, nor form, but adapted to our case, grown out of our associations, boldly portraying the West, strengthening and intensifying the national soul, and finding the entire fountains of its birth and growth in our own country." He wrote on a sheet of paper, in large letters, these words—"MAKE THE WORK," and fixed it above his table, where he could always see it whilst writing. Thenceforth every cloud that flitted over him, every distant sail, every face and form encountered, wrote a line in his book. He was passionately fond of opera music, and many verses were written in the galleries of the opera house. He notes everything and forgets nothing. His brain is indeed a kind of American formation, in which all things print themselves like ferns in the coal. Every thought, too, signs itself in his mind by a right and immutable word.

Walt Whitman continued writing poems, that appeared from time to time in enlarged editions of the "Leaves of Grass"—which in 1860 reached its sixth edition—until the breaking out of the war. He then repaired to the city of Washington, and devoted himself to nursing and conversing with the wounded soldiers who were in the hospitals. His labours among them—for which he never asked nor received any compensation whatever—were unremitting; and he so won the poor fellows from all thought of their sorrows by his readings and conversation, that his entrance was the signal in any room for manifestations of the utmost delight. He certainly has a rare power of attaching people to him.

A friend of mine writing from Washington says, "I speak within bounds when I say that, during those years, he has been in contact with, and, in one form or another, either in hospital or on the field, personally ministered to, upward of one hundred thousand sick and wounded men."

At the close of the war he was appointed to a clerkship in the

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Department of the Interior, and in the intervals of official work wrote a new volume of poems entitled "Drum-Taps," which has been recently published. This volume is entirely free from the peculiar deductions to which the other is liable, and shows that the author has lost no fibre of his force. There is in this volume a very touching dirge for Abraham Lincoln,—who was his warm friend and admirer,—which is worthy of being quoted. It is as follows:—

"O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But, O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

"O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead."

"My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
But the ship, the ship, is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won.
Exult, O shore, and ring, O bells!
But I with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

The late Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Harlan, recently had pointed out to him—probably by some one who desired Whitman's clerkship—some passages of the "Leaves of Grass" in which he could see only grossness, and for this cause ejected the poet from his office. The indignation which this caused throughout the country proves that Walt Whitman has quietly obtained a very wide influence. After a very curious controversy, chiefly notable for an able and caustic pamphlet written by Mr. O'Connor, showing that the Secretary would equally have dismissed the Scriptural and classical writers, the bard was appointed to an office in the Attorney-General's department, which he now holds. It is understood by his friends that he is writing a series of pieces which shall be the expression of the religious nature of man, which he regards as essential to the completion of his task.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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RUSSIAN SOCIETY.

THE radical error lying at the bottom of all the late and current misconceptions concerning Russia, appears to consist in the assumption that Russia being diplomatically a European Power, Russian society and the Russian people must be European too, and should therefore be judged of according to the rules applicable to European communities in general. Now nothing can be farther from the truth. Without going into the much-vexed—and, from a political point of view, scarcely relevant — question of the Slavonic or Asiatic (Turanic) origin of the Russians, it will be sufficient to consider the following points. The history and social development of Russia, such as they have been till now, have had nothing, or scarcely anything, in common with those of the rest of Europe. The great leading features and principal factors of European civilisation were, on the whole, much the same in England and France, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy. The Roman Imperium, with its well-organised administration and its civil law; feudalism, with its sharply-divided classes and the overwhelming influence of aristocracy; the Church of Rome, first humanising and then coercing and oppressing; lastly, the rise and growth of the middle class, fighting its way through innumerable obstacles to its present preponderating position—all these historical and social phenomena are common to the whole of Western Europe, and not one of them has been repeated in Russia. Official nomenclature may talk of Russian princes and merchants, but the Dolgorouhofs, the Galitzins, and the Vjazemskis, are politically, historically, and even morally, no more like the Percys, the Stanleys, and the Gowers, than the Màmontofs and the Kòkorefs of Moscow are like the Couttses and the Barings of London. Of course this does not mean that a radical and, so to say, *à priori* difference exists between the Russian nation and those of Western Europe; but only that the history and social development of the various classes in Russia having been so entirely different from those of the other European countries, it would be false to conclude merely upon the strength of outward denominations, that a Russian nobleman, priest, merchant, or peasant—taken as the representative of his class—may be expected to be or act, in any important respect, like a nobleman, priest, merchant, or peasant of any other European country. It is quite possible that, in the course of time, there may grow up in Russia a gentry quite as polished, politically independent, and liberal-conservative in its tendencies; a merchant class as enterprising, almost as rich and influential, quite as pompous and hungering after riches; a bureaucracy as efficient and honest;

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lastly, a peasantry and labouring class as independent legally, and as much fettered and bound in all other respects, as all these classes exist at this day in England. For the moment, however, nothing of all this, and in most cases, just the very opposite of all this, is to be found in Russia, and that for the simple reason, that the causes which have produced the present social condition of the English nation have nothing in common with those which influenced the history and development of the Russian. It may seem trite to insist so strongly upon the rather elementary principle that, the causes not being the same, the consequences cannot be the same; and yet it was the non-application of this very truism to Russia, which was the principal if not the only cause of the recent diplomatic failure of the English and French Governments in their endeavours in favour of Poland. The English Government, or rather the whole of Western Europe, for the same opinion prevailed also in France and Germany, seeing the embarrassed financial condition of Russia, hearing continually of the universal discontent of the nobles in consequence of the emancipation of their serfs, lastly, judging by the facility with which incendiary proclamations were distributed at St. Petersburg and in the interior,—the English Government, I say, actually came to believe almost everything the Polonophiles in the French press or Russian publications like those of M. Herzen and Prince Dolgoroukof proclaimed to the world about the utter demoralisation of the Russian Government, the complete disaffection of its army, the existence of a well-organised and widespread secret association only waiting for the first opportunity to join the Poles in their efforts against the common enemy, and the general apathy, not to say antipathy, of the educated classes to the efforts of the Emperor's Government to put an end to the revolutionary movement in Poland. This was the first mistake; a mistake, however, which was almost entirely shared not only by the Russians themselves, but even by the Secret Political Police at St. Petersburg, and for which, consequently, the English Government should not be taxed very severely. Far greater blame attaches to it for its second mistake in this whole affair, viz., for falling into what was neither more nor less than a rather clumsily devised, but, as the event proved, perfectly successful trap set for the public opinion of Europe by perhaps the only really clever man in the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, viz., M. Valujef, Minister of the Interior. The whole affair is far too instructive from a diplomatical point of view, and besides, bears too directly upon the subject in hand, for me not to mention it here with all the details I may prudently give. In the spring of 1863, a few weeks after the war had broken out in Poland and Lithuania, the Nobiliary Assembly of the Government of St. Petersburg was holding its regular triennial session in the capital, for the purpose of

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electing its marshal and other functionaries. On the present occasion, however, the Petersburg nobles had to consider a question rather more important, though perhaps not quite so pleasant, as to who should for the next three years fill the posts of Marshal of the whole Government, Marshals of the Districts, Judge of the Criminal Court, &c. A considerable old debt, contracted by the Nobiliary Assembly towards the Ministry of Finance, had become due already for some time; the Minister was getting clamorous as to its payment, and, the finances of the Assembly being naturally in so bad a condition as to preclude all thought of paying off this debt, it had been absolutely proposed *to sell the palace of the Assembly*, for the erection of which the money had originally been borrowed from the State. At the nick of time, however, when the Assembly, having in vain tried all sorts of expedients, was already preparing to face its houseless and homeless condition, and simply do like other people in reduced circumstances, viz.,—"go into lodgings," a friendly hand was stretched forth to help it out of its difficulties. The hand belonged to no less personage than the Minister of the Interior, and the reason of his sudden tenderness for the Petersburg nobles was the following. A short time previously, the first notes of Lord Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the subject of Poland had been read and delivered to Prince Gortchakof by the representatives of England and France at St. Petersburg. M. Valujef, wishing to help his colleague at the Foreign Affairs, sent for the Marshal of the Petersburg Nobiliary Assembly, Prince Shcherbatof, and promised him in the name of the Government, that that unpleasant little affair of the 100,000 and odd roubles should not be mentioned again, if only the Prince would prevail upon the Assembly to present an address to the Emperor, expressive of the unalterable fidelity and attachment of the Petersburg nobles to the Imperial throne, an address which—the Prince was assured—would immensely strengthen the hands of the Government in its difficult position with reference to foreign Powers. Who could be happier than Prince Shcherbatof? The address of the Assembly was drawn up then and there, signed, and presented to the Emperor, and a few days later published in all the newspapers of the capital. Then followed a secret circular from the Minister of the Interior to all the Governors of the Empire, enclosing copies of the Petersburg address, and calling upon them to *influence* the nobles of their respective Governments to present similar addresses. The result probably astonished M. Valujef himself. The addresses began to arrive, first slowly, then faster and faster, till at last this avalanche of paper-loyalty exceeded all bounds, and the mere enumeration of the various localities, from which addresses had arrived on the previous day, would sometimes occupy two or even three columns of the very smallest print of

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the official *Northern Post.* The movement naturally did not stop with the nobles; circulars like that of the Minister to the Governors, were sent by the latter to all their subordinates, and a few months later—Russian distances do not admit of any shorter periods—there was scarcely a township, district, or commune, which had not presented its address of undying devotion to the Imperial throne and of hatred and contempt for the "foreigner," who ventured to mix in the internal affairs of Holy Russia. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the style in which thousands of these addresses were got up, or the manner in which they were signed. Every town through the district clerk (upon whom the composition of the addresses mainly devolved) naturally tried its utmost to out-do its neighbours in eloquence and patriotic bathos; thus, for instance, the peasants of a district on the Volga were made to talk of the "sacred and inalienable rights" of the Tsar, while a commune of Don-Cossacks addressed him by a title composed of the word "Augustus," with a Russian prefix and suffix superadded, which can be rendered literally only by: "Preaugustissimus." As to the manner in which the addresses were signed, I can speak from personal knowledge. In the months of April and May, 1863, I was travelling in the Government of Kostromà; not a hundred versts from the district-town of Vjetlooga I witnessed the following scene. The Chief of the Cantonal police—the Stanovòj Pristav, as he is called—had assembled all the peasants of a considerable number of villages and communes, forming, according to the new rural division, a Volostj.—"You have heard, children," began the officer of police, "that those d——d Poles are rebelling against our father the Emperor, and want to come and take away the land the Emperor has given you; now here is a letter (showing the address), I have written to say that you do not mean to stand that, and this your elders must sign."

Now, to make a Russian peasant sign his name, or, more frequently, put a sign-manual to any document, whatever its purport may be, is not so easy a matter. The operation, he knows from experience, always brings endless trouble and very often even considerable expense, so that to the demand of the Pristav, there was an unanimous answer of "Sign it yourself, little father, sign it for all of us: that'll do as well."

In the government of Saratof, in the district of Serdobsk, I saw several of these addresses being signed with the greatest willingness; certainly the fact loses a great deal of its significance, if I add that, in signing their names, the peasants were convinced that they were "entering themselves for Cossacks": the name of "Cossack" still retaining among the Russian peasantry, especially in the south-eastern governments, a faint flavour of its former meaning, viz., of independence, personal freedom, licence, and booty. A great deal

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of noise was made at the time about the addresses sent in by the *Raskolniks*, *i.e.*, dissenters from the orthodox Church. The various sects of the *Raskolniks*, amounting altogether to something like seven or eight millions, have certainly given the lie to all who looked upon them as upon revolutionists or at least malcontents, only waiting for the first opportunity to avenge themselves on their oppressors, the orthodox clergy, and the Government; yet it is equally certain that their assurances of devotion were called forth simply by a hope held out to them, that, in return for their expressions of loyalty, they were to be recognised by Government, and allowed the free exercise of their worship. I suppose I need scarcely add that the latter promise has not been fulfilled to this day.

Now the provoking part of this whole business is, that the English Government and the English public took it all in good faith, and believed, on the strength of these addresses, the Russian nation to be ready to rise as one man at the first call of the Emperor. The mistake of thinking the Russian Government isolated from the nation and hated by it was by no means greater than the one, which gained so strong a hold upon the public mind in the summer of 1863, viz., that the loyalty addresses really meant what they said. Certainly, every one knew well enough, that addresses in general, however fiery, are not shot and shell, nor expressions of devotion quite as good as ready money; but yet, there is no doubt that in England people considered these addresses as the true expression of a movement as real and as serious as any English popular agitation, in fact as far more real and serious than, for instance, the feeling of hatred towards England, which found vent in the addresses of the French colonels presented to the Emperor Napoleon and were published in the *Moniteur* at the time of the Orsini affair.

With one exception the English Government did nothing to obtain a clearer idea upon the subject, and this one exception only made the matter, if possible, worse. The only member of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, who is a tolerable proficient in Russian, was sent into the interior of the country, there to convince himself by personal observation of the real state of popular feeling. The gentleman in question thought, and I suppose his superiors were of the same opinion, that he had done all that was to be done, by taking a run to Moscow and there paying a visit—to M. Katkòf, the well-known editor of the *Moscow Gazette!* To enable the reader fully to appreciate the touching *naïveté* of this proceeding, it will be necessary to say a few words about M. Katkòf, a person whom circumstances have of late brought forward rather prominently in Russia. Up to the beginning of 1863 M. Katkòf, a former professor of the Moscow University, had been known in Russia as the editor of a monthly review, the *Russian Messenger*, whose principal feature

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was an Anglomania of the most uncompromising kind; according to the learned editor of the *Messenger,* the Russian universities were all to be transformed into Oxfords and Cambridges, the Russian magnates were to turn dukes and earls, and the mass of Russian landed proprietors were to be metamorphosed into an English gentry and entrusted with a local self-government after the English fashion. A real, practical knowledge of politics does not yet exist in Russia, so that the ideas propounded by the *Messenger,* however incongruous and inapplicable they might be, were listened to with respect, as being sufficiently liberal at a time when "liberalism" was the order of the day in Russian society. With the 1st of January, 1863, M. Katkòf became, by contract, editor of the *Moscow Gazette,* a daily paper belonging to the Moscow University, and farmed out by it under certain conditions, which do, however, in no wise fetter the political programme of the editor for the time being. There can be no doubt that, had not the Polish revolution broken out a fortnight later, the *Moscow Gazette* would have gone on preaching "Gentry and English Self-government," just as the *Russian Messenger* had done for the last four or five years, and Europe would probably never have heard of either. As it was, however, M. Katkòf suddenly threw all his Anglomania to the winds, troubled his head no more about the Oxonians and Cantabs of Moscow and Kazan, or the self-governing gentry of Iver and Kalooga, and became, instead, not only the firmest supporter of the Government in its Polish policy, but went much farther than any government with a particle of self-respect could venture to do; thus, for instance, recommending during the hottest of the fight in Poland and Lithuania, *to set fire to every forest in which it might be supposed that insurgents were hiding.* The remonstrances of the European Powers were treated by M. Katkòf with such a scorn and derision, that the answers they met with at the hands of Prince Gortchakof may, by comparison, be called courteous and conciliatory. The addresses of loyalty were naturally raised by the *Moscow Gazette* to the dignity of acts of heroism and patriotic devotion; every one who should dare to doubt the purity of the motives which had led to them, or the sincerity of the feelings they expressed, was declared a traitor to his country; and when General Mouravief was just beginning his career of blood and shame at Vilna, M. Katkòf could not find words adequately to praise this great "Champion of Holy Russia." And yet this was the man to whom the English Government turned indirectly for information upon the subject of the popular feeling which was supposed to consist of a burning enmity towards the Poles and all their friends, combined with an equally fiery devotion to the Emperor!

Now, neither the English nor the French Government would have

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paid the slightest attention to the addresses, and to all the noise purposely made about them, if such elementary facts as the following were properly known and fully appreciated in Europe. In the first place, public opinion, in the sense of an entity, standing upon a perfectly independent basis, developing itself according to its own laws, and receiving extraneous impressions, but not merely submitting to them, does not exist in Russia. Secondly, the comparatively insignificant number of individuals who, according to European analogy, are commonly supposed to represent Russian society, represent as yet nothing at all, or rather represent merely their own personal, and for the most part egotistic, even sordid interests—interests which can be satisfied only by the Government, thus rendering any independent action, or even expression of opinion, on the part of this so-called society, absolutely impossible. Lastly, the numerically strongest proprietary and productive classes, such as the mass of small landed proprietors, the merchants, and peasants, have as yet no influence whatever, and would probably not know how to exercise it, even if they had any, being incapacitated for it by their ignorance, mutual suspicion, and the thirty years of crushing tyranny of the preceding reign. These three propositions forcibly lead to the conclusion, that for other nations the only important political factor in Russia is, as yet, the Government: all the classes of its subjects go, consequently, in so far for nothing; it would be a mistake to suppose any of them sufficiently disaffected, or sufficiently strong to cause the Government, in the event of a war, for instance, any serious trouble, but it would be equally false to consider them on that account as serious supports to the Government. The latter can count upon its soldiers, and upon its own money or credit, and, as far as these go, they must, of course, be taken into account; beyond these it has nothing whatever to look to, so that nothing beyond should be ascribed to it.

In support of the above propositions I will now proceed to give a succinct sketch of the classes, or rather of the class, which in Russia forms what is generally known by the rather vague name of "society." I say class because, in a certain sense, the Russian nation consists only of two perfectly distinct, but very unequal classes—the governing and the governed. The first of these embraces, besides the whole army of regular officials, both civil and military, the so-called Russian nobles, who, in fact, are nothing else but hereditary officials, and who have neither a logical, nor even a historical *raison d'être* independently of the Government; disguise it as they and the Government may, the real principle actuating all the members, hereditary or not, of this official class is a blind submission to the imperial system in return for the right and the means of preying upon, and living by, the millions, whom they are supposed to

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govern for the benefit of the latter, and in the name of the Emperor. The millions of the governed class not forming the subject of the present paper, I will merely add for greater clearness' sake, that they are composed of an overwhelming majority of peasants, of a comparatively insignificant number of merchants, citizens, or burghers (Russian towns being, with a few exceptions, nothing else than official colonies), and of the, in fact, although not by law, hereditary caste of the clergy. In a sketch of Russian society like the present one there is no necessity, even if it were possible, to draw a line between the hereditary officials or nobles and the salaried nobles or functionaries proper. Neither in their privileges, nor in their own conviction, nor in that of the people, does there exist any difference between them. Almost every noble has served the Government in some official capacity or other, and, on the other hand, the not-noble functionary receives, at a certain step along the official ladder, his patent of nobility as a matter of course. The rich landed proprietor certainly looks down with contempt on the poor not-noble clerk, who is just beginning to toil up the official ladder; but let this said clerk have once crept into a senatorial or directorial post, and the proudest aristocrat (?) in the country—if he does not happen to occupy a similar or a still higher position—will be his humble servant. But if the Russian nobles do not distinguish between themselves and the herd of imperial officials, still less does the mass of the people admit such a distinction. When the first rumours of the impending emancipation reached the serfs in 1859 and 1860, it became a settled opinion among them, that the Emperor was going to give them back the land, which till now they had tilled for the benefit of their noble proprietors, and "send these same proprietors into the towns, where some official provision would, of course, be made for them." Putting, therefore, aside a classification which, although officially received, has no foundation in the history and social life of the country, let us examine what the real divisions of Russian society are. One more preliminary remark, however, is necessary. All I mean to say being founded upon personal observations extending over some six years, my account will naturally bear a strongly anecdotical character; as, however, I shall not mention a single fact beyond those which I witnessed myself, my picture will gain in fidelity what it loses in fulness.

Russian society can be divided into two unequal and perfectly distinct halves. To the first and smaller half belong the five or six hundred families of large landed proprietors, the magnates of only a few years ago, when the property of each of them was counted by thousands of "souls," or male serfs living and working on their masters' land; to-day, however, even they are for the most part, if not exactly ruined, like their poorer brethren, the mass of country

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nobles, yet very much reduced in their circumstances owing to the emancipation of their serfs. Of course they do not form an aristocracy in the European sense of the term, having no party-connection among themselves, and not the slightest influence upon the government, except in so far as they themselves enter the bureaucracy, and by obtaining any of the high ministerial or court posts come to form part of the exclusive clique, or camarilla, which governs the country. But even this camarilla itself cannot be said to govern Russia in the same sense, as for instance, a small set of ultra-royalists governed France under Charles X., or the Prussian pietists and evangelicals ruled instead of King Frederick William IV. The Russian, or rather the St. Petersburg, camarilla has no roots whatever in the country, no great names to boast of, no widespread family connexions, no tradition of any kind, and consequently no general principles connecting the different members of the clique among themselves, and for the most part not even any independent fortune of their own. This requires some explanation. As every functionary, civil as well as military, must serve up from the ranks, viz., begin his career as ensign in the army, or with the *chinn* of a simple clerk ("Collegiate Registrator" is the official title belonging to this, the lowest of the fourteen classes which form the official ladder of the *chinns*) in one of the Government offices, and as, except in rare cases, he receives the next *chinn* only every third year, it naturally follows that it requires a long time before he obtains a sufficiently high *chinn*, which would give him the right to a post of corresponding importance. Consequently those men who have some property of their own generally content themselves with the *chinn* of the fourth class, viz., that of Actual Councillor of State, and retire to their country seats and villages, leaving the race for the higher honours and, politically, really important posts connected with the *chinns* of Privy Councillor and Actual Privy Councillor to their needier rivals. Thus, as a general rule, a Russian Privy Councillor is a man of no great *inherited* private property. Should he wish to leave the service, he has rarely anything to fall back upon but his retiring pension, which, it is true, equals, after a certain number of years spent in the service, his former salary; but then this salary itself formed but a minor part of his real income, the latter consisting for the greatest part of all kinds of legal, extra-legal, and even illegal succedanea, which naturally fall away as soon as their recipient quits his post. About the purely illegal portions of a Russian official's income so much has been written and said, that I could scarcely add anything which, in substance at least, would be new; besides, mere unblushing venality is at present regarded even in Russia as immoral and degrading, and has, except in the very worst times of the Emperor Nicholas, formed no part of the recognised government system. Quite another thing

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is the extra-legal income of a Russian employé; it consists of so-called "gratifications," given generally at New Year, and besides, in special cases, over and above the regular salary to those officials, high and low, who have been brought by their superiors, or are come personally, under the notice of the Emperor. As far as the lower officials are concerned, these annual gratifications do not bear very heavily upon the national exchequer. Towards the end of every year the ministers present to the Emperor a long list of those among their subordinates who for their exemplary conduct or services rendered to the State deserve to be moved up one *chinn*, or to be decorated by one of the many imperial orders, or to receive some sum of money in addition to their salary. Granting a new *chinn* entails no expense whatever; on receiving an order, or other similar decoration, the new knight has to pay not only for the materials of the insignia, but a pretty round sum for the diploma besides, and the sums of money granted in these cases never exceed a few hundred roubles; so that the practical consequence of the whole process consists only in obliging every lower official to cringe and fawn during the whole year before his immediate superior, upon whom, of course, the presentation of all his subordinates to one or another kind of gratification, or even to no gratification at all, entirely depends. Now, with regard to the officials, who by their *chinn* belong to one of the three first classes, the system is modified in so far that, as members of the Senate, the Council of State, or occupants of ministerial and other important high posts, they naturally come under the immediate notice of the Emperor, and receive their gratifications in course and out of course, and in direct proportion to the good humour in which their imperial master may happen to be whenever good luck brings them into his presence. Now, it would seem that, if in the lower *chinns* the cross of the order of St. Anne, or of St. Vladimir, for instance, is sufficient to fire the zeal of a Russian official, a Privy Councillor, or Actual Privy Councillor of the first or second class is impervious to any such simple blandishments; so that in those high official regions the crosses of the various imperial orders are generally replaced by portraits of the Emperor set in diamonds, or by grants of land amounting to ten, twenty, even fifty thousand acres, and the gratifications in money are no more counted by hundreds, but by tens of thousands of roubles. There exists in Russia a highly interesting little volume, of the size and shape of the "Court Guide" or "Who's Who," of which a new edition, consisting, however, only of an extremely limited number of copies, is printed every three months. The title of this volume is, "A List of all Persons belonging to the Chinns of the Four First Classes," and in it you find, opposite the name of each of the happy mortals mentioned therein, a succinct statement of all the pensions, gratifications, imperial presents, grants

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of land, &c., &c., he has received since he entered the service, and those he is still receiving; for it must be remarked that to draw the tie which binds these bestarred and bespangled servitors to their imperial master still tighter, the money grants are for the most part made only for a limited number of years—generally four or six, sometimes ten—of course with the tacit understanding of being renewed to the recipients for a similar term on the *quamdiu se bene gesserint* principle. The contents of this little volume are, of course, an official secret, and the possessors of the few copies printed every quarter are naturally responsible for the keeping of it. The chance manner in which one copy came under my eye a short time ago does not oblige me to be equally reticent upon the subject. I had some business at the official printing-house of the imperial General Staff; and as I happened to call during the dinner-hour of the men, I was obliged to wait a few minutes for the return of the foreman I wanted. Lounging about between the presses and stands, I noticed lying on one of the compositors' desks a few pages of the book in question, evidently in course of being printed for the next quarter. Unfortunately I had not time enough to copy a page or two, so that I am obliged to quote from memory. The duodecimo pages, printed in the very smallest diamond type, were got up in columns, thus:—

Privy Councillor A.	Portrait of H.M. the Emperor Nicholas, set in diamonds in 1839. The Grand Cross of the Order of St. Alexander Nevsky set in rubies in 1848.	A grant of 10,000 dessiatines in the Government of Orenburg in 1845.	12,000 roubs. in 1848. 50,000 roubs. in 1852.	4,000 roubs. in 1846, to be continued for 4 years. The same 4,000 roubles continued for 4 years longer in 1850. 6,000 roubles in 1854 to be continued for 3 years.
Actual Privy Councillor of the 2nd Class N.N.	Portrait of H.M. the Emperor Alexander, set in rubies and diamonds in 1857. The Order of St. Andrew, set in diamonds in 1851.	6,000 dessiatines of arable land and forest in the Government of Perm in 1849. 20,000 dessiatines in the Government of Orenburg in 1855.	24,000 roubs. for working the land granted in 1855.	8,000 roubles to be continued for six years in 1859. The same 8,000 roubles continued for the same period in 1865.

and so on for whole pages together. Two circumstances struck me more particularly in glancing at the contents of this interesting almanack: the first was that, with but very few exceptions, all the names mentioned were entirely unknown, not only to me, but probably to any and every one in Russia uninitiated into the private life of the Winter Palace; the second, and by far the more astonishing, circumstance was, that the majority of the names were either

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German or Polish; the needy barons from the Baltic Provinces and renegade Poles, who have nothing more to lose of their honour, and everything to gain from court favour, offering evidently the most pliable material out of which to form servants and councillors fit for an autocrat emperor. Among the St. Petersburg senators there are many men I might mention by name who are the sons of court lacqueys or the illegitimate offspring of some grandee or other of Catherine's or Paul's time. It may be objected that a system which gives even the humblest born a fair chance of pushing his way to the very top of the ladder cannot be so bad after all; but it should be remembered that there exists an enormous difference between a former railsplitter or journeyman tailor being elected by his fellow citizens to the presidency of a free republic, and back-stair influence at first and grovelling in the dust afterwards sufficing to gain for any man, connected ever so slightly with the Court camarilla, the favour and the confidence of his sovereign, and a real influence on the fate of his country. Thus, composed of nobles by descent and ennobled time-servers, the Petersburg camarilla possesses none of the elements which give consistency, independence, and dignity to a political body or party; even its present importance is owing only to the weakness of the Emperor, and to the circumstance that without a radical change of system it is impossible to replace its members by men who might perhaps be able to save Russia from the administrative and financial slough into which it has fallen. I say perhaps, because having never yet been tried, and lacking consequently that ability and *savoir faire* which a long habit of managing public affairs always gives, these men (of whom more by-and-by) have not yet had an opportunity to make good their words, and justify their systematic opposition (of course as yet only in words) to all the Government says or does. There certainly are among the Petersburg high officials men of good family and private fortune too; but the influence of their surroundings, and perhaps in a still higher degree the feeling that, once dismissed from their offices and removed from the presence of imperial favour, they must sink into utter insignificance, renders them as pliable as all the others. By way of illustration, I will say a few words about two prominent members of the Russian Government, whose names have of late been mentioned pretty frequently in Europe, viz., Prince Suvorof, late Governor-General of St. Petersburg, and M. Valujef, Minister of the Interior.

His Highness Prince Alexander Suvorof, a nephew on the female side of the conqueror of Ismaïl and Praga, has been praised to the skies on account of his liberalism and still more on account of his love of justice and unshrinking maintenance of law and right—qualities, which in Russia have always, and justly, been considered

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as incompatible with the post of a Governor-General. As for the latter qualities, I have myself had frequent opportunities of convincing myself of the truth of the general opinion; I fear, however, that were I, for instance, to tell the story how Prince Suvorof actually had the courage to order an execution on the property of the Emperor's favourite, Count Nicholas Adlerberg, for a sum of 50,000 roubles, which the unhappy creditor was petitioning for in vain; * or how the same dauntless Governor-General would not even allow the Grand Duchess Marie to smuggle some French millinery goods through the Petersburg custom-house without paying the regular duty—such stories, I fear, would fall but flat on the ears of English readers, as it is probably necessary to be a Russian, or at least to know Russia well, to be able to understand and duly to appreciate the almost fabulous moral courage which these two instances prove. With regard to his much-vaunted liberalism, Prince Suvorof may be taken as a very good sample of the more gifted and consequently more clear-sighted among the Russian high officials, and an analysis of his previous career in this respect does not allow us to form any very high estimate of the amount or quality of this official liberalism.

In the latter years of the preceding reign, Prince Suvorof occupied the post of Governor-General of the Baltic provinces; it was just the time when Nicholas' system of unlimited despotism in the State and orthodoxy in the Church had almost reached its climax, and in both these respects Prince Suvorof was one of the most faithful and zealous servants of his imperial master. In the Baltic provinces, and especially at Riga, the capital of Livonia and residence of the Governor-General, there exists and existed at the time a considerable population of *Raskolniks* (the Riga commune of *Raskolniks* together with that of Dunamunde amounts to some 60,000 souls); now, in the course of several visits to Riga, I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with most of the leading men of the sect, and I am sorry to say that what I heard there of the manner in which Prince Suvorof tried, together with the orthodox Archbishop Plato, to bring back these lost sheep into the fold of the Greek Church, would cut no bad figure in a catalogue of the deeds of prowess of General Mouravief himself. In the archives of the Riga Orthodox Consistory, and in the Chancery of the Riga Governor-General, are to be found protocols, declaring that on such and such a day of the year 1850 or 1851, the following persons "from their own free will and unbiassed conviction forsook their heretical sect, and were received into the pale of the Orthodox Church, in proof and confirmation of which

* I suppose I need scarcely add that the money was paid after all not by the Count, but by the Emperor, *i.e.*, by the State—the Emperor's and the nation's purse being identical in Russia.

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act they received the Holy Communion at the hands of the Riga Protoierej;" among the list of names appended to one of these protocols there are such as Anna Bielajef, aged seven years, or Ivan Matviejef, aged four years; the youngest sectarian who was on that day restored to the Orthodox Church "by his own free will and unbiassed conviction," being Abram Nikiforof, aged just three years and a half. As a commentary on these free-will conversions I have heard from several men—small merchants and shopkeepers, who form the great mass of the Riga *Raskolniks*—an account of the sufferings, moral and physical, which they, being then mere lads, had to undergo for months, even years together in the casemates of the fortress of Dunamunde, whither Prince Suvorof had them transported, menacing them with sentences of hard labour for the remainder of their lives if they and their families refused to join the Orthodox Church. Of course now, with the change of times and system, Prince Suvorof has changed too, and so completely and successfully that, when in 1861 the movement among the Petersburg students had been magnified into a perfect revolution by the incapable Governor-General Ignatjef, and the Emperor had appointed Prince Suvorof as his successor, the capital was filled with joy, nor have its inhabitants ever had occasion to repent of that feeling. If under Nicholas the Riga *Raskolniks* had nothing but curses for the Prince, their Petersburg brethren of the present day are full of praise for the clemency and protection he has shown them. When Mouravief began his reign of terror at Vilna, the Petersburg camarilla forwarded to him expressions of their admiration and a sacred picture of his patron the Archangel Michael. Suvorof was almost the only personage at Court, who did not hide his contempt for the Lithuanian Proconsul. This antipathy, not to say hatred, of the two Governor-Generals of St. Petersburg and Vilna for one another was so well-known, that, when Count Mouravief was appointed a few months ago president of the secret commission for trying Karakozof, and discovering if he had any accomplices in his attempt upon the life of the Emperor, no one was astonished to hear that on the very same day Prince Suvorof was dismissed from his post of Governor-General. The reason why I enter into all these details concerning a personage, who has already left the political scene of St. Petersburg is, that he serves as a capital sample of a Russian official in high places. An uncompromising persecutor of the *Raskolniks*, and an adroit flatterer of the German nobles at a time when the nobility from the Baltic Provinces carried everything before them at the Russian Court, and the *Raskolniks* had become a very thorn in the flesh to Nicholas,—Prince Suvorof became a liberal of the first water, the moment it turned out that that was the cue to be followed for the nonce.

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As a still more striking proof of the entire want of independence, I had almost said of self-respect, in the Russian officials of high position and rank, I may mention the late conduct of M. Valujef. In the beginning of the present reign, and ever since he has been appointed to his present post, the Russian Minister of the Interior was the very pattern of an *Anglomane* in the Russian sense of the word, that is, he lent a helping hand to the rearing of that exotic plant, a Russian gentry according to the English pattern, dressed and wore his whiskers after the recognised English fashion, nay, went even so far as to imitate the traditional English unwillingness to take off the hat, by making it a point always to enter the so-called "Presence Chamber"* of the Russian Home Office with his head covered. Well, this staunch partisan of everything English, this inventor of Russian Constitutionalism, knew how to trim his sails with such astonishing dexterity, that at the present moment he is one of the warmest supporters of the new ultra-Russian policy. In one respect, however, he had underrated the strength of the patriotic and Russophile stream which at present is carrying everything before it at St. Petersburg, and in this one respect, instead of standing by his once publicly expressed opinion, he preferred submitting to what was in fact no better than a personal insult, rather than to lose his high and lucrative post. M. Katkòf had gone so far in his Polonophobia as to accuse everyone of high treason, whose patriotism was not quite as red-hot as that of General Mouravief, or who employed means less rigorous than that illustrious Count. The first to draw upon himself the ire of the *Moscow Gazette* was the Grand Duke Constantine, during his lieutenancy at Warsaw; but when the Grand Duke had left his post in disgrace, and Count Berg was sent to replace him with the formal order to imitate as far as possible the example of his colleague at Vilna, M. Katkòf, looking about him for another personage worthy of being demolished by his mighty pen, selected for the purpose first M. Golovnin, Minister of Public Instruction, and a friend of the Grand Duke's, and subsequently M. Valujef, his own immediate superior, in so far as the censure had passed about this time from the Ministry of Public Instruction to that of the Interior. It is not worth while to enter here into all the details of the single combat engaged in by the editor of the *Moscow Gazette* with the Minister, a combat, which

* The Presence Chamber of every Russian Government office contains, besides a large gilt-framed saint's picture in the right-hand top corner of the room, before which a small lamp is generally burning, the so-called *Zertsalo*, a three-sided gilt-brass stand, topped by a double-headed eagle, presenting on its three sides printed copies of three Ukases of Peter the Great and of Catherine II., enjoining all officials to observe strict justice, punctuality, and promptitude in the fulfilment of their duty. In Russian official consideration, the sacredness of the Zertsalo is as great as that of the Saint's picture.

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became all the more serious after the so-called preventive censure had been done away with by the Ukase which established a correctional censure, and gave the Minister of the Interior a discretionary power over all the periodical publications printed in Russia, very much like that exercised by his colleague at Paris over the French press. A few open strictures upon the Grand Duke, and by implication upon M. Valujef too, soon drew down upon the *Moscow Gazette* a ministerial *avertissement*, but, instead of submitting to this disciplinary measure, M. Katkòf availed himself of a clause in the new law, which permitted him not to publish the *avertissement* in his own paper, on condition of paying a pretty heavy fine for every number of the journal that should appear and not contain the ministerial stricture. At the same time that he declared his intention not to print the *avertissement* he had received, M. Katkòf fired off a new broadside against the Minister of the Interior, adding, that he cared for no one but the Emperor, and did not mean to bow to the decision of anyone else. This was naturally too much for M. Valujef's patience, and a few days after the publication of the obnoxious article, there followed a second *avertissement*, and an order stopping the publication of the *Moscow Gazette* for two months. As, however, the *Gazette* is not private property, but, as I said before, belongs to the University of Moscow, it was agreed to subsequently that the newspaper might continue to appear, on condition, however, that the two obnoxious editors, Messrs. Katkòf and Leontjef, were to cease all connection with the paper, which in fact passed into the hands of another editor, Professor Loobimof. So far there had been nothing remarkable in the whole affair, and everyone knowing anything about Russian society, would have been perfectly certain that, notwithstanding the apparent popularity M. Katkòf had enjoyed among the upper classes of his countrymen for the course he took during the war in Poland, notwithstanding the innumerable congratulatory addresses and telegrams, which had been sent to him for the last three years from all parts of the empire, and on the occasion of almost every public dinner given in the country—yet he had no real party to rely on, there would be no one to back him, and not another word would be said in his favour by society at large, after a minister had unmistakably pronounced against him. However, the mad attempt upon the Emperor's life gave a new turn to this affair, as well as to many far more important ones. It was easy for the Court camarilla to convince so weak a man as the Emperor, that the shot fired at him was but the direct and inevitable consequence of the liberal system, that had gradually been introduced into the administration of the country, especially into the education of youth, and that the only remedy was an immediate return to the system of his never-to-be-forgotten father, viz., Autocracy in State

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and Orthodoxy in Church matters. But the *Moscow Gazette* having been during the last few years the staunchest defender of this system, the Emperor—it must be added at the instigation of the Empress, who, notwithstanding her Hessian and Lutheran descent, is the firmest supporter Orthodoxy has at Court—during his late visit to Moscow, actually made good M. Katkôf's boast of caring for no one but his Majesty, and over the head of his Minister of the Interior, reinstated the two deposed editors in their former office. Yet, strange as it may appear to English readers, M. Valujef kept his office as heretofore, did not even make an attempt at opposition by pointing out to the Emperor the impropriety of allowing a Minister of State to be thus publicly insulted by overruling a legal decision of his to the detriment of his dignity and authority, and quietly submitted to the reinstatement of M. Katkôf as editor of the *Moscow Gazette*. What gives a still better insight into the general character of Russian high official society, is that no one was astonished at this impassiveness of the Minister, everybody taking it as a matter of course that he would certainly be rather put out at being snubbed by his imperial master, but would never dream of quitting his post on that account.

In favour of one man, however, an exception must be made to the general strictures passed here upon the majority of high officials in Russia. This is M. Nicholas Milootin; and I am all the more anxious to call attention to his many sterling qualities, as the course he is pursuing with regard to Poland has drawn down upon him, and I must add justly, a regular storm of indignation and hatred from the Poles and their friends in the Continental press. M. Nicholas Milootin (not to be confounded with his elder brother Dmitri, at present Minister for War) descends from an impoverished noble family, and although at present one of the most influential men in Russia, his private fortune is as modest now as it was when he began his career. Their well-known independence of character and probity did not allow either of the two brothers to continue in the service of the Government during the latter years of Nicholas' reign, and these qualities, not family connexions, of which they possess none among the Court camarilla, called the Emperor Alexander's attention to them. About the Minister for War nothing more need be said here, but that he is as poor as his brother,* and, considering his official position, this is in itself as high praise as any I could offer. As regards M. Nicholas Milootin, there can be no doubt that he is as ambitious as he is honest, evidently expecting to be one day Minister of the Interior (already previously he has filled the post of Under-

* General D. Milootin has made it a principle never to accept an invitation to a ball, dinner, or evening party, and that for the simple reason that his means do not permit him to return the compliment.

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Secretary at the Russian Home Office), but biding his time patiently, and preferring the essence to the semblance of power, contenting himself with the comparatively insignificant title and post of Member of the Council of State, although he is in fact the sole author and mainspring of all the recent measures adopted with reference to "pacified" Poland. It would be foreign to my purpose to enter into a detailed consideration of these measures, nor do I wish, by speaking favourably of the personal character of the man, to be understood to say one word in extenuation of the system of wholesale proscription and spoliation adopted by him towards the Polish nobility; all I want to point out is that in contradistinction to all the other members of the Russian Court and Government, M. Milootin has at least a system of his own, worked out by him independently and applied consistently whenever an opportunity has offered. It can be confidently affirmed of him, that just as the love of money or of honours has had no influence on him in the past, so will the fear of losing either or both never make him cede an inch of a plan he has once approved and adopted. M. Milootin is the unflinching representative of a radical, democratic system, which, as far as in him lay, he tried to establish in Russia at the time of the emancipation of the Serfs, when he was one of the most influential and active members of the St. Petersburg Emancipation Committee. At St. Petersburg there existed, of course, other influences, which counteracted his own efforts; besides, the Russian landed proprietors could not be treated with quite the same unceremoniousness as can be applied without the slightest difficulty to the Polish nobility, who, at St. Petersburg, have no one to defend them, and who are regarded as mere "rebels and revolutionists." It is therefore not to be wondered at that M. Milootin, perceiving at last so capital a chance of applying his system, set about ruining the Polish noble proprietors by wholesale, and democratising Poland with a will. Speaking from personal knowledge, I do not consider M. Milootin as by nature harsh and cruel enough to commit an outrageous injustice merely for the sake of the loss and pain it would inflict upon the class against which he nourishes that deadliest of all hatreds, the hatred of a theorist; but, like almost every man who has devoted his life to the application of one idea, he is not overscrupulous as to the means he employs for embodying this idea, all the more so, as the time left him for accomplishing his object may be cut short by some unforeseen accident or sudden change of wind in high quarters.

A. W. BENNI.

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THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE.

The changes in the tone of thought, and the mode of investigating and accounting for phenomena, which have succeeded each other in a regular order of development as the world has grown older, have influenced the science of Medicine, which embraces nearly all the natural sciences, as potently as they have influenced astronomy, history, or theology. The human mind is essentially curious and inquiring, and cannot rest content to be surrounded by mysteries without seeking some explanation of them. It has been well remarked that we see this property of the mind notably exemplified in children. "No one can fail to have been struck by their restless questioning, their unquenchable desire to have everything explained, no less than the facility with which every authoritative assertion is accepted as an explanation." This curiosity, and this unquestioning acceptance of the dicta of authority, were equally remarkable in the infancy of the world. The desire for the explanation of phenomena will naturally ever continue to be active; but the profound reverence for authority has rapidly declined before the progress of discovery. The maturer world is beginning to find out that in its youth it made many strange mistakes, and that our forefathers have in many instances sadly misled us. And from this a spirit of strict search and inquiry has set in; nothing shall be accepted which is not proven; the weight of a name is light indeed, and ineffectual to obtain the acceptance of an explanation—it serves merely to attract special attention to it, and produce its verification or disproval by a host of competent judges. But in the earlier ages of mankind, when knowledge was small and confined to priests and sages, their explanations were received with a simple childlike faith by the people, who cared not, or if they cared, dared not to question or inquire further. These explanations were, for the most part, mere fanciful and arbitrary guesses, founded, not upon ascertained facts, but on the simplest conceptions arising from the consciousness of some supreme power or powers, which governed the universe, and accommodated to the religious theories of the time. All the mysteries of nature were solved by the supposition of innumerable supernatural agents, according to whose caprice mankind were injured or benefited, punished or rewarded. Medicine was consequently intimately associated with religion; among the more barbarous nations, the priest and the medicine-man were identical; and among the more civilised, the recognised practice of it was confined to the sacerdotal orders until the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Neither the priests nor the

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people of the superstitious age could understand invariable laws. If a solar eclipse took place, a dragon was supposed to have swallowed up the sun; if an earthquake occurred, or a volcano burst forth, some subterraneous demon was presumed to be at work. When a pestilence raged, the invisible arrows of an offended deity struck down the victims. An epileptic was δαιμωνιζομενος, and a man who lost speech or hearing had a dumb devil or a deaf one. We see the same condition of mind exemplified now in the fetichism of barbarous nations, and the belief in charms and sorcery which still obtains amongst the vulgar, even in this country. But at no period was it more conspicuous than in the middle ages, when the belief in magic and witchcraft gave rise to the terrible atrocities which were perpetrated in the punishment of those who were supposed to plot evil against their fellows by direct compact with and assistance from the devil. If a man suffered from pain in the region of the heart, or in the head, a witch inflicted these tortures by secretly sticking pins into the corresponding portion of a wax image representing the sufferer, and thousands of unfortunates were burnt for causing disease and death by their unholy incantations. The dancing mania, which arose in Flanders and Germany during the fourteenth century, was regarded as a display of satanic power, and the popular reason assigned was that the boots with pointed toes, which had been lately introduced, were peculiarly offensive to the Almighty!

With the belief in witchcraft and sorcery, prevailed also the belief in astrology, and that so universally, even amongst the more highly educated, that although occasionally some daring minds raised their voices against the delusion, the storm of obloquy and contempt which was showered on them served to show the strength and popularity of the superstition. The heavens were divided, by the most educated men of the time, into houses of life and of death, of riches, marriage, or religion, and the particular planet which chanced to be in any one house at the time, was denominated the lord of the house, in power over the destinies of mankind, unless a greater than he reigned elsewhere.

While this firm belief in magic, and this disposition to refer all diseases to the direct interposition of supernatural agencies, continued to prevail, the science of medicine necessarily remained almost stationary, or rather could hardly come into existence. Few ever thought of trying to find out *how* sorcerers, demons, and planets did their work,—and the Church terribly punished all who dared to attempt the investigation. As magic—a mysterious power which man could not understand, but thoroughly believed in—caused diseases, so a kind of magic was trusted to cure them. The efficacy of relics and charms was universally acknowledged. The efforts of physi-

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cians were directed to the invention of nostrums and countercharms —not to the investigation of the causes of disease, the careful observation of their phenomena, or the mode of action of the remedies prescribed for them. Galen had, indeed, made important discoveries in anatomy in the second century, and Mondino and others had added to them; but their knowledge was rude and imperfect, and their deductions vitiated by the most absurd physiological dogmas. When they had discovered a few broad and simple facts in anatomy, they rested from their labours, well content; and founded theories, supported by unfounded assumptions, but which became articles of faith, received without question by their successors in the study. Galen, for example, assumed that the arteries carried the purest blood from the left ventricle of the heart to the higher and more refined organs, the brain and lungs; whilst the veins conveyed that of inferior quality from the right ventricle to the grosser organs, the liver and spleen. He chose, moreover, to affirm that the venous blood was not fit for its office, unless some portion of the essence or spirit, and of the arterial blood contained in the left ventricle, were infused into it. Now, these two chambers of the heart, each containing the different quality of blood above mentioned, are separated by a septum or partition, through which there is no aperture whatever. Holes of communication were, however, required by Galen to support his theory, and, therefore, in the true spirit of the time, holes were accordingly seen by him. He squared his facts to suit his theory. And, stranger still, although the heart was frequently examined afterwards, so paramount was the authority of Galen that these imaginary holes were seen by a succession of anatomists for fourteen hundred years, until at last Vesalius dared to declare that he could not find them.

This profound reverence for authority, this belief in supernatural agencies, and this stagnation of true science, was the condition which prevailed at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But education gradually spread, and at this time thinkers arose, who, dissatisfied with mere assumptions, or the baseless dicta of previous authorities, commenced working at the rudiments of the science which had hitherto rested on such imperfect foundations.

Protestantism broke forth, marking the commencement of the age of free inquiry, the spirit of which had so often been quenched in blood to burst forth again irrepressibly, and henceforth to continue and spread abroad with little interruption. The Italians—and more especially the republican Venetians—appear to have been peculiarly free from the prejudice against the dissection of human bodies which generally prevailed; the study of anatomy was warmly encouraged at Padua and Bologna; and owing to this liberal spirit,

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Mondino, in the fourteenth century, was enabled to demonstrate human anatomy by actual dissection. But he was so tramelled by tradition and the authority of Galen, that he perpetuated numberless errors, which would have been patent enough to an unprejudiced mind. So powerful were these influences, even two hundred years later, that Berenger, who boasted of having dissected one hundred subjects at Bologna, and who added largely to anatomical knowledge, ventured to dispute or correct but few of the propositions of his predecessors in the study. To Vesalius belongs the credit of daring to expose the errors of the Galenian system. A Fleming by birth, he early migrated to Venetia, and lectured with immense success at Padua, and afterwards at Bologna and Pisa. So prominently does his simple adherence to facts and disregard of tradition and prejudice, exhibit him as superior to the more servile workers in the science of medicine before his time, who were in reality mere commentators on Hippocrates and Galen, that he has been called the father of human anatomy. He elaborated a comprehensive system, which, although necessarily incomplete, contained few mistakes, and he exposed and corrected a vast number of errors which, up to that time, had been received without question.

The beginning of the sixteenth century, when Luther nailed his ninety-five propositions to the gates of Wittenberg, marked the commencement of a new era in science, as well as religion. The spirit of Protestantism influenced the study of medicine, and Vesalius did not stand alone. Linacre, who had studied at Padua before the time of Vesalius, had just established the College of Physicians in London, thus emancipating medicine to a great extent from priestly influence. Hitherto the power of approving and licensing practitioners had been committed to the bishops in their several dioceses, and the practice of physic was accordingly engrossed by illiterate monks and other ignorant empirics, who, as the charter of the college expresses it, "boldly and accustomably took upon them great cures, to the high displeasure of God, the great infamy of the faculty, and the grievous hurt of his Majesty's liege people." Physicians had gradually become distinct from the sacerdotal order on the Continent, and as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century we find that monks were expelled from the hospitals by the University of Vienna for their "insatiate avidity, and flagrant incompetency," and the care of the sick poor given into the hands of the laity. The monks revenged themselves by procuring an order from the Pope, prohibiting physicians from visiting their patients a second time, without summoning a priest to attend also!

From the Protestant era, original investigation and the accumu-

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lation of facts from accurate observation, proceeded with a rapidity and certainty beyond all previous experience. Their progress was nevertheless impeded, and the value of the results produced depreciated by several opposing influences.

The Romish Church, ever intolerant of novelties which did not emanate from herself, viewed with apprehension and hatred all scientific discoveries, since they were subversive of dogmas which infallibility had sanctioned and approved. Roger Bacon was persecuted by a priesthood said to be so ignorant that they knew no property of the circle, except that of keeping out the devil—and the cry of sorcery or heresy was raised against succeeding explorers of nature to the time of Galileo. It is terrible to think how many great lights must have been extinguished, how many great discoveries nipped in the bud, by the rigorous stamping out of heresy and unholy pursuits, carried on by the Inquisition. And Protestantism, which had its origin in a similar spirit of inquiry, deprecated with almost equal bigotry, though with less power, every conclusion which seemed contrary to her own in-interpretation of the word of God. God had afflicted Job with horrible diseases, and the history of the demoniacs proved that devils could derange bodily functions; therefore to doubt these causes was to impugn the veracity of the Bible. As late as the year 1699, the Royal Society was attacked by theologians soon after its foundation, on the ground that the society neglected the wiser and more discerning ancient philosophers, and depended too much on their own unassisted powers,—that by admitting men of all religions and all countries, they endangered the stability of the Established Church—and, more than all, that a philosophy founded on experiment was likely to lead to the overthrow of the Christian religion, and even to a formal denial of the existence of God. And about this time, the orthodox and devout Willis, who gave all his Sunday fees in charity, who procured a special early service daily, at a church in St. Martin's Lane, in order that he might be able to attend before he visited his patients, and dedicated his treatise "De Animâ Brutorum," to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was condemned by the theologians of the day as tainted with heresy, because he ventured on some speculations not sanctioned by the verdict of antiquity.

The influence of superstition was another powerful drag upon the progress of science. The Humoral Pathology had been established as a simple explanation of ordinary diseases, which the more educated people had begun to think might be owing to natural causes; but the pestilences which ravaged nations, and indeed any strange and unaccountable malady, were still unhesitatingly referred to some unpropitious conjunction of the planets, or the machinations of the devil.

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This Humoral Pathology assumed the existence of four humours in the body, viz., blood, melancholy, choler, and phlegm. Blood was supposed to be formed by the liver, melancholy by the spleen, choler by the gall-bladder, and phlegm by the stomach. The temperament of each individual was termed sanguine, melancholy, choleric, or phlegmatic, according to the humour naturally predominant in his constitution, and one fluid prevailing with abnormal excess over the others gave rise to morbid conditions. The faculty still held to the doctrine of "signatures," as it was called, as the basis of therapeutics; which doctrine assumed certain remedies to be potent in certain diseases, because there was some external resemblance or fanciful connection between the two. Thus, scarlet bed-curtains were a cure for scarlet fever, measles, or any disease with a red eruption on the skin, and the grandfather of Maria Theresa died of small pox, wrapped by order of his physicians in twenty yards of scarlet broadcloth! The yellow powder turmeric was a remedy for jaundice, the lung of the long-winded fox a cure for asthma and shortness of breath; the heart of a nightingale was prescribed for loss of memory; the royal touch was a specific for scrofula or king's evil; and we find John Brown, chirurgeon in ordinary to Charles II., writing a treatise on the "Royal gift of healing strumæs by imposition of hands," with a description of the proper and efficacious manner of conducting the ceremony. This delusion actually held its ground until the eighteenth century, when the great Dr. Johnson was touched by Queen Anne.

As late as 1623, Sir Kenelm Digby, the Admirable Crichton of his time, produced a sympathetic powder whichwas to cure wounds even when the patient was out of sight. This powder had extraordinary success, and its efficacy was almost universally acknowledged.

The more advanced minds were, in truth, not yet in the condition most favourable to the development of the positive sciences. They had passed, in great measure, into the metaphysical stage of thought, which naturally succeeded the superstitious phase; from which, however, they were not by any means completely emancipated. Men of the most daring and original minds were thus tainted with superstition and credulity. Luther believed that the devil tormented him with ear-ache; he emphatically enforced the duty of burning witches, and earnestly recommended some anxious parents to destroy their son, whom he declared to be possessed by an evil spirit! The belief in witchcraft was still universal, and the last witch was not burnt until 1722. Bishops, judges, magistrates, and learned men all agreed in crediting the reality of sorcery and the efficacy of astrology.

The metaphysical phase of thought, moreover, delayed the march

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of knowledge, by leading men away from the search for facts into the labyrinths of abstract speculations. Men wasted their time and energies in discussing whether a spirit could live in a vacuum, and whether in that case the vacuum would be complete; and whether Adam and Eve, not being born in the natural manner, possessed the umbilical mark. They theorised concerning the nature or essence of vital principles, and other mysterious entities, and heaped hypothesis on hypothesis, careless of their foundations. Van Helmont, who is immortalised by the discovery of the gases, adopted as an established fact, a theory which he founded on the hypothetical "archæus" or entity of Paracelsus. The archæus being an immaterial force or spiritual agent, Van Helmont believed that each member of the body had its own particular archæus subordinate to the central or principal archæus, which he localised in the stomach; and as he found that nauseating medicines impaired mental vigour, he assigned to the stomach the seat of the intellect also. Thus, although he made great discoveries in chemistry, his physiology was wildly imaginary and unwarrantably assumptive, and detracts from the fame which his valuable researches in chemistry conferred upon him. The matter-of-fact Vesalius too, who had dared to fail in seeing the openings through the septum of the heart, which Galen had declared to exist, did not dream of disputing the theory of that authority concerning the distribution of the blood, which required that the blood from the two ventricles should intermingle, and therefore imagined that it distilled through the pores of the unbroken and impermeable partition; and, contrary to what seems to have been his general temper, he steadily denied the existence of valves in the veins, which had been observed by others, although he might have verified their statements had he been in this instance open to conviction. Servetus also,—the victim of Calvin, who persecuted him even unto death, burning him and his works together at Geneva,—when he had discovered the pulmonary circulation, and almost grasped the great secret afterwards found out by Harvey, the complete circulation of the blood, instead of proceeding with the investigation, assumed all other errors except the one he had disproved, and describes how the air passes from the nose into the ventricles of the brain, and speculates how the devil takes the same route to the soul. The spirit of the age continued eminently unpractical, and men took interest in facts only as they could be bent to the support of preconceived theories, "spinning," as Lord Bacon says, "like the spider, the thread of speculative doctrine from within themselves," and regarding the perfection and symmetry of their production rather than its truth and certainty.

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And yet there were men of true science, who did not suffer themselves to be led away into such speculations, but were content to record facts and make experiments, deducing therefrom no unwarrantable conclusions. One of the first among these was Ambroise Paris, a Frenchman. He devoted a life of nearly a century to the improvement of practical medicine and surgery, and as he enjoyed for the greater part of that time the highest reputation, his example and teaching must have had a most beneficial effect on the progress of scientific knowledge. His improvements were obstinately resisted by the surgeons of the sixteenth century, especially that of tying ligatures on wounded arteries, which they derided as an absurd mode of hanging life upon a thread, preferring the good old plan of searing the stump with a red-hot iron, which had stood the test of so many centuries. Harvey, Sydenham, Mead, Heberden, and Cullen steadily went on with the work of observation and record, and by the materials which they collected, and the cautious deductions which they drew, helped to confirm the healthy tone of thought which was gradually gaining ground amongst the educated classes. Thus science progressed, surely though slowly. Men had not, indeed, ceased altogether to believe in the efficacy of the royal touch as a remedy for scrofula, and physicians still discoursed at times of "salino-sulphureous impurities of the fluids" and "derangements of the temperies of the humours," of "distinct intelligent organic agents," and the "*vis medicatrix naturæ;*" but these fancies were mostly swept away by the additional impulse given to medical science by the labours of Boerhaave, William and John Hunter, and their pupil, Dr. Matthew Baillie. Boerhaave commenced systematic instruction in clinical medicine, and placed physiological science in immediate relation with pathological research, thus bringing new forces to bear upon the work of unravelling the secrets of nature. The Hunters worked out anatomy and physiology into almost minute perfection, and Dr. Baillie, by researches in morbid anatomy, and connecting these results with the observation of symptoms during life, threw great light upon the science of disease.

The end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries form another epoch in the History of Medicine. Students of science had become more and more bent on original research, and less and less given to extravagant speculations. They had learnt "to seek the *how* instead of the *why*," the laws rather than the ultimate causes of phenomena. From this time discoveries in physiology and pathology succeeded each other with amazing rapidity. Jenner discovered vaccination, Laennec found out how to learn the condition of organs within the chest by

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means of auscultation, and, after them, Bright, Marshall Hall, Brown-Sequard, Trousseau, Watson, and a hundred others have each added more to medical knowledge within our own recollection, than the whole series of philosophers from Galen to Paracelsus. The work accomplished in the last twenty or thirty years in these two sciences by the patient, systematic method of interrogating nature now adopted, exceeds what was accomplished in fifteen centuries under the pernicious influence of superstition, priestly repression—under the metaphysical phase of thought. Chemistry, the handmaid of medicine, revived by the labours of Cavendish, Priestley, Lavoisier, and Davy, has advanced along the same path with gigantic strides. The enormous extent of chemical knowledge in our time excites the most unqualified admiration, when we consider that it is almost entirely the work of the last hundred years, for that length of time has not yet passed since Cavendish first decomposed water and Priestley discovered oxygen.

To chemistry we owe the most valuable remedies of the present time, and by the gift of chloroform alone it has earned the eternal gratitude of mankind. The labours of such men as Harvey, Jenner, the Hunters, and Laennec, have conferred solid benefits on the human race, and will live for ever the admiration of the world. Their work is proved, and found true and enduring; while the wild speculations of Galen and his ten centuries of disciples, the false hypotheses of Servetus and Paracelsus, have already ceased to influence science, or, together with the reckless follies of innumerable Dr. Sangrados, remain but as wrecks to warn future explorers. But although we have just reason to be proud of our progress in anatomy and physiology, in chemistry and pathology, there is one branch of the science of medicine which lags terribly behind the rest. We have a satisfactory knowledge of the enemy with whom we have to deal in all his Protean forms, and of the structure of the citadel which we have to defend from his attacks; and we can tell with tolerable accuracy whether he is making slow and insidious approaches by sap and mine, or intends to take the fortress suddenly by storm. We understand that the weapons we wield are powerful engines of war, but we know not yet how to use them. We are fighting as it were in the dark, or at best in a dim uncertain light, and are ignorant often whether we strike friend or foe. We do not indeed slaughter recklessly and indiscriminately, as did our forefathers, cutting and slashing with closed eyes; but we are obliged to fence warily, sure indeed that our arms are effective against a few particular foes, yet giving blows, after all, at random against many, and perchance slaying allies or knocking a fatal breach unawares in the beleaguered fortress. To drop metaphor, although we are tolerably well acquainted with the signs and course

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of disease, and the structure and functions of the various organs of the body, and are increasing our knowledge of these every day, we know little of the remedies we have to employ, and in this respect make hardly any perceptible advance. One or two drugs only do we possess which we can confidently affirm have a sure and constant effect in arresting particular diseases, as quinine in ague, and perhaps alkalies in acute rheumatism. For the rest, it may be said that we know of certain specific effects which they produce on the human economy; we can purge or cause to vomit, we can salivate with mercury and narcotise with opium; but whether these and like effects influence diseases for good or evil is generally uncertain. We feel assured that one general principle of treatment will not increase the mortality, and we hope lessens it, and that another will infallibly be most fearfully fatal. We know, for instance, that if we bleed a patient suffering from continued fever, or use remedies of powerful effect, he will almost surely die; but that if we content ourselves with alleviating the worst symptoms, and obviating the tendency to death until the violence of the disease be overpast, he will probably recover. Much has indeed been done to lessen the mortality from disease by improved sanitary measures, the results of which seem to be unmistakable. The general laws of health are better known than beforetime; we are far greater now in prevention than in cure; for the very drugs which we see have the most powerful and obvious action on the body are those concerning whose influence in disease the opinion of the medical faculty is the most divided. The Big-Endians and the Little-Endians fight their battles by the invalid's bed as well as elsewhere. In truth, the poisonous action of drugs is well marked and unmistakable; but what we suppose to be their beneficial action may be merely the decline of the disease itself. We cannot make a healthy man *better still* by giving him drugs, but we can make him ill, and undoubtedly make him still worse afterwards, although probably not able to restore him to health again. On the very point on which the ancient physicians proudly boasted of their knowledge and success, and spoke and wrote with the greatest confidence, we feel ourselves painfully uncertain and miserably weak. Therapeutics, the crowning point of medical science, the ultimate end and aim of all research in the various sciences on which it is built, it must be confessed is yet in its veriest infancy. But at this, it appears to me, we need neither be surprised nor disheartened. The science is still partly in the superstitious, partly in the metaphysical stage. It could not be otherwise. There is no groundwork on which to form a positive science. The action of medicines must be traced through a series of complex laws of organic chemistry, and nervous action, and of these we hardly

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know the rudiments. We have not at the present time the data on which to establish a true system, and we must fain make shift with a careful empiricism for a season. This condition, however, is merely temporary. There is now a fair field allowed to the soldiers of science. The opposition of the clergy has ceased, with the exception of the harmless denunciations of a few of the most narrow-minded. As Sir Charles Lyell has remarked, "it takes a long time to get the chill of poverty out of one's bones;" but the progress of public opinion in this respect has been most remarkable. Twenty or thirty years ago a geologist was considered as a man of "unsound views," perhaps an atheist; now many of the clergy have entered the ranks of the band of explorers, and have turned their theological swords into geological hammers, and bend the magnifying glasses with which they formerly saw motes in each other's eyes upon the minute mysteries of nature. The spirit in which the phenomena of life are being investigated is the right one. As facts accumulate, light will come also. There are, it is true, at this present time, representatives of the credulous doctors of old, who believe in nostrums, and speak confidently of cures; and we have the last phase of a complete metaphysical system of medicine in homœopathy,—a system which assumes a theory, and observes and collects facts, not with the view of eliciting truth, but in order to support a foregone conclusion—a system worthy of the age of the doctrine of the Signatures, of the four humours, and of the three elements of Paracelsus. This, however, is merely a transient revival of a mode of thought which is obsolete, and well-nigh powerless to retard the progress of true knowledge.

A discovery which may be of the greatest significance in the science of therapeutics has been made within the last few months. Dr. Bence Jones and M. Dupré have, by means of the spectrum, found that a substance which closely resembles quinine exists as a normal constituent of the human body. Starch, sugar, and albuminous products are known to be common to both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; but this, if it prove to be quinine, will be the first powerful remedial agent which has been discovered naturally existing in the animal tissues. Quinine is one of the very few specifics we possess, and should the discovery be confirmed by further observations, and we can learn how its excess or deficiency affects the economy, one link of the chain we seek will be secured, one great step towards a positive system of medicine will have been accomplished.

The condition of the study of medicine at the present day gives hope, therefore, of great ultimate success. Formerly a host of ignorant empirics and charlatans, or speculative theorists, held sway and reaped reward, while the plodders in the work of science were solitary and unnoticed except by persecuting enemies. Now a great army of

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skilful investigators, the most industrious and persevering of men, attack the unknown night and day; and although the labours of many may at present be ill-appreciated or unacknowledged, they will be gratefully recognised by posterity. There is at least reward in the feeling of exultant satisfaction with which the man of science, looking far into the future, foresees with surely prophetic vision the grand results, dimly and indistinctly it may be, yet unmistakably, shadowed out in the coming time. Progress in medicine is real, perceptible, staked out and measured by numberless distance-marks of advance, the small discoveries of every day. Not only each mile, but each step forward is recorded; no ground is lost. The march onward may be slow and laborious, but it is proved, indisputable, unswerving. Our posterity in the distant future may find amusement in contemplating our ignorance, and wonder at our slowness in grasping the great truths hidden from us, and afterwards made plain to them, as *we* have laughed and wondered at the mistakes and stupidity of those who have preceded *us*. But they cannot fail to acknowledge that by the systematic mode of investigation, the working from facts, the disregard of mere speculative theories, and the preference of the positive to the metaphysical, this age of ours, independently of the vast additions it has made to the various sciences, has helped to lay the solid foundations of a permanent structure, already rising grandly above the ruins of those many baseless fabrics which have been built upon false dogmas and the ever-shifting sands of speculation and empiricism.

W. B. Cheadle.

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VITTORIA.

Chapter XXXIX.

ANNA OF LENKENSTEIN.

Captain Weisspriess replied to Carlo Ammiani promptly, naming Camerlata by Como, as the place where he would meet him.

He stated, at the end of some temperate, formal lines, that he had given Count Ammiani the preference over half-a-dozen competitors for the honour of measuring swords with him; but that his adversary must not expect him to be always ready to instruct the young gentlemen of the Lombardo-Venetian province in the arts of fence; and therefore he begged to observe that his encounter with Count Ammiani would be the last occasion upon which he should hold himself bound to accept a challenge from Count Ammiani's countrymen.

It was quite possible, the captain said, drawing a familiar illustration from the gaming-table, to break the stoutest bank in the world by a perpetual multiplication of your bets, and he was modest enough to remember that he was but one man against some thousands, to contend with all of whom would be exhausting.

Consequently the captain desired Count Ammiani to proclaim to his countrymen that the series of challenges must terminate; and he requested him to advertise the same in a Milanese, a Turin, and a Neapolitan journal.

"I am not a butcher," he concluded. "The task you inflict upon me is scarcely bearable. Call it by what name you will, it is having ten shots to one, which was generally considered an equivalent to murder. My sword is due to you, Count Ammiani; and, as I know you to be an honourable nobleman, I would rather you were fighting in Venice, though your cause is hopeless, than standing up to match yourself against me. Let me add that I deeply respect the lady who is engaged to be united to you, and would not willingly cross steel either with her lover or her husband. I shall be at Camerlata at the time appointed. If I do not find you there I shall understand that you have done me the honour to take my humble advice, and have gone where your courage may at least appear to have done better service. I shall sheathe my sword and say no more about it."

All of this, save the concluding paragraph, was written under the eyes of Countess Anna of Lenkenstein.

He carried it to his quarters, where he appended the—as he deemed it—conciliatory passage: after which he handed it to Beppo, in a square of the barracks, with a buon'mano that Beppo received bowing, and tossed to an old decorated regimental dog of many wounds and a

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veteran's gravity. For this offence a Styrian grenadier seized him by the shoulders, lifting him off his feet and swinging him easily, while the dog arose from his contemplation of the coin and swayed an expectant tail. The Styrian had dashed Beppo to earth before Weisspriess could interpose, and the dog had got him by the throat. In the struggle Beppo tore off the dog's medal for distinguished conduct on the field of battle. He restored it as soon as he was free, and won unanimous plaudits from officers and soldiers for his kindly thoughtfulness, and the pretty manner with which he dropped on one knee, and assuaged the growls, and attached the medal to the old dog's neck. Weisspriess walked away. Beppo then challenged his Styrian to fight. The case was laid before a couple of sergeants, who shook their heads on hearing his condition to be that of a serving-man. The Styrian was ready to waive considerations of superiority; but the judges pronounced their veto. A soldier in the imperial-royal service, though he was merely a private in the ranks, could not accept a challenge from civilians below the rank of notary, secretary, hotel or inn keeper, and such-like: servants and tradesmen he must seek to punish in some other way; and they also had their appeal to his commanding officer. So went the decision of the military tribunal, until the Styrian, having contrived to make Beppo understand, by the agency of a single Italian verb, that he wanted a blow, Beppo spun about and delivered a stinging smack on the Styrian's cheek; which altered the view of the case, for, under peculiar circumstances —supposing that he did not choose to cut him down—a soldier might condescend to challenge his civilian inferiors—"in our regiment," said the sergeants, meaning that they had relaxed the stringency of their laws.

Beppo met his Styrian outside the city walls, and laid him flat. He declined to fight a second; but it was represented to him, by the aid of an interpreter, that the officers of the garrison were subjected to successive challenges, and that the first trial of his skill might have been nothing finer than luck; and besides, his adversary had a right to call a champion. "We all do it," the soldiers assured him. "Now your blood's up you're ready for a dozen of us;" which was less true of a constitution that was quicker in expending its heat. He stood out against a young fellow almost as limber as himself, much taller, and longer in the reach, by whom he was quickly disabled with cuts on thigh and head. Seeing this easy victory over him, the soldiers, previously quite civil, cursed him for having got the better of their fallen comrade, and went off discussing how he had done the trick, leaving him to lie there. A peasant carried him to a small suburban inn, where he remained several days oppressed horribly by a sense that he had forgotten something. When he recollected what it was, he entrusted the captain's letter to his landlady;—a good woman, but she chanced to have a scamp of a husband, who snatched

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it from her and took it to his market. Beppo supposed the letter to be on its way to Pallanza, when it was in General Schöneck's official desk; and soon afterwards the breath of a scandalous rumour began to circulate.

Captain Weisspriess had gone down to Camerlata, accompanied by a Colonel Volpo, of an Austro-Italian regiment, and by Lieutenant Jenna. At Camerlata a spectacled officer, Major Nagen, joined them. Weisspriess was the less pleased with his company on hearing that he had come to witness the meeting, in obedience to an express command of a person who was interested in it. Jenna was the captain's friend: Volpo was seconding him for the purpose of getting Count Ammiani to listen to reason from the mouth of a countryman. There could be no doubt in the captain's mind that this Major Nagen was Countess Anna's spy as well as his rival, and he tried to be rid of him; but, in addition to the shortness of sight which was Nagen's plea for pushing his thin transparent nose into every corner, he enjoyed at will an intermittent deafness, and could hear anything without knowing of it. Brother officers said of Major Nagen that he was occasionally equally senseless in the nose, which had been tweaked without disturbing the repose of his features. He waited half an hour on the ground after the appointed time, and then hurried to Milan. Weisspriess waited an hour. Satisfied that Count Ammiani was not coming, he exacted from Volpo and from Jenna their word of honour as Austrian officers that they would forbear to cast any slur on the courage of his adversary, and would be so discreet on the subject as to imply that the duel was a drawn affair. They pledged themselves accordingly. "There's Nagen, it's true," said Weisspriess, as a man will say and feel that he has done his best to prevent a thing inevitable.

Milan, and some of the journals of Milan, soon had Carlo Ammiani's name up for challenging Weisspriess and failing to keep his appointment. It grew to be discussed as a tremendous event. The captain received fifteen challenges within two days; among these a second one from Luciano Romara, whom he was beginning to have a strong desire to encounter. He repressed it, as quondam drunkards fight off the whisper of their lips for liquor. "No more blood," was his constant inward cry. He wanted peace; but as he also wanted Countess Anna of Lenkenstein and her estates, it may possibly be remarked of him that what he wanted he did not want to pay for.

At this period Wilfrid had resumed the Austrian uniform as a common soldier in the ranks of the Kinsky regiment. General Schöneck had obtained the privilege for him from the marshal, General Pierson refusing to lift a finger on his behalf. Nevertheless the uncle was not sorry to hear the tale of his nephew's exploits during the campaign, or of the eccentric intrepidity of the white

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umbrella; and both to please him, and to intercede for Wilfrid, the latter's old comrades recited his deeds as a part of the treasured familiar history of the army in its late arduous struggle.

General Pierson was chiefly anxious to know whether Countess Lena would be willing to give her hand to Wilfrid in the event of his restoration to his antecedent position in the army. He found her extremely excited about Carlo Ammiani, her old playmate, and once her dear friend. She would not speak of Wilfrid at all. To appease the chivalrous little woman, General Pierson hinted that his nephew, being under the protection of General Schöneck, might get some intelligence from that officer. Lena pretended to reject the notion of her coming into communication with Wilfrid for any earthly purpose. She said to herself, however, that her object was pre-eminently unselfish; and as the general pointedly refused to serve her in a matter that concerned an Italian nobleman, she sent directions to Wilfrid to go before General Schöneck the moment he was off duty, and ask his assistance, in her name, to elucidate the mystery of Count Ammiani's behaviour. The answer was a transmission of Captain Weisspriess's letter to Carlo. Lena caused the fact of this letter having missed its way to be circulated in the journals, and then she carried it triumphantly to her sister, saying:

"There! I knew these reports were a base calumny."

"Reports, to what effect?" said Anna.

"That Carlo Ammiani had slunk from a combat with your duellist."

"Oh! I knew that myself," Anna remarked.

"You were the loudest in proclaiming it."

"Because I intend to ruin him."

"Carlo Ammiani? What has he done to you?"

Anna's eyes had fallen on the additional lines of the letter which she had not dictated. She frowned and exclaimed:

"What is this? Does the man play me false? Read those lines, Lena, and tell me, does the man mean to fight in earnest who can dare to write them? He advises Ammiani to go to Venice. It's treason, if it is not cowardice. And see here—he has the audacity to say that he deeply respects the lady Ammiani is going to marry. Is Ammiani going to marry her? I think not."

Anna dashed the letter to the floor.

"But I will make use of what's within my reach," she said, picking it up.

"Carlo Ammiani will marry her, I presume," said Lena.

"Not before he has met Captain Weisspriess, who, by the way, has obtained his majority. And, Lena, my dear, write to inform him that we wish to offer him our congratulations. He will be a general officer in good time."

"Perhaps you forget that Count Ammiani is a perfect swordsman, Anna."

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"Weisspriess remembers it for me, perhaps;—is that your rola, Lena?"

"He might do so profitably. You have thrown him on two swords."

"Merely to provoke the third. He is invincible. If he were not, where would his use be?"

"Oh, how I loathe revenge!" cried Lena.

"You cannot love!" her sister retorted. "That woman calling herself Vittoria Campa shall suffer. She has injured and defied me. How was it that she behaved to us at Meran? She is mixed up with assassins; she is insolent—a dark-minded slut; and she catches stupid men. My brother, my country, and this weak Weisspriess, as I saw him lying in the Ultenthal, cry out against her. I have no sleep. I am not revengeful. Say it, say it, all of you! but I am not. I am not unforgiving. I worship justice, and a black deed haunts me. Let the wicked be contrite and wasted in tears, and I think I can pardon them. But I will have them on their knees. I hate that woman, Vittoria, more than I hate Angelo Guidascarpi. Look, Lena. If both were begging for life to me, I would send him to the gallows and her to her bedchamber; and all because I worship justice, and believe it to be the weapon of the good and pious. You have a baby's heart; so has Karl. He declines to second Weisspriess; he will have nothing to do with duelling; he would behold his sisters mocked in the streets, and pass on. He talks of Paul's death like a priest. Priests are worthy men; a great resource! Give me a priest's lap when I need it. Shall *I* be condemned to go to the priest and leave that woman singing? If I did, I might well say the world's a snare, a sham, a pitfall, a horror! It's what I don't think in any degree. It's what *you* think though. Yes, whenever you are vexed you think it. So do the priests, and so do all who will not exert themselves to chastise. I, on the contrary, know that the world is not made up of nonsense. Write to Weisspriess immediately; I must have him here in an hour."

Weisspriess, on visiting the ladies to receive their congratulations, was unprepared for the sight of his letter to Carlo Ammiani, which Anna thrust before him after he had saluted her, bidding him read it aloud. He perused it in silence. He was beginning to be afraid of his mistress.

"I called you Austria once, for you were always ready," Anna said, and withdrew from him, that the sting of her words might take effect.

"God knows, I have endeavoured to earn the title in my humble way," Weisspriess appealed to Lena.

"Yes, Major Weisspriess, you have," she said. "Be Austria still, and forbear towards these people as much as you can. To beat them is enough, in my mind. I am rejoiced that you have not met Count

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Ammiani, for if you had, two friends of mine, equally dear and equally skilful, would have held their lives at one another's mercy."

"Equally!" said Weisspriess, and pulled out the length of his moustache.

"Equally courageous," Lena corrected herself. "I never distrusted Count Ammiani's courage, nor could distrust yours."

"Equally dear!" Weisspriess tried to direct a concentrated gaze on her.

Lena evaded an answer by speaking of the rumour of Count Ammiani's marriage.

Weisspriess was thinking with all the sagacious penetration of the military mind that perhaps this sister was trying to tell him that she would be willing to usurp the place of the other in his affections; and if so, why should she not?

"I may cherish the idea that I am dear to you, Countess Lena?"

"When you are formally betrothed to my sister, you will know you are very dear to me, Major Weisspriess."

"But," said he, perceiving his error, "how many persons am I to call out before she will consent to a formal betrothal?"

Lena was half smiling at the little tentative bit of sentiment she had so easily turned aside. Her advice to him was to refuse to fight, seeing that he had done sufficient for glory and his good name.

He mentioned Major Nagen as a rival.

Upon this she said: "Hear me one minute. I was in my sister's bedroom on the first night when she knew of your lying wounded in the Ultenthal. She told you just now that she called you Austria. She adores our Austria in you. The thought that you had been vanquished seemed like our Austria vanquished, and she is so strong for Austria that it is really out of her power to fancy you defeated without foul play. So when she makes you fight, she thinks you safe. Many are to go down because you have gone down. Do you not see? And now, Major Weisspriess, I need not expose my sister to you any more, I hope, or depreciate Major Nagen for your satisfaction."

Weisspriess had no other interview with Anna for several days. She shunned him openly. Her carriage moved off when he advanced to meet her at the parade, or review of arms; and she did not scruple to speak in public with Major Nagen, in the manner of those who have begun to speak together in private. The offender received his punishment gracefully, as men will who have been taught that it flatters them. He refused every challenge. From Carlo Ammiani there came not a word.

It would have been a deadly lull to any fiery temperament engaged in plotting to destroy a victim, but Anna had the patience of hatred—that absolute malignity which can measure its exultation rather by the gathering of its power to harm than by striking. She could lay it aside, or sink it to the bottom of her emotions, at will, when

circumstances appeared against it. And she could do this without fretful regrets, without looking to the future. The spirit of her hatred extracted its own nourishment from things, like an organised creature. When fooled she became passive, and she enjoyed—forced herself compliantly to enjoy—her redoubled energy of hatred voluptuously, if ever a turn in events made wreck of her scheming. She hated Vittoria for many reasons, all of them vague within her bosom because the source of them was indefinite, and lay in the fact of her having come into collision with an opposing nature, whose rivalry was no visible rivalry, whose triumph was an ignorance of scorn—a woman who attracted all men, who scattered injuries with insolent artlessness, who never appealed to forgiveness, and was a low-born woman daring to be proud. By repute Anna was implacable, but she had, and knew she had, the capacity for magnanimity of a certain kind; and her knowledge of the existence of this unsuspected fund within her, justified in some degree her reckless efforts to pull her enemy down on her knees. It seemed doubly right that she should force Vittoria to penitence, as being good for the woman, and an end that exonerated her private sins committed to effect it. Yet she did not look clearly forward to the day of Vittoria's imploring for mercy. She had too many vexations to endure: she was an insufficient schemer, and was too frequently thwarted to enjoy that ulterior prospect. Her only servile instruments were Major Nagen and Irma, who came to her from the Villa Ricciardi, hot to do her rival any deadly injury; but though willing to attempt much, these were apparently able to perform little more than the menial work of vengeance. Major Nagen wrote in the name of Weisspriess to Count Ammiani, appointing a second meeting at Como, and stating that he would be at the villa of the Duchess of Graätli there. Weisspriess was unsuspectingly taken down to the place by Anna and Lena. There was a gathering of such guests as the duchess alone among her countrywomen could assemble, under the patronage of the conciliatory Government, aud the duchess projected to give a series of brilliant entertainments in the saloons of the Union, as she named her house-roof. Count Serabiglione arrived, as did numerous Moderates and priest-party men; Milanese garrison officers and others. Laura Piaveni travelled with Countess d'Isorella, and the happy Adela Sedley, from Lago Maggiore. Laura came, as she cruelly told her friend, for the purpose of making Vittoria's excuses to the duchess. "*Why* can she not come herself?" Amalia persisted in asking, and began to be afflicted with womanly curiosity. Laura would do nothing but shrug and smile, and repeat her message. A little after sunset, when the saloons were lighted, Weisspriess, sitting by his Countess Anna's side, had a slip of paper placed in his hands by one of the domestics. He quitted his post, frowning with astonishment, aud muttered once, "*My* appointment!" Laura noticed that

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Anna's heavy eyelids lifted to shoot an expressive glance at Violetta d'Isorella. She said: "Can that have been anything hostile, do you suppose?" She glanced slily at her friend.

"No, no," said Amalia; "the misunderstanding is explained, and Major Weisspriess is just as ready as Count Ammiani to listen to reason. Besides, Count Ammiani is not so unfriendly but that if he came so near he would come up to me, surely."

Laura brought Amalia's observation to bear upon Anna and Violetta, by turning pointedly from one to the other as she said: "As for reason, perhaps you have chosen the word. If Count Ammiani attended an appointment this time, he would be unreasonable."

A startled "Why?" leaped from Anna's lips. She reddened at her impulsive clumsiness.

Laura raised her shoulders slightly: "Do you not know?" The expression of her face reproved Violetta, as for remissness in transmitting secret intelligence. "*You* can answer why, countess," she addressed the latter, eager to exercise her native love of conflict with this doubtfully-faithful countrywoman;—the Austrian could feel that she had beaten her on the essential point, and afford to give her any number of dialectical victories.

"I really cannot answer why," Violetta said: "unless Count Ammiani is, as I venture to hope, better employed."

"But the answer is charming and perfect," said Laura.

"Enigmatical answers are declared to be so when they come from us women," the duchess remarked; "but then, I fancy, women must not be the hearers, or they will confess that they are just as much bewildered and irritated as I am. Do speak out, my dearest. How is he better employed?"

Laura passed her eyes around the group of ladies. "If any hero of yours had won the woman he loves, he would be right in thinking it folly to be bound by the invitation to fight, or feast, or what you will, within a space of three months or so; do you not agree with me?"

The different emotions on many visages made the scene curious.

"Count Ammiani has married her!" exclaimed the duchess.

"My old friend Carlo is really married!" said Lena.

Anna stared at Violetta.

The duchess, recovering from her wonder, confirmed the news by saying that she now knew why M. Powys had left Milan in haste, three or four days previously, as she was aware that the bride had always wished him to be present at the ceremony of her marriage.

"Signora, may I ask you were you present?" Violetta addressed Laura.

"I will answer most honestly that I was not," said Laura.

"The marriage was a secret one, perhaps?"

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"Even for friends, you see."

"Necessarily, no doubt," Lena said, with an idea of easing her sister's stupefaction by a sarcasm foreign to her sentiments.

Adela Sedley, later in exactly comprehending what had been spoken, glanced about for some one who would not be unsympathetic to her exclamation, and suddenly beheld her brother entering the room with Weisspriess. "Wilfrid! Wilfrid! do you know she is married?"

"So they tell me," Wilfrid replied, while making his bow to the duchess. He was much broken in appearance, but wore his usual collected manner. Who had told him of the marriage? A person downstairs, he said; not Count Ammiani; not Signor Balderini, no one whom he saw present, no one whom he knew.

"A very mysterious person," said the duchess.

"Then it's true after all," cried Laura. "I did but guess it." She assured Violetta that she had only guessed it.

"Does Major Weisspriess know it to be true?" The question came from Anna.

Weisspriess coolly verified it, on the faith of a common servant's communication.

The ladies could see that some fresh piece of mystery lay between him and Wilfrid.

"With whom have you had an interview, and what have you heard?" asked Lena, vexed by Wilfrid's pallid cheeks.

Both men stammered and protested, out of conceit, and were as foolish as men alone can be when they are pushed to play at mutual concealment.

The duchess's chasseur, Jacob Baumwalder Feckelwitz, stepped up to his mistress and whispered discreetly. She gazed straight at Laura. After hesitation she shook her head, and the chasseur retired. Amalia then came to the rescue of the unhappy military wits that were standing a cross-fire of sturdy interrogation.

"Do you not perceive what it is?" she said to Anna. "Major Weisspriess meets Private Pierson at the door of my house, and forgets that he is well-born and my guest. I may be revolutionary, but I declare that in plain clothes Private Pierson is the equal of Major Weisspriess. If bravery made men equals, who would be Herr Pierson's superior? He has done me the honour, at a sacrifice of his pride, I am sure, to come here and meet his sister, and rejoice me with his society. Major Weisspriess, if I understand the case correctly, you are greatly to blame."

"I beg to assert," Weisspriess was saying as the duchess turned her shoulder on him.

"There is really no foundation," Wilfrid began, with similar simplicity.

"What will sharpen the wits of these soldiers!" the duchess murmured dolefully to Laura.

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"But Major Weisspriess was called out of this room by a message —was that from Private Pierson?" said Anna.

"Assuredly; I should presume so," the duchess answered for them.

"Ay; undoubtedly," Weisspriess supported her.

"Then," Laura smiled encouragement to Wilfrid, "you know nothing of Count Ammiani's marriage after all?"

Wilfrid launched his reply on a sharp repression of his breath, "Nothing whatever."

"And the common servant's communication was not made to you?" Anna interrogated Weisspriess.

"I simply followed in the track of Pierson," said that officer, masking his retreat from the position with a duck of his head and a smile, tooth on lip.

"How could you ever suppose, child, that a common servant would be sent to deliver such tidings? and to Major Weisspriess!" the duchess interposed.

This broke up the court of inquiry.

Weisspriess shortly after took his leave, on the plea that he wished to prove his friendliness to Private Pierson, who had to be on duty early next day in Milan. Amalia had seen him breaking from Anna in extreme irritation, and he had only to pledge his word that he was really bound for Milan to satisfy her. "I believe you to be at heart humane," she said meaningly.

"Duchess, you may be sure that I would not kill an enemy save on the point of my sword," he answered her.

"You are a gallant man," said Amalia, and pride was in her face as she looked on him.

She willingly consented to Wilfrid's sudden departure, as it was evident that some shot had hit him hard.

On turning to Laura, the duchess beheld an aspect of such shrewd disgust that she was provoked to exclaim: "What on earth is the matter now?"

Laura would favour her with no explanation until they were alone in the duchess's boudoir, when she said that to call Weisspriess a gallant man was an instance of unblushing adulation of brutal strength: "Gallant for slaying a boy? Gallant because he has force of wrist?"

"Yes, gallant;—an honour to his countrymen; and an example to some of yours," Amalia rejoined.

"See," cried Laura, "to what a degeneracy your excess of national sentiment reduces you!"

While she was flowing on, the duchess leaned a hand across her shoulder, and smiling kindly, said she would not allow her to utter words that she would have to eat. "You saw my chasseur step up to

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me this evening, my Laura? Well, not to torment you, he wished to sound an alarm cry after Angelo Guidascarpi. I believe my conjecture is correct, that Angelo Guidascarpi was seen by Major Weisspriess below, and allowed to pass free. Have you no remark to make?"

"None," said Laura.

"You cannot admit that he behaved like a gallant man?"

Laura sighed deeply. "Perhaps it was as well for you to encourage him!"

The mystery of Angelo's interview with Weisspriess was cleared the next night, when in the midst of a ball-room's din, Aennchen, Amalia's favourite maid, brought a letter to Laura from Countess Ammiani. These were the contents:—

"DEAREST SIGNORA,

"You now learn a new and blessed thing. God make the marriage fruitful! I have daughter as well as son. Our Carlo still hesitated, for hearing of the disgraceful rumours in Milan, he fancied a duty lay there for him to do. Another menace came to my daughter from the madman Barto Rizzo. God can use madmen to bring about the heavenly designs. We decided that Carlo's name should cover her. My son was like a man who has wakened up. M. Powys was our good genius. He told her that he had promised you to bring it about. He, and Angelo, and myself, were the witnesses. So much before Heaven! I crossed the lake with them to Stresa. I was her tirewoman, with Giacinta, to whom I will give a husband for the tears of joy she dropped upon the bed. Blessed be it! I placed my daughter in my Carlo's arms. Both kissed their mother at parting.

"This is something fixed. I had great fears during the war. You do not yet know what it is to have a sonless son in peril. Terror and remorse haunted me for having sent the last Ammiani out to those fields, unattached to posterity.

"An envelope from Milan arrived on the morning of his nuptials. It was intercepted by me. The German made a second appointment at Como. Angelo undertook to assist me in saving my son's honour. So my Carlo had nothing to disturb his day. Pray with me, Laura Piaveni, that the day and the night of it may prove fresh springs of a river that shall pass our name through the happier mornings of Italy! I commend you to God, my dear, and am your friend,

"MARCELLINA, COUNTESS AMMIANI.

"P.S. Countess Alessandra will be my daughter's name."

The letter was read and re-read before the sweeter burden it contained would allow Laura to understand that Countess Ammiani had

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violated a seal and kept a second hostile appointment hidden from her son.

"Amalia, you detest me," she said, when they had left the guests for a short space, and the duchess had perused the letter, "but acknowledge Angelo Guidascarpi's devotion. He came here in the midst of you Germans, at the risk of his life, to offer battle for his cousin."

The duchess, however, had much more to say for the magnanimity of Major Weisspriess, who, if he saw him, had spared him; she compelled Laura to confess that Weisspriess must have behaved with some nobleness, which Laura did, humming, and "brumming," and hinting at the experience he had gained of Angelo's skill. Her naughtiness provoked first, and then affected Amalia; in this mood the duchess had the habit of putting on a grand air of pitying sadness. Laura knew it well, and never could make head against it. She wavered, as a stray floating thing detached from an eddy whirls and passes on the flood. Close on Amalia's bosom she sobbed out: "Yes; you Austrians have good qualities—some; many! but you choose to think us mean because we can't readily admit them when we are under your heels. Just see me: what a crumb feeds me! I am crying with delight at a marriage!"

The duchess clasped her fondly.

"It's not often one gets you so humble, my Laura."

"I am crying with delight at a marriage! Amalia, look at me: you would suppose it a mighty triumph. A marriage!—two little lovers lying cheek to cheek! and me blessing Heaven for its goodness! and there may be dead men unburied still on the accursed Custoza hill-top!"

Amalia let her weep. The soft affection which the duchess bore towards her was informed with a slight touch of envy of a complexion that could be torn with tears one minute, and the next be fit to show in public. No other thing made her regard her friend as a southern—that is, a foreign—woman.

"Be patient," Laura said.

"Cry; you need not be restrained," said Amalia.

"You sighed."

"No!"

"A sort of sigh. My fit's over. Carlo's marriage is too surprising and delicious. I shall be laughing presently. I hinted at his marriage—I thought it among the list of possible things; no more—to see if that crystal pool, called Violetta d'Isorella, could be discoloured by stirring. Did you watch her face? I don't know what she wanted with Carlo, for she's cold as poison—a female trifler; one of those women whom I, and I have a chaste body, despise as worse than wantons; but she certainly did not want him

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to be married. It seems like a victory—though we're beaten. You have beaten us, my dear!"

"My darling! it is your husband kisses you," said Amalia, kissing Laura's forehead from a full heart.

Chapter XL.

THROUGH THE WINTER.

Weisspriess and Wilfrid made their way towards Milan together, silently smoking, after one attempt at conversation, which touched on Vittoria's marriage; but when they reached Monza the officer slapped his degraded brother-in-arms upon the shoulder, and asked him whether he had any inclination to crave permission to serve in Hungary. For his own part, Weisspriess said that he should quit Italy at once; he had here to skewer the poor devils, one or two weekly, or to play the mightily generous; in short, to do things unsoldierly; and he was desirous of getting away from the country. General Schöneck was at Monza, and might arrange the matter for them both. Promotion was to be looked for in Hungary; the application would please the general; one battle would restore the lieutenant's star to Wilfrid's collar. Wilfrid, who had been offended by his companion's previous brooding silence, nodded briefly, and they stopped at Monza, where they saw General Schöneck in the morning, and Wilfrid being by extraordinary favour in civilian's dress during his leave of absence, they were jointly invited to the general's table at noon, though not to meet any other officer. General Schöneck agreed with Weisspriess that Hungary would be a better field for Wilfrid; said he would do his utmost to serve them in the manner they wished, and dismissed them after the second cigar. They strolled about the city, glad for reasons of their own to be out of Milan as long as the leave permitted. At night, when they were passing a palace in one of the dark streets, a feather, accompanied by a sharp sibilation from above, dropped on Wilfrid's face. Weisspriess held the feather up, and judged by its length that it was an eagle's, and therefore belonging to the Hungarian Hussar regiment stationed in Milan. "The bird's aloft," he remarked. His voice aroused a noise of feet, that was instantly still. He sent a glance at the doorways, where he thought he discerned men. Fetching a whistle in with his breath, he unsheathed his sword, and seeing that Wilfrid had no weapon, he pushed him to a gate of the palace-court that had just cautiously turned a hinge. Wilfrid found his hand taken by a woman's hand inside. The gate closed behind him. He was led up to an apartment where, by the light of a darkly-veiled lamp, he beheld a young Hungarian officer and a lady clinging to his neck,

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praying him not to go forth. Her Italian speech revealed how matters stood in this house. The officer accosted Wilfrid: "But you are not one of us!" He repeated it to the lady: "You see, the man is not one of us!"

She assured him that she had seen the uniform when she dropped the feather, and wept protesting it.

"Louis, Louis! why did you come to-night! why did I make you come! You will be slain. I had my warning, but I was mad."

The officer hushed her with a quick squeeze of her intertwisted fingers.

"Are you the man to take a sword and be at my back, sir?" he said; and resumed in a manner less contemptuous towards the civil costume: "I request it for the sole purpose of quieting this lady's fears."

Wilfrid explained who and what he was. On hearing that he was General Pierson's nephew the officer laughed cheerfully, and lifted the veil from the lamp, by which Wilfrid knew him to be Colonel Prince Radocky, a most gallant and the handsomest cavalier in the imperial service. Radocky laughed again when he was told of Weisspriess keeping guard below.

"Aha! we are three, and can fight like a pyramid."

He flourished his hand above the lady's head, and called for a sword. The lady affected to search for one while he stalked up and down in the jaunty fashion of a Magyar horseman; but the sword was not to be discovered without his assistance, and he was led away in search of it. The moment he was alone Wilfrid burst into tears. He could bear anything better than the sight of fondling lovers. When they rejoined him, Radocky had evidently yielded some point; he stammered and worked his under-lip on his moustache. The lady undertook to speak for him. Happily for her, she said, Wilfrid would not compromise her; and taking her lover's hand, she added with Italian mixture of wit and grace:

"Happily for me, too, he does. The house is surrounded by enemies; it is a reign of terror for women. I am dead, if they slay him; but if they recognise him, I am lost."

Wilfrid readily leaped to her conclusion. He offered his opera-hat and civil mantle to Radocky, who departed in them, leaving his military cloak in exchange. During breathless seconds the lady hung kneeling at the window. When the gate opened there was the noise as of feet preparing to rush; Weisspriess uttered an astonished cry, but addressed Radocky as "my Pierson!" lustily and frequently; and was heard putting a number of meaningless questions, laughing and rallying Pierson, till the two passed out of hearing unmolested. The lady then kissed a cross passionately, and shivered Wilfrid's manhood by asking him whether he knew what love was. She went on:

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"Never, never love a married woman! It's a past practice. Never! Thrust a spike in the palm of your hand; drink scalding oil, rather than do that."

"The Prince Radocky is now safe," Wilfrid said.

"Yes, he is safe; and he is there, and I am here; and I cannot follow him; and when will he come to me?"

The tones were lamentable. She struck her forehead, after she had mutely thrust her hand to right and left to show the space separating her from her lover.

Her voice changed when she accepted Wilfrid's adieux, to whose fate in the deadly street she appeared quite indifferent, though she gave him one or two prudent directions, and expressed a hope that she might be of service to him.

He was set upon as soon as he emerged from the gateway; the cavalry cloak was torn from his back, and but for the chance circumstance of his swearing in English, he would have come to harm. A chill went through his blood on hearing one of his assailants speak the name of Barto Rizzo. The English oath stopped an arm that flashed a dagger half its length. Wilfrid obeyed a command to declare his name, his country, and his rank. "It's not the prince! it's not the Magyar!" went many whispers; and he was drawn apart by a man who requested him to deliver his reasons for entering the palace, and who appeared satisfied by Wilfrid's ready mixture of invention and fact. But the cloak! Wilfrid stated boldly that the cloak was taken by him from the Duchess of Graätli's at Como; that he had seen a tall Hussar officer slip it off his shoulders; that he had wanted a cloak, and had appropriated it. He had entered the gate of the palace because of a woman's hand that plucked at the skirts of this very cloak.

"I saw you enter," said the man; "do that no more. We will not have the blood of Italy contaminated—do you hear? While that half-Austrian Medole is tip-toeing 'twixt Milan and Turin, we watch over his honour, to set an example to our women and your officers. You have outwitted us to-night. Off with you!"

Wilfrid was twirled and pushed through the crowd till he got free of them. He understood very well that they were magnanimous rascals who could let an accomplice go, though they would have driven steel into the principal.

Nothing came of this adventure for some time. Wilfrid's reflections—apart from the horrible hard truth of Vittoria's marriage, against which he dashed his heart perpetually, almost asking for anguish—had leisure to examine the singularity of his feeling a commencement of pride in the clasping of his musket;—he who on the first day of his degradation had planned schemes to stick the bayonet-point between his breast-bones;—he thought as well of the queer woman's way in Countess Medole's adjuration to him that he

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should never love a married woman;—in her speaking, as it seemed, on his behalf, when it was but an outcry of her own acute wound. Did he love a married woman? He wanted to see one married woman for the last time; to throw a frightful look on her; to be sublime in his scorn of her; perhaps to love her all the better for the cruel pain, in the expectation of being consoled. While doing duty as a military machine, these were the pictures in his mind; and so well did his routine drudgery enable him to bear them, that when he heard from General Schöneck that the term of his degradation was to continue in Italy, and from his sister that General Pierson refused to speak of him or hear of him until he had regained his gold shoulder-strap, he revolted her with an ejaculation of gladness, and swore brutally that he desired to have no advancement; nothing but sleep, and drill; he added conscientiously, and Havannah cigars. "He has grown to be like a common soldier," Adela said to herself with an amazed contemplation of the family tie. Still, she worked on his behalf, having, as every woman has, too strong an instinct as to what is natural to us to believe completely in any eccentric assertion. She carried the tale of his grief and trials, and his romantic devotion to the imperial flag, daily to Countess Lena; persisting, though she could not win a responsive look from Lena's face.

One day on the review-ground, Wilfrid beheld Prince Radocky bending from his saddle in conversation with Weisspriess. The prince galloped up to General Pierson, and stretched his hand to where Wilfrid was posted as marker to a wheeling column, kept the hand stretched out, and spoke furiously, and followed the general till he was ordered to head his regiment. Wilfrid began to hug his musket less desperately. Little presents—feminine he knew by the perfumes floating round them—gloves and cigars, fine handkerchiefs, and silks for wear, came to his barracks. He pretended to accuse his sister of sending them. She in honest delight accused Lena. Lena then accused herself of not having done so. It was winter; Vittoria had been seen in Milan. Both Lena and Wilfrid spontaneously guessed her to be the guilty one. He made a funeral pyre of the gifts and gave his sister the ashes, supposing that she had guessed with the same spirited intention. It suited Adela to relate this lover's performance to Lena. "He did well!" Lena said, and kissed Adela for the first time. Adela was the bearer of friendly messages to the poor private in the ranks. From her and from little Jenna, Wilfrid heard that he was unforgotten by Countess Lena, and new hopes mingled with gratitude caused him to regard his situation seriously. He confessed to his sister that the filthy fellows, his comrades, were all but too much for him, and asked her to kiss him, that he might feel he was not one of them. But he would not send a message in reply to Lena. "That is also well!"

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Lena said. Her brother Karl was a favourite of General Pierson. She proposed that Adela and herself should go to Count Karl, and urge him to use his influence with the general. This, however, Adela was disinclined to do; she could not apparently say why. When Lena went to him, she was astonished to hear that he knew every stage of her advance up to the point of pardoning her erratic lover; and even knew as much as that Wilfrid's dejected countenance on the night when Vittoria's marriage was published in the saloon of the duchess on lake Como, had given her fresh offence. He told her that many powerful advocates were doing their best for the downfallen officer, who, if he were shot, or killed, would still be gazetted an officer. "A nice comfort!" said Lena, and there was a rallying exchange of banter between them, out of which she drew the curious discovery that Karl had one of his strong admirations for the English lady. "Surely!" she said to herself; "I thought they were all so cold." And cold enough the English lady seemed when Lena led to the theme. "Do I admire your brother, Countess Lena? Oh! yes;—in his uniform exceedingly."

Milan was now full. Wilfrid had heard from Adela that Count Ammiani and his bride were in the city and were strictly watched. Why did not conspirators like these two take advantage of the amnesty? Why were they not in Rome? Their chief was in Rome; their friends were in Rome. Why were they here? A report, coming from Countess d'Isorella, said that they had quarrelled with their friends, and were living for love alone. As she visited the Lenkensteins, high Austrians, some believed her; and as Count Ammiani and his bride had visited the Duchess of Graätli, it was thought possible. Adela had refused to see Vittoria; she did not even know the house where Count Ammiani dwelt; so Wilfrid was reduced to find it for himself. Every hour when off duty the miserable sentimentalist wandered in that direction, nursing the pangs of a delicious tragedy of emotions; he was like a drunkard going to his draught. As soon as he had reached the head of the Corso, he wheeled and marched away from it with a lofty head, internally grinning at his abject folly, and marvelling at the stiff figure of an Austrian common soldier which flashed by the windows as he passed. He who can unite prudence and madness, sagacity and stupidity, is the true buffoon; nor, vindictive as were his sensations, was Wilfrid unaware of the contrast of Vittoria's soul to his own, that was now made up of antics. He could not endure the tones of cathedral music; but he had at times to kneel and listen to it, and be overcome.

On a night in the month of February, a servant out of livery addressed him at the barrack-gates, requesting him to go at once to a certain hotel, where his sister was staying. He went, and found there, not his sister, but Countess Medole. She smiled at his con-

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fusion. Both she and the prince, she said, had spared no effort to get him reinstated in his rank; but his uncle continually opposed them, and the endeavours of all his friends to serve him. This interview was dictated by the prince's wish, so that he might know them to be a not ungrateful couple. Wilfrid's embarrassment in standing before a lady in private soldier's uniform, enabled him with very peculiar dignity to declare that his present degradation, from the general's point of view, was a just punishment, and he did not crave to have it abated. She remarked that it must end soon. He made a dim allusion to the littleness of humanity. She laughed. "It's the language of an unfortunate lover," she said, and straightway, in some undistinguished sentence, brought the name of Countess Alessandra Ammiani tingling to his ears. She feared that she could not be of service to him there; "at least, not just yet," the lady astonished him by remarking. "I might help you to see her. If you take my advice you will wait patiently. You know us well enough to understand what patience will do. She is supposed to have married for love. Whether she did or not, you must allow a young married woman two years' grace."

The effect of speech like this, and more in a similar strain of frank corruptness, was to cleanse Wilfrid's mind, and nerve his heart, and he denied that he had any desire to meet the Countess Ammiani, unless he could perform a service that would be agreeable to her.

The lady shrugged. "Well, that is one way. She has enemies, of course."

Wilfrid begged for their names.

"Who are they not?" she replied. "Chiefly women, it is true."

He begged most earnestly for their names; he would have pleaded eloquently, but dreaded that the intonation of one in his low garb might be taken for a whine; yet he ventured to say that if the countess did imagine herself indebted to him in a small degree, the mention of two or three of the names of Countess Alessandra Ammiani's enemies would satisfy him.

"Countess Lena von Lenkenstein, Countess Violetta d'Isorella, Signorina Irma di Karski."

She spoke the names out like a sum that she was paying down in gold pieces, and immediately rang the bell for her servant and carriage, as if she had now acquitted her debt. Wilfrid bowed himself forth. A resolution of the best kind, quite unconnected with his interests or his love, urged him on straight to the house of the Lenkensteins, where he sent up his name to Countess Lena. After a delay of many minutes, Count Lenkenstein accompanied by General Pierson came down; both evidently affecting not to see him. The general barely acknowledged his salute.

"Hey! Kinsky!" The count turned in the doorway to address

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him by the title of his regiment; "here; show me the house inhabited by the Countess d'Isorella during the revolt."

Wilfrid followed them to the end of the street, pointing his finger to the house, and saluted.

"An Englishman did me the favour—from pure eccentricity, of course—to save my life on that exact spot, general," said the count. "Your countrymen usually take the other side; therefore I mention it."

As Wilfrid was directing his steps to barracks (the little stir to his pride superinduced by these remarks having demoralised him), Count Lenkenstein shouted: "Are you off duty?" Wilfrid had nearly replied that he was, but just mastered himself in time. "No, indeed!" said the count, "when you have sent up your name to a lady." This time General Pierson put two fingers formally to his cap, and smiled grimly at the private's rigid figure of attention. If Wilfrid's form of pride had consented to let him take delight in the fact, he would have seen at once that prosperity was ready to shine on him. He nursed the vexations much too tenderly to give prosperity a welcome; and even when alone with Lena, and convinced of her attachment, and glad of it, he persisted in driving at the subject which had brought him to her house; so that the veil of opening commonplaces, pleasant to a couple in their position, was plucked aside. His business was to ask her why she was the enemy of Countess Alessandra Ammiani, and to entreat her that she should not seek to harm that lady. He put it in a set speech. Lena felt that it ought to have come last; not in advance of their reconciliation. "I will answer you," she said. "I am not the Countess Alessandra Ammiani's enemy."

He asked her: "Could you be her friend?"

"Does a woman who has a husband want a friend?"

"I could reply, countess, in the case of a man who has a bride."

By dint of a sweet suggestion here and there, love-making crossed the topic. It appeared that General Pierson had finally been attacked, on the question of his resistance to every endeavour to restore Wilfrid to his rank by Count Lenkenstein, and had barely spoken the words, that if Wilfrid came to Countess Lena of his own free-will, unprompted, to beg her forgiveness, he would help to reinstate him, when Wilfrid's name was brought up by the chasseur. All had laughed, "even I," Lena confessed. And then the couple had a pleasant pettish wrangle;—he was requested to avow that he had come solely, or principally, to beg forgiveness of her, who had such heaps to forgive. No; on his honour, he had come for the purpose previously stated, and on the spur of his hearing that she was Countess Alessandra Ammiani's deadly enemy. "Could you believe that I was?" said Lena; "why should I be?" and he

coloured like a lad, which sign of an ingenuousness supposed to belong to her sex, made Lena bold to take the upper hand. She frankly accused herself of jealousy, though she did not say of whom. She almost admitted that when the time for reflection came, she should rejoice at his having sought her to plead for his friend rather than for her forgiveness. In the end, but with a dropping pause of her bright swift look at Wilfrid, she promised to assist him in defeating any machinations against Vittoria's happiness, and to keep him informed of Countess d'Isorella's movements. Wilfrid noticed the withdrawing fire of the look. "By heaven! she doubts me still," he ejaculated inwardly.

These half-comic little people have their place in the history of higher natures and darker destinies. Wilfrid met Pericles, from whom he heard that Vittoria, with her husband's consent, had pleased herself to sing publicly. "It is for ze Lombard widows," Pericles apologised on her behalf; "but, do you see, I onnly want a beginning. She thaerst for ze stage! and it is, after marriage, a good sign. Oh! you shall hear, my friend; marriage have done her no hurt—ze contrary! You shall hear Hymen—Cupids—not a cold machine; it is an organ alaif! She has privily sung to her Pericles, and sèr, and if I wake not very late on Judgment-Day, I shall zen hear—but why should I talk poetry to you, to make you laugh? I have a divin' passion for zat woman. Do I not give her to a husband, and say, Be happy! onnly sing! Be kissed! be hugged! onnly give Pericles your voice. By Saint Alexandre! it is to say to ze heavens, Move on your way, so long as you drop rain on us—you smile—you look kind."

Pericles accompanied him into a café, the picture of an enamoured happy man. He waved aside contemptuously all mention of Vittoria's having enemies. She had them when, as a virgin, she had no sense. As a woman, she had none, for she now had sense. Had she not brought her husband to be sensible, so that they moved together in Milanese society, instead of stupidly fighting at Rome? so that what he could not take to himself—the marvellous voice—he let bless the multitude! "She is the Beethoven of singers," Pericles concluded. Wilfrid thought so on the night when she sang to succour the Lombard widows. It was at a concert, richly thronged; ostentatiously thronged with Austrian uniforms. He fancied that he could not bear to look on her. He left the house thinking that to hear her and see her, and feel that she was one upon the earth, made life less of a burden.

This evening was rendered remarkable by a man's calling out, "You are a traitress!" while Vittoria stood before the seats. She became pale, and her eyelids closed. No thinness was subsequently heard in her voice. The man was caught as he strove to burst

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through the crowd at the entrance-door, and proved to be a petty bookseller of Milan, by name, Sarpo, known as an orderly citizen. When taken he was inflamed with liquor. Next day the man was handed from the civil to the military authorities, he having confessed to the existence of a plot in the city. Pericles came fuming to Wilfrid's quarters. Wilfrid gathered from him that Sarpo's general confession had been retracted: it was too foolish to snare the credulity of Austrian officials. Sarpo stated that he had fabricated the story of a plot, in order to escape the persecutions of a terrible man, and find safety in prison lodgings *under government*. The short confinement for a civic offence was not an idea of safety; he desired to be sheltered by Austrian soldiers and a fortress, and said that his torments were insupportable while Barto Rizzo was at large. This infamous republican had latterly been living in his house, eating his bread, and threatening death to him unless he obeyed every command. Sarpo had undertaken his last mission for the purpose of supplying his lack of resolution to release himself from his horrible servitude by any other means; not from personal animosity towards the Countess Alessandra Ammiani, known as la Vittoria. When seized, fear had urged him to escape. Such was his second story. The points seem irreconcileable to those who are not in the habit of taking human nature into their calculations of a possible course of conduct; even Wilfrid, though he was aware that Barto Rizzo hated Vittoria inveterately, imagined Sarpo's first lie to have necessarily fathered a second. But the second story was true; and the something like lover's wrath with which the outrage to Vittoria fired Pericles, prompted him to act on it as truth. He told Wilfrid that he should summon Barto Rizzo to his presence. As the Government was unable to exhibit so much power, Wilfrid looked sarcastic; whereupon Pericles threw up his chin crying: "Oh! you shall know my resources. Now, my friend, one bit of paper, and a messenger, and then home to my house, to Tokay and cigarettes, and wait to see." He remarked after pencilling a few lines, "Countess d'Isorella is her enemy? hein!"

"Why, you wouldn't listen to me when I told you," said Wilfrid.

"No," Pericles replied while writing and humming over his pencil; "my ear is a pelican-pouch, my friend; it—and Irma is her enemy also?—it takes and keeps, but does not swallow till it wants. I shall hear you, and I shall hear my Sandra Vittoria, and I shall not know you have spoken, when by-and-by 'tinkle, tinkle,' a bell of my brain, and your word walks in,—'quite well?' —'very well!'—'sit down'—'if it is ze same to you, I prefer to stand'—'good; zen, I examine you.' My motto: 'Time opens ze gates:' my system: it is your doctor of regiment's system when your twelve, fifteen, forty recruits strip to him:—'Ah! zou, my man,

have varicose vein: no soldier in our regiment, you!' So on. Perhaps I am not intelligible; but, hear zis. I speak not often of my money; but I say—it is in your ear—a man of millions, he is a king!" The Greek jumped up and folded a couple of notes. "I will not have her disturbed. Let her sing now and a while to Pericles and his public; and to ze Londoners, wiz your permission, Count Ammiani, one saison. I ask no more, and I am satisfied, and I endow your oldest child, Signor Conte—it is said! For his mama was a good girl, a brave girl; she troubled Pericles, because he is a mind; but he forgives when he sees sincerity—rare zing! Sincerity and genius: it may be zey rere as man and wife in a bosom. He forgives; it is not onnly voice he craves, but a soul, and Sandra, your countess, she has a soul—I am not a Turk. I say, it is a woman in whom a girl I did see a soul! A woman when she is married, she is part of ze man; but a soul, it is for ever alone, apart, confounded wiz nobody! For it I followed Sandra, your countess. It was a sublime devotion of a dog. Her voice tsrilled, her soul possessed me. Your countess is my Sandra still. I shall be pleased if child-bearing trouble her not more zan a very little; but, enfin! she is married, and you and I, my friend Wilfrid, we must accept ze decree, and say, No harm to her out of ze way of nature, by Saint Nicolas! or any what saint you choose for your invocation. Come along. And speed my letters by one of your militaires at once off. Are Pericles' millions gold of bad mint? If so, he is an incapable. He presumes it is not so. Come along; we will drink to her in essence of Tokay. You shall witness two scenes. Away!"

Wilfrid was barely to be roused from his fit of brooding into which Pericles had thrown him. He sent the letters, and begged to be left to sleep. The image of Vittoria seen through this man's mind was new, and brought a new round of torments. "The devil take you," he cried when Pericles plucked at his arm, "I've sent the letters; isn't that enough?" He was bitterly jealous of the Greek's philosophic review of the conditions of Vittoria's marriage; for when he had come away from the concert, not a thought of her being a wife had clouded his resignation to the fact. He went with Pericles, nevertheless, and was compelled to acknowledge the kindling powers of the essence of Tokay. "Where do you get this stuff?" he asked several times. Pericles chattered of England, and Hagar's "Addio," and "Camilla." What cabinet operas would he not give! What entertainments! Could an emperor offer such festivities to his subjects? Was a field review equal to Vittoria's voice? He stung Wilfrid's ears by insisting on the mellowed depth, the soft human warmth, which marriage had lent to the voice. At a late hour his valet announced Countess d'Isorella. "Did I not say so?" cried Pericles, and corrected himself: "No, I did not say so; it was a surprise to you, my friend. You shall see; you shall hear. Now

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you shall see what a friend Pericles can be when a person satisfy him." He pushed Wilfrid into his dressing-room, and immediately received the countess with an outburst of brutal invectives—pulling her up and down the ranked regiment of her misdeeds, as it were. She tried dignity, she tried anger, she affected amazement, she petitioned for the heads of his accusations, and, as nothing stopped him, she turned to go. Pericles laughed when she had left the room. Irma di Karski was announced the next minute, and Countess d'Isorella reappeared beside her. Irma had a similar greeting. "I am lost," she exclaimed. "Yes, you are lost," said Pericles; "a word from me, and the back of the public is bumped at you—ha! contessa, you touched Mdlle. Irma's hand? She is to be on her guard, and never to think she is lost till down she goes? You are a more experienced woman! I tell you I will have no nonsense. I am Countess Alessandra Ammiani's friend. You two, you women, are her enemies. I will ruin you both. You would prevent her singing in public places—you, Countess d'Isorella, because you do not forgive her marriage to Count Ammiani; you, Irma, to spite her for her voice. You would hiss her out of hearing, you two miserable creatures. Not another soldi for you! Not one! and to-morrow, countess, I will see my lawyer. Irma, begone, and shriek to your wardrobe! Countess d'Isorella, I have the extreme honour."

Wilfrid marvelled to hear this titled and lovely woman speaking almost in tones of humility in reply to such outrageous insolence. She craved a private interview. Irma was temporarily expelled, and then Violetta stooped to ask what the Greek's reason for his behaviour could be. She admitted that it was in his power to ruin her, as far as money went. "Perhaps a little farther," said Pericles; "say, two steps. If one is on a precipice, two steps count for something." But, what had she done? Pericles refused to declare it. This set her guessing with a charming naïveté. Pericles called Irma back to assist her in the task, and quitted them that they might consult together and hit upon the right thing. His object was to send his valet for Luigi Saracco. He had seen that no truth could be extracted from these women, save forcibly. Unaware that he had gone out, Wilfrid listened long enough to hear Irma say, between sobs: "Oh! I shall throw myself upon his mercy. Oh, Countess d'Isorella, why did you lead me to think of vengeance! I am lost! He knows everything. Oh, what is it to me whether she lives with her husband! Let them go on plotting. I am not the government. I am sure I don't much dislike her. Yes, I hate her, but why should I hurt myself? She will wear those jewels on her forehead; she will wear that necklace with the big amethysts, and pretend she's humble because she doesn't carry earrings, when her ears have never been pierced! I am lost! Yes, you may say, look up! I am only a poor singer, and he can ruin me. Oh! Countess d'Isorella, oh!

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what a fearful punishment. If Countess Anna should betray Count Ammiani to-night, nothing, nothing will save me. I will confess. Let us both be beforehand with her—or you, it does not matter for a noble lady."

"Hush!" said Violetta. "What dreadful fool is this I sit with? You may have done what you think of doing already."

She walked to the staircase door, and to that of the suite. An honourable sentiment, conjoined to the knowledge that he had heard sufficient, induced Wilfrid to pass on into the sleeping apartment a moment or so before Violetta took this precaution. The potent liquor of Pericles had deprived him of consecutive ideas; he sat nursing a thunder in his head, imagining it to be profound thought, till Pericles flung the door open. Violetta and Irma had departed. "Behold! I have it; ze address of your rogue, Barto Rizzo," said Pericles, in the manner of one whose triumph is absolutely due to his own shrewdness. "Are two women a match for me? Now, my friend, you shall see. Barto Rizzo is too clever for zis government, which cannot catch him. I catch him, and I teach him he may touch politics, it is not for him to touch art. What! to hound men to interrupt her while she sings in public places? What next? But I knew my Countess d'Isorella could help me, and so I sent for her to confront Irma, and dare to say she knew not Barto's dwelling —and why? I will tell you a secret. A long-flattered woman, my friend, she has had, you will think, enough of it; no! she is like avarice. If it is worship of swine, she cannot refuse it. Barto Rizzo worships her; so it is a deduction—she knows his abode. I act upon that, and I arrive at my end. I now send him to ze devil."

Barto Rizzo, after having evaded the Polizia of the city during a three months' steady chase, was effectually captured on the doorstep of Vittoria's house in the Corso Francesco, by gendarmes whom Pericles had set on his track. A day later Vittoria was stabbed at about the same hour, on the same spot. A woman dealt the blow. Vittoria was returning from an afternoon drive with Laura Piaveni and the children. She saw a woman seated on the steps as beggarwomen sit, face in lap. Anxious to shield her from the lacquey, she sent the two little ones up to her with small bits of money. But, as the woman would not lift her head, she and Laura prepared to pass her, Laura coming last. The blow, like all such unexpected incidents, had the effect of lightning on those present; the woman might have escaped, but after she had struck she sat down impassive as a cat by the hearth, with a round-eyed stare.

The news that Vittoria had been assassinated traversed the city. Carlo was in Turin, Merthyr in Rome. Pericles was one of the first who reached the house; he was coming out when Wilfrid and the Duchess of Graätli drove up; and he accused the Countess d'Isorella flatly of having instigated the murder. He was frantic. They sup-

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posed that she must have succumbed to the wound. The duchess sent for Laura. There was a press of carriages and soft-humming people in the street; many women and men sobbing. Wilfrid had to wait an hour for the duchess, who brought comfort when she came. Her first words were reassuring. "Ah!" she said, "did I not do well to make you drive here with me instead of with Lena? Those eyes of yours would be unpardonable to her. Yes, indeed; though a corpse were lying in this house, Countess Alessandra is safe. I have seen her. I have held her hand."

Wilfrid kissed the duchess's hand passionately.

What she had said of Lena was true: Lena could only be generous upon the after-thought; and when the duchess drove Wilfrid back to her, he had to submit to hear scorn and indignation against all Italians, who were denounced as cut-throats, and worse and worse and worse, males and females alike. This was grounded on her sympathy for Vittoria. But Wilfrid now felt towards the Italians through his remembrance of that devoted soul's love of them, and with one direct look he bade his betrothed good-bye, and they parted.

It was in the early days of March that Merthyr, then among the Republicans of Rome, heard from Laura Piaveni. Two letters reached him, one telling of the attempted assassination, and a second explaining circumstances connected with it. The first summoned him to Milan; the other left it to his option to make the journey. He started, carrying kind messages from the Chief to Vittoria, and from Luciano Romara the offer of a renewal of old friendship to Count Ammiani. His political object was to persuade the Lombard youth to turn their whole strength upon Rome. The desire of his heart was again to see her, who had been so nearly lost to all eyes for ever.

Laura's first letter stated brief facts. "She was stabbed this afternoon, at half-past two, on the steps of her house, by a woman called the wife of Barto Rizzo. She caught her hands up under her throat when she saw the dagger. Her right arm was penetrated just above the wrist, and half an inch in the left breast, close to the centre bone. She behaved firmly. The assassin only struck once. No visible danger; but you should come, if you have no serious work."

"Happily," ran the subsequent letter, of two days' later date, "the assassin was a woman, and one effort exhausts a woman; she struck only once, and became idiotic. Sandra has no fever. She had her wits ready—where were mine?—when she received the wound. While I had her in my arms, she gave orders that the woman should be driven out of the city in her carriage. The Greek, her mad musical adorer, accuses Countess d'Isorella. Carlo has seen this person—returns convinced of her innocence. That is not an accepted proof; but we have one. It seems that Rizzo (Sandra was secret about it and about one or two other things) sent to her commanding her to

appoint an hour—detestable style! I can see it now. I fear these conspiracies no longer :—she did appoint an hour; and was awaiting him when the gendarmes sprung on the man at her door. He had evaded them several weeks, so we are to fancy that his wife charged Countess Alessandra with the betrayal. This appears a reasonable and simple way of accounting for the deed. So I only partly give credit to it. But it may be true.

"The wound has not produced a shock to her system—very, very fortunately. On the whole, a better thing could not have happened. Should I be more explicit? Yes, to you; for you are not of those who see too much in what is said. The wound, then, my dear good friend, has healed another wound, of which I knew nothing. Bergamasc and Brescian, friends of her husband's, have imagined that she interrupted or *diverted his studies*. He also discovered that she had an opinion of her own, and sometimes he consulted it; but alas! they are lovers, and he knew not when love listened, or she when love spoke; and there was grave business to be done meanwhile. Can you kindly allow that the case was open to a little confusion? I know that you will. He had to hear many violent reproaches from his *fellow students*. These have ceased. I send this letter on the chance of the first being lost on the road; and it will supplement the first pleasantly to you in any event. She lies here in the room where I write, propped on high pillows, the right arm bound up, and says: "Tell Merthyr I prayed to be in Rome with my husband, and him, and the Chief. Tell him I love my friend. Tell him I think he deserves to be in Rome. Tell him'——Enter Countess Ammiani to reprove her for endangering the hopes of the house by fatiguing herself. Sandra sends a blush at me, and I smile, and the countess kisses her. I send you a literal transcript of one short scene, so that you may feel at home with us.

"There is a place called Venice, and there is a place called Rome, and both places are pretty places and famous places; and there is a thing called the fashion; and these pretty places and famous places set the fashion; and there is a place called Milan, and a place called Bergamo, and a place called Brescia, and they all want to follow the fashion, for they are giddy-pated baggages. What is the fashion, mamma? The fashion, my dear, is &c. &c. &c :—Extract of lecture to my little daughter Amalia, who says she forgets you; but Giacomo sends his manly love. Oh, good God! should I have blood in my lips when I kissed him, if I knew that he was old enough to go out with a sword in his hand a week hence? I seem every day to be growing more and more *all mother*. This mouth in front is full of thunder. Addio!"

When Merthyr stood in sight of Milan an army was issuing from the gates.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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EUROPEAN TURKEY AND ITS SUBJECT RACES.

THE empire of the Turks in Europe is again tottering under one of those violent internal convulsions which during the last half-century have been of constant recurrence, and will undoubtedly, sooner or later, be the cause of its final overthrow. Indeed, if the enormous difficulties with which the sultans have had to contend are considered, one cannot but wonder that they should have succeeded in maintaining their rule in Europe so long. Encamped, as it were, in the midst of hostile nationalities entirely differing from them in race, in religion, and in language, the Turks could only retain their position by the superiority of their military and political organisation, which enabled them to hold in bondage their disorganised and less warlike neighbours. So long as their career was one of incessant conquest, this system proved tolerably successful. We hear of no Slavonian or Greek insurrections in the period which elapsed between the capture of Gallipoli by Prince Soliman in 1357, and that of Cyprus by Sultan Selim II., in 1571; the half-barbarous populations which then inhabited the country between the Danube and the Ægean peacefully accepted the rule of their conquerors, whom they had learnt to look upon as irresistible. When, however, the sultans were prevented by the growing power of the neighbouring states from making any further conquests, and were even compelled to abandon some of those of their predecessors, their Christian subjects began openly to show their discontent with the Ottoman rule, and it was found necessary to employ all the resources of the state to keep them in subjection. From this period dates the decline of the Ottoman Empire. Whether the time has now arrived for its fall, must depend on the course which events will take, and which it is at present impossible to foresee. It will be useful, however, to cast a glance at the internal policy of the Ottoman government, and the aspirations and prospects of the Christian races under its rule, in order to be enabled to appreciate the real importance and significance of these events as they arise.

It is known to most students of Turkish history that within the last five-and-twenty years the whole of the internal organisation of Turkey has been remodelled after the French pattern, in accordance with a plan first conceived by Sultan Selim III., and carried out by his successors. The precise nature and effect of these changes, however, have been greatly misunderstood in Western Europe. It was thought that the conversion of an oriental despotism into a bureaucratic system of government like that of France or Prussia could only be a change for the better, and there were not wanting sanguine

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politicians, even up to a very recent period, who saw in this so-called reform the instrument of the regeneration of the Turkish empire. These dreams have now been dispelled, thanks to a succession of political and financial failures, which have proved the Turkish state to be more rotten than ever; but while all have been forced to acknowledge that the changes introduced by Sultan Mahmoud have only precipitated the ruin of the empire, this result seems to have been generally accepted without any attempt being made to explain it. The truth is, that the establishment of a European military and bureaucratic system in Turkey was nothing but a repetition of the old experiment so often tried in Europe of late, of introducing into a country institutions which are utterly incompatible with the habits, mode of thinking, and social life of its people. Nor was the system which it replaced, primitive and retrograde as it was, without its redeeming points. The power of the sultan was by no means so unlimited as is generally supposed; the initiative and direction of every measure and undertaking were, no doubt, together with the executive power, in his hands; yet he was bound, not only by the traditionary laws and customs of the country, but even more by the vigilant and jealous surveillance of his people, who, from the highest state dignitary to the poorest labourer, took a lively interest in political affairs. The more distant provinces and dependencies of the empire were ruled by men who had either been born or had passed the greater part of their lives among those whom they were appointed to govern; but even the decrees of these governors were not final, and were dependent on the sanction of the *ulemas*. Cases of course occurred of mismanagement and abuse of power, but well-founded complaints generally reached Constantinople, and there met with full and prompt redress. The law protected Christians and Mohammedans alike, and the Turks always guarded the former against any encroachment on the part of the latter. The government was, in fact, a patriarchal one, and the nation, while voluntarily placing all its rights in the hands of the sovereign, still exerted a sensible influence on the political action of the state.

It is obvious that such a system could only work well so long as the sultans possessed an amount of knowledge and energy corresponding to the extent of the powers confided to them. This, during the earlier years of the Ottoman rule, was actually the case; from their youth upwards the future sultans of Turkey were made to take part in political affairs, or else to acquire the necessary experience as governors of distant provinces, or commanders-in-chief of armies. Unfortunately the habits and manners of the Byzantine court spread gradually among the successors of the Greek emperors, and it at length became the custom to confine the heirs to the throne, from their infancy upwards, in the imperial harem, where

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they were brought up in luxury and ignorance, so that when they assumed the direction of affairs they were totally unfitted for the task. This was undoubtedly one of the chief causes of the decline of the empire: the prestige with which the sultans had formerly surrounded themselves being gone, all the internal difficulties caused by the abnormal position of their Christian subjects began. For a time the energetic participation of the people in their political affairs still kept up the tradition of the past glories of Turkey. Every now and then a palace revolution replaced the indolent and effeminate heir by a more worthy member of the imperial family, and an able sultan or grand-vizier, such as Mahomet IV, Mourad IV., or Kepriuli, avenged old defeats, and made good old losses. The Turks, like all Orientals, are unfitted for any species of government that is not autocratic: they require a strong, energetic sovereign, in whose hands all power is concentrated, and for such a ruler they are always ready to submit to the greatest sacrifices. The deposition of one sultan in favour of another, however, soon ceased to be of any advantage, as the system which was at first only applied to the heir was gradually extended to all the members of the imperial family, and anarchy thus ultimately became the normal condition both of the people and of the court. The sultans, knowing that they were in constant danger from the attacks of conspirators, became suspicious, violent, and cruel; while their subjects, who had grown accustomed to revolts and frequent changes of sovereigns, fell into a sort of political apathy, and left the sinking ship of the state to right itself without their aid. The reforms attempted by Mahmoud and his successors did not produce any of the results which were expected of them, simply because they did not strike at the root of the evil, but only at one of its symptoms. The janissaries were exterminated; but the supreme power, being freed from all control and real responsibility, passed into the hands of an oligarchic bureaucracy. The sultan became a mere puppet in the hands of his advisers, and the people, having lost all their previous influence on the course of public events, were handed over to the tender mercies of their irresponsible administrators. It is painful to have to observe that the members of this oligarchy have contrived to secure the favour of the Western Powers, and have employed the power thus obtained against the people they govern. To Europe they pretend that they alone are able to prevent the explosion of the fanatical passions that are fermenting in the Mussulman mind, while they assure their own countrymen that the only way of baffling the projects of dismemberment which Western diplomacy has formed with regard to Turkey, is to maintain them in power. Without serious political views of any kind, and bent only on their personal aggrandisement and gain, these political adventurers do their utmost to prevent the foreign ambas-

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sadors at Constantinople from coming to any permanent understanding. They rely—to use the language of an acute diplomatist who knows them well—upon England against France, and upon France against England; they shield themselves with the demands of the Powers against the discontent of the people, and with the refractoriness of the people against the just demands of the Powers.

It will now be seen that the Ottoman rule is threatened with destruction, not only by alien races clamouring for independence, but also by its own intrinsic defects. This has been perceived of late years by some of the more thoughtful Turkish politicians, who have formed themselves into a party for the purpose of restoring the old patriarchal *régime*. The decline of the Empire is ascribed by this party to two causes: the nullity of the sovereign, and the political indifferentism of the people. It therefore holds that the cure must be applied in both of these directions, and should be as prompt and radical as possible; that the sovereign should be restored to his former power, and the heirs to the throne qualified for employing this power to the best advantage by taking an active part in the affairs of the state; and that the people should be given the right of electing the members of a consultative assembly, whose object it would be to assist the sovereign by their advice, founded on a practical knowledge of the wants of the country. Such a plan, if judiciously carried out, would doubtless remove many of the evils of the present system, especially as Prince Mourad, the heir to the throne, gives every promise of turning out a more able and accomplished monarch than Turkey has seen for many years past. This, however, would only dispose of one of the difficulties of the Empire. A far more formidable one is that which is created by the national aspirations of its subject races.

It is a common remark with recent travellers in European Turkey that the Osmanli race in that country is gradually dying out, and that all the wealth and influence it formerly possessed is passing into the hands of the Slavonian and Greek inhabitants. The ethnographical map of the country, published in Petermann's "Mittheilungen" (Gotha, 1861), shows in a very striking manner how small and scattered the Turkish population is, compared with those of other races. There is only one district where there is anything like a compact agglomeration of Turks—the coast of the Black Sea between the Danube and the Balkan. Everywhere else they are only to be met with in small patches, and, strange to say, these patches grow smaller and farther apart as they approach Constantinople. In Albania they are almost entirely absent; and even in Bulgaria they are few and far between. These facts are well known to the Turks themselves, who, with their usual predestinarianism, resignedly accept them as their destiny. "Is it not strange," lately said an old effendi to a

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Greek merchant of Salonica,[1] "that you ghiaours are lodged in palaces, while we Mussulmans live in hovels? You walk in the streets richly dressed, and we wear patched-up kaftans; you are pashas, we are dervishes." And he added in a lower tone, as if speaking to himself: "And why not, if God wills it?" M. Poujade, the late French consul at Bucharest, tells a similar story[2] of an old Mussulman who taught him Turkish at Janina. He had observed that the Turkish houses in the town were dilapidated and falling to ruin, while those in which the Albanians lived were sound and strongly built; and on asking the Turk the reason, obtained the following reply: "Why do you ask me, when you know better than I do? Are not the great nations of Europe to divide us among them? Our destinies are written down; the strong shall resist and be killed, the cowardly shall submit and become infidels. Why should I repair my house for a ghiaour?"

The half-resigned, half-contemptuous feeling which appears in the above words is very characteristic of the policy which has always been pursued by the Turks towards the European races under their rule. This policy is not one of systematic cruelty and oppression, as has been very well shown by M. Ubicini in his excellent "Lettres sur la Turquie;" on the contrary, it has been marked by excessive leniency, arising from the reluctance of the Turks to have any communication with Christians, whom they look upon as unclean. When the Greek empire was finally destroyed by the capture of Constantinople, the Turks made no attempt to interfere with the customs, the religion, or even the political institutions of the country they had conquered. The Christians retained their churches, were allowed full liberty of worship, and continued in the exclusive enjoyment of their municipal organisation, which practically almost made them independent of the central government. They formed, in fact, a distinct nation by the side of their conquerors, with the Patriarch and the Holy Synod at their head. The former was given the rank of vizier, had a guard of janissaries to attend him, and conducted all civil trials in which his co-religionists were concerned; while the synod was practically a sort of grand council of the nation, with a certain amount of legislative authority. There were, no doubt, individual acts of fanaticism committed by Turks towards Christians, and some of the sultans, such as Selim and Mourad IV., even proposed entirely to exterminate them; but these projects were never carried out, and the outbursts of religious fury which occasionally occurred were always brief and partial in their effects. There is at this moment, as there has always been in Turkey under the Ottoman rule, perfect toleration for all religions; the Catholics are in constant communica-

(1) Ubicini, *Les Serbes de la Turquie.* Paris, 1865.

(2) *Chrétiens et Turcs.* Paris, 1859.

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tion with Rome, and elect their own bishops, subject to the Pope's approval; and the members of the other religions are left equally free in all spiritual matters. The country is full of missionaries, who are allowed to pursue their calling unharmed, while the Turks themselves make no attempt at proselytism. It should be remembered, however, that this toleration does not arise from liberal religious views, but from a haughty indifference, which to a spirited people is often more galling than actual oppression.

The real cause of the weakness of the Ottoman empire in Europe is, not that the subject races are misgoverned, but that they are not governed at all. The Turks look down upon these races with supreme contempt—a feeling which is cordially reciprocated—and do all they can to avoid coming in contact with them, not even attempting to introduce among them their religion, language, or principles of government. After having remained for four centuries under the Ottoman rule, the subject races of Turkey are at this moment scarcely more homogeneous as a State than when they were split up into several independent monarchies, and it is but natural that under such circumstances they should wish to be resolved into their original elements. Fortunately for the Turks, however, these elements are too disunited and mutually hostile to combine against them; and it is by playing them off against each other that the Government has hitherto succeeded in neutralising the efforts of the peoples under its rule to recover their independence.

There are in Turkey at least three distinct European races, each with its own customs and national aspirations. These are, the Servians, the Albanians, and the Greeks. Of the other races of European Turkey, the Bulgarians, though originally an Asiatic race, have become so Slavonianised that they are, politically speaking, identical with the Servians, and will probably unite with them on being freed from the Turkish rule; and the Roumans, with the kindred race known as the Zinzari, are too small in number, and too scattered, to have any political individuality. This, of course, does not apply to the Danubian Principalities, which are almost entirely peopled by Roumans, and now practically form an independent state.

The most important of the races above mentioned, both by its numbers and its political and military qualities, is the Servian. Besides the semi-independent principalities of Servia and Montenegro, this race inhabits the whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and, together with the Bulgarians, represents 4,700,000 of the total population (10,500,000) of European Turkey.[1] The history of the Servian race is a glorious one, and it cannot be said of them, as of the Roumans, that they have degenerated from the virtues of their forefathers. After having successively been conquered by the Bulgarians, the Franks,

(1) The term "European Turkey" is in this article applied only to Turkey proper, excluding Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro.

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and the Byzantine Emperor Basil, they first made their appearance as an independent state in 1100, under Beli-Urosh, the head of the illustrious dynasty of Nemanicz, under which they eventually became the most powerful empire in the east of Europe. Their power reached its climax under Stephen Douchan, whom Mdme. Dora d'Istria[1] calls the Charlemagne of Servia, and whose dominions extended over Bosnia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Albania, Transylvania, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. Though a great warrior, however, Stephen was a despot, and did not possess the art of making himself beloved by his subjects. Under his reign the serfs were more oppressed than ever, and the foreign races he had conquered were treated more like slaves than as new subjects. This, added to the anarchy which prevailed in the empire after his death (in 1358), in consequence of his having left his son, who was a minor, with only a nominal sovereignty, and placed the government in the hands of a number of irresponsible viceroys, caused the ruin of Servia. The Greek provinces of the empire rose in insurrection; the young emperor was assassinated; and the Turks, after a bloody campaign, finally destroyed the independence of the country by their famous victory of Kossovo, on the 15th of June, 1389. A period of political apathy succeeded. In the principality of Servia the old feudal system gradually died out, and when the country became finally incorporated with the Ottoman empire, after the capture of Belgrade by Sultan Soliman in 1521, it was organised on the communist principle, which is the basis of the political organisation of most Slavonian countries, and which still prevails in the principality now that it has regained a partial independence. "A few years ago," says M. Lejean, in his *Ethnographie de la Turquie de l'Europe*, "a free Servian was asked whether there were any nobles in his principality. 'We are all nobles,' was the reply;" and the same may be said with equal truth by the Servian of the present day.

This primitive organisation, which has undergone but little change since the days of Stephen Douchan, is far more suited to the wants and capabilities of the brave and patriotic, but still half-barbarous, population of Servia than the elaborate bureaucratic system introduced by their present prince. As the *kmet*, or municipal head of his commune, administering justice with the aid of the old men of the village, or as the *starschina* (elder) of his family, invested with authority over all its members and directing the distribution of the property which they hold in common, the Servian is dignified, generous, and wise; as an official under Prince Michael, he is rapacious and venal, his sense of political honesty becomes corrupted, and he loses all public spirit. The country is divided into *préfectures, sous-préfectures*, and *arrondissements* without end, just like a French department; there are seven ministers, a board of control for the

(1) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, January 15, 1865.

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public accounts, and a senate; but notwithstanding all this administrative machinery, Servia is really not better governed than when the only ruling powers in the state were the prince and the *skoupchina*, or national assembly. The constitution is a mere farce, the prince being practically absolute, and always being able so to arrange matters as to have a majority in the *skoupchina* in favour of any measure he wishes to carry. At the same time, it is right to add that the present prince is, in many respects, a liberal and enlightened ruler, and that he has done much to spread education and material prosperity among his subjects.

The other Slavonian provinces of the ancient empire of Servia, although their inhabitants greatly resemble those of the principality in national characteristics, and would doubtless hail with joy any opportunity of resuming their ancient connection with it, differ from it in many important respects as regards their social and political organisation. One of the chief causes of this difference is to be found in the influences of religion, which in these half-civilised regions are extremely powerful. In Bosnia the prevalent religion of the masses is Roman Catholic, as it was in 1444, when their attachment to the Church earned the praise of Pope Eugenius IV., who spoke of them in one of his bulls in these words:—"Fratres vicariæ Bosnæ facti sunt murus inexpugnabilis pro fide catholicâ." The nobles, however, turned Mahometans when the country was conquered by the Turks, and by so doing preserved their rights and privileges, unlike the aristocracy of Servia, who, having adhered to the Greek faith, were placed by their Turkish conquerors on a level with the other rayahs. They still, however, have a hankering for the religion of their forefathers, and it frequently happens that a Bosnian noble, when on his death-bed, sends for a Roman Catholic priest to administer to him the last sacraments of his Church. It has also been observed by M. Poujade that they retain their old Slavonian names in their intercourse with their fellow-countrymen, and that they only call themselves by their Mussulman name and title when they correspond with Turkish officials. These renegade nobles detest the Turks, and would probably take the national side in a war of independence; but they are also continually at war with the Bosnian Christians, whom they oppress and tyrannise over as in the old feudal times, provoking them to fierce and bloody reprisals, which often lead to a sort of social war, most pernicious in its effects on the country. There are, according to M. Poujade, 200,000 Mussulmans in Bosnia to 265,000 Christians, 150,000 of whom are Catholics. Both Mussulmans and Christians have for the last few years been in a chronic state of hostility towards the government, the former because it strives to place them on an equality with the Christians, in accordance with the *tanzimat*, or Christians' charter, and the latter because it loads them with taxes.

The most numerous of the races forming, so to say, the Servian

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political system is the Bulgarian, which, according to M. Ubicini,[1] consists of a population of 4,000,000. The Bulgarians once constituted a powerful independent kingdom, but they have no glorious historical traditions like the Servians, and their political sympathies are weak and unsettled. The majority of them (2,500,000, according to M. Poujade) belong to the Greek religion; there are also 400,000 Mussulmans and 10,000 Catholics. The old Bulgarian aristocracy has entirely disappeared, so that there are no class enmities, as in Bosnia, and as no distinction is made between Mussulmans and Christians (except that the latter have to pay the usual *haracz*, or poll-tax), the people of all classes and religions live together in tolerable harmony. The predominance of the Greek religion, however, and the want of any very definite political aspirations, render the Bulgarians peculiarly liable to be worked upon by foreign intrigue. Their grievances are not very heavy—they consist chiefly in the neglect of the authorities to make roads between important points, and in the irregular imposition of taxes, the latter of which abuses caused them to rise in insurrection in 1851. Most of their insurrections, however, are directly traceable to the Russian propaganda, which, being one of the greatest of the dangers that are now menacing the Turkish empire, will here require a few words of explanation.

Since the Crimean war it has become more evident than ever that the only way of preventing the Russians from becoming masters of Constantinople, is either to restore Poland, or to interpose between them and the Bosphorus a powerful state whose subjects would take a national interest in its preservation. Experience has proved the futility of attempting to attack the Russians on their own territory, and no one knows this better than themselves. Accordingly, all their efforts in Europe have for the last century been chiefly directed to the achievement of two great objects—the destruction of the Polish nationality, and the crushing in the bud of the rising Servian nationality. The means Russia has adopted to attain the first of these ends are well known. In Servia, although she has been scarcely less active, she has worked more in the dark, and there have been so many apparent inconsistencies in her policy, that some people to this day refuse to believe that it was systematic, or directed towards any definite object. These inconsistencies, however, are easily explained. While taking care to maintain its influence in Bulgaria, the Russian government, knowing that in a Servian national movement the Bulgarians would probably join the Servians, and knowing, also, that if the Servians in the principality were destroyed, the Bulgarians would never dream of initiating such a movement themselves, and would become mere tools in the hands of the czar, tried to repeat in Servia the experiment which had succeeded so well in Poland—namely, to make the country exhaust itself by internal dissensions. The

(1) *Les Serbes des Turquie.*

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modern history of Servia is full of examples of this. During the desperate insurrection of Czerny George, in the beginning of the present century, the Russian government favoured George and the Servian malcontents by turns, until it had got the former entirely into its power; it then assumed the part of "protector" of the Servians, whom it called its "faithful allies and brothers, both by race and religion;" notwithstanding which, it betrayed them, by not obtaining the concessions which they had a right to expect, in the treaty it concluded with Turkey at Bucharest, in 1812. A year later it attempted to paralyse the efforts of the Servians to regain their independence by inducing Czerny George to leave them and withdraw into Russia. Finding, however, that their insurrection was growing successful, it strove to implicate them in the Hetærist movement of Ypsilanti, and, failing in this, sent back Czerny George, who, by the influence of his name, soon collected a party round him opposed to the reigning prince, Milosch. The latter upon this ordered Czerny to be executed, and Russia, far from taking offence at the insult thus indirectly offered to her, instantly began to pay court to Milosch, who, however, while acknowledging gratefully the services rendered him by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, showed a strong unwillingness to be made its tool. A period of internal discord followed, which was carefully fostered by Russia, who first supported the malcontents who asked Milosch for a constitution in 1835, then compelled the prince to withdraw it in the following year, and, finally, in 1837, received with the highest honours the supporters of the constitution which it had blamed in 1836. It would be tedious to recount all the machinations of Russia in Servia during the first half of the present century. Enough, however, has been said to show that, if the Russian government has failed in crushing the Servian nationality, it has not been for want of perseverance and energy; and it is to be hoped that the statesmen of this rising nation will not be blind to the lessons which a long and sad experience of Russian "protection" in their country has afforded.

If the Russian propaganda has, fortunately for Europe, had but little success in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey, it has become only too popular among the descendants of the degenerate Greeks of the lower empire, who still inhabit nearly the whole of the coast line of the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora, and are especially numerous in the vicinity of Constantinople. These Greeks are really a different people from the Albanian and the Greeks of the islands, so much so that some ethnologists hold that they are not Greeks by race at all, but a mixture of Illyrians and Slavonians. This theory, however, is disproved by their character and personal appearance. Their features, though they have not the faultless regularity of the Greek type, are totally different from those of Slavonians, and while they are true Greeks in cunning, mendacity,

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and dishonesty, the proverbial Slavonian bravery and love of agricultural pursuits is scarcely ever to be seen among them. It is from this people that Russia has recruited some of her most skilful agents, and doubtless she would find little difficulty in securing their assistance with bribes and promises of lucrative appointments if she should ever attempt to make herself mistress of Constantinople, just as the Turkish Government, after overthrowing the Greek Empire, found in their ancestors its most obsequious subjects. There are altogether about 900,000 Greeks on the Turkish continent.

Very different from these Greeks are the Albanians, with whom they have often been confounded. This people, called by the Turks Arnauts,[1] and by themselves Shkipetars (Mountaineers), are 1,300,000 in number, and inhabit the coast of the Adriatic between Servia and the kingdom of Greece. According to Herr von Hahn, whose theory is now adopted by most ethnologists, the Albanians are descended from the ancient Pelasgi, who in Greece assimilated the Hellenic element, in Southern Italy the Italian, and in Illyria and Albania the Slavonian. They are a proud and martial people, and have but little sympathy either with the Slavonians or the Greeks, against both of whom they have frequently fought under Turkish generals. Indeed, they have preserved a sort of semi-independence ever since the days of Pyrrhus, whom, as well as Alexander the Great, they claim as their countryman. They were never thoroughly subdued by the Romans, and when they were conquered by the Servians, a number of them embraced the Roman Catholic faith in order to preserve the distinction between them and their conquerors. The Turks, too, found in Albania a more determined resistance than in any of the other provinces of the old Servian empire. The Albanian hero, Scander-beg (Prince Alexander), defeated them in twenty-two battles, and it was not until after his death, in 1467, that the Albanians submitted, but only on condition that they should be allowed to keep their arms and be exempt from taxes. To this day the Catholic Albanians, or Mirdites, who inhabit the northern part of the country, enjoy a sort of independence under a hereditary prince, and in the south the native pashas rule more like tributary sovereigns than the officials of a central government. The Mahometan Albanians have, it is true, been the most devoted defenders of the Porte against the Greeks, and have provided the sultans with some of their ablest and most energetic ministers; but they never cease to strive after their own independence. "At home," says Madame Dora d'Istria,[2] "they are troublesome vassals who only think of shaking off the Ottoman yoke, and frequently bring the empire of their masters to the verge of ruin; but show them a battle to be fought, or glory to be won, even against men of the Pelasgian race, and

(1) They were called by the Byzantines 'Αρβανιτόι, whence *Albanians* and *Arnauts*.

(2) See an admirable article by this author on "The Albanian Nationality" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of May 15, 1866.

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they are ready to rush to the fray, and become the most solid rampart of the authority of the Porte. It was an Albanian, Mustapha, who fought against Marco Botzaris; it was an Albanian, Ali-Pasha, who subdued the Suliotes. We must not, however, exaggerate the gratitude which Turkey owes them; all her internal history is, one might almost say, nothing but the history of the attempts of these dangerous auxiliaries to overthrow the authority of the sultans."

The Southern Albanians, or Toscans, who inhabit the district generally known as Epirus, are far less warlike than the Ghegans, or Northern Albanians, and have many of the vices of their Greek neighbours. They are irreligious and deceitful, and supply the Porte with mercenaries to put down insurrections often caused by the misconduct of its own officials. It is in this degenerate section of the Albanian race that the Turkish Government also finds its most powerful instruments for stirring up dissensions among the other Albanians, and thus preventing any united action on their part against its authority. The people being organised according to a system strongly resembling that of the clans which prevailed in the last century in the Scotch Highlands, it is comparatively easy, by means of a little intriguing, to stir up one clan against another, and thereby waste in internal conflicts the forces which might otherwise have long ago secured the independence of the country, and dealt a fatal blow to the rule of the Turk in Europe. Even with these elements of weakness, however, the Albanian race is unquestionably, next to the Servian, the hardiest and most promising in the empire.

It is in the islands of the Ægean, and especially in Crete, that the pure Greek race is to be found. Since the conquest of Crete by the Turks in 1669, there has been no real amalgamation of the Turkish and Greek races; and by degrees the latter has obtained the possession of more than three-fourths of the landed property in the island, and has in every branch of industry and culture completely eclipsed its conquerors. The latter, with their usual want of foresight, have constructed neither roads nor fortresses, which, in this narrow and mountainous region, would have given them the command of the whole country; insurrections have consequently been very frequent, and in some of the mountainous districts, especially that of Sphakia, the Greeks live in a state of quasi-independence, with not a single Turk among them. In the whole island, which has a population of 280,000, the proportion of Greeks to Turks is about as four to one. The numerous insurrections of the Cretans have almost always been caused by their desire to be annexed to Greece; and the complaints, which they invariably put forward on such occasions, of unequal taxation, abuses on the part of the authorities, &c., are usually little more than pretexts. The Turks know very well that they only exist in the island on sufferance, and they accordingly treat the Christians there with far more consideration

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than in other parts of the empire. As for the present insurrection, it differs but little from previous Cretan insurrections. There was always, as now, a strong sympathy between the Greeks of Crete and those of the Morea, to whom the Cretans rendered valuable assistance in the war of independence; and the degenerate Greeks of Roumelia have as little to do with the present movement as with all former national risings. The Cretan insurrection is a perpetually recurring symptom of an obstinate disorder, which can only be cured by the union of Crete with the Greek kingdom.

It is not from the Greeks, therefore, that we need fear a re-opening of the Eastern question. There is, nevertheless, very serious danger of such an event happening as a consequence of the present outbreak, although the Cretans themselves may have no such object in view. It is certain that the extraordinary events which occurred in Central Europe last summer have produced an immense effect on the Slavonian populations of Turkey; the feeling of nationality has been strongly stimulated by the defeat of Austria and the liberation of Venetia, and there have been Italian and Hungarian revolutionary agencies at work in the country which have skilfully prepared all the elements of an extensive national movement. The success of the Cretan revolution would doubtless precipitate the outbreak which seems to be inevitable, and which in any case will, there is good reason to believe, occur next spring. In this outbreak the semi-independent principalities of Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania will doubtless join, and there is every probability that it will result in the disruption of the Turkish empire. That such an event must happen sooner or later is pretty generally admitted; but then comes the question, who is to govern the country in the place of the Turks? This question has as yet received but little serious consideration, and yet it is one on whose solution the most important interests of Europe will depend, and which in a few months it will perhaps become necessary to decide.

There is no lack of candidates for the succession to the throne of the Sultans. Prince Pitzipios, the leader of the "Byzantine Union," proposes the establishment of a Byzantine Empire with a Greek Ministry, under the present Ottoman dynasty; M. Ubicini looks forward to the replacement of the Turkish rule by that of three separate states, which would divide Turkey between them, Constantinople being made a free port; and the Austrian and Russian papers think that the best way of settling the matter would be to place Turkey under the rule of a strong power, by which the journalists of Vienna of course mean Austria, and those of Moscow, Russia. Of these plans, that of the "Byzantine Union" is certainly the wildest and most impracticable. The notion of restoring a lower Empire, with a Turkish monarchy, a Greek ministry, and a population whose national feeling is predominantly Slavonian, is too preposterous to need discussion. M. Ubicini's idea of three separate states in the

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east of Europe, namely, Roumania, Servia, and Greece, with Constantinople as a free port, is not without a certain plausibility, but it is somewhat surprising that a politician so thoroughly versed in Eastern affairs should not see that this is an expedient which, though it might have its advantages in the west of Europe, would be totally inapplicable in the east. The events of the last few months have proved that even in the midst of civilisation the security of small states and free ports rests on a very slender footing: how perilous, then, would be the position of such states in the Illyrian peninsula, with a half-barbarous population and a powerful neighbour whose principal aim it has been for the last hundred years to absorb their territories!

It cannot be denied that there is great force in the argument that the populations of European Turkey, being too disunited and uncivilised to form a government of their own, ought, in the interest of European peace, to be placed under the rule of a strong Power. That, however, this Power should be Russia, few will venture to assert except her own press. The claims of Russia to the predominance in the south-east of Europe are neither justified on historical nor on geographical grounds. She alone, of all the European states that have come in contact with the Turks, has uniformly pursued toward them a policy which could only have been dictated by the desire of personal aggrandisement, at the expense of the liberties and independence of Central Europe. The power of Turkey had already been broken by the Venetian and Genoese Republics, Poland, and Austria before the czars attempted to attack her. To Austria and Poland especially belongs the credit of having preserved Europe from the danger of an Ottoman invasion: a result which was finally attained by the peace of Carlowitz, in 1699. Russia only attacked the Turks after they had been thoroughly beaten; and she did not make any sensible progress towards Constantinople until after the peace of Kujuk-Kainardji, which was signed in 1774, when the Turks had long ceased to be a danger to European civilisation.

Nor can it be said that the geographical position of Russia, or the interests of her commerce, make it necessary or advisable for her to be placed in possession of the Illyrian peninsula. She has no communications, either natural or artificial, for the development of her commerce in that direction. All the principal rivers in the country, such as the Save, the Drave, the Cisave, and the Seret, come, not from Russia, but from Austria, and the mouth of the Danube is filled with Hungarian, Servian, and Bosnian vessels, but with no Russian ones. She has, moreover, no means of securing her position in these territories. The whole of her military force was originally concentrated within the triangle formed by St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Moscow; and although, since she has moved southwards, she has established military positions at Kieff and Sebastopol, these two stragetical points have been quite insufficient to

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attain their object. Her position in the south is, in fact, the work of her diplomacy, which strives to obtain for her the predominance in Europe, but it is not in conformity with her natural development, and any conquests she may make in that direction will have to be maintained by artificial and violent means.

With Austria it is very different. By the loss of Venetia she has been deprived of the principal channel of her trade, which must now naturally tend towards the Black Sea, the outlet of most of her navigable rivers. The traditions of her history also lead her in this direction. The old policy of the German emperors was essentially an Eastern one, and the many advantages they obtained over the Turks were finally crowned by the glorious peace of Passarowitz, in 1718. Afterwards, the wars of the succession, the seven years' war, and the French campaign, diverted the attention of Austria from the east to the west; but her western policy was as unfortunate as her eastern had been successful. Austerlitz and the peace of Presburg reduced the Hapsburgs from German to Austrian emperors, and Sadowa and the Nikolsburg treaty have driven them out of Germany. Austria now reverts to her old position, but with much greater advantages for the development of an eastern policy than she had a century and a half ago. Turkey is so weak that she may at any moment fall to pieces from sheer inanition, while Austria herself no longer has her strength divided by ambitious views in Germany, and must direct all her efforts to the conciliation of those Slavonian races which form the predominant element both in her own empire and in the Illyrian peninsula. Unless she does this, her ruin is inevitable; and the conversion of Austria into a federal state, which is the only means of satisfying the requirements of her populations, will irresistibly attract to the empire the neighbouring races of European Turkey. These races, though looking forward to the downfall of the Ottoman rule, are too divided to form themselves into a separate state, and would find their best interest in uniting themselves with a Power which, while securing to them the full enjoyment of their national rights, would protect them against foreign attack, and give them the advantage of a civilised and liberal government. Austria, it will be seen, has a splendid future before her. Whether she will know how to use her great opportunities, time alone can show. The removal of Count Maurice Esterhazy from the Austrian ministry, and the appointment of Count Goluchowski as governor of Galicia, are, so far as they go, hopeful signs of the inauguration of both a liberal and a federal policy at Vienna; and the friends both of Austria and the subject races of European Turkey may hope that she will persevere in a course which, besides being the only one consonant with her interests and her political mission, would secure to Europe a solid guarantee of peace in the East, and to the races on the Danube and the Bosphorus the unfettered development of their national existence.

ADAM GIELGUD.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Just this time last year Lord Palmerston died. After sixty years of official life, passed, first in one, then in the other camp of political warfare, he was supposed to know all the secrets of both sides, and to have such an accumulated stock of practical wisdom, that his decision in political matters was sure to be correct. His fiat was accepted by nearly the whole English nation, that is to say, all that part of the English nation which is educated and thinking, and possessed of political power. He endorsed Lord Russell's axiom "to rest and be thankful," and the nation did rest during the whole period of his premiership. It may be a question whether we are not now paying severely for this long holiday. During Lord Palmerston's life we had an opportunity of settling in a peculiarly advantageous manner the difficult questions which now surround us. He possessed a weight and authority with both political parties such as no longer exists. Had he really earnestly pressed any measures on the House of Commons, they would almost certainly have been carried. But his nature was light and insouciant, he hated to look forward to the future, and the nation was only too happy to shirk its duties, and lay on him the responsibility. The consequence is that the relation of the working classes to the rest of the nation is left in a most unsatisfactory condition, and that the two great means for improving this relationship, admission to political power and general education, have been lamentably neglected. Lord Palmerston was too indulgent a leader. His followers were allowed a perpetual "délices de Capoue." In his time the House of Commons was as it had been before the Reform Bill, a most agreeable club. No hard work could possibly be done, the minister was omnipotent, serious questions were laughed aside, experienced old Whig ministers knew exactly how little they could do without losing their places, the public money was voted lavishly, and members started off after unfruitful sessions to their various amusements. It was impossible that this could be done year after year without serious results. The lot of mortals is to labour perpetually; a considerable intermission of business in private life causes confusion and accumulation of work that must be done. No tradesman or professional man returns from his holiday without finding this to be the case—at least he is unusually lucky if he does so, and the reasoning applies with tenfold force to public affairs. We are not yet in that perfect stationary state which some philosophers have imagined, where the chief work of reducing the state to order has been completed, and we can rest upon our oars. We know of no state that has ever reached that happy condition, but certainly we have not. The "sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes," has hitherto applied with terrible truth to the greater portion of our population. The enormous discrepancy between rich and poor shocks us now that attention has been drawn to it, and people are no longer contented with the argument that it is the will of Heaven, and that the poor shall never cease out of the land. It is not a question of their ceasing altogether, for that can never be attained, but of their being considerably reduced in numbers. So large a proportion of the nation ought not to be living from hand to mouth. With our agricultural population it can hardly be otherwise, as wages are at present, and our manufacturing and trading population have not education enough to teach them the

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importance of husbanding their superior resources. Our working classes do not feel the responsibility of being component parts of the political machine, they scarcely feel the dignity of being English citizens, and therefore too many of them squander their resources in time of plenty, and have nothing left for the inevitable time of need. It must be the great object of the Liberal party to raise them to a consciousness of what ought to be their true position. When Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone last year succeeded Lord Palmerston in the direction of affairs, they found the whole political system relaxed, and too many professing Liberals considered that matters could continue as they were. They had a nominal majority of 70, and they thought it was to be wielded at will. They imagined they strengthened themselves by taking into their confidence some gentlemen of the Ultra-Liberal party, whereas they really frightened and disgusted the mass of their supporters. They had earnestness and energy without tact, whereas Lord Palmerston had tact without earnestness or energy.

They did not allow for the effects of a six years' suspension of Liberal policy, and consequently when they led the way in the old Liberal style they found few to follow heartily. If there was not open mutiny at first, there was secret dissatisfaction. The consequence was that they got upset and dared not appeal to the country. Another ministry has been formed, and the time is fast approaching when we shall see frequent Cabinet councils announced to consider the measures which must next year be presented to Parliament. It is the opinion, we believe, of Mr. Gladstone and of many other authorities that Parliament will listen to nothing until the Reform question be settled. Mr. Disraeli is also said to have some new plan for Reform, admission to the franchise being based upon the payment of personal taxes. The idea seems a sound one, and agreeable to the views of many old reformers, but we must wait to see how it will be worked out. We venture to think that a fair hearing and discussion will be allowed to any measure of reform that may be brought forward by the present Government. We do not believe that there is that intense hatred of Conservatives general through the country, which is expressed with such warmth by a few Radical leaders. The Liberals have had many trials at a Reform Bill, the Conservatives but one, yet there are many true Liberals who think that Lord Derby's bill of 1859 was the one which, if allowed to be modified after discussion, would have best suited the wants of the time.

The answer of Mr. Brand to the invitation of the National Reform Union to attend a Reform banquet at Manchester is singularly temperate and sensible, and if it really speaks the views of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, is of hopeful augury for the future of the Liberal party. The general belief is that the letter was concocted, as a sort of political manifesto, at a recent meeting at Woburn Abbey, to which Lord Russell invited Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Brand. The letters of Mr. Headlam, M.P., and Mr. Leeman, M.P., point in this direction, while the speech of Mr. Newdegate shows some signs of wavering in the direction of common sense and fairness in that most rigid of Conservatives. The object of all honest politicians ought to be, to defeat the place-hunters and revolutionists, who wish for party squabbles in order that they may profit by them, and to let the voice of the great body of the English people be heard, which is moderate and temperate, and wishes for decided progress without violent change. Mr. Brand recommends exactly the contrary policy to that followed in 1859 by the Liberal party, and this year by Conservatives. On each of these occasions the bill was thrown out,

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almost avowedly, for party purposes. Each party said it would never answer to allow the other side to pass so important a measure, as it would perpetuate their stay in office, so that the national welfare was most distinctly sacrificed for private purposes. There is a general feeling that this can no longer be permitted; and we feel persuaded that if the leaders of the Liberal party have not really endeavoured to give a cue to their followers by the agency of this letter of Mr. Brand, the line which he indicates is the one that will be followed by many Liberal members, quite independently of any opinion of their leaders. There are many who think that the time has come when each man must think for himself, and that the line taken by the Liberal chiefs has been so mistaken and unsuccessful that it is unsafe to follow them without a careful examination of their views, and the means by which they intend to carry them out. These opinions have been much strengthened by the violent language of Mr. Bright, and the adhesion of so important a person as Mr. Mill to the extreme and violent party,—and the consequence is that however ardently a small knot of persons may desire to return to office, we believe when Parliament meets that they will find themselves obliged by public opinion to give the Conservatives a really fair chance of showing what they can do in the difficult task of national administration.

RUSSIA still continues in a somewhat unsettled state internally, and it is not very easy to perceive whether she meditates any immediate movement in the way of territorial extension. She is undoubtedly pushing forward her boundaries in the East; she is said to have stirred up the Cretan revolt; accounts have been published of an alleged visit of the Russian ambassador at Constantinople to Mount Athos, that stronghold of Russian influence in European Turkey, in order to ferment some important intrigues. The Turkish authorities are said to have found considerable quantities of arms and medals of the Emperor (qy. silver roubles) there after the holy and diplomatic pilgrim's visit to the monks. There are rumours also that the Russian policy in Poland has been changed, and that the reason of the postponement of the incorporation of Poland in the Russian Empire, which had already begun, is that the attention of Russia is now concentrated on the Ottoman Empire. When the Grand Duke Constantine left for the Crimea, the Milutine scheme for annexing Poland had been adopted, and at Warsaw people expected the suppression of the autonomic institutions. Suddenly the programme was again modified, and the Russian Government is now understood to content itself with organising an administration copied on the Russian system, and having Russian chiefs, while the kingdom will continue to remain a country separated from Russia proper. The condition of the interior of the country is, however, far from settled, and if the Government courts external war, it must be in order to unite the various classes, whose relative positions have been so rudely altered of late, in some great national enterprise. There seems, however, no occasion for this, because the feeling of the whole country is thoroughly national, and probably nothing is wanted but time to enable the people among whom such vast changes have taken place to settle down in their new state. What is chiefly wanted is capital to develop the vast resources of the country, and war would probably waste this without adequate result. Turkey must probably grow weaker instead of stronger each year, while it is difficult to calculate the strength

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and wealth of Russia some years hence, when her industrious and homogeneous population shall have realised the value of freedom, and settled down to the labour of cultivating the land on their own account. The following observations on the internal condition of the empire apply especially to the Southern provinces, towards which the population of the thickly inhabited provinces of the North-East must gradually gravitate.

In most of the provinces of the Russian empire society is extremely restricted, and the attention of the few persons who are capable of reflection is absorbed by interests of a purely local character, so that they give little heed to anything that takes place beyond the range of their immediate observation. From the more remote provinces arrivals are rare, and impressions that permeate the multitude at large are not easily seizable. Notwithstanding such an absence of intercourse and means of information, it is nevertheless obvious that this country is in a state of transition. Ancient institutions are either dislocated or dissolved, and those that are new have not become fully developed nor consolidated. None seem to feel confidence in the ground on which they stand; few are content—all are in expectancy. But certain it is that landowners (the large and most wealthy proprietors excepted) are becoming irremediably and rapidly impoverished. External commerce is depressed, the inland trade unproductive, and the finances very seriously deranged. Still, there is apparently no serious disaffection—nothing sufficiently matured, at least, to cause any immediate uneasiness. Public attention and the grievances formerly growing to a head were suddenly checked by the insurrection of Poland, and the then prevailing discontent was diverted from abuses at home to be turned against that unhappy people and the foreign powers (who so inefficiently interceded in their behalf) with a degree of unity and of rancour almost inconceivable; this exasperation has not yet altogether subsided, being kept alive and fostered by the old Russian party, and others interested in dispossessing landowners of their estates in the Russo-Polish provinces, pursuant to an Ukase of the 22nd of December last. The proceedings of General Kauffmann in the proscribed provinces have been thus satirically commented on. He is disposing, it is said, of the *four descriptions* of landed property in Lithuania, as follows:—Giving to his "Tchinovniki" the confiscated estates, confiscating such as are sequestrated, sequestrating those that are dilapidated, and dilapidating those which are encumbered—sacrificing the reputation and interests of the empire, by a crying injustice, to a pretended national instinct.

When the new institutions of this country are regularly established and fully understood, the proprietors will find themselves dispossessed of their land, and in a state of abject poverty; deprived, not only of the means of existence, but of all influence in public affairs. The agricultural peasantry will, however, in the meantime, have gained a standing and some weight. But the system pursued will raise up a new bureaucracy, already emerging into life; and is likely to press heavily on real property, as independent of existing institutions which are undergoing modification in form, if not in effect. The local administration is to be conducted by committees, chosen from deputies elected by the landed proprietors, the burghers who are landowners, and the agricultural peasantry respectively, of each separate district. These members of the local administrative committees are, however, salaried servants, and have a voice in fixing their own emoluments. With the venality so prevalent in this country, great abuses will be practised, and a new

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bureaucracy spring up, to work within, or subordinate to, that already established by the crown; doubly increasing, thereby, the number of that rapacious class. In some governments the expense of those committees already amounts to from 70,000 to 100,000 roubles; and it is estimated that upwards of four millions roubles will on the aggregate be abstracted from useful employment in the manner referred to.

As for the social progress of this portion of the empire, the advancement is slow; but schools and places of education are growing up in various localities, and it may be assumed that the naturally good abilities of the people will at no distant period become favourably developed. There is, however, an ostentatious display of finery predominant among all orders, and the immoderate use of ardent spirits in the lower classes, frightfully on the increase since their unrestricted sale has been permitted, is productive of much demoralisation, more especially among the labouring population of towns.

Agriculture in the southern provinces of the empire is making little progress; the few fortunate proprietors who possess means have recourse to foreign implements and machinery to diminish the calls for manual labour. Little attention is, however, given to the choice and quality of the seed made use of, nor are any attempts made to renovate the land by the application of manure, or scientific farming. Independently of other obstacles, periodical droughts have to be contended with, for which there is no remedy. The formation of roads, construction of bridges, and other means to facilitate the communications, are altogether neglected; and although the importance of unimpeded navigation on the rivers has been urged on the attention of the Government, but few effective measures have hitherto been employed to promote that essential object. A railway to connect the Sea of Azoff with Little Russia and the Ukraine, under the appellation of the "Koursk-Taganrog Railway," has quite recently received the Imperial sanction. The precise direction that will be adopted has not yet been made known here, but it will certainly pass over the very rich and extensive anthracite and coal-fields situated between this place and Kharkoff, in the vicinity of Bachmout, Lugansk, &c., for the purpose of connecting those districts with, and furnishing combustible for, the inland lines. A branch through Aksay, or Rostoff, on to Stavropol and the Caucasus, is eventually intended. Government has guaranteed 5 per cent. per annum interest on the outlay of capital not exceeding 84,037 roubles for every verst, and it appears that a company has been formed to carry out the undertaking. When completed, the advantages that will accrue to the Azoff trade can scarcely at present be fully appreciated.

We hear that by a recent Imperial decree a most important change has been introduced in the political condition of the Don Cossacks. The Don Cossack landed proprietors within the circuit of the Mieuse,[1] are permitted to sell their land to any buyers, whether they belong to the Cossack community or not. This is considered a preparatory measure for the constitution of a new government, of which Taganrog will be the capital—a project that has been in agitation for many years past; and it is inferred, moreover, to be the beginning of a scheme for removing the entire Don Cossack territory from under

(1) The Mieuse district embraces the Cossack lands on the shores of the Azoff, from the mouth of the Don to the environs of Mariapol, and inland in a northerly direction, to the neighbourhood of Bachmout.

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its present privileged jurisdiction, and rendering its community amenable to the same general administration as prevails in other Russian provinces.

In PRUSSIA everything goes as smoothly as her best friends could wish. Since the Government has shown itself so conciliatory in the indemnity and loan questions, and Count Bismarck appeared so considerate and gentlemanlike in the chamber, in pleasing opposition to his former rudeness, the hope has revived among the people that the constitution would at length become a fact. When even men like Gneist seem to believe in the liberal tendencies of the Government, it is not to be wondered at that this belief is shared by all parties. Moreover, the country is still full of pride at the brilliant victories it has gained, and still more of joy at receiving its sons on their return from the war. Where the feeling is so joyful, the future appears in rosy colours, distrust vanishes, and the remembrance of former evils is deadened. Bismarck, whose health is said to be in not nearly so shattered a condition as is stated by some, has decidedly gained in popularity since the last sittings of the chamber. We were never unconditional admirers of this statesman, with whom might has more influence than right, and to whom all means are welcome that lead him to the object he has in view; nor do we even now share in the hopes of those who already see in him the apostle of the future freedom of Germany; but as we report facts as they are, and without prejudice, we must add, from our own personal observation and the testimony of trustworthy witnesses, that the Prussian people would regard it as little less than a national misfortune if anything should happen to this once detested statesman.

The appointment of Count Goluchowski as Governor of GALICIA is an event of greater importance for the future of Austria than might at first appear to those who only know him as the reactionary Minister and the author of the well-known "October diploma" of 1860. It is the first step towards the execution of that federalist policy of which we have heard so much since Count Belcredi became Minister of State, but which has hitherto only existed in theory, and given rise to hopes which it seemed would never be realised. Count Goluchowski is a statesman who has rendered valuable service both to the imperial dynasty and to his own country; and although his attachment to the empire, which was so well illustrated by his famous declaration that "he was neither a Pole nor a Ruthenian, but an Austrian," formerly made him unpopular with his countrymen, he has during the last few years more than recovered the ground he had lost. Since his withdrawal from the Ministry he has risen in the estimation of the Galicians in proportion as he sank in the imperial favour, and the enthusiasm with which he was elected deputy for Lemberg and other places in Galicia last year showed how strong was the popular feeling in his behalf. It is certain that no appointment could please the Galicians more than that which has just been made in the person of this new governor; the task which lies before him, however, is a difficult one. The curse of Austria has long been its bureaucracy, and in no part of the empire has it been so noxious in its effects as in Galicia. There can now be no doubt that the terrible massacres of 1846 were mainly caused by the officials, who, selected from all parts of the empire for their unscrupulous zeal in

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executing the orders of their superiors, were directed to use every means to stir up the peasants against the landowners. It is popularly supposed that these two classes differ from each other in race as well as in language and religion; this, however, is a mistake, arising from the vague notions that prevail as to the meaning of the word "Ruthenian." The truth is, that the majority of the population of the country, including nobles as well as peasants, are Ruthenians, and that the nobles speak Polish and profess the Catholic religion only because the country derived all its civilisation from Poland, just as the educated classes in Ireland and Wales speak English for a similar reason. The aristocratic class in Galicia is no more Polish by race than it is in the other Ruthenian provinces which belonged to ancient Poland, such as Volhynia and Podolia. Accordingly the Ruthenian peasant will speak Polish, and even adopt the Catholic religion, directly he raises himself in the social scale. There is, however, in Galicia, besides the natural antagonism which everywhere prevails between rich and poor, an artificially created hostility between the members of the United Greek faith, the majority of whom are peasants, and the Roman Catholics. This hostility was originally produced by the United Greek clergy, who formed a so-called "Ruthenian" party, holding carefully aloof from the Roman Catholics, whom it calls "Poles," and whom it accuses of oppressing the genuine Ruthenians, and endeavouring to suppress their national language and faith. This party has always been strongly encouraged by Russia, who, as is known, claims all the Ruthenian territories, including Galicia, as having originally formed part of her empire, and is therefore interested in crushing the dominant Polish element, which now gives her so much trouble in her own Ruthenian provinces. Austria, too, was blind enough, twenty years ago, to encourage the pretensions of the "Ruthenians," and thereby both play into the hands of her natural enemy and alienate from her rule a large body of her most powerful and loyal subjects. It was for this purpose that she introduced into the country the complicated bureaucratic machine which it will be now Count Goluchowski's task to sweep away. He will find it more difficult to restore that harmony among the different classes which Austria, as well as Russia, has used its utmost efforts to disturb. Fortunately, however, the helpless state into which Austria was thrown by the late war has emboldened the leaders of the "Ruthenian" party to disclose their real aims, and thereby considerably to diminish the number of their supporters. A few weeks after the battle of Königgrätz they openly declared in their organ, the *Slowo* (word) that "they are Russians, not Ruthenians," and plainly hinted that it was their manifest destiny to be rejoined to their fellow-countrymen. This bold declaration at once caused the defection from their party of all those who held places under the government, or were in any other way interested in showing their loyalty, besides which a great number of persons who had called themselves Ruthenians were by no means disposed to accept the rule of Russia, with the example of Poland before their eyes. Thus the party has now lost much of its old cohesion, and Count Goluchowski will doubtless succeed, by the exercise of a little tact, in dissolving it altogether. He comes to Galicia avowedly in a conciliatory spirit; the Poles are similarly disposed, and if in the new institutions which will be granted to the country due consideration is given to the claims of the Ruthenian language and religion, the clerical agitators who lead the Ruthenian party will no longer have any solid basis for their

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propaganda. Perhaps the most significant symptom of the destruction with which the "Ruthenian" party is now threatened is to be found in the indignation of the Russian official organs at the appointment of the new governor of Galicia. The Austrian Government can require no better proof of the wisdom of its choice than to find it vehemently inveighed against by its natural enemy and rival.

The EASTERN question is still the subject which most occupies the attention of European diplomatists. The Cretans continue their insurrection with their old bravery and perseverance, although they have received assurances from all the Powers that they will in no case obtain assistance from abroad; and it is now pretty evident that for the present there will be no outbreak in any other part of the Sultan's dominions. That such an outbreak is in preparation, however, there can be no doubt, and the Powers are taking their measures accordingly. The active part which has been taken by France in the affairs of the East is shown by the extraordinary design attributed to the Viceroy of Egypt of introducing in that country a constitution after the French model—a measure which can only have the same effect in Egypt as it has had in other half-civilised countries, namely, to give rise to a corrupt bureaucratic system which will increase the burdens of the people without giving them any additional guarantees for their material prosperity or political freedom. The French Government is also, there is reason to believe, in constant communication with the national leaders in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey, and it is chiefly owing to its representations that the outbreak which was preparing in those territories has been delayed. France is undoubtedly at this moment striving only for peace. She has done her best to induce the Turkish Government to make concessions to the Cretans, and it is even reported that she has prevailed upon the Porte to allow the Christians in the island to be tried by tribunals composed entirely of their co-religionists. On the other hand, she has very positively declared at Athens her disapproval of any interference of the Greek Government in the Cretan insurrection. Another difficulty, which threatened to give rise to very serious complications, has also been, if not entirely removed, at least rendered much less formidable by the intervention of France. It is known that in the matter of the recognition of Prince Charles as Hospodar of Roumania the principal obstacles to an arrangement with the Porte have come from the Prince himself, whose ambition to become an independent sovereign is now no secret. A month ago it seemed that all the difficulties were removed, and apartments were even prepared at Constantinople for the reception of the Prince when he arrived to do homage to the Sultan; and this amicable settlement of the affair was rightly attributed to the efforts of France to make both parties more yielding in the negotiations on the subject. Although, however, the Sultan consented to recognise Prince Charles as Hospodar, his consent was coupled with conditions to which the Government of Roumania strongly objected. Among these the most obnoxious were those that provided for the reduction of the Rouman army and the establishment of a Turkish Commissioner at Bucharest. The negotiations were accordingly resumed without any decision being arrived at, and ultimately the Turkish Government offered to give up the objectionable conditions provided France would guarantee the integrity of the empire. This the Marquis de Moustier, who was no stranger to the national movement which is brewing in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey, naturally

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declined to do; and the matter remains as unsettled as ever. Although, therefore, France is anxious to secure peace in the East for the present, she is perfectly aware that even her power would not be capable of maintaining it there; and she accordingly endeavours to strengthen her influence both with the Porte and its rebellious subjects, so as to preserve her interests when the inevitable outbreak occurs. As for Austria, she is at present too occupied with her internal re-organisation to devote much attention to foreign politics, although the Eastern question is to her really one of existence. We are happy to perceive, however, that France inclines to side with Austria in her Eastern policy—a course to which the interests of England also plainly point. Count Bismarck, who is now naturally believed to have his finger in every pie, is suspected of intriguing with Prince Charles—with what object it is hard to say. The machinations of Russia in the same direction are more easily understood. In spite of the official telegrams which spread the intelligence all over Europe that Prince Charles had received a most enthusiastic reception during his late tour in Moldavia, most private accounts agree in stating that, on the contrary, he was very coldly received; and that the separatist tendencies in that province, which have always given so much trouble to the advocates of a "Rouman nationality," are again reviving with increased force under the influence of Russian agitation. Prince Charles himself is said to have been so discouraged by the evident indifference shown him by the population, that he has several times threatened to resign. Indeed, affairs have become so critical in the country that a revolution is by many looked upon as imminent. The finances are in just as bad a condition as they were under Couza; the Ministers are inefficient, disunited, and hostile to the new Prince; and the officials are more corrupt, if possible, than ever. This state of things has been made even more dangerous by the recent arrival in Roumania of several ex-Hospodars, who still have numerous supporters in the country, and each of whom is secretly agitating to procure his restoration to the throne. As the elections for the Chamber, which is to meet in November, are now going on, these gentlemen have an ample field for their machinations; and it is already evident, from the results of the elections which are known, that the Government party will be in a very small minority. The Radicals will, it is thought, again come into power when the Chamber meets; but changes of Ministry have never yet done any good to the Roumans, and their frequency only shows more clearly the unfitness of this corrupt and frivolous race to have its political destinies in its own hands.

The real significance of the late events in SICILY is as yet very imperfectly understood in England, and we therefore offer no apology to our readers for presenting them with a description of the insurrection. taken from private and impartial sources. What was its real character it is difficult to say. It certainly was not got up by the Republican party, which is totally powerless in the island. Even Garibaldi, once so popular among the Sicilians, is now almost as much detested as he was formerly loved. The malcontents, who constitute full nine-tenths of the population of the island, are chiefly "autonomists"—*i.e.*, they desire a separate government and institutions of their own, not necessarily involving absolute separation from the kingdom of Italy, but, rather, a sort of "personal union," similar to that which the Hungarians ask for from Austria.

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It seems that these "autonomists" were the real leaders of the present insurrection, as they have been of former insurrections, but the ranks of the insurgents were in the present instance also largely swelled by deserters and vagabonds of all kinds, whose only object was plunder. The latter had already for some time been the terror of Palermo, in whose vicinity they roamed about in small bands, attacking travellers and even plundering many of the houses in the suburbs. Their depredations naturally caused much indignation among the inhabitants of the town, who loudly complained of the negligence and inefficiency of the authorities in not having taken measures to prevent them. Another cause of discontent was the compulsory issue of paper money, and both the Prefect Torelli, and the other officials from Florence, soon became very unpopular. At length an invasion of the town by the brigands began to be openly talked of, and on the 16th of September bands of half-clad men, armed with guns, swords, knives, and sticks paraded the streets, the National Guard scarcely attempting any resistance. Next day, 400 soldiers having arrived from Messina, the conflict began to grow more serious, and several men fell on both sides at the barricades which had been formed in the streets. Then came the pillage. The town-hall, the hall of justice, and the residence of the syndic, Marquis Rudini, were completely sacked, and their contents either stolen or burnt. Numerous proclamations were posted about the town, some republican, and some couched in vague language, and signed by the well-known local dignitary, Prince Linguaglossa. On the 19th an attempt was made by the insurgents to break open the town prison and free its inmates, but without success. The same day seven frigates appeared in the harbour, and a sharp fire was opened on the town by some gunboats. This fire being directed along the streets, and not at the houses, very little damage was done to private property. Shortly afterwards there came some bersaglieri from Leghorn, and serious preparations were now made to expel the insurgents, who had maintained their footing in the town for six days. This in itself proves that they must have been viewed with a certain degree of sympathy by the inhabitants. That the first insurgents were brigands there can be little doubt; but there was so much discontent in the town, that the opportunity of the brigands having effected an entrance was seized to produce an insurrection with the object of overthrowing the Government. At the head of this insurrection were Princes Monteleone, Rizzo, Linguaglossa, and Patemo, and a sort of insurgent government was even established, which took charge of the funds that had been seized in the public buildings, and issued pay to the soldiers of the insurrection. Fortunately the arrival of the regular troops prevented the insurgents from organising themselves any further, and they were speedily driven out of the town. The agitation in the island, however, has in no degree diminished, and the Government has become so alarmed at the persistence of the movement that it has sent 30,000 troops to keep it down. This, together with the large force which is still engaged against the brigands in Calabria, will create a formidable obstacle to the fulfilment of the economical designs of the Government. Although in neither case is there any real wish for separation from the kingdom of Italy, it seems certain that in both there are Bourbonist agencies at work, which will prolong the resistance to the authority of the Government, and delay those reductions in the army which can alone effectually relieve Italy in the financial crisis from which she is suffering.

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The period of the fulfilment of the September Convention is rapidly approaching, notwithstanding which the POPE shows no sign of abandoning his attitude of passive protest. The French troops are to leave Rome in December, and the coldness with which the Papal legion which has been enlisted at Antibes has been received by the Roman people, shows how little chance there is of its being able to fulfil its mission of preserving the temporal power. At the Vatican there is much diversity of opinion as to the course which the Pope should adopt, but the most influential of his advisers continue to recommend him to withdraw to Malta. The Emperor Napoleon, on the other hand, makes every effort to induce his Holiness to reconcile himself with his people by secularising the Government, introducing a system of municipal administration, and amending the law, and at the same time to come to an understanding with the Government at Florence. At the latter city an attempt is being made to prevail upon the Pope to accept M. de Persigny's old idea of a "civitas leonina." By this plan the part of Rome which was erected on the right bank of the Tiber by Pope Leo would become the exclusive property of the Pope, who would also obtain a piece of land as far as Civita Vecchia, which town would be made a free port, so as to facilitate access to the Pope from all parts of the world. The remaining part of Rome, together with the provinces of Viterbo, Velletri, Frosinone, &c., would be occupied by the Italian troops. There can be no doubt, however, that this project will never be accepted by the Pope. The party of Reaction is at this moment stronger than ever at the Vatican, and all idea of a compromise with Florence is absolutely rejected. It is now pretty evident, notwithstanding the confident anticipations of Archbishop Manning, that the last hour of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes is at hand, and that Pius IX. will only precipitate his fall by obstinately refusing to yield to the force of events.

While the question of reform is still almost entirely absorbing the attention of English politicians, those of SWEDEN and DENMARK have at length brought it, in their own countries, to a practical solution. By the new electoral law adopted in Sweden, the parliament is to consist in future of two chambers, which will meet annually, and are to take the place of the old diets, composed of the four estates, which met only every three years. The first chamber, which consists chiefly of the representatives of the aristocracy, the landed interest, the capitalists, and the clergy, is elected by the provincial assemblies. The elections for the second chamber take place in the towns and country districts, and it is made optional for each district either to adopt the system of direct election or of electoral colleges. In the towns the direct mode of election has been chiefly adopted. The result of the elections which have just been concluded has been to make the first chamber a sort of house of peers, containing a great number of men who have attained to high rank in consequence of the eminent services they have rendered to the country, but at the same time not excluding men who, though not belonging to the aristocracy, are regarded, because of their wealth or natural abilities, as fit representatives of the capital and intelligence of the provinces; while the second chamber is a far more democratic assembly, consisting for the most part of peasants and representatives of the artisan class. Such a political organisation would, among a people less orderly and naturally conservative than the Swedes, probably lead to

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anarchy and revolution; in Sweden it is generally acknowledged to be the most satisfactory solution of the political difficulties which have for the last few years distracted the country.

In Denmark the new constitution which is now in force was made the law of the country last July. Before that date there were two constitutions in Denmark: that for Jutland and the Danish islands, which is dated 5th of June, 1849; and that of the 18th November, 1863, which was to apply to Denmark proper and the Duchy of Schleswig. It will be remembered that the last of these constitutions was the indirect cause of the Danish war, the Germans having made it their chief ground of quarrel with Denmark that by adopting the above constitution she had separated Schleswig from Holstein, and incorporated the former duchy with her other territories, while they claimed it as German territory, and insisted on the right of the two duchies to remain united. Under these constitutions there were two representative assemblies in Denmark, each with two chambers: the Rigsraad, which legislated for Jutland and the Danish islands (and also for Schleswig, until it was taken from Denmark); and the Rigsdag, which was the parliament of Denmark proper, the two Parliaments sitting on alternate days. This cumbrous legislative machinery naturally produced great evils, but its very cumbrousness rendered it extremely difficult to alter it. The new constitution could by the law only be introduced after it had been adopted by both houses of both the Rigsraad and the Rigsdag; and although the latter assembly voted it in three consecutive sessions, it was not until last November, and after repeated angry debates, dissolutions, and changes of ministry, that the Rigsraad also consented to its passing.

By the new constitution there is to be one parliament only for the whole monarchy, with an upper house, called the Landsthing, and a lower house, called the Folksthing. The upper house is to be elected by persons who pay a certain sum yearly in taxes, and the lower by universal suffrage. The Lutheran Church is recognised as the national church of Denmark. All the officials are to be appointed by the King; who, besides sharing the legislative power with the chambers, has the right of declaring war and making peace, together with the privilege of pardon, and of dissolving either or both of the chambers. In the lower house there is one member for every 16,000 inhabitants. The upper house consists of sixty-six members, twelve of whom are appointed for life by the Crown from among the deputies or the *corps diplomatique*, and the remainder are appointed for eight years. The latter may, however, be re-appointed every four years. The Parliament, or Rigsdag, meets on the first Monday in October every year, unless when convoked before that date. All bills require the sanction of the King before they can become law. The judges are immovable, except when they become unfitted for their duties by reason of age or mental incapacity. All class privileges are abolished, and every man capable of bearing arms is bound, when necessary, to assist in person in the defence of his country. This constitution, like that of Sweden, is, it will be seen, of a very democratic character, and the violent party struggles by which Denmark has been torn of late years hardly justify the belief that the Danish people will use the great powers entrusted to them with moderation. At any rate, it will be especially interesting to Englishmen to watch the results of the important political experiment now being tried by two nations akin to them in race, and in many respects similar to them in character and political tendencies.

Oct. 11.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Life and Death of Jeanne D'Arc. By Harriet Parr. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is a very pleasant book, well worth the reading in both those matters which are essential to the worth of such a book. The reading of it is in itself a pleasure; and it succeeds in conveying instruction and conviction on a subject which, though remote, still possesses great interest. The generality of reading men and women in these days would not care to wade through a dull book about Joan of Arc, let that book be ever so true. And yet there are not, perhaps, many men and women sufficiently well acquainted with the details of the Maid's life to make some additional knowledge respecting it altogether unnecessary to them. If such be the case, Miss Parr's book ought to be successful.

It may be well that she should bear in mind, in reference to future undertakings of the same kind, that plain speaking and sufficient speaking in regard to dates is very desirable. The terms Epiphany and Ascension do not to many readers, even in this Christian country, convey as plainly, as no doubt they should do, the exact period of the year. And I think, too, it will be found that although nearly all the Maid's great doings were performed in the year 1429, that date, in figures, is not once mentioned.

The wonderful deeds, the heroic life, the great success, the fame, and the once alleged infamy of the Maid, together with the simple fact of her martyrdom under the hands of Churchmen attached to the English party in France, in the early days of our Henry VI., are known to all readers of history. That which we now learn so pleasantly from Miss Parr has reference specially to Jeanne's own character and to the details of her career: the manner in which she was called to her career, and the means by which she entered on it; the shortness and brilliancy and strength, and indeed weakness of her life, while she was so engaged; and then the mode of her capture, the nature of her trial, and the scene of her death. She was born in Lorraine, in the early spring of 1412, and was not therefore a Frenchwoman. We find her continually speaking of "going into France." She was burned at the stake in Rouen, in May, 1431, when she was little more than nineteen years old. And of that short life the last year had been spent, chained, in prison. Her triumphs, therefore, were not long for herself, nor was there allowed to her much personal enjoyment of the prestige of her glory. Had there been less even than there was, the bitterness of her fate might perhaps have been averted. She was the daughter of what we may call a small farmer, and spent her childhood among cattle and trees and spinning wheels. Whatever Miss Parr tells us of the remainder of her early years must be taken as in some degree doubtful. It was probably the case that a girl who at seventeen was so decided in her purpose, and decided in a purpose so strange, should not at twelve or fourteen have been quite like other girls; and that perhaps is all that we have a right to say. At the age of seventeen her history begins. She then told those around her that she heard "voices," and had a "counsel." The voices were the voices of Katherine and St. Margaret, and the counsel was the counsel of God. Her voices and her counsel told her to go into France to King Charles,—King Charles VII., who in those days sadly wanted somebody to go to him,—and

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to relieve Orleans, which was besieged by the English; and to take the uncrowned king to Rheims, and crown him there; and to drive the English out of France. But how was she to get to the king, and how was she to begin to do these things?

The greatest marvel of Jeanne's life is that she did make her way to the king, and had herself apparelled as a warrior, and got herself passed as it were by juries of priests and of matrons,—as good Catholic and good maid,—and got herself put in command of soldiers, by the mere force of her will and the eloquence of her words. She was asked to show a sign,—something to let kings and ministers, priests and matrons, know that she had counsel direct from God. But she had none to show. There was no attempt, first or last, either on her own part or on the part of those who upheld her, to pass her off upon the people by the aid of ecclesiastical pretences. There was no miracle-mongering. The people, including the poor king, were sorely in want. If any one would come to their aid, it might do something. Jeanne, inspired by her voices, against the wish of father and mother, made her way to the commandant of a neighbouring strong town. Repulsed once, she did so again, and so talked to the commandant and those around him that she got herself passed on to the king. The king saw her, and sent her to be examined by priests and matrons, who declared that, for aught they could say, she was a good girl. She thus speaks to an abbot who went to examine her: "You are come to question me again. Listen. I know neither A nor B; but only that I am sent on the part of the King of heaven to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the king." So they armed her like a man and a knight, and sent her to Orleans with an army to relieve the city. The outworks of the English were assaulted, and the city was relieved. Provisions were taken in, and the English were driven out of the Orleans country. It does not seem that her military commands were literally obeyed,—if even obeyed at all; but she was there, fighting in the foremost, and the knowledge that she was there gave to the French soldiers the spirit that made them successful. During the days subsequent to her great success, the people tried to worship her after a fashion, kissing her garments and her hand. For this she was rebuked by an abbot, who told her that such honours did not belong to her. We can fancy that poor Jeanne in her triumph had admitted the kissing of her hands,—as who would not? We have heard that Mr. Spurgeon has had his hands kissed liberally by ladies who have thought him half divine. "In truth," said Jeanne to the abbot, "I know not how to keep me, unless God will keep me."

Then she carried the king to Rheims, and had him crowned there. Charles VII. was a poor creature,—as poor nearly as a king might be, and was ever putting her extreme loyalty to the severest tests. It must have been very hard to be loyal to such a fainéant coward. But Jeanne recognised him as King of France, and in obedience to her voices, had him crowned as such duly in the chief church of his empire. Charles, though he believed in her and liked her, only believed in her a little, and only liked her a little. He did perhaps in that way all that his nature could. In none of her difficulties did he attempt to relieve her, and in her final difficulty he made no sign. He was crowned July 14th, 1429, within four or five months of the day on which Jeanne had left her home as a peasant; and she, with her wondrous banner, armed as a knight, and honoured of all, stood nearest to him when he was crowned.

After that she went with the French army to Paris, which was held by the

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English, and by the English-French. Thence she was repulsed, and had after that but little of the joy of success. One other victory she gained, or the French gained with her aid,—that was the taking of St. Pierre le Moustier. This town was stormed in the autumn of her one eventful year, and then during the winter they made her and her kith and kin, nobles. She had the household, we are told, of a count, and a count's means, and she wore a long and stately robe over her man's armour, with her hair trimmed round, "her hat looped, her tunic short, and her scarlet hose fastened with a multiplicity of tags." Poor Jeanne! One's heart bleeds, even after four hundred years, as one thinks of the young bosom beneath the robe and the armour, and the feverish, fitful, doubting ambition with which she saw those tags fastened on to her legs. She knew, poor girl, that her voices did not tell her to be so bedizened. Then in the spring she went fighting again, amidst those armed towns and petty fortresses, and in making a sally she got taken, by Jean of Luxembourg, before Compiègne. That was on the 25th May, 1430. She had been at it just a year, and that was the end of it. All her fame has come from twelve months' work, and at the end of that twelve months the French were hardly better off than before. Orleans was better off, and the king had been crowned; that was about all,—unless indeed the people had been taught that the English were after all not such wonderful men-at-arms.

Miss Parr's second volume tells us of the Maid's trial and her death. From its nature this part of her narrative is not so full of story as the former volume, and the details of the trial are long; but, nevertheless, the reader will find nothing to skip, and will not be fatigued. The present interest in the question of Joan of Arc lies chiefly in the circumstances of this trial, and in the judgment which we are to form of the doings of the persons concerned in it. And in forming this judgment we shall form not only our judgment on the character of Jeanne herself,—whether she was a witch or an angel, a good young woman or a depraved young woman,—whether her strength came from God, or devil, or from her own gifts, or simply from the weakness of France; but we shall also come to some conclusion in our minds as to what an honest man would have thought of her, who living in those days, and with such lights as he might then have had around him, wished to think and to do as God would have him think and do. In this really is the issue which is raised, and on this point I do not altogether find myself agreeing with Miss Parr, who in her fervid admiration for Jeanne, with her warm sympathy and true feeling of honest partizanship, has taught herself to think that no one in the whole matter was good except Jeanne,—unless so far as any one in mercy may have extended a hand to help Jeanne in her extremity.

That Jeanne was a pure virgin and thoroughly moral in the conduct of her life may be taken as granted without further words, because her enemies have so acknowledged. Her offence, that for which she was burned, was offence against the Church, and not offence against man. It is horrid to us that any one should ever have been burned for such an offence. If any man tell us even in these days that he himself is God, we do not burn him,—but laugh at him. But that has nothing to do with the question. Many have been burned since poor Jeanne's time in other countries besides France for offences against the Church.

When Jeanne was taken by Jean of Luxembourg, she was sold as a prisoner of war to the English, and by them given up to the authorities of the Church.

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Whether this was handsome conduct on the part of Jean, or of the English, can hardly be judged by any of the rules of war. The rules of war did not refer to women who went to war as messengers from God. Even though, at that day, she had used and had attempted to use no miracle among her own people, how was it not to be believed by those opposed to her that she was, or pretended to be, miraculous? And, indeed, she herself thought that her voices from heaven were miraculous. We may know, having had further teaching than came in the way even of bishops in those days, that a man does not do a good day's work without a voice from God, and that Jeanne's voices were the promptings of a great and eager spirit: but she did not think so,—nor did her own people, who worshipped her as God. And was it not as reasonable that her enemies should regard her as a devil? One cannot see, looking at men as men then were, what they could have done with her but give her up to the Church.

But her trial was no easy matter, and was compassed with great care and much ceremony. That the Bishop of Beauvois, who was her judge and prosecutor,—and, no doubt also, her enemy, as Miss Parr declares,—was cruel and unscrupulous as well as clever, is most probable. Such was the character of many Churchmen of the day. That the bishop sincerely believed that such a one as Jeanne was detrimental to the interests of the Church,—that she was, as such, worse than woman, and should be put away,—that the destruction of her by fire would be beneficial to the Church which was so good a thing for him, and in which he believed as being good for others,—there is nothing in Miss Parr's story to make us doubt. A woman was before him who declared that she had special voices from God,—that she was specially visited by saints,—that she was enabled by God to prophesy the future of France, and to prophesy it in opposition to his wishes,—a woman whose ideas of religion were altogether antagonistic to his own! What in those days could he do but burn her? When Miss Parr thinks of the millennium, does she ever reflect how much of it has come already, as she remembers the difference that four hundred years have made?

The three points strongly urged against Jeanne at her trial were the hearing of the voices,—as to which the judges seem to have felt that they could not make much, unless she would say that the voices were accompanied by some sign; the wearing of male clothes,—as to which no force seems to have applied to her even in prison; and the sign which she said that she showed to the king. On the latter point, in her bewilderment among her judges, she at last was false; or, as Miss Parr puts it, with admirable correctness of description, she plunged "into a figurative narrative of the scene at the Castle at Chinon, justified to her own conscience probably." She told how an angel had come to the king with a crown, very rich; and that the angel was seen by others besides herself,—whom she named; and that the crown was seen by many who did not see the angel.

The most piteous touches of all during the trial are those which have reference to her desire to hear mass and take the sacrament, and the conditions on which this comfort was offered to her. Would she put off her male clothing? Yes; she would for a day—if she might go clothed, not as a peasant, but in the raiment of a woman who had stood well in the world. But no; that would not suffice; and in the end she heard no mass and had no sacrament. And then she abjured—and then she relapsed. It is all most touching. "Would she submit

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to the Church?" Not at the expense of her voices,—of the religion of her past life,—of her belief! And yet she longed to live. "If you will take me out of my chains, and let me go to mass, and put me into a quiet prison,"—where she should not have insolent men with her,—"and give me a woman to keep me, I *will* be good. I will do what the Church bids me." If Miss Parr quoted these words with dry eyes, I am mistaken.

Of course she was condemned. Of course she was burned. For such a career what other end was there? She did great deeds. She lived a life pure, noble, generous, and great; and we can only hope on her behalf, after some dim fashion, that the sweetness of the ultimate triumph of her purity and greatness may reach and comfort her spirit. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

ESSAYS FOR THE TIMES ON ECCLESIASTICAL AND SOCIAL SUBJECTS. By J. H. RIGG, D.D., author of "Modern Anglican Theology." London, 1866.

THERE was talk once at the Leipzig Book Fair of a Review of Reviews, and though that project seems to have come happily to nothing, the critic drudge of these days can nowise escape the task, seldom profitable or pleasant, of reviewing reviews. A good review should contain the distilled essence of a book; a good review of the review should give the quintessence of the essence; and the process of distillation is likely to be as trying to the critic as the result is unsatisfactory to the public. Nothing remains for the former but a more or less frank evasion of the difficulty. Such will be my course on the present occasion. I shall not endeavour to present an epitome of these collected Review articles of Dr. Rigg's, but shall content myself with one or two remarks on special points, adding something in the way of brief general characterisation.

Dr. Rigg is known in the theological world by a spirited defence of the old orthodoxy against those clergymen and laymen of the Church of England who seem to him its covert assailants or injudicious allies. He is one of the most influential and solidly able men in the Wesleyan community; and these essays, republished as they are from the *London Quarterly Review*, the chief literary organ of the Methodists in England, possess an interest additional to that derived from their intrinsic vigour and animation, as revealing the character, quality, and tendencies of thought in the more cultivated and intelligent circles of Wesleyan Methodism. Dr. Rigg discusses at some length the relations of the Wesleyan community to the Established Church, glancing necessarily, as he proceeds, at their relations to other Nonconformists; and his conclusions are, on the whole, rational and satisfactory. "Methodism," says Dr. Rigg, "means close and lively Christian fellowship—class meetings and prayer meetings." In other words, it rests mainly neither upon doctrinal peculiarity nor upon form of ecclesiastical government, but upon cultivation of the religious emotions, elaborate fostering of devout enthusiasm—development, invigoration, quickening of Christian life. The simplicity and definiteness of this aim confer great benefit upon the Wesleyans. They know the basis on which they stand; they have consciously and deliberately chosen it; and friends and foes can clearly apprehend it. The position of the larger portion of English Nonconformists is one into which they have drifted from their old moorings, and which is by no means so well defined. More than twenty years ago John Sterling remarked "that of the Puritans not a trace remains except in history," and that no successors are to be found in England

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to "the fellows who sought the Lord by the light of their own pistol-shots." This was one of those sharp, sure glances, by which Sterling, a man of fine though not strong genius, saw occasionally into an important fact. The two main elements in the impulse which acted upon the Puritans of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were rigid, literal Biblicism, which shrank as from deadly sin from the adoption in Divine worship of any ceremony not expressly enjoined in Scripture, and intense hostility to that Papal authority which, during those centuries, put into operation all the enginery of diplomatic intrigue and military prowess to crush the Reformation. Neither of these *momenta* of old Puritanism has now any force in England. Not one Nonconformist in ten thousand has a conscientious objection to those ceremonies of the Church against which his fathers bore testimony to the death; and though Mr. Whalley has views as to the danger to which England is exposed from an invasion of Fenians headed by the Pope, most of us believe that the peril which threatens us from Rome is as shadowy as the fear that Philip II. will rise from the dead. Add that the Westbury decisions and the Act recently passed on clerical subscription have practically thrown the Church of England open to every form of theological belief which does not explicitly reject catholic doctrine; and it will become evident that the old grounds of English Nonconformity have been effectually cut from beneath the feet of modern Nonconformists. The great body of Independents have accordingly fallen back upon, or gone forward to, the position that the Church ought to receive no endowment from the State. On a belief in the sacred duty of kings *not* to endow religion, assisted by the natural love of Englishmen for anarchic self-assertion, English Nonconformity now, for the most part, takes its stand. The Wesleyan, laying stress upon the practical part of religion and elaborating his apparatus for the promotion of spiritual enthusiasm, has no temptation to anti-State Churchism, and can look with respect upon an ecclesiastical establishment to the operations of which his own may be viewed as normally supplemental.

It must be confessed that these essays bear trace of haste both in thought and composition. Dr. Rigg is a hard-worked man, co-operating in all the schemes of his denomination, literary and religious, and prosecuting with extraordinary ardour and success the duties of a preacher and pastor. Under these circumstances we cannot be surprised if we occasionally miss that exact balancing of evidence, and that nice precision of thought, which are the only safeguards from popular and rhetorical fallacies. In one of the pieces, for example —an address or lecture delivered to the Young Men's Christian Association— we find Dr. Rigg indulging in somewhat vague and declamatory statements relating to the all-importance of Christianity in modern civilisation. To Christianity, by which Dr. Rigg must be supposed to mean the Christian Church, we are to impute everything of value that has been achieved in modern times. "Christianity has abolished serfdom, blotted out the savage laws which disgraced all the statute-books of Europe, made law in most European lands common and equal for all of every class; she has humanised manners, put an end to judicial combats, abated, and in this country all but abolished, duelling, and, except in such unhappy Popish countries as Spain and Italy, done away with hereditary blood-feuds and revenges; she has mitigated the evils of war, and put a stop, in Western Europe at least, to mere wars of conquest or aggrandisement; she has induced the leading nations to make costly provision for the wants of the unemployed poor; has scattered over the land alms-houses, hospitals, and charitable institutions of every kind; she has in most countries

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abolished, and everywhere greatly diminished the slave trade, and throughout a great part of the world has extinguished slavery itself." This is loose and unscientific. I should be the last to dispute Mr. Carlyle's position that Christianity is the life and soul of modern culture, or to deny that the Church, expressly so-called, has been justly classed by Guizot among the most important agencies in European civilisation. But it is unfair to deny that very much of which we are honourably proud in modern habit, sentiment, and general form of life and thought, is due to men who, in the eye of the Church, were vehemently heterodox or altogether infidel. Two hundred years ago no Christian Church or nation was tolerant; to-day most Christians are cordially and congenially tolerant; but whether the doctrine of toleration would have reached its place of universal acceptance among us, had it not been aided by Locke and Voltaire, is a question. Dr. Rigg carries to the credit of Christianity, also, everything that has been done by medical and sanitary science. In this there is some truth. The Christian law of unlimited faith in kindness has been the tap-root of the tree of life in the garden of the modern world. Even in men who declared against Christianity, its spirit has worked. But the Christianity which has been beyond the pale of any known Church or sect has assuredly contributed its share to modern civilisation, and if Dr. Rigg holds manfully to his theorem that everything in the progress of the world is due to Christianity, he must find a place in the temple for Voltaire and Diderot, Kant and Fichte, Goethe and Carlyle. Dr. Rigg's eloquent felicitation of the Christian young men of London on the end put to wars of conquest in Western Europe, has received a still more eloquent commentary in the ten days' campaign of Bismarck.

Another instance of slip-shod thinking occurs in Dr. Rigg's remarks upon a belief in miracles as connected with faith in a personal God. "If there be a personal God," he says, "miracles fall easily into place as a part of His manifestations, as in harmony with the highest law of His character and government." There is a sense in which this is, I think, correct. If you accept a miracle as a fact, your knowledge of God's existence and of His providential government of the world, as revealed in Scripture, may assist you in fitting it into its place in the scheme of things. But if it is your object to obtain evidence, sustainable in the court of scientific criticism, that a miracle *is* a fact—and if you admit, which you ought not to do, as bearing upon that evidence, *any* hypothesis of the Divine, then that of a personal, all-wise, omnipotent God will not only refuse to assist you, but will stand in your way more than any other. There is no reason in the world why an Atheist or Pantheist should not believe in a miracle as readily as in any other fact; but a Theist is bound to sift with reverent severity and strictness the evidence for so startling a phenomenon. Try it. A miracle is a deviation from, or suspension of, the order of sequence in the physical world. On the atheistic hypothesis the force carrying on the sequence in question is unintelligent, blind, dead, fortuitous. The faintest nexus of actual power connecting the phenomena of the universe is on this theory undiscoverable. The most aerial and evanescent thrill of purpose,—the most delicate and untraceable pulse of intention,—would be the entrance of mind into the universe, and the atheistic theory would collapse in an instant. Work out the logic of Atheism, and it will tell you that you know exclusively the present and the past. Of the future you have no surmise. Atheism cannot promise. How can there be promise where there is no life, no thought, no consciousness, no will? Man's faith in

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the constancy of nature on the atheistic hypothesis is, in strict scientific valuation, nothing more, and nothing else, than the animal faculty of habit which brings the dog to his hutch at the feeding hour. The dog knows no *reason* why his food should be appointed him, but he found it yesterday, and he instinctively trusts that he will find it to-day. The clown falls asleep on the crater of a volcano, secure in the knowledge that there has been no eruption in the last fifty years: but there is an eruption in the night, and his expectation, based on no reason, is disappointed. To pronounce upon the constancy of nature, in a dead and mindless universe, because sequence has been observed to take a certain order during the momentary glimpse of seventy years—the momentary glimpse in relation to the age of the universe of the few thousand years we can partially rescue from oblivion—is to practise the logic at which the old Greeks used to laugh, of buying a crow to see whether it will live two hundred years. The crow in our case has lived, say, a year; can we infer that it will live eternally? If not, the Atheist, knowing only the fact that nature has been constant for so long, cannot conclude therefrom that its constancy will be everlasting. Atheism, accordingly, can assign no grounds for believing that a miracle will not occur at any moment, or that the universe of the future will bear any resemblance to the universe of the past. The Pantheist, in the next place, sees in the universe a perpetually evolved, perpetually manifested God, and no cause can be shown why this evolution, impersonal and unconscious, should not run into the most capricious freaks of miracle and portent. But if we hold that the chains of physical sequence, stretching in million million links across the starry spaces, and drawing the fine infinitude of their reticulation through the grass at our feet, are but the golden reins by which, in mystic wave-like dance of modulated harmony, the chariot of the universe is guided by the living God,—and if every occurrence in the world of humanity has been foreseen and pre-arranged by Him,—it *is* startling to be told that a power has been exerted cutting the asbestos thread asunder, and cancelling for the time the mode chosen by the Most High for the exertion of his energy. That it should be one and the same Power which bloomed in the fig tree and which blasted the fig tree, does at first surprise us. Dr. Rigg would not attempt to escape the difficulty by setting the universe *apart* from God, and adopting the theory of a Demiurgus, first constructing the world-machine, and then sitting by to see it go. Such an hypothesis implies that God is less than the universe, not omnipresent, not omniscient, and is therefore essentially idolatrous. The argument against miracles *à priori*, on the theory of a personal God, has been fully argued out in Germany; and the sole, but quite satisfactory, answer to it is, that in investigating facts of whatever kind, those called natural or those called supernatural, we are to proceed upon the evidence appropriate to the case, and to have regard to no *à priori* theory whatever. Christ's miracles admit, I believe, of proof as valid as that of any scientific or historical facts, and all hypothesis on the subject is superfluous.

But I have lingered too long on the defects of these essays. They have many and substantial merits. A liberal and genial spirit pervades them, and they burn with a fine wholesome intensity of religious faith and feeling. The subjects are various, and the treatment is generally sound and forcible. On the Vocation and Training of the Clergy, and on the Origin, Causes, and Cure of Pauperism, Dr. Rigg's views are manly and sensible. His voice is for the higher culture of the clergy and their social elevation; and, in accordance with

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all the better and bolder among modern economists, he lays great stress, in dealing with the problem of pauperism, on giving the working man a decent dwelling, his own if possible, and an interest in the land.

PETER BAYNE.

GREAT YARMOUTH AND LOWESTOFT; A HANDBOOK FOR VISITORS AND RESIDENTS. With Chapters on the Archæology, Natural History, &c., of the District; a History with Statistics of the East Coast Herring Fishery; and an Etymological and Comparative Glossary of the Dialect of East Anglia. By JOHN GREAVES NALL. Longmans. 1866.

THE good fame of Yarmouth has been severely damaged of late, but the taint of political impurity is chronic, and of old standing. In 1834, on the return of Mr. Thomas Baring and that brilliant verse-maker Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the committee appointed to investigate the petition against their return stated that it was the custom, whether the candidate lost or won, to give every voter who applied for it the sum of two guineas. In 1848, an Act was passed depriving the freemen of Yarmouth of their votes, on the ground of corruption; and in 1853 the town is described, in Dod's "Electoral Facts," as "an open borough, in which money is said to be the best friend." In this respect the town has a foul name, and seems likely to retain it. But, notwithstanding its degradation as a borough, Yarmouth is a place of renown. It has been painted by Turner, sung of by Crabbe, described with curious felicity by Ruskin. It boasts, with the exception of Seville, the finest quay in Europe, a magnificent haven, and the largest parish church in England. It is the head-quarters of one of our most famous fisheries, and is also a fashionable watering-place, with balls, assembly rooms, circulating libraries, and a race-course. It is said to be the healthiest town in the country, and is one of the liveliest towns upon the coast; with a fine beach, good sands, a jetty (beloved of artists and famous upon canvas); river, lake, and ocean for bathing and boating, pleasant roads for driving, and many other attractions which the tourist will duly appreciate.

Lowestoft also, with fine sands and esplanade, cheerful scenery, and a salubrious climate, has much to recommend it; and a good Handbook of these fashionable resorts, which as yet have been unvisited by "Murray," is a desideratum.

Mr. Nall's volume has great merits, but it has also defects which are likely to obscure them. It bears the marks of untiring industry and research, of much reading and careful investigation. The author states that he has been engaged upon it for a long time, and his work confirms his statement. But in his anxiety that nothing should be omitted, too much has been attempted. The book is ill adapted for the ordinary tourist. It consists of more than 700 closely-printed pages, of which about 150 are devoted to the Herring Fishery, and more than 250 to the dialect and provincialisms of East Anglia. On these subjects Mr. Nall writes copiously and well, and the information he has so skilfully collected will always be of value. But, unfortunately, it is not of value in a guide-book, and, being out of place, will be unappreciated. Mr. Nall himself seems to have had some fear of taxing too severely the patience of his public, for he informs us in the introduction that two editions of the volume have been prepared, the cheaper and more condensed being for visitors, and the enlarged edition, with plates, for the resident inhabitants. This idea, however, was afterwards abandoned, or has not yet been carried out. JOHN DENNIS.

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ELIZABETH AND HER ENGLAND.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a stronger contrast than that between the spirit of Mr. Froude's history[1] and the spirit of the age of which he is the historian. We scarcely realise how great is the advance of knowledge, the change in our methods of investigation and canons of criticism, and the total alteration in the habits, and judgments, and ideals of the English people since the Tudor period, until some such history as Mr. Froude's brings us face to face with that past which seems so completely to have vanished away. Natural philosophy has a region of its own, and is not compelled even so much as to recognise those earlier efforts, which in comparison with modern discoveries and achievements are scarcely worth remembering. Even metaphysics are so separated from other departments of study, that it is thought possible to teach the philosophy of substance and attribute, without so much as an indirect censure or approval of the doctrine of transubstantiation. To the astronomer or the chemist all religions are of equal importance, or equally of no importance; and the very origin of species is discussed without an allusion to the Mosaic cosmogony. But the historian of the England of Elizabeth finds himself among men to whom theological dogmas and ecclesiastical systems seemed to be the only things worth regarding. It was not asked whether men were good or bad, true or treacherous; it was only beginning to be asked whether foreign alliances and domestic laws were or were not for the good of the nation; but the question which was always asked concerning every individual and every policy was this: How is it related to religion—to the old creed of the Roman Church, or the reformed doctrines of Christ's Gospel? The unmistakable

(1) History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By J. A. Froude, M.A. Vols. ix. and x. London: Longmans. 1866.

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earnestness with which this question was asked, even by men whose own characters were black with every imaginable infamy, is one of the most astounding marvels of all history.

"Through Christ," says Mr. Froude,[1] "came charity and mercy. From theology came strife and hatred, and that fatal root of bitterness, of which our Lord spoke himself in the mournful prophecy, that he had not come to send peace on earth, but a sword. When his name and his words had been preached for fifteen centuries, there were none found who could tolerate difference of opinion on the operation of Baptism, or on the nature of his presence in the Eucharist; none, or at least none but the hard-hearted children of the world. The more religious any man was, the more eager was he to put away by fire and sword all those whose convictions differed from his own.

"The Reformation was the beginning of a new order of things. The recognition that false dogmas had for many centuries been violently intruded upon mankind, and the consequent revolt against the authority which imposed them, were in reality a protest against the dogmatic system, and an admission of the rights of conscience. When the visible unity of the Church was once broken, the multitude of the opinions which ensued compelled their reciprocal toleration; and the experience that men of different persuasions can live together with mutual advantage and mutual respect, has untwisted slowly the grasp of the theological fingers from the human throat. The truth again begins to be felt, though as yet it can hardly be avowed, that religion does not consist in an assent to propositions; that the essence of it is something which is held alike by Catholic and Anglican, Arminian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Samaritan, or Jew."

This passage contains the grand moral of Mr. Froude's history; while it also explains his singular impartiality. There is, indeed, an impartiality which is destructive of all real insight into the motives and characters of men, and into the nature and tendency of great social and political movements. Such an impartiality degenerates always into a cynical indifference, and turns history into satire. No honest man can regard with equal approval high-spirited, self-sacrificing patriots, and the mean and selfish cowards who have been ever eager to sell their country for their own gain. No wise man can pretend to be indifferent when he is called upon to judge between a policy or legislation which tends to promote the general well-being of a people, and the wretched misgovernment which glorifies and enriches the few by robbing and demoralising the great mass of society. The great principle of utility, and that moral law to which the test of utility has guided every thoughtful observer, can no more be neglected without baseness in literature than in life. Mr. Froude's sympathies are not only undisguisedly on the side of common goodness and common honesty, but he writes almost as if he had come into personal living intercourse with the princes and statesmen and soldiers of the Tudor period. It cannot be doubted that to him Cecil is a personal friend, a man whose reputation he would guard as carefully as his own. It is plain, too, that he regards

(1) Froude, ix. p. 303.

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Elizabeth, in spite of all her weakness of character, and the strange twist in her moral nature which seemed to render it "impossible for her to journey along a straight road anywhere," as a grand, heroic woman—the very centre of the new life and movement of the Reformation age. To him also John Knox is a prophet of the living God; and Mary Stuart, in the deepest sense, an anti-Christ—almost an incarnate devil. Yet his impartiality consists in this, that he would no more bear false witness on one side or the other, than he would perjure himself to-morrow in a common English witness-box. He will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" and the reason why he is able to maintain this strict justice is precisely this, that he has himself learned the lesson of the Reformation—the lesson that religion is greater than dogmas, and that men are to be judged by their works, and not by their creeds. How hard it is to learn this lesson can be realised only by those who have had to fight their own way through bigotry and intolerance, and who have found for themselves that even now the English people owe their liberties, not to the Church, but to the world; not to the convocation of the clergy, but to the Commons' House of Parliament; not to the archbishops and bishops, but to the judges in the secular courts.

The last two volumes of Mr. Froude's history embrace only the short period of seven years; and these seven years were years not so much of revolution producing by a single effort clearly defined results, as years of transition and growth. There was scarcely a single question of vital importance which had even approached to a solution. Whether England should be Catholic or Protestant; and if Protestant, whether Anglican or Puritan; whether the nation should adhere to the Spanish alliance or seek the alliance of France; whether the Protestants who were disturbing the peace of Europe should be helped or left to perish; what should be done with Ireland; whether the Queen of Scots should be restored to her throne or beheaded—no English statesman during the seven years of which Mr. Froude's last volumes contain the history could have answered these questions. Even Cecil, with a wisdom and integrity, an insight and a foresight, quite unmatched by any other of Elizabeth's statesmen, was frequently bewildered. And yet these questions were so vital that each or all of them were but another form of the one great question for the English people, Shall there continue to be an English people at all?

On the other hand—as Mr. Froude, better than any other historian, has shown—the uncertainty arose, not from the decay of English intellect and English godliness, but from the vitality of the English people. There was no policy in those years of hesitation and contradiction for which some good reason could not be urged.

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The nation was growing; but the new and the old were so intimately and vitally connected that they could not be torn asunder. Even among the rebels there were men both honest and wise, Catholics and Protestants, friends of the Queen of Scots, and friends of the regent, and of the infant king. All could appeal to some sacred precedent, or to the utility of change; the inalienable right of kings, or the yet more inalienable right of whole nations; the infallibility of the Church, or the divine glory of human reason. With so much going, and so much coming, even the wisest could scarcely find their way to their own true home.

And this may help us to understand the universal and loathsome treachery of which every statesman of every party was continually guilty. Alone among men, John Knox refused to bow down and worship the spirit of evil. Doubtless the kingdoms of this world were to become the kingdom of God and of His Christ; but if Almighty God, in His divine patience, could wait through long years for so great a triumph, much more could John Knox. He would not tell a lie even to save a soul, nor condescend to the treachery and dishonesty of the statesmen of his day even for the sake of the whole Scotch nation. Cecil, too, was a deceiver under protest. He felt that he lived in the midst of diplomatic war, wherein, all trust having been destroyed, treachery had become impossible. But for the most part men revelled in dishonesty, and lied as if lying were the final cause of the faculty of speech. In the ordinary intercourse of society, no human being would be tolerated for a single day who could condescend to the meannesses which were practised without remorse and without shame by every statesman in Europe in the reign of Elizabeth. Elizabeth herself was so stupendous a liar that even her own best friends never knew when to believe her or when to trust her. She lied to Leicester, she lied to Cecil, she lied to the Council, she lied to the Parliament, she lied to the Queen of Scots, she lied to the Regent, she lied to Maitland, she lied to Spain, and to France, and to Austria, and to the Pope, she lied right and left, thick and thin, year after year, though her lying nearly cost her her own throne, devastated Scotland with civil war, and deluged France with the blood of the Huguenots. Such was the spirit of the age, that, compared with the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Stuart, compared even with the French and Spanish ambassadors, Elizabeth was transparent and sincere.

Nevertheless, in the midst of treachery and every kind of crafty "by-practices," there was also a sort of honour, an excuse for fraud, a slow process of change and growth, which made the wisdom of to-day the folly of to-morrow. Even Maitland, one of the falsest of the false men of that age, could urge apologies for his fickleness and deceit, the force of which it is impossible to deny.

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"'You ask me why I have changed my mind,' he writes to Sussex.[1] 'Have you never changed yours? Those are not the wisest men who remain always of one opinion. The skilful sailing-master applies his course as the wind and weather drive him. You speak of philosophy; I have none of it. Yet if I turned my mind that way I would not study it after the intractable discipline of the Stoics, but would rather become a student in the school where it is taught that wise men's minds must be led by probable reasons. That same firm, certain, unchangeable, and undoubting persuasion, which is requisite in matters of faith, must not be required in matters of policy; and good and evil are not such in themselves, but in their relation to other things. You say persons, cause, and matter are the same. It is not so, for time has altered many things. The affections of men are changed in both realms, and the persons are altered. The person of the late Regent was a circumstance of no small moment. And severity was a matter which might well vary with the change only of time. To sequestrate the Queen for a season might be required; to keep her all her days in prison would be rigour intolerable. Were it true that I had advised more hard dealing, yet the substance of things is not changed by our opinion. They are not good or ill, rigorous or equitable, because we think them so. I might have been wrong then, and I might be right now.'"

"I might have been wrong then, and I might be right now." For in that time of change, and clashing interests, and battling creeds, new elements were continually presenting themselves to vitiate the most cautious conclusions of the wisest statesmen. The moral law of diplomacy is hard to discover, and harder to apply; but it may perhaps be admitted that when the intercourse of states is empty of all trust, when it can be safely carried on only by the aid of intercepting letters, by spies, by the rack and the dungeon, and by universal suspicion, it had better come wholly to an end. Yet if the intercourse does continue, the man who *cannot* be trusted *ought not* to be trusted; if there are plots, there must be counter-plots, and craft must be outwitted by craft.

Perhaps the sincerest part of Elizabeth's conduct was her treatment of Mary Stuart. That treatment of her unhappy rival was indeed full of inconsistencies, but they were the result of a consistent desire to save the Queen of Scotland from the consequences of her own baseness. It is not wonderful that a princess who fascinated every man—save one—who ever came into her presence, should have had power from that scaffold, which was the dark exit from her long captivity, to fascinate posterity. Sentiment, too, is ever more abundant, easier, and more luxurious, than reason; and the portrait of Mary Stuart is to be seen over the altar of a Roman Catholic church. Political prejudice and religious bigotry have long ago transformed the woman, who was perhaps one of the worst women that ever lived, into a saint and martyr; and it is a hard and invidious task to show her to the world as she really was. But the fame of the Queen of Scots is the infamy of Elizabeth; and to canonize Mary Stuart, is to condemn the Reformation.

(1) Maitland to Sussex (condensed). Froude, x. p. 92.

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It is hopeless to fight against the prejudices of those who determine the facts of history by their theological preferences; they cannot understand the Reformation, because they are in the very position of the men who made the Reformation necessary, and who were its bitterest foes. But it may be worth while to prove, as Mr. Froude has proved with an almost superfluous completeness, that as Mary was false to everything else, false to every human being with whom she had to do, so she was false also to the Roman Catholic Church.

Her first treachery to her religion was in that foulest portion of her history, when she was wallowing in the mire of lust and cruelty with Bothwell. It was no unpardonable sin that with that profligate ruffian she had been the murderer of her own husband; that she had lured the weak, unhappy wretch to death, by tender caresses, and the kisses of Judas Iscariot. To affirm the Catholic dogmas, or to take due part in the Catholic ceremonies, was counted in those days a surer road to heaven than the keeping of God's commandments. Mary had no religion, but she had a very decided preference for the Roman make-believe; and if she was sure of anything she was sure of this—that she would be justly damned if she disobeyed the Pope, or prohibited the mass. And yet she was willing to do this—and to do it not for the peace of Scotland, not in the spirit of far-seeing toleration, or the wisdom of political expediency—but only for the sake of carnal dalliance with a worthless scoundrel. Bothwell had lost all hope of securing the favour of the Catholic party; it was needful therefore to bid the higher for the favour of the Protestants. For his sake, therefore, the queen was willing to dishonour the Catholic ritual, and to be married by a Calvinistic service. She revoked all licenses to use the Catholic services; and declared that for the future the Act of Religion of 1560, prohibiting the mass to every one, should be strictly maintained. What need to care even for the damnation of every soul in Scotland, if only she might be permitted to toy with Bothwell?

At every stage of her dark, downward journey, she was equally ready, for her own interests and for the sweetness of revenge, to forsake the old faith; and to accept any faith, or no faith at all, as might best serve her turn. At Bolton Castle, while as yet she was rather the guest than the prisoner of the too patient and credulous Elizabeth, the fervour of her Protestant piety had almost deceived Sir Francis Knollys. "Surely," he wrote to Cecil,[1] "this queen doth seem outwardly not only to favour the form, but also the chief articles of the Gospel, namely, justification by faith only; and she heareth the faults of Papistry revealed by preaching or otherwise, with contented ears, and with gentle and weak replies." She con-

(1) Knollys to Cecil. Froude, ix. p. 269.

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sented, if Elizabeth would reinstate her in her realm, "to abandon the mass in Scotland, and receive the Common Prayer after the form of England." Of course she was lying. "The Queen," she wrote to De Silva,[1] "is using her advantage . . . . . . to force me and the poor Catholics to agree to a change of religion. . . . . . . For my own part I would sooner be murdered." At that time, by Papists, even Papist lies were deemed better than Protestant honesty; but that time has passed away. And surely now she can be scarcely worthy of the homage of honest men of any creed, who was ready at any moment to change her "religion," and to compel her subjects to change theirs. It is not of such material that saints and martyrs have been made.

And yet it was for this woman that, with a consistency which was compelled to assume all manner of inconsistent forms, Elizabeth was continually endangering her own throne, and risking her own life. Nothing can exceed the reckless, irritating despotism of the English Queen; and in nothing is the impartiality of Mr. Froude's history more remarkable than in his unvarnished narrative of Elizabeth's perversity. He clearly regards her with favour and admiration, and yet he leaves upon his readers the just impression that the Queen "had greatness thrust upon her;" that every one of her glories is in fact the glory of her wisest ministers; that if she had been left to herself, the Reformation would have been wrecked, and she herself assassinated. She had no princely grace; she neither knew when to be firm nor when to yield. She was, indeed, "*semper eadem;*" but she was the same, because she was consistently inconsistent; and nothing in her character or government was unchangeable but her mutability.

This despotic perverseness was perhaps least unamiable, though by no means least dangerous, in Elizabeth's treatment of the Queen of Scots; yet even here, it must not be forgotten that Elizabeth did not regard her rival only as a near kinswoman or a confiding suppliant, but rather as an anointed sovereign, in whose cause every sovereign had a personal interest. The right to rebel could never be bounded by the Scotch frontier; and Elizabeth thought far more of the danger of rebellion than of the fact that the deadliest danger of rebellion was in Mary Stuart herself.

When we hear so much of Elizabeth's nobleness, and of the queenly grace with which she made concessions when concession was necessary, it is worth while to point out under what circumstances, and in what manner, she did concede, and how and when she displayed her nobleness. It is, perhaps, to begin with, an inferior kind of virtue to *need* to concede. To avoid a conflict is surely a safer and a more dignified behaviour. Nor can it be denied that when Elizabeth

(1) Queen of Scots to De Silva. MSS. Simancas. Froude, ix. p. 268.

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quarrelled with her parliaments and her ministers they were, in almost every case, clearly right, and she was clearly wrong. It is no extravagant praise to affirm that, at the last moment, when she was brought face to face with utter destruction, she preferred a pretty speech to sheer ruin. The parliaments of Henry VIII. were exceedingly numerous; Elizabeth's parliaments were exceedingly few. They were called together reluctantly, they were hindered in their debates, they were grossly insulted at their dissolution. Only one parliament was called during the seven years, the history of which is comprised in Mr. Froude's last two volumes. It was called at a time of great danger, when a formidable rebellion had just been crushed, and when the treasons and crimes of the chief traitor, Mary Stuart, had been proved beyond all possibility of doubt. Yet even that parliament was dismissed with coldest thanks; and the only concession that could be wrung from the Queen was the too-long deferred execution of Norfolk. The Commons knew what the Queen of Scots really was—"a bosom serpent." The very least that faithful subjects could desire was her attainder. But Elizabeth stopped their proceedings.

"Her answer has not been preserved, but it was so little satisfactory that Burghley became dangerously ill with anxiety. The great minister would yield neither to objections nor to sickness. He could not stand, but he was carried in his litter to Parliament. He was carried in his litter to the Queen's presence. He strained every nerve to move her, but he still failed. The Commons had expressed impatience that Norfolk was left unpunished. Leicester informed Walsingham that he saw no likelihood of the duke's execution."[1]

The agitation of the House of Commons continued, and the Queen was compelled to yield so far as to promise to receive a deputation from the two Houses, and to hear what they had to say. They said what they believed, and what they wished—and what they believed Elizabeth knew to be true, and what they desired she knew to be necessary. And yet she would not and did not yield.

"She admitted[2] that the course which the Committee recommended was 'the best and surest way.' She was perfectly aware that, so long as the Queen of Scots lived, she would never herself be secure; yet partly from weakness, partly from the peculiar tenderness which from first to last had characterised her dealings with her cousin, partly, it may be, from an instinctive foresight of the hard construction of posterity, she shrank from granting what she could no longer positively refuse. She thanked the Houses for their care for her safety. She asked them only to 'defer their proceedings' for a time, and pass a less extreme measure meanwhile. The law officers of the Crown, she said, could contrive means of evading the difficulties which the Committee had raised."

"To defer for a time only,"—when parliaments were fewer and fewer, and the very necessity for ending the delay would be certain to defer the parliament! "Partly from weakness—partly,

(1) Froude, x. 362. (2) Ibid., 365.

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partly," &c., &c. But *wholly* the Queen denied the only thing the Parliament cared about her conceding—she abandoned her best friends to the peril of their lives, and her worst enemy she sent away in peace.

But about this "concession"—though it is impossible to discover what was conceded—there was so much grace that the Parliament was not lectured like a crowd of impudent, meddlesome schoolboys. Elizabeth's earlier parliaments had been far less fortunate. The parliament, for instance, of 1566, had ventured to advise the Queen's marriage. It is one of the penalties of royal dignity that kings and queens must marry for expediency, and not merely for love. Elizabeth herself was disgracefully entangled with Amy Robsart's husband; and coquetted with every marriageable prince in Europe, till she had made both herself and them a laughing-stock. But she could not bear the advice, the affectionate entreaties of her own people. Thus *gracefully*, therefore, she conceded to her parliament of 1566:—

"On the afternoon[1] of the 5th of November, 'by her Highness's special commandment,' twenty-five lay peers, the Bishops of Durham and London, and thirty members of the Lower House, presented themselves at the palace at Westminster.

"The address was read by Bacon.

"After grateful acknowledgments of the general government of the Queen, the two Houses desired, first, to express their wish that her Highness would be pleased to marry 'where it should please her, with whom it should please her, and as soon as it should please her.'

"Further, as it was possible that her Highness might die without children, her faithful subjects were anxious to know more particularly the future prospects of the realm. Much as they wished to see her married, the settlement of the succession was even more important, 'carrying with it such necessity that without it they could not see how the safety of her royal person, or the preservation of her imperial crown and realm, could be or should be sufficiently and certainly provided for.' 'Her late illness (the Queen had been unwell again), the amazedness that most men of understanding were by fruit of that sickness brought unto,' and the opportunity of making a definite arrangement while Parliament was sitting, were the motives which induced them to be more urgent than they would otherwise have cared to be. History and precedent alike recommended a speedy decision. They hoped that she might live to have a child of her own; but she was mortal, and should she die before her subjects knew to whom their allegiance was due, a civil war stared them in the face. The decease of a prince leaving a realm without a government was the most frightful disaster which could befall the commonwealth; with the vacancy of the throne all writs were suspended, all commissions were void, law itself was dead. Her Majesty was not ignorant of these things. If she refused to provide a remedy, 'it would be a dangerous burden before God upon her Majesty.' They had, therefore, felt it to be their duty to present this address; and on their knees they implored her to consider it, and to give them an answer before the session closed.

"Elizabeth had prepared her answer. As soon as Bacon ceased, she drew herself up and spoke as follows:—

"'If the order of your cause had matched the weight of your matter, the one might well have craved reward, and the other much the sooner be satisfied.

(1) Froude, viii. 313—316.

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But when I call to mind how far from dutiful care, yea, rather, how nigh a traitorous trick this tumbling cast did spring, I muse how men of wit can so hardly use that gift they hold. I marvel not much that bridleless colts do not know their rider's hand whom bit of kingly rein did never snaffle yet. Whether it was fit that so great a cause as this should have had this beginning in such a public place as that, let it be well weighed. Must all evil bodings that might be recited be found little enough to hap to my share? Was it well meant, think you, that those that knew not how fit this matter was to be granted by the prince, would prejudicate their prince in aggravating the matter? So all their arguments tended to my careless care of this my dear realm.'

"So far she spoke from a form which remains in her own handwriting. She continued, perhaps, in the same style, but her words remain only in the Spanish of De Silva:—

"'She was not surprised at the Commons,' she said; 'they had small experiences, and had acted like boys; but that the Lords should have gone along with them, she confessed had filled her with wonder. There were some among them who had placed their swords at her disposal when her sister was upon the throne, and had invited her to seize the Crown; she knew but too well that if she allowed a successor to be named, there would be found men who would approach him or her with the same encouragement to disturb the peace of the realm. If she pleased, she could name the persons to whom she alluded. When time and circumstances would allow, she would see to the matter of their petition before they asked her; she would be sorry to be forced into doing anything which in reason and justice she was bound to do; and she concluded with a request that her words should not be misinterpreted.'

"So long as she was speaking to the lay peers she controlled her temper, but her passion required a safety valve, and she rarely lost an opportunity of insulting and affronting her bishops.

"Turning sharp round where Grindal and Pilkington were standing—

"'And you, *doctors*,' she said—it was her pleasure to ignore their right to a higher title—"you, I understand, make long prayers about this business. One of you dared to say, in times past, that I and my sisters were bastards; and you must needs be interfering in what does not concern you. Go home, and amend your own lives, and set an honest example in your families. The lords in parliament should have taught you to know your places; but if they have forgotten their places, I will not forget mine. Did I so choose, I might make the impertinence of the whole set of you an excuse to withdraw my promise to marry; but for the realm's sake I am resolved that I will marry, and I will take a husband that will not be to the taste of some of you. I have not married hitherto out of consideration to you, but it shall be done now, and you who have been so urgent with me will find the effects of it to your cost. Think you the prince who will be my consort will feel himself safe with such as you, who thus dare to thwart and cross your natural Queen?'

"She turned on her heel and sailed out of the hall of audience, vouchsafing no other word."

Elizabeth was certainly wiser than the Stuarts, for she preferred her life to her obstinacy, and always kept her head at a safe distance from the block and the axe. But in spite of all her wisdom she contrived to irritate every class of her subjects, and lived in constant peril of assassination. Mr. Froude has failed to show a single instance in which Elizabeth took the right course in any dangerous crisis except upon compulsion. A ruler may be one who has the actual power and wisdom to command men, a true leader of the people,

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taking always the initiative, and by the divine right of a superior genius treating statesmen even of the highest order as the mere ministers of the royal pleasure. On the other hand, a king may be what we call a constitutional sovereign, not leading his people but being led by them, ruled by his ministers rather than ruling them. Such a king will be spared both the glory and the responsibility of the highest royalty. But Elizabeth belonged to neither of these classes: she could not rule, and she would suffer nobody to rule her; she was continually opposing her most discreet advisers, and yet she would take no responsibility upon herself. There was not a single department of the government in which she did not "meddle and muddle." She was no doubt economical, but even her economy was both politically and morally mischievous. So beggarly was her parsimony, that when the fugitive Queen of Scots appealed to her princely benevolence for fitting clothing, Elizabeth sent her two torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes. Even Sir Francis Knollys was obliged for shame to shield his mistress by saying that he thought "her highness's maid had mistaken, and had sent things necessary for such a maid-servant as she was herself." Mary Stuart in a beggar's rags would have been more fascinating than Elizabeth in her queen's robes; for in spite of all her artifices there was a sort of genuineness about her that could well dispense with the shows and trappings of royalty. The couple of torn shifts, therefore, were a comparatively harmless meanness, but it was seldom indeed that the Queen of England's parsimony failed to produce the bitterest fruit. After the Northern rebellion she alienated the common people by hanging all the poor misguided rabble of conspirators, and sparing the lives of the far more guilty leaders, whose confiscated lands might help to replenish her treasury. Her ministers never won fortunes in her service; they were permitted only the doubtful honour of wasting them. She sent her viceroys to Ireland, and bade them conquer and civilise the wild savages. But though she urged them, and even commanded them on their allegiance to undertake the costliest and most perilous work to which they could be appointed, she would give them neither soldiers nor money, nor even genuine thanks for the successes which they had achieved at their own personal risk. Her officers on the Scottish border were utterly distracted by her impracticable caprices; so little did she know her own mind that for the most part her orders were countermanded even more swiftly than it would have been possible to begin to execute them. The Scotch lords hated her; King's party and Queen's party equally distrusted her. Men like Maitland despised and played with her, and openly threatened that they would make the Queen of England whine like a whipped hound. Her self-willed obstinacy deluged Scotland with blood, and was at the bottom of all the discontent of her own subjects.

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Indirectly she was the cause even of the infernal massacre on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

After that dreadful carnage the people would have torn the French treaty to shreds, driven the ambassador out of the country, and flung defiance at the whole French nation; and it was not until the middle of September that even the cautious Queen herself could admit the ambassador to an audience.

"The Court[1] was at Woodstock, on its way from Warwick to Windsor. The whole Council was collected. Bedford and Bacon, though both unwell, had been particularly sent for. Queen, Ministers, attendants, were all in mourning; and when La Mothe Fenelon was introduced, he was received in solemn silence. On such occasions the littleness of Elizabeth's character entirely disappeared, and the imperial majesty of her nobler nature possessed her wholly. If any misgiving crossed her mind on her own past proceedings, she showed no signs of it. She rose with a grave but not unkind expression. She drew La Mothe aside into a window, and asked him if the dreadful news she had heard could possibly be true. La Mothe Fenelon, who was by this time perfect in his lesson, produced the story of the admiral's conspiracy, the plot for the surprise of the court, the king's danger, and the necessity of a desperate remedy in a desperate case.

"Elizabeth did not say that she disbelieved him; but, if the charge was true, the king, she said, had brought a stain upon his reputation from which she had hoped he would have been able to clear himself. She had persuaded herself that the miserable scenes in Paris had risen from some extraordinary accident which time would explain; but it appeared now, from what La Mothe told her, that the king had himself sanctioned an insurrection in which thousands of innocent persons had lost their lives.

"The ambassador explained, protested, equivocated. He expressed a hope that at least the friendship between the two countries would not be disturbed.

"The Queen replied, coldly, that she feared that a king who had abandoned his subjects might desert his allies. She could only hope that for his own sake he would produce evidence of the alleged conspiracy, and would protect such of the Protestants as had no share in it.

"La Mothe, to turn the subject, said that the Queen of France was near her confinement, and he ventured to remind Elizabeth that she had promised to be godmother to the child.

"She told him that she had intended to send to Paris on that occasion the most honourable embassy that had ever left the shores of England. She felt now that she could trust no one whom she valued in a country where his life would be unsafe.

"With these words she left him."

"All her littleness" on such occasions Elizabeth may or may not have "lost;" but most assuredly she was only too far from having arrived at greatness. It was well enough for the court to be in mourning, but the English Queen and nobles should have mourned over English treachery even more than over the fiendish cruelty of France. The fate of Huguenots and Catholics had been so evenly balanced that a mere breath might have turned the scale on either side. So far as Elizabeth could see, the stability of her own throne,

(1) Froude, x. pp. 418, 419.

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and the reformed religion all over Europe, depended on the French marriage, or at the least on a French treaty. The Queen-Mother was eager for the English alliance, and the aid of England would in all likelihood have secured the liberties of the Protestant subjects both of France and Spain. To the utter despair of her wisest counsellors, in her own mere caprice, in the infatuated stupidity of her own self-will, Elizabeth seized that very moment for treating secretly with Alva, and in but a few short days the streets of every large French town ran deep with Huguenot blood.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew was, after all, but a ghastly example of a bigotry and intolerance which in the time of Elizabeth were almost universal. The hands neither of French nor English Protestants were unstained with blood. The English seas swarmed with pirates. Ships of Spain by hundreds were captured, and their crews flung into the sea. Spanish gentlemen were publicly sold as slaves in the market-place of Dover. The new Israel, like the old one, was spoiling the Egyptians; and unless he were a British subject, no Catholic's life was safe. Even in Ireland, men, women, and children were butchered by thousands merely that their Saxon rulers might have "some killing." It was impossible that a whole people should unlearn by a single effort the bloody lessons which had been taught them for centuries under the name of the religion of Christ.

Elizabeth's ecclesiastical government was, if possible, even more unsatisfactory and irritating than her secular rule. She manifested on all occasions the same headstrong wilfulness, never yielding till the last moment, never yielding with grace. From her suicidal tenderness towards the Catholics she was being constantly terrified by the discovery of their incurable treachery; but she utterly abhorred the Puritans; and she lost no opportunity of pouring her contempt upon her own bishops. It is by no means clear that she had any strong religious convictions or fixed belief; it is quite plain that she was anxious to make the difference between the old and the reformed religion as slight as possible, and to retain at least the possibility of a reconciliation even to the Roman See. It is above all certain that she dearly loved power and the display of power.

Yet apart from the lessons of history—apart from the fact that even now there are comparatively few who perceive the absurdity—it would have seemed incredible that any human being could expect to control thought and dictate a *religion* to those who are capable of understanding what religion means. Elizabeth would have no two religions in her realms. People might believe what they chose; but she would determine for them what they should pretend to believe. They might have what creed they liked in secret, but in public they should only utter what the Queen approved. And this Elizabeth considered to be a true and sufficient toleration! This indeed is, and

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must be, the necessary condition of the existence of an established Church; and the consequence has been that every reformation, both of doctrine and life, has either begun or ended outside the Establishment.

When an Oxford professor is to be heard addressing, amid hearty cheers, the constituents of the "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control," we need not wonder that a historian should write freely his honest convictions about the ecclesiastical system which we owe to Elizabeth, and the sort of men which that system produces.

"Of all types of human beings," says Mr. Froude,[1] "who were generated by the English Reformation, men like Whitgift are the least interesting. There is something in the constitution of the Establishment which forces them into the administration of it; yet but for the statesmen to whom they refused to listen, and the Puritans whom they endeavoured to destroy, the old religion would have come back on the country like a returning tide. The Puritans would have furnished new martyrs; the statesmen, through good and evil, would have watched over liberty; but the High Church clergy would have slunk back into conformity, or dwindled to their proper insignificance. The country knew its interests, and their high-handed intolerance had to wait till more quiet times; but they came back to power when the chances of a Catholic revolution were buried in the wreck of the Armada; and they remained supreme till they had once more wearied the world with them, and brought a king and an archbishop to the scaffold."

Three "types of human beings" were generated by the English Reformation. To many it brought the relief which the opening of gaols would bring to the criminal classes. Old restraints were removed, and new barriers against immorality and crime were not yet provided. When the ancient landmarks were taken away, and while the true boundaries were still undetermined, it seemed impossible to trespass. Every man had become a law unto himself; while the example of rebellion against all that was most reverend was set by the highest and noblest in the land, and in the most sacred region of life. There poured over England a great flood of immorality and vice. The people became so godless and profane that even the purest of the Reformers, such men, for instance, as Latimer, looked on in horror at the work of their own hands. It seemed to such men (to quote one of Latimer's own quaint figures) as if the Devil himself were the only true bishop in England, always at his post, ever working. Yet in all this the Reformation brought its own cure. It produced a new code of duty, a new ideal of perfection; its one great lesson was personal, individual responsibility; it brought every human spirit face to face with God. In the reign of Elizabeth the good seed was bearing fruit; and in spite of cruelty and craft, buccaneering and ruthless slaughtering, the conscience of England was becoming clear, and moral worth was taking the place of ecclesiastical properness.

(1) Froude, x. 117.

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But while many welcomed the Reformation only because it removed old barriers, there were others who were seeking with the utmost earnestness for new and better boundaries. They had as yet no notion that in matters of divine truth *every* boundary is but a guarantee for falsehood. The human faculties admit of our receiving even a revelation from God, only in many separate pieces and in many different forms. The very life which followed the law, is itself followed by the spirit; and "the Christ that is to be" is ever in the future. Every council and every creed is a confession of the fallibility of an earlier council and the insufficiency of an earlier creed. Revolutions of doctrine and ritual within the Church itself have been more numerous and more radical than those which have broken up the Church into rival, battling sects. The Puritans fully believed that, instead of an ever-receding horizon, they were advancing to the ultimate limit of all truth concerning God and his relations to men. Nevertheless they were advancing. To *that* limit, and not to Queen Elizabeth's articles, they were making their way. And as to believing one thing and pretending to believe another—as to knowing the truth and holding their peace about it—they "*could not* but speak the things which they had heard and seen." They might become martyrs—nay, alas! hating the false and despairing of the true, they might too easily have become utterly godless, deeming God himself, as Maitland deemed Him, a "Bogie of the nursery"—but neither by threats nor blandishments, bribes nor persecution, could they ever have been transformed into Anglican bishops.

The Establishment itself was, and is, a direct premium on dishonesty; and in the reign of Elizabeth it demoralised the Church. It *could* contain only the feeble or the dishonest; and it is easy enough to foresee the issue of a battle between wise serpents and harmless doves. The Catholics and Puritans were alike persecutors; but they both persecuted for God. There was a kind of heroic glory even in their cruelties; and what they inflicted on others they were themselves ready to suffer. But the clergy of the Establishment persecuted for themselves, with the contemptible spitefulness of slinking cowards.

The attempt to introduce the English Church system into Scotland and Ireland was utterly preposterous. The Irish were too savage to resist the injustice, except after the manner of savages. In Scotland the resistance was at once more civilised and more complete. But the mad tyranny of thrusting a new-born religion upon a reluctant people cost thousands of lives, and kindled a burning hatred that has never even yet been quenched.

The Anglican Establishment had not a single claim upon the acceptance of the nation. It was but one single phase of the rapidly

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changing thought and feeling of the age. It had the recommendation neither of antiquity, nor of complete reconstruction, nor of the general assent of the people. In doctrine and ritual it was neither Henry's nor Edward's; while already the better minds both in Scotland and England had passed far beyond it. If one could bid a liquid island stagnate in the very middle of a rushing stream, that stagnant pool with the living, sparkling waters all around it, might be the very emblem of Elizabeth's Church—death in life, an artificial and deceitful fixedness in the midst of change, a pretended independent perfection refusing to be identified with the past or to grow into a nobler future. A Church which required its ministers not to believe, but only to conform, was sure to attract to its communion the least worthy of mankind. But a far worse result has been the consecration of dishonesty. It has been judged a virtue *not* to think, *not* to prove all things, not to ask the questions which might provoke inconvenient replies. Even now, though so many breaches have been made through the walls with which Parliament has sought to defend the Church of God—when articles are signed, and oaths sworn, with a well-understood reservation, and when ecclesiastical law is either so obsolete or so uncertain that with the most moderate caution a beneficed clergyman may be a law unto himself—even now a minister of the Anglican Establishment can neither inquire with safety, nor abstain from inquiry without dishonour.

Mr. Froude's history is not only derived from original contemporary sources, but he has introduced into his own work numerous and lengthy quotations from the letters and State papers on which his conclusions are based. At the cost of what may seem to some readers occasional tediousness, this very greatly increases the value of the history. The very quaintness of the language is itself an attraction; and the actual words of Elizabeth or Mary, Cecil or the Bishop of Ross, are far more satisfactory than any mere summary of what might seem to Mr. Froude to be their meaning. Even readers who are in the habit of verifying references are glad to be spared trouble; while for general readers notes and appendixes might as well remain unwritten. Many of the sources of information of which Mr. Froude has availed himself are moderately familiar and accessible; while others, and especially the Spanish ones, are here employed for the first time. They are exceedingly valuable; often confirming by trustworthy, independent testimony what was hitherto scarcely sufficiently proven, and in some instances revealing new facts.

The matter of chief interest in the new volumes is Mr. Froude's narrative of the proceedings in the case of the Queen of Scots; his account of the Northern rebellion, of the progress of "religion,"

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and of that fearful anarchy which must euphemistically be called the English government of Ireland.

We have surely now heard the last of defences of the honour of Mary Stuart. Apart from the ridiculous perverseness of Elizabeth, they would never have been possible. The English queen was, indeed, cruel; but her reckless unkindness was to her friends, not to her chief foe. Mary she spared; it was men like the Regent Murray —men of rare wisdom, splendid disinterestedness, and unsullied honour, whom she left to the chances of war or the dagger of the assassin. No proof of guilt could possibly be clearer than the proof of Mary's share in the murder of Darnley. Elizabeth saw the proofs and recognised their damning force. But she was always occupied with foolish and dishonest "by-practices;" and in spite of the advice of her ministers and her own obligations to the Scottish lords, she would not suffer the evidence to be published, nor a just sentence to be passed.

Hence, and hence only, it became possible for such a book as the Bishop of Ross's "Defence" to be written. Plausible assumptions are of little value in the presence of opposing facts; though Mary's ambassador and faithful friend might well argue that it was incredible so noble and gracious a princess could have had even the *motive* to commit the foul crimes with which she was charged. But what are all hypotheses compared with the Casket letters? As soon as the Bishop of Ross's "Defence" was published, Cecil protested against its one abominable lie—the lie that the English nobility had doubted the guilt of Mary. There was absolutely no doubt on the matter; no hesitation anywhere—not even in the mind of Norfolk, who shivered with horror as he reflected on what pillow he was scheming to lay his head—not a single misgiving except in the imbecility of Elizabeth's character. She could and she could not—she would and she would not—she must and she must not; and the friends of Mary's memory have only rewarded her self-willed folly with insult and infamy.

The Northern rebellion convinced her at last on what hidden fires she was treading. In a large part of her dominions there was a universal discontent. Almost the whole nobility were implicated in treasonable conspiracy. Even Leicester, the mean creature whom alone of all mankind Elizabeth seems really to have loved, was false —false to her and to his country and to himself. The only faithful friends she had were those who, for their very faithfulness, had been in constant danger of her displeasure. Tottering on the very edge of the precipice, she would suffer them to draw her back from ruin; but the moment she was safe, or thought herself safe, she would go on her old proud, reckless way, even if she hurled *them* into the abyss. She had to be forced, *not* gracefully, to permit the execution

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of Norfolk; she utterly refused to allow the attainder of Mary. She had her own schemes and expectations: France would help her, or Spain would help her—even the very Pope might help her; at any rate she would not yield. Where *was* this Queen's grace? She scolded her parliaments, she insulted her ministers, she cursed her friends, she blessed only her enemies.

Her wretched parsimony was often even more mischievous than her paltry vanity. The "government" of Ireland was one long, shameful injustice. She would neither pay for energetic work, nor submit to the only conditions of genuine conciliation. Not even the Spanish Papists were more fiendishly cruel than the English colonists who were to have conquered Ireland by exterminating the Irish. Their only hope, not merely of reward, but of bare subsistence, was not in the liberality of their queen, but in their own cruelty and craft.

Religion owed nothing to Elizabeth, everything to her ministers—the ministers who were always true and never trusted. She would have yielded to the Catholics, and did yield to them, till she was made to understand that such a policy was nothing else than sharpening an axe for her own neck. The Puritans were no doubt premature and embarrassing; but they were *the* Reformers, the very strongest supports of the Queen's throne; and yet she hated them and thwarted them at every turning. She thought that men who had the moral courage to defy the Pope and cast off the authority of all Christian antiquity, would accept just as much and be content with just as little as a mere girl thought fit to give them. And yet she had enough of shrewdness and knowledge of the world to despise those who were satisfied with her own ecclesiastical system. Others began the great work of Reformation that Elizabeth hindered, and which is not even yet complete.

> "Yet I doubt not through the ages one undying purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

No earthly power can stay the progress of human thought and freedom; and under the rule of the eternal God even death itself is but the entrance to a fuller and diviner life.

Mr. Froude's history is a new treasure in English literature, pure and vigorous in style, honest and impartial, in sympathy with all that is good and true; not only a noble record of the beginnings and first-fruits of the Reformation, but itself the sure token that the whole harvest is well-nigh ready for the reapers.

WILLIAM KIRKUS.

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RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

The friendly interchanges between Russia and America are naturally beginning to excite attention by reason of the ingenuity with which occasions for them are discovered, and of their elaborateness. Many attempts on the lives of Emperors have been made, but never before has it occurred to the American Congress to express, in an emphatic resolution, its thankfulness at the escape of one, much less to transmit the same in an ironclad five thousand miles, at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars. There have been various interpretations of this matter in Europe, as is very natural, because the phenomenon itself is the result of a great variety of causes. As yet the interest of Europe in it may be assumed to be purely philosophical, such an interest being invited by demonstrative familiarities between the hardest of absolute monarchies and the most radical of republics. It would be particularly interesting to know what is the predominant Russian idea, and what the American; and whether the two have the same meaning to any extent in this paradoxical friendship. But here we are met with official reserve by both parties. On the American side there are only the egotistical utterances of one Fox, an obscure and inconsiderable personage, who is exhibiting, as a sea-going triumph, an ironclad ship which had to be towed over the Atlantic until it came in sight of the English coast. On the Russian, nothing better than the following from Prince Gortchakof: "This understanding does not rest on geographical proximity. The abyss of seas separates us. No more does it rest on parchment. I do not find the trace of a single parchment in the archives of the ministry entrusted to me. It is instructive; more, I dare to call it PROVIDENTIAL. I felicitate myself on this understanding. I have faith in its duration. In my political situation all my cares will tend to consolidate it. I say cares and not efforts, because no efforts are required when there is a spontaneous and reciprocal attraction." One is tempted to label such a reference to providence as this with the remark of the French Encyclopædists, on refusing an article on the word "God"—*La question de Dieu manque d'actualité.*

More than a year ago on the Continent, I was accidentally thrown into relations with a Russian, whom I soon discovered to be a man of unusual intelligence, and subsequently found to be a nobleman of very high official position in his own country. He has lately borne a prominent part in the entertainment of the American envoys. In the course of frequent conversations which we had concerning our respective countries, I found him disposed to claim a high degree

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of liberality for Russia, especially on the ground of the emancipation of the serfs, a step which had been taken, as he frequently urged, without pressure from any political party. He was proud of the undoubted influence which this act had had on the American mind. He had noted the emphatic references which had been made in Congress to that act by Senator Sumner and other representatives of the Northern States, which had before been silent amid the general friendliness toward Russia expressed in other sections of the Union. There was now, he thought, nothing in the way of a cordial reciprocity of feeling between the two countries, which would probably mature into a very desirable alliance. The reception which had been accorded the officers of the Russian fleet visiting New York the year before had created a wild enthusiasm throughout his country, and there was a strong desire to reciprocate it. Europe hated Russia because Europe was morbid on the subject of nationalities. The populace would carry the "nationality" principle so far as to replace mild governments with cruel ones, provided the former were not, and the latter were exercised by persons immediately belonging to the section of country governed. But America was engaged in fusing nationalities, and had just been crushing, magnificently, an attempt at her own subdivision into what must have become a set of warring and jealous nationalities. She was thus the only nation that could understand a great nation like Russia, and judge her by something better than the European standard, which was that of national egotism. When I inquired whether he thought that an alliance between the two nations would secure any great practical advantage for either or both, the reply was very general, and I almost concluded that he more than anything else valued the prestige which his "much-denounced" country was getting from the public admiration of the American Republic. There was, however, a vague intimation that in the case of another Crimea, or less happily settled Trent affair, the countries might possibly be of service to each other. My Russian acquaintance has had so many opportunities lately of expressing these views in public, without availing himself of them, that I must reserve his name.

This is the only serious expression of opinion on the part of any one near the Czar, on the relations between the United States and Russia, that I have ever heard from any source. It is, however, important to know how the subject lies in the minds of the wealthy middle class of Russia, and herein, it would seem, Mr. Fox and "Veuve Clicquot" have not been fruitless of results. There were several speeches made at the grand banquet given at Moscow on the 25th of August, which are worthy of attention. Mr. Yakunchikof spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, as a merchant I rise with peculiar grati-

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fication to propose a toast having an intimate connection with the success of commerce. Gentlemen, there is a power which is both military and civilising. The development of this power extends, without conquest, the boundaries of nations possessing it; in war serving as the most powerful bulwark of national independence, and in peace as the most effectual means of commercial development. This power is the Navy. This power is recognised by the civilised world, which now must confess that the mightiest naval power of the earth is the great American Republic. The arrival of our honoured guests has shown the depth of their sympathy for us, and solved a great naval problem. This wonder of naval architecture, this vessel unique in its structure, this floating fortress, hitherto considered as only fit for shore defence, the *Miantonomah*, after sweeping through the vainly-opposing waves of the ocean, and proudly showing its impregnable towers in the Thames and to the shores of France, has come to us and united our Russia and America by a bridge which no artillery can destroy. To our enemies this bridge is inaccessible, for its foundations are hid in the waves of the ocean." An old Muscovite, Mr. Pogodin, also made a remarkable speech. In addressing himself to the reasons for the sympathy between America and Russia, he touched on the resemblance between the institutions of the two. "The United States is a republic, and Russia an absolute power; but here, as on the map, the extremities meet. In the Russian absolute monarchy there is a democratic stream that flows uninterruptedly throughout its history. As regards the forms, all of them have lost much of their precedent meaning." After recalling the sympathy for the Union felt by Russia during the late American war, he spoke of the different feeling which pervaded Europe. "They rather wished there should be two Unions instead of one. They regard with the same eyes the other new world—Russia." This feeling was ascribed to jealousy. The speech closed with a prophecy that the union between Russia and America would ripen from an ideal to an actual one, and both countries have a mighty future. The last noticeable speech was that of Mr. Schipoff, a leading merchant, who dwelt a little on the fact that Russia and America had never had any hostilities, compared their recent policies of emancipation, and then devoted the main body of his address to showing how the two were agreed on the principle of protection.

It should be perhaps mentioned that one of the speakers said that their honoured guests had already discovered "that the Russians, thanks to our gracious Emperor,—who marks a new era in our history,—may canvass their ideas and reasons as freely as people do in New York." If the guests had not discovered this at that time, they must have received light on the subject from the denunciation

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put forth soon after by the commission of inquiry into the Karakozof "conspiracy," of an organisation framed to "promote socialist teaching, to destroy the principles of public morality, to shake the faith of the masses in religion, and to subvert the established order of the State." What would the Socialists, Paine Clubs, and heretical preachers of New York say to a denunciation of that kind by their council, ominously connected with an execution?

Turning now to consider the American feeling which has given rise to these interchanges, it may be confidently stated that the Russian nobleman, referred to above, was right in assuming that the idea of the sanctity of nationalities is much weaker in America than in Western Europe. It was this evident apathy, when Italy was falling, that brought down on that country Mrs. Browning's "Curse for a Nation;" and it is this that wrote and that reads Artemus Ward's sneers at the Fenians. The enthusiasm with which Kossuth was received in America fifteen years ago, when he came with the purpose of effecting an Anglo-American alliance against despotism, may seem to disparage this statement. But that welcome, so far as it can be referred to any deep feeling at all, must be attributed to the traditional antipathy to Austria, and particularly to the Hapsburgs, which is now a century old. After the peace of Hubertsburg, Joseph II., the interested ally of England, and rival of Frederic of Prussia, took care to show his hostility to the Americans and to their revolutionary movements. The "House of Hapsburg" became even then a proverbial name for despotism, and "Tories" in those days were taunted with having it for an ally. The feeling has been fostered with some care, and there has even been a clever American book written on "The Crimes of Austria," which has influenced politicians whilst they were yet students. To this feeling—far less Pro-Hungarian than Anti-Hapsburg—Kossuth's transient success was due. Some feeling there has been favourable to Poland, more especially in earlier days when the memory of Kosciusko was fresher; but the crime against Poland has, so far as American statesmen have discussed it, been laid at many doors, equally with that of Russia. There has thus been no particular obstacle to an alliance with Russia arising from her violent suppression of revolutionary nationalities, which were understood to have no higher aim than to set up castes and despotisms of their own so soon as they were free from that of the Czar.

The first decided manifestations of American sympathy for Russia occurred during the Crimean war. I was residing at that time in Washington, where this feeling was very general, and took some pains to search into the causes of it. It was not difficult to discover that the sympathy for Russia mainly emanated from the Russia within

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our own borders. The similarity between serfdom in the one and slavery in the other is too well known to require illustration here. It is more important to remember that both of these institutions existed in vast and sparsely settled regions; that they had organised both territories into a system of immense estates, owned by a few wealthy and powerful men; and that both regions were animated by a passion for extension and aggression. The American Russia had, moreover, held the reins of the United States Government for a quarter of a century, and in pursuing its objects it had frequently come into collision with the moral sentiment of Europe. This sentiment, chiefly represented by England, did not hesitate to utter itself against slavery, against the injustice of the Mexican war, the "filibustering" against Central America, and the sinister designs on Cuba. Hence the Slave-power—then the Autocrat of all America—had come to cherish a strong animosity against England; and when the Crimean war broke out it at once showed itself against England and in favour of Russia, which had never uttered a word against slavery or against any Southern scheme of extending the area and the markets of slavery. The administration of Mr. Pierce, which was in power at the time, represented exclusively the pro-slavery party, and was particularly hostile to England. Unfortunately the entire country, from Plymouth Rock onward, was covered with so many monuments of the uniformly oppressive course of England toward America, that there was only too much fuel to feed this anti-English feeling even in the sections least friendly to slavery. Nevertheless New England, and the States born of her, were too far advanced in feeling to sympathise with the despot in a war between Liberty and Despotism. In the Northern States, the adulation of Russia was almost confined to the *New York Herald*—then, and always utterly servile to oppressors—whilst the Boston press was earnest in its sympathy with the Allies. In New York the fall of Sebastopol was announced in the theatres and received with deafening cheers. But in all the South there was, I believe, not a politician or a newspaper that did not take the side of Russia.

As Antæus would regain his strength by touching the earth, so do wounded monarchs remember their people in times of calamity, and seek to recover strength by contact with them. The Russian Czar evoked a reinforcement of his throne from the plantations. The American slaveholders winced under this grand and sudden emancipation of the serfs, and especially at something said by the Czar about "humanity" when he performed the act. The opponents of slavery at once availed themselves of the prestige of Russia, which the Southerners themselves had so industriously diffused through the nation, and rang the changes upon the greatness and humanity of Russia. The example

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of that country was quoted with much effect against the obstinate retention of a similar institution by a republic. And thus the admiration for Russia was for intimate political reasons assiduously cultivated in the North. Amongst the Northern people it no doubt became a genuine though never an ardent nor a universal feeling; but it was not accompanied by any sentiment adverse to England or France. It is also noteworthy that several of the leading Northern papers strongly condemned—whilst none of them approved—the mission of Mr. Fox, and that the enthusiastic demonstrations in Russia have been received in America with a significant silence, with the exception of Mr. Seward's chief organ, the *New York Times*, which has taken them as a text for an article reminding Europe that America knows how to be grateful to friends.

At length the time arrived when America must turn and grapple with *her* Russia. And now there came cold blasts from Western Europe, and warm breath from the steppes of Russia. Whilst France was proposing openly to aid the South, whilst *Alabamas*, manned by Englishmen, were destroying American commerce, whilst every other European nation was either indifferent or hostile, Russia warmly applauded the efforts of America to preserve her Union, and even sent her fleet in the eyes of the world to bear the expression of her sympathies. Under such circumstances it could not be expected that Americans would at once begin to search into the historical records of Russia, or weigh the part she had played in the old domestic controversies of another hemisphere: she did what was inevitable—clasped the only hand that had been extended to her in her hour of darkness.

This sentiment is on the part of the American warm and real, but it means no more than gratitude. Nevertheless there is some reason to think that politicians at Washington and at St. Petersburg are coldly considering how these popular emotions may be utilised. Undoubtedly, in the case of a conflict of either of those two countries with England or France, the other would permit the fitting out within its borders of any number of predatory cruisers by such belligerent.

The indications are, that there will be a reconciliation between Washington and the Tuileries. It is, however, deeply to be regretted that the relations between England and America should be settling down into a condition of vindictiveness on one side, and of proud indifference on the other. It is a sad presage for the world, that the first message sent from New York to England by the Atlantic Telegraph should have been a cold sneer. The chief hope in which the friend of peace can indulge is, that the common sense of England will abandon, whilst such a course would be beyond misconstruction,

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a policy that is not even pennywise. Lord Stanley has, indeed, almost invited America to reassert her claims, in his public speeches. But the United States cannot recognise such expressions, nor ministerial changes; she has many precedents on which to act, and none of them will permit her to renew a claim that has been refused, except when she is in a position to do so imperatively. The fact that the two nations representing the English language, law, and liberty, should, in their respective great historical conflicts with barbarism in the noon of this century, each have found the other sympathising with its enemy, is an anomaly and a scandal; and it will be an evidence of the decay of statesmanship in both nations if they are not startled enough by it to ensure a more honourable record in the future, and transmit no worse result than such natural shame as Titania might have felt on awaking from her grotesque infatuation.

Yet it is impossible in the nature of things that any regular alliance can be formed between Russia and America. The reaction in the United States from a generation of Southern misrule, ending almost in ruin, must for the next generation at least transfer the sceptre to New England; for the South and New England alone represent ideas, the States between the two being, as Wendell Phillips has well said, "like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments, taking any impression that the owner for the time being chooses to write on them." New England is to be the directing brain of America, and New England has both culture and character; it has also convictions more than sentiments—convictions whose roots are traceable deep in the heart of that great era from which sprang Anglo-Saxon liberty. They who seek to press the sentiment of gratitude so far as to create a practical and permanent co-operation between the intensified absolutism of the past and the idealistic republicanism of New England, will find the fruit they seek rotten ere it is ripe. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum.* It was not a new Russia that the *Mayflower* fought its way across the ocean to establish, but a new England.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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NOTES CURIOUS AND CRITICAL MADE AT PERUGIA.

Of the eight thousand and odd communes which still compose the municipal life of Italy, there are but few which do not contain within themselves abundant records from which to frame a history, not only complete, but interesting and instructive, of their own individual past; and none of them, perhaps, is richer in materials for this purpose than the city of Perugia. I do not, however, propose to employ them in any such manner here; but only to cull as much from them as may justify the title prefixed to this paper.

The main glory of Perugia still lies in its being the city of adoption of the great painter who, being Pietro Vannucci, is known to all the world, and will be known to all time, as Pietro Perugino. Tardy but almost entire justice has been done to him and to the Umbrian school whose chief and representative he is. I will, therefore, wholly abstain from the purely artistic questions allied and associated with his name, though a great deal even as yet but little known might be said thereupon, and will touch firstly upon two incidents in connection with his story, more novel, and to the English reader probably still more interesting.

The once well-known Cappella del Magistrato is now nothing more than an ante-room, and time has dealt so harshly with its former decorations that it no longer merits a loftier service; but the chamber in which Bonfigli laboured before Pietro devoted to it his much higher powers, has a curious little history attached to it, the interest of which cannot be effaced by the combined efforts of dusty years and French rapacity. It is illustrative also not only of the manners of the age, but of the truth that one age does not in fundamental manners differ very much from another. In the year 1479 a certain Pietro di Galeotto was commissioned by the Priori to paint certain subjects for it, within the space of two years, at the price of two hundred florins; and amongst other things, he was to paint the portraits of his worthy masters, the Priori themselves. If he failed to complete the work within the stipulated period, he was to pay a fine of fifteen golden ducats. Three years passed away, during which Galeotto received some payments on account; but his labour, nevertheless, remained uncompleted. He seems, however, to have been highly prized by the magistracy, probably on account of the nature of a portion of the work on which he was engaged; for on the 29th of June, 1482, I find that yet another year's grace was given to him, on the plea that there had been some contagious disease in Perugia, by reason of which he had struck work and absented himself. Very likely there was some truth in the plea, inasmuch as we constantly find in the time-bargains

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of the period a proviso to the effect that more time shall be allowed in the event of the prevalence of plague. Whether he was stricken by the plague, I know not; but I find that he died in the May of the following year, and that the work which he had undertaken was left unfinished. Then it was that the Magistrates turned to Pietro Perugino; and on the 28th day of November they stipulated with him that he should complete the work, cut short by the death of Galcotto, within the space of four months; on no account omitting the portraits of "tutti i Decemviri con loro Notaro." A few days after, however, Perugino left Perugia, without giving the Chapel and the likenesses of the Priori a moment's thought. Whereupon these in hot haste, terribly anxious about having themselves handed down to posterity, to say nothing about having themselves in a conspicuous position for the benefit of their contemporaries, got hold of another artist, one Celandro, and promised him a hundred florins if he would finish the work lately entrusted to Pietro Perugino. The Madonna, or rather the two Madonnas—for there was to be a couple of them—the Bambino, and the four patron saints of the city, were to be completed within the term of a year; but "all the portraits, together with their notary," were to be finished in a fortnight! The Virgin and Child, San Lorenzo, San Ludovico, Sant' Ercolano, and San Costanzo, it appears, might be kept waiting; but the Priori must have themselves done at once. The former could sit at any time, I suppose, whilst even such mighty men as Priori were perforce mortal. Indeed they were more mortal as Priori than as men, inasmuch as they held office only for a limited period; and we may fairly infer, from their desperate hurry to be stuck up on the Chapel walls, that the limited period was fast drawing to a close. Fancy a poor man having to paint ten Priori, and their notary to boot, within fifteen days! He painted the whole eleven, however; whether or not within the precisely stipulated time, I cannot say. But when the worthy Celandro had done that much, he did not bother himself in the least about executing the remainder of the commission. Poor St. Ercolano and his three fellow-saints were wholly forgotten; and the satisfied Decemvirs, with the notary, troubled their heads no further about the Bambino and the two Madonnas. Positively twelve years passed away, during which nothing was done. See, however, the revenges brought in by the whirligig of Time, and the humiliations to which poor, proud, unhappy Bumbledom has ever and anon to submit! In the year 1495 the Magistracy, composed of course of an entirely new set of officers, again took up the idea of having the neglected Chapel finally and satisfactorily decorated; and for that purpose entered into fresh stipulations with Pietro Perugino, who had meanwhile become famous by the works which he had executed in what a Perugian historian of the last century calls "fuori di patria" (out of his own

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country), meaning thereby other Italian cities, and especially in the Vatican at Rome. Six months only were to be given him this time. But in addition to the subjects previously mentioned, he was to paint a Pietà in the tympanum over the altar; and for that purpose—alas! for poor Bumbledom!—the frescoed portraits of all the priors, with their notary, done by Celandro, were to be broken up and the bits carted away. They were destroyed accordingly; and we possess, not their portraits, about which they were so nervously anxious, but this laughable record of their little vanity.

But over and above this under-current of permanent human nature, of which we get these curious glimpses, there is yet another point of resemblance traceable in the record between that age and ours. In reading of the recurring delays on the part of the various artists employed by the Perugian Magistracy, do we not seem almost to be reading of some much-debated frescoes commissioned to be done by a certain House of Commons? Celandro and Galeotto might be set side by side, despite the difference of four centuries, with one or two Academicians who could be mentioned here, and *have* been mentioned in "another place," by indignant members, in "questions" addressed to succeeding Chancellors of the Exchequer; and the Cappella del Magistrato finds its fellow in the Nelson monument, still without its lions.

Warm as have been the controversies regarding the merits of the Umbrian school, and those of Pietro Perugino especially, they have been quite equalled in earnestness by the polemics respecting his death, burial, and theological opinions. He died in 1524, and only twenty-six years later was published the first edition of Vasari's Lives of the Painters. That his notice of Perugino is written in an unfriendly spirit, I think no impartial person would deny, though he would refrain from imputing to it that malignity which some defenders of Perugia have in heat endeavoured to attach to it. Vasari states that Perugino could never be got to believe in the immortality of the soul, that at the close of life he obstinately clung to his wrong opinions, and was accordingly denied Christian burial. This assertion has been repeated, on Vasari's authority, by almost every succeeding writer on the subject; and Salvator Rosa, who wrote in colours as sombre as those in which he painted, in upbraiding the irreligious spirit of the artists of his own time, wondered that the earth did not yawn and swallow them up, seeing that in matters concerning faith and the soul they imitated "quel di Perugia," him of Perugia. An attempt has been made in an indifferent Life of Perugino, by Signor Mezzanotte, to show that Salvator Rosa was here referring to another Perugian artist, who flourished a hundred years later, one Agostino Tassi; but in the attempt he completely fails, and it may fairly be concluded that "quel di Perugia" was no other than Pietro. Indeed,

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the opinion of Perugino's incredulity and consequent banishment from consecrated ground became so universal, that a spot began to be shown, and is shown to this day, rather more than a mile outside Fontignano, a little place between Perugia and Città della Pieve, where he happened to be painting when death overtook him in his eighty-seventh year, and which is asserted to be the burial-place of the painter, thus separated from the communion of the faithful. Over and above this, Pompeo Pellini, who wrote a history of Perugia which stretches over three thousand five hundred and twenty-five years, and which during the years covered by the author's own life-time is most minute, and executed twelvemonth by twelvemonth, makes no mention of Perugino's death. Pellini was alive in 1524, the date of Perugino's decease; and though the third volume, in which that year is treated, is not only exceedingly rare, but is in most copies short of the very leaves which especially refer to 1524, the copy in the library of Perugia is unimpaired, and is equally with the rest silent about the great painter's death. He was loth, say the adversaries of Pietro Perugino, to mention what was such a disgrace to the city whose glories he was so industriously celebrating.

Nor is there anything unlikely in the supposition; for the very warmest defenders of Perugino regard the charge as the very severest that could be made against him; his most intelligent advocate, Signor Mariotti, calling it the "brutta macchia d'incredulo," the ugly charge and reproach of being an unbeliever. In order to absolve him from this terrible imputation, there have been rooted up two curious documents, the first of which bears the date of 1515, and shows how Perugino bought for six florins a sepulchre, to be given him when he died, by the Religious of the Convent of the Santissima Annunziata, in Florence. To this, however, it is answered that the very same authority which quotes this document, says that he returned to Perugia in 1512, and never left it again. And in any case the document can only show that he desired to have, and paid for, decent burial, but by no means that he deserved it or got it. The ubiquitous diligence, however, of Mariotti has discovered another instrument more to the purpose; and this is no less than an agreement between the sons of Pietro Perugino and the monks of the Convent of S. Agostino, in Perugia, that, in consideration of money still due from them to the deceased painter for work done by him over the high altar of their church, they should transport his body from Fontignano to Perugia, should bury him in their said church, and should celebrate office within it for the repose of his soul. This at first would seem to be conclusive; but then even Signor Mariotti does not pretend that this agreement was ever carried out. The monks of S. Agostino, for whom Perugino had done a vast amount of work, must have been excellent judges of his claims to Christian burial; and had they given

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it to him within their church, they would have seemed conclusively to assert his right to it. But they did no such thing, An excellent reason for their not doing so, however, is adduced by the same cunning Mariotti, from an archive preserved in S. Agostino, and written by a monk of the order, one Padre Giacomo Giappessi, who died in 1720. He had heard of the agreement between his Order and the sons of Perugino, but he had heard also of the story of the impenitent death, and the burial in a profane spot near to an oak on the side of a hill outside of Fontignano. The reason, however, which he gives for the body not having been transported as agreed, is that "allora correvano tempi calamitosi per le guerre e contagio," that it was a time of war and pestilence, and that the monks delayed the transfer in consequence, and meanwhile contented themselves—this he expressly adds—with "placing the body in a sacred spot more conveniently near to that where he died."

But even should this be deemed conclusive—and hardly anybody could deem it conclusive—as to the fact of his having received Christian burial, it leaves the question of his incredulity with regard to the immortality of the soul untouched. Signor Mariotti, writing before the close of the last century, could not upon this point call in aid a piece of testimony which he would eagerly have pounced down upon, and which is to the following effect. When the Grand Duke of Tuscany was endeavouring to fill up the gaps made in the Pitti Gallery by the robberies of the great French war, a number of pictures were got out of an old lumber room, dusted, and hung up in the vacant places. One of these was a portrait of a man, holding a scroll, on which was written *Timete Deum*, "Fear God." It was in shockingly bad condition, and was long attributed to Francia. But when Cavaliere Montalvi became director of the Pitti Museum, he had this portrait, along with many others, carefully cleaned. The process brought to light on the right hand side of the upper end of the back of the canvas, a name and date, which were clearly "Pietro Perugino, 1494." Unfortunately the restorer, in whose hands it was placed, relined the picture and destroyed the superscription. Signor Montalvi had, however, already compared the handwriting with that of Perugino, and it had satisfactorily passed that test. When shown in its cleaned and restored condition to professed judges, it was unanimously pronounced to be by Perugino, and by some it was suggested that it was a portrait of the great artist done by himself. An impression of it was at once sent to Perugia, in order that it might be compared with the well-known likeness done by the artist's own hand in the celebrated Sala del Cambio. They resembled each other most closely, the remark being that the new one seemed to be a portrait of Perugino when he was five or six years younger than when he painted the one at Perugia. But here again was fresh

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corroboration; for the portrait in the Sala del Cambio was done somewhere about the year 1500, and the recently discovered one had borne the date, though now obliterated, of 1494. It is now in the Uffizi, in the room dedicated to the portraits of painters executed by themselves.

The controversy, for some time abandoned, as to Perugino's incredulity, was again forthwith renewed. If, said his advocates, he was such a foul unbeliever, why did he with his own brush put a scroll into his own hand, in his own portrait, and superfluously write thereon "*Timete Deum?*" But the other side was not to be set down so easily. It was a mere piece of hypocrisy, they said; the superfluous and demonstrative piety of a man justly suspected of irreligion. Just look when and where it was painted! Why in Florence, in the year 1494, at the time that Savonarola had frightened two-thirds of the Florentines into the most extravagant form of ascetism, and the other third into feigned conformity with the devotion of the majority. He may have painted very good pictures, said these; painted them with the help of his pupils; but he was a misbelieving dog, and was buried on a dung heap and damned accordingly.

The controversy might have assumed a materially altered form had Perugino's advocates been acquainted with a marginal and manuscript note made in a copy of the first edition of Vasari, which once was, and for anything I know to the contrary still is, in the Imperial Library of Paris; and the fact that it should have escaped the researches of so many bookworms, and especially of the diligent Mariotti, is not a little surprising. The note is by Gaspare Celio, and is in these terms. "When he was on the point of death he was told that it was necessary for him to confess his sins. Pietro answered, I wish to see how it will fare beyond with a soul ('Come starà di là un' anima') that has not confessed; nor would he do otherwise. On which account he was buried outside in a field, where his family caused a maestà to be painted. This is told by Niccolò dalle Pomerancie, whose wife was related to Pietro's."

Vermiglioli was acquainted with this note, and indulges in all a bibliomaniac's quiet but scornful exultation over the ignorance of Perugino's advocates concerning it. And in the jottings for a more correct life of Perugino, which he appends to his life of Pinturrichio, he quotes it as conclusive against those who have so long and so laboriously struggled against the correctness of Vasari's statement. But in reality could anything be not only less conclusive in favour of Vasari, but more completely destructive of the more important part of his assertion respecting the great Umbrian painter? What is that assertion? Not only that Perugino was denied Christian burial, but that he could never be brought to believe in the immortality of the soul. Now, although one is unfortunately compelled to concede

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that the refusal to confess his sins to a priest at the point of death would be sufficient to obtain for Perugino dishonourable burial, the marginal note quoted above proves not only that Perugino did not disbelieve in the immortality of the soul, but that he so strongly believed in it that he wished to know what would be its state beyond the grave, travelling under conditions then very unfrequent. Pietro did not believe in the efficacy of confession and priestly absolution. If this was the amount of his unbelief, I think his anxious advocates may at last be satisfied that from his memory has been wiped the "brutta macchia d'incredulo."

But not alone in painting and its more closely cognate arts has Perugia been fruitful. I find mention but of one Perugian musician for whom even local partiality dares claim immortality; and despite the "Swans' Lament for the death of the Phœnix of Musicians," I doubt whether the life written by the Canonico Giovanni Angiolo Guidarelli in 1660, will save from greedy forgetfulness the name of the illustrious Cavaliere Baldassare Ferri. But in literary compositions Perugia has ever been amazingly prolific. I have before me a catalogue of some five hundred works written mostly by Perugians, and when not by them, always concerning their city. Giacinto Vincioli published, between 1712 and 1729, the lives of as many as seventy-seven Perugian poets! The industrious Vermiglioli, whose valuable library is now in the possession of the Baglioni family, makes a note in his "*Bibliographia*" to the effect that these seventy-seven might have had many more added to them, had not Vincioli been ignorant of various Perugian bards from the fourteenth century downwards, well worthy of notice; and he goes on to give the names of twenty-six of the most celebrated—not all, remember, but only the most celebrated—of those omitted in Vincioli's collection. Yet it must not be supposed that because they are so numerous they are absolutely deficient in merit. Doubtless they were of that large class of poets affected in their own days but afterwards forgotten, who are of light enough draught to be able to float along the stream, but are therefore not heavy enough to escape being upset and submerged in the ocean of Time. Indeed the one Perugian poem which seems most deserving of preservation, has never been published at all. It is by one Lorenzo Spirito, and is called in one place "The Lament of Perugia," and by Ciatti, who wrote in 1636, and who calls Spirito "a good poet, but a better soldier," is referred to and quoted (from the manuscript) as the "Lament of the Griffon;" the griffon being the emblem of Perugia. Another poem of his, relating to the mighty deeds of the potent Captain Niccolò Picinini, whose secretary he was, and in whose service doubtless he won the title of "better soldier" given him by Ciatti, was published at Vicenza in 1489, and is now most difficult to get hold of. Vincioli was, of course, acquainted with this

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printed production, but he is quite silent, in his list of the works of the seventy-seven poets, about the "Lament of the Griffon." It is in terza rima, and is divided into sixteen parts. Occasionally it is exceedingly bitter, and not only bemoans the losses by conquest and insurrection which Perugia had suffered, but inveighs forcibly against the evil customs which it had begun to tolerate. According to the Griffon, Perugia was built by the Trojans, who originally called it Tibera, from its proximity to the Tiber. The poet soon passes from the origin to the glories of Perugia; but these he is unable to recount without remembering that they no longer existed. There is a passage in the third part of the "Lament" which for poetical vigour and robustness of expression in describing martial triumphs, is, to my thinking, unsurpassed in epic literature. Chiusi and Arezzo and Montepulciano and Orvieto and Viterbo are mentioned as having been made tributary to the power of the Griffon; but vindictiveness is chiefly manifested towards his nearer and smaller neighbours, the Griffon regarding it as monstrous that Assisi (written Asçsi) and "la barbara Bettona" should have dared rebel against his rule. Concerning the first there is a strong and amusing triplet, in which the Griffon says—

> "Et ebbi sotto le mia braccia Asesi,
> Et certo ben ch'assai ne fu pentuto
> Contender meco, tanto il vilipesi;"

such a thorough good thrashing had Assisi received that she must have bitterly repented of ever having contended with the Griffon. Bettona is spoken of not only as barbarous, but as exceedingly foolish, in raising its head over and over again, forgetting how, says the Griffon, "I sent there every year fire and sword to make its whole neighbourhood sterile." But from these, though no longer subject to him, the Griffon turns with contempt to relate with a momentary pride how

> "Prestando al mio destrier più de speroni
> Passai per forza il giogo d'Apennino,
> E per la Marcha spiegai miei pennoni;"

how he struck deeper spurs into his war-steed, forcibly burst the barrier of the Apennines, and flaunted his pennon over the Marches.

After proclaiming Fortune to be a turncoat, and mundane glory to be vain, the Griffon cannot refrain from recording with pleasure how he defeated an army of "genti Anghilese," of Englishmen, "huomini perversi," obstinate men, who, however, were some slain, some dispersed.

In the ninth part the poet describes the discords and wars which in the fifteenth century desolated not only Perugia, but the whole of Italy, and takes occasion to enumerate and glorify the most illustrious captains who did honour to the valour, if injury to the

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prosperity, of their country. Indeed the sword of the soldier is continually peeping out from underneath the mantle of the bard; and it is when he most vigorously and successfully sweeps the strings of his lyre that the martial weapon is most plainly betrayed. But in the twelfth division of his poem he confines himself to the more immediate vices of his own city, and, as in every other satire of social manners, the women come in for the heaviest portion of the moralist's reproof. Velvet, it seems, which had got itself introduced from Tuscany, was overmuch worn, and had been the seed of still grosser luxury. So abandoned had they become that they wore pearls in their hair, gold and silver necklaces, and actually embroidered and befringed their kerchiefs. Nothing would content them but they must have three gowns at a time, and if their husbands could not satisfy them, they pouted. The ladies of to-day will perhaps take more comfort from this satire of the fifteenth century than the ladies of the fifteenth century received annoyance. They will, I fear, be inclined to conclude that as the terrible luxury of the ladies of Perugia, as painted by Lorenzo Spirito, does not seem so very terrible to them, their own still greater luxury satirised to-day will seem but a small matter to the fashionable world of posterity.

I do not know whether they will be vindictive enough to rejoice that poor Spirito got himself into trouble with his writings. Should they be prone to gloat over his misfortunes, let them remember that it was not on account of the above animadversions upon their sex, inasmuch as these, as I have said, have never been published. Not the less, however, was he accused of high crimes and misdemeanours, amongst which was the crime of being the author of "certain infamous and satirical poetry." This last charge was, however, I strongly suspect, only a pretext and not the real motive for the persecution put upon him. At least, the "infamous poetry" is nowhere quoted, though we have ourselves seen that it was satirical enough. But what his *real* crime was I have been enabled to gather from a petition which the poor fellow addressed to the papal legate, in 1457, to be let off from a condemnation to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of "six hundred pounds' weight of farthings," both to be quadrupled if the culprit did not present himself within ten days of the sentence. The sentence says nothing of "infamous poetry," but is exceedingly magniloquent, after ecclesiastical fashion, as to his being an "evil-tongued contemner and derider of the ordinances of Holy Mother Church, a scoffer at the Catholic faith, and of the mandates of our divinely appointed Pope Calixtus III." "Nec non"—for I really cannot refrain from giving the next magnificent sentence in the original Latin, with all its terrible genitive cases plural,—"nec non vilipensorem et derisorem sacrarum monicionum (*sic*) prædicatorum venerabilium religiosorum dictorum prædicatorum referentium et

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prædicantium pias salubres constitutiones Sanctæ Matris Ecclesiæ editas compositas et ordinatas in matura deliberatione reverendissimorum patruum Dominorum Cardinalium," &c., &c., for many a yard more, till one loses breath in reading and laughing at stuff which has a parallel only in the terrible curse pronounced upon the poor little jackdaw of Rheims. Whether Lorenzo Spirito as thoroughly repented as the jackdaw, and, like him, at last in the odour of sanctity died, the archives of Perugia omit to mention. But they do tell us that, in order to escape incarceration, and probably more in order not to have to pay that awful six hundred pounds' weight of copper, he "confessed his fault; and showing sorrow for it, ear was given to his supplication, and he obtained a diminution of the fine from six hundred to one hundred *libre di denari*, to be paid to the abbot of the monks of San Pietro for the building of their church."

What a picture of the time have we here! A writer made a little more large-minded and critical by the mere exercise of his own mind and pen, a superb intolerant legate, dog-Latin accusations of heresy, the submission (probably feigned) of a poor fellow standing alone, and not having any martyr's stuff in him, and a fine to be paid to some comfortable orthodox monks! But that Lorenzo Spirito was not a heretic at all, and that the accusation was probably made against him by some one who had smarted under his satirical verses, I gather from the fact that in the fourteenth canto of the "Lament of the Griffon," the author, fearing the destruction of Perugia, prays "God and the Virgin" to deliver both it and him from such a disaster. Clearly, he could not have been a very terrible unbeliever. Indeed, the learned Mariotti, writing towards the close of the last century, was at one time inclined to attribute to Lorenzo Spirito the authorship of the pious verses inscribed on the Gonfalone di Santa Maria Nuova, the painting of which is asserted by Tranquilli to be by Bonfigli, Pietro Perugino's questionably supposed master.

The history of this banner is curious as illustrating the manners of the time. On the 3rd day of September, 1477, the Confraternità di San Benedetto presented a petition to the Magistracy, in which was set forth that the most holy gonfalon of the Church of Santa Maria Nuova had not for some time past been carried through the city, either in procession or during any other devotion, like the gonfalons of the other churches; but that the confraternity intended to make one afresh, and have it carried in procession through the streets on the coming feast of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary. In aid of this purpose the confraternity asked from the Commune twelve pounds of wax; and their petition was graciously heard. The wax, I conclude, was to be made up into candles to be burnt in the procession.

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Mariotti declares that, putting the gonfalon side by side with Bonfigli's other works, he can with difficulty believe that it was painted by him. In this he shows his usual critical acumen; and he displays it afresh when he returns to a sounder judgment about the verses on the Gonfalone, which end with the lines—

> "Con pianti fatta fu gridand' omei
> Nel mille settanta quattro cento sei;"

and expresses his maturer judgment that they were composed by some other poet, "very inferior to Lorenzo Spirito." Of this we may be quite sure. But he does not so much as hint that the verses, pious as they be, contained any sentiments which, if better expressed, might not be ascribed to the author of "The Lament of the Griffon." Peace to the unpublished satirist! I suppose he wrote some telling squibs and stuck them on the city walls, and so was conveniently made a heretic of. Let us hope that he paid his uttermost farthing when he acquitted himself of the reduced penalty of one hundred pounds' weight of copper, to be handed over to the abbot of the monks of St. Peter.

It might be imagined, from this story, that the good people of Perugia were not only prone in old times to look unfavourably upon all heretics, but that the civil power was always at the beck of the ecclesiastical when the latter wished to enforce its decrees by more than threats, to be executed on the other side of the grave. But for the honour of the brave old city, I think I may truly say that this was far from being the case. It is true that Perugia usually adhered to the Guelph or Papal party; but as, on most occasions, this wore the semblance of being the more national of the contending sides, it cannot be considered as arguing any obstinate submission to the temporal pretensions of the Vatican. We have seen wiser people in our day commit the same mistake with far less excuse for committing it. Let us hope that the Neo-Guelphs in Italy are now things of the past; but we must remember that Mrs. Barrett Browning at one time fell into the delusion, and the large-minded Gioberti died in it. I am shocked, however, at finding that the Perugians were so uncertain in their allegiance that they positively anticipated the English feast of Guy Fawkes' Day by four hundred years, as I find them burning Martin IV. in effigy as early as 1282. To adduce another proof of their disobedience of papal mandates, I find that in 1315 Perugia had no less than forty-two towers, and that in 1476 Sixtus IV. not only threatened a fine of fifty ducats, but fulminated a Bull of Excommunication, against all those who should demolish or further tamper with the same. Whether he or his successors made much by the money penalty I do not discover. But one shudders to think how many people

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must have been excommunicated and are damned to all eternity for being concerned in the work of demolition, since at the present moment I can count but four, and these are in a very sorry plight. I fear that in those more outrageous, as in these less credulous days, a Bull of Excommunication was not the terrible thing that some historians are inclined to consider it. Men in hot mood reck little of torments that they do not see; and the denunciations of Sixtus IV. were heeded about as much as a "pestilential free press" has heeded censures of a more recent date.

But it must not be supposed that these Umbrians have not invariably been a devout and readily believing people. One of the curiosities of Perugia is the wedding-ring of the Virgin kept in the Cappella del Santo Anello, a little chapel to the left as you enter the cathedral dedicated to San Lorenzo. For most people the chapel has lost its interest, now that it no longer possesses the altarpiece of the Sposalizio by Perugino, which Orsini, in his "Guide to the City of Perugia," published in 1784, speaks of as one of that artist's most beautiful works, and which Mariotti plausibly guesses to have been painted in 1495, on the strength of his discovery that on the 22nd day of February of that year, the Compagnia di San Guiseppe obtained from the Magistracy a subsidy for a picture that was to be painted for the chapel, then called of Saint Joseph, in the church of Saint Laurence. French rapacity carried it off at the same period that French soldiers turned their victories to the purpose of ekeing out their own artistic poverty by robbing other more gifted countries; and the beautiful Sposalizio is now in the Museum of Caen. Nor should I here refer to the chapel or its reputed treasure, were it not that in 1736 Giacinto Vincioli, before mentioned, a voluminous Perugian writer, even still not disregarded by the learned, proposed to dedicate to Muratori a work in defence of the authenticity of the sacred relic; and so wrung from the historian a letter which has more interest for the modern reader than all the reliquaries in Christendom. This letter does not appear in Lazzari's collection of Muratori's correspondence, published at Venice in 1801; nor have I met with it anywhere save in the *Bibliographia Storico-Perugina*, compiled and annotated by Vermiglioli, in whose possession lies the original. It bears the date of August, 1736, and runs as follows:—

"It is my habit to speak frankly with all people, especially with my friends, among the chief of whom I count you. You wish to defend this sacred ring. Now it seems to me a very difficult enterprise, and one, I will say further, from which little credit is to be reaped. There is not a single writer of antiquity to show us that rings were used in Hebrew nuptials, nor one that speaks of the ring in question. You will be reduced, then, for your entire defence, to citing Papal Bulls of recent centuries, indulgences, feasts, and such-like. But the learned are already accustomed to count such acts for nothing, and Padre Papebrochio, together with his fellow Bollandists, and Launojo and others,

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have shown as much in numerous instances. The Popes, in conceding their approbation in such form, have never formally examined the matter, nor has anybody ever proved to them on solid authority that this was the wedding-ring of the Blessed Virgin. They have done nothing more than accommodate themselves to the credulity of the people, which represents this supposed relic as having been revered from time immemorial, a fact which nowise injures religion, seeing that religion is founded not upon any individual matters, but upon the Divine Scriptures. All that can be gained from an array of such-like Bulls, and by citing a host of modern authors, is to show that this ring has been venerated and esteemed as a notable relic for some centuries; but that does not prove that in barbarous and ignorant ages it was properly so received and esteemed, seeing that we know how an infinity of other things were then introduced, and how their worship is now tolerated, because they have a sufficient weight of antiquity and tradition, though of but few centuries. I hope you will reflect upon what little I have thus sincerely said, and then take your own course. Meanwhile I warmly thank you for your kind intention of dedicating to me the result of your labours, and sending you the assurance of my unalterable regard, I sign myself, L. ANTONIO MURATORI."

Here we have the voice of the instructed, thoughtful, and tolerant modern philosopher in answer to that of the erudite, but unquestioning and narrow, child of the past. I said that Vincioli had written largely; and among his other works I find the lives of twenty-four Perugian cardinals, of whom Vermiglioli says, "Perugia non può glorificarsi," Perugia has no call to be proud. This will, perhaps, be enough to show what manner of man the worthy Hyacinth was. But is it not refreshing to stumble upon such a letter as this in the year 1736, and especially in Italy? Englishmen are far too prone to conclude that up to the date of the French Revolution, free and bold thought had been the exclusive product and possession of Protestant countries; the only difference really being that in Protestant countries free thought had at first a small audience, but in Roman Catholic countries none at all. Indeed there would be no difficulty in showing that the birth of free thought, as understood in these days, preceded in the latter the birth of free thought in the former, though, from favourable circumstances arising purely out of political causes, in Protestant countries it earlier arrived at maturity. At the time that Muratori penned the above letter, which breathes the very air necessary for the philosophic historian, Bolingbroke was a suspected atheist; Hume was only just about to excite a howl of terror and abuse; and Gibbon, who forty years later frightened all the ecclesiastics of England out of their senses and decent behaviour, was yet too young even to frighten his nurse. Signor Vincioli was deterred by this letter from his intention of dedicating his work to Muratori, but not from writing it. In the following year it saw the light. It is, however, a very diminutive work, and had probably shrunk from its original proportions in consequence of the caution which it had thus received. Nevertheless, the prodigies which the Sacred Ring has wrought are relied upon as forcible arguments in

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favour of its authenticity. A decent sized library might be collected out of the books, pamphlets, and panegyrics published upon this subject at Perugia.

Indeed, Perugia can boast of books and collections of books innumerable; and I think I have never come across anything funnier than the history of the foundation of the library which, in contradistinction to the one belonging to the Cathedral, to that of the University, and others, is called the Public Library. In the year 1582 there lived at Perugia one Prospero Podiani, who must have been one of the queerest of all the queer old fellows who have so often taken it into their heads to make collections of dusty tomes. Prospero had got together some seven thousand of these, and one fine morning announced that at his death he would bequeath them to the city, which was meanwhile to enjoy the free use of them. They were accordingly carted to the Palazzo Communale. But the patriotic old Podiani was not going to be robbed of his reward even in this life. He followed his books to the Palazzo, where, in consideration of his munificence, he was not only housed, but was granted by the Decemvirs an honourable place at their own table, and an annuity of one hundred and fifty ducats. In 1592, however, this annuity was taken from him by pontifical decree. Forthwith the indignant Podiani revoked his gift, and made the authorities carry all the books back again to his own house. He had lived rent-free for ten years; he had eaten, we may be sure, ten times three hundred and sixty-five good dinners at the public expense, and always sitting in "an honourable place at table;" he had received fifteen hundred ducats. But the outraged Prospero took no heed of these. His books should go back, and back they went. One can readily understand how he would then become surrounded by a crowd of legacy-hunters, most of them monks and religious, eager to get all these seven thousand volumes for their respective communities. He made a succession of bequests. First, he gave them to the Dominicans, then to the Cassinesi, then to the Duke of Altemps, then to the Augustinians, then to the Cathedral, then to the Seminary, then to the Bishop, then to the Cappucins, then to the Vatican, then to one Æneas Baldeschi, and finally to the Jesuits. These last having got a bequest made in their favour, there was a pause in the struggle and in the bibliomaniac's will-making. Probably, with their wonted skill, they locked the door and mounted guard, and let nobody else come near him. Jesuits are cunning, if you like; but women are more cunning still, and a woman got through the keyhole somehow, and tripped up even the followers of Loyola. If the old fellow in 1600 did not actually marry! He married, and had two sons, and this was more than enough to invalidate and revoke each and every prior bequest.

She must have been a clever woman, for we hear of no more will-

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making in favour of monks, or cities, or Jesuits, till 1615, when Giacomo Baldeschi, some relation probably of Æneas, got round him and induced him to make a formal bequest to the city. Perhaps Mrs. Prospero Podiani had grown incautious from excessive confidence, or had begun to lose her first influence. Be this as it may, in 1615, I say, he again left his library to the city of Perugia. I cannot think but that the struggle would have commenced afresh, and that there would have been another series of codicils, had not Prospero, luckily for the city, suddenly died in the November of that year, and left books, and children, and friars, and decemvirs to settle the affair amongst themselves as best they might. For, despite his last formal bequest, there was yet a good deal to settle. The authorities immediately carted his books back again once more to the Palazzo. Litigation forthwith began. The sons of the deceased put in their claim, and the Jesuits followed by asserting theirs. Everybody else stood aside, content to watch the issue as tried between these great contending parties. Not many monks, however,—not many Dominicans, Augustinians, Cassinesi, or Cappucini, I guess,—lived to see the result, which was not declared for two-and-fifty years. In 1667, not before, was the city of Perugia declared to be the rightful heir of the Prospero Podiani who had died in 1615. I confess that in the whole range of comedy I meet with no such comic figure as this old fellow, making and unmaking testaments. Not in Plautus, not in Terence, not in Molière—and where else should I look?—do I meet with this whimsical book-collector's equal. I never pass the Palazzo Communale but I fancy Prospero Podiani is within, sitting in an honourable place, and eating his dinner for nothing. I laughed at him at first, and I laugh at him still. But I have a liking for him also. For see! He left his books to none of the above. He left them all to me. Morning after morning have I spent in that library, and nobody came to keep me company. Only a door-keeper, who handed me down what books I could not reach, and sat near the doorway cobbling shoes in the interval.

But even in 1667 Perugia had not done with Prospero Podiani. Fifty years later his bequest had been succeeded by so many others that it was necessary to transfer all the volumes, thus become the property of the city, from the Palazzo to a more convenient locality. This was accordingly done in 1717; and on the staircase of the library, as I daily mount, I read in print on a marble tablet, the Latin assurance that Prosper Podianus is deemed to be worthy of on no account yielding to the chief personages of our age in nobility and greatness of mind, as principally manifested in his foundation of this library. Bravo, Prospero Podiani! You bought your immortality more cheaply than anybody I ever heard of. You behaved very oddly about some seven thousand volumes, ate three thousand six

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hundred and fifty dinners at the expense of your fellow-citizens, and are solemnly pronounced by them one of the great men of the age. Who shall say after this that the world is ungrateful?

The library, I say, is little frequented. But a time of fierce political and patriotic excitement is not favourable to erudition. Even as I write,[1] the students of the University of Perugia are flinging down their books and offering themselves to their country as volunteers in the war which they and all of us believe to be on the point of breaking out. They wish to rid their land, once and for all, of the hand of the stranger: Austrian and Frenchman, imperious Hapsburg and furtive Bonaparte, must alike be driven beyond the Alps. This time they will have no treacherous Gallic help. I think of Byron's lines:—

> "Trust not for freedom to the Franks!
> They have a king who buys and sells."

I wish them God-speed in their resolve to liberate themselves from insidious friends, no less than from open foes. The new levies are crowding in. "Evviva Italia!" shouts the boy. "Evviva sempre!" answers him the greybeard. In that prayer the most sedentary student, if he have but studied aright, must perforce heartily join.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

COTTAGE PROPERTY IN LONDON.

THE subject of dwellings for the poor is attracting so much attention, that an account of a small attempt to improve them may be interesting to many readers, especially as the plan adopted is one which has answered pecuniarily, and which, while it might be undertaken by private individuals without much risk, would bring them into close and healthy communication with their hard-working neighbours.

Two years ago I first had an opportunity of carrying out the plan I had long contemplated, that of obtaining possession of houses to be let in weekly tenements to the poor. That the spiritual elevation of a large class depended to a considerable extent on sanitary reform was I considered proved, but I was equally certain that sanitary improvement itself depended upon educational work among grown-up people; that they must be urged to rouse themselves from the lethargy and indolent habits into which they have fallen, and freed from all that hinders them from doing so. I further believed that any lady who would help them to obtain things, the need of which they felt themselves, and would sympathise with them in their desire

(1) This article was sent to the Review about six months ago.

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for such, would soon find them eager to learn her view of what was best for them; that whether this was so or not, her duty was to keep alive their own best hopes and intentions, which come at rare intervals, but fade too often for want of encouragement. I desired to be in a condition to free a few poor people from the tyranny and influence of a low class of landlords and landladies; from the corrupting effect of continual forced communication with very degraded fellow-lodgers; from the heavy incubus of accumulated dirt: that so the never-dying hope which I find characteristic of the poor might have leave to spring, and with it such energy as might help them to help themselves. I had not great ideas of what must be done for them, my strongest endeavours were to be used to rouse habits of industry and effort, without which they must finally sink—with which they might render themselves independent of me except as a friend and leader. The plan was one which depended on just governing more than on helping. The first point was to secure such power as would enable me to insist on some essential sanitary arrangements.

I laid the plan before Mr. Ruskin, who entered into it most warmly. He at once came forward with all the money necessary, and took the whole risk of the undertaking upon himself. He showed me, however, that it would be far more useful if it could be made to pay; that a working man ought to be able to pay for his own house; that the outlay upon it ought, therefore, to yield a fair percentage on the capital invested. Thus empowered and directed, I purchased three houses in my own immediate neighbourhood. They were leasehold, subject to a small ground-rent. The unexpired term of the lease was for fifty-six years; this we purchased for £750. We spent £78 additional in making a large room at the back of my own house, where I could meet the tenants from time to time. The plan has now been in operation about a year and a half; the financial result is that the scheme has paid five per cent. interest on all the capital, has repaid £48 of the capital; sets of two rooms have been let for little more than the rent of one, the houses have been kept in repair, all expenses have been met for taxes, ground-rent, and insurance. In this case there is no expense for collecting rents, as I do it myself, finding it most important work; but in all the estimates I put aside the usual percentage for it, in case hereafter I may require help, and also to prove practically that it can be afforded in other cases. It should be observed that well-built houses were chosen, but they were in a dreadful state of dirt and neglect. The repairs required were mainly of a superficial and slight character: slight in regard to expense—vital as to health and comfort. The place swarmed with vermin; the papers, black with dirt, hung in long strips from the walls; the drains were stopped, the water supply out of order. All

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these things were put in order, but no new appliances of any kind were added, as we had determined that our tenants should wait for these until they had proved themselves capable of taking care of them. A regular sum is set aside for repairs, and this is equally divided between the three houses; if any of it remains, after breakage and damage have been repaired, at the end of the quarter, each tenant decides in turn in what way the surplus shall be spent, so as to add to the comfort of the house. This plan has worked admirably; the loss from carelessness has decreased to an amazing extent, and the lodgers prize the little comforts which they have waited for, and seem in a measure to have earned by their care, much more than those bought with more lavish expenditure. The bad debts during the whole time that the plan has been in operation have only amounted to £2 11*s.* 3*d.* Extreme punctuality and diligence in collecting rents, and a strict determination that they shall be paid regularly, have accomplished this; as a proof of which it is curious to observe that £1 3*s.* 3*d.* of the bad debts accumulated during two months that I was away in the country. I have tried to remember, when it seemed hardest, that the fulfilment of their duties was the best education for the tenants in every way. It has given them a dignity and glad feeling of honourable behaviour which has much more than compensated for the apparent harshness of the rule.

Nothing has impressed me more than the people's perception of an underlying current of sympathy through all dealings that have seemed harsh; somehow love and care have made themselves felt. It is also wonderful that they should prize as they do the evenness of the law that is over them; they are accustomed to alternate violence of passion and toleration of vice: they expected a greater toleration, ignorant indulgence, and frequent almsgiving; but in spite of this have recognised as a blessing a rule which is very strict, but the demands of which they know, and a government that is true in word and deed. The plan of substituting a lady for a resident landlady of the same class as her tenants is not wholly gain. The lady will probably have subtler sympathy and clearer comprehension of their needs, but she cannot give the same minute supervision that a resident landlady can. Unhappily, the advantage of such a change is, however, at present unquestionable. The influence of the majority of the lower class of people who sub-let to the poor is almost wholly injurious. That tenants should be given up to the dominion of those whose word is given and broken almost as a matter of course, whose habits and standards are very low, whose passions are violent, who have neither large hope nor clear sight, nor even sympathy, is very sad. It seems to me that a greater power is in the hands of landlords and landladies than of school-teachers—power either of life or death, physical and spiritual. It is not an unimportant

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question who shall wield it. There are dreadful instances in which sin is really tolerated and shared, where the lodger who will drink most with his landlord is most favoured, and many a debt overlooked, to compensate for which the price of rooms is raised, and thus the steady and sober pay more rent to make up for losses caused by the unprincipled. But take this as an example of entirely careless rule: the owner of some cottage property in London, a small undertaker by trade, living some little distance from his property, and for the most part confining his dealings with it to a somewhat fruitless endeavour to collect the rents on a Sunday morning, in discussing the value of the property with me, said very straightforwardly, "Yes, miss, of course there are plenty of bad debts—it's not the rents I look to, but the deaths I get out of the houses." The man didn't mean for a moment that he knew that the state of the houses brought him a plentiful harvest of deaths, though I knew it, and heard the truth ringing with awful irony through his words; but he did mean that his entire thought was of his profits, that those dependent souls and bodies were to him as nothing. Consider under such a rule what deadly quarrels spring up and deepen and widen between families compelled to live very near one another, to use many things in common, whose uneducated minds brood over and over the same slight offences, when there is no one either compulsorily to separate them, or to say some soothing word of reconciliation before the quarrel grows too serious. I have received a letter from an Irish tenant actually boasting that he "would have taken a more manly way of settling a dispute," but that his neighbour "showed the white feather and retired." I have seen that man's whole face light up and break into a smile when I suggested that a little willing kindness would be a more manly way still. And I have known him and his aunt, though boiling over with rage all the time, use steady self-control in not quarrelling for a whole month, because they knew it would spoil my holiday. Finally, they shook hands and made peace, and lived in peace many months, and, indeed, are living so now.

I could have formed no idea of the docility of the people, nor of their gratitude for small things. They are easily governed by firmness, which they respect much. I have always made a point of carefully recognising their own rights; but if a strong conviction is clearly expressed they readily adopt it, and they often accept a different idea from any they have previously desired, if it is set before them. One tenant—a silent, strong, uncringing woman, living with her seven children and her husband in one room—was certain "there were many things she could get for the children to eat which would do them more good than another room." I was perfectly silent. A half-pleading, half-asserting voice said, "Don't you see I'm right, miss?" "No," I said, "indeed I do not. I have been brought up

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to know the value of abundant good air, but of course you must do as you think best—only I am sorry." Not a word more passed; but in a few weeks a second room was again to let, and the woman volunteered: "She thought she'd better strive to get the rent; good air was very important, wasn't it?" Again: a man wouldn't send his children to school; dirty, neglected, and unhappy, they destroyed many things in the house. I urged, to no purpose, that they should be sent. At last I gave him notice to leave because he refused to send them, and because he had taken three children to sleep in the room I had let for his own family only. The man was both angry and obstinate. I quietly went on with proceedings for getting rid of him. He knew I meant what I said, and he requested an interview. He owed no rent, he urged. "No," I replied, "you know what a point I make of that; but it isn't quite the only thing I insist on. I cannot allow anything so wrong as this neglect of the children and overcrowding to continue where I have the power to prevent it." He "knew what it was just this year to fuss about the cholera, and then nobody 'd care how many slep in a room; but he wasn't a coward to be frightened at the cholera, not he! And as to being bound, he wouldn't be bound—no, not to his own master that paid him wage; and it wasn't likely he would to me when he paid rent reg'lar. The room was his, he took it, and if he paid rent, he could do as he liked in it." "Very well," I said; "and the house is mine, I take it, and I must do what I think right in it; and I say that most landladies won't take in children at all, and we all know it is a good deal of loss and trouble; but I'll risk these gladly if you will do what you can to teach the children to be good, and careful, and industrious; and if not, you know the rule, and you must go. If you prefer liberty, and dirt, and mess, take them; but if you choose to agree to live under as good a rule as I can make it, you can stay. You have your choice." Put in the light of a bargain, the man was willing enough. Well, he'd not "do anything contrairy, without telling me, about lodgers; and as to the children, he thought he could turn himself, and send them a bit, now his work was better."

With the great want of rooms there is in this neighbourhood it did not seem right to expel families, however large, inhabiting one room. Whenever from any cause a room was vacant, and a large family occupied an adjoining one, I have endeavoured to induce them to rent the two. To incoming tenants I do not let what seems decidedly insufficient accommodation. We have been able to let two rooms for four shillings and sixpence, whereas the tenants were in many cases paying four shillings for one. At first they considered it quite an unnecessary expenditure to pay more rent for a second room, however small the additional sum might be. They have gradually

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learnt to feel the comfort of having two rooms, and pay willingly for them.

The pecuniary success of the plan has been due to two causes. First, to the absence of middlemen; and secondly, to great strictness about punctual payment of rent. At this moment not one tenant in any of the houses owes any rent, and during the whole time, as I have said, the bad debts have been exceedingly small. The law respecting such tenancies seems very simple, and when once the method of proceeding is understood, the whole business is easily managed; and I must say most seriously that I believe it to be better to pay legal expenses for getting rid of tenants than to lose by arrears of rent,—better for the whole tone of the households, kinder to the tenants. The rule should be clearly understood, and the people will respect themselves for having obeyed it. The commencement of proceedings which are known to be genuine and not a mere threat is usually sufficient to obtain payment of arrears: in one case only has an ejectment for rent been necessary. The great want of rooms gives the possessors of such property immense power over their lodgers. Let them see to it that they use it righteously. The fluctuations of work cause to respectable tenants the main difficulties in paying their rent. I have tried to help them in two ways. First, by inducing them to save: this they have done steadily, and each autumn has found them with a small fund accumulated, which has enabled them to meet the difficulties of the time when families are out of town. In the second place, I have done what I could to employ my tenants in slack seasons. I carefully set aside any work they can do for times of scarcity, and I try so to equalize in this small circle the irregularity of work, which must be more or less pernicious, and which the childishness of the poor makes doubly so. They have strangely little power of looking forward; a result is to them as nothing if it will not be perceptible till next quarter! This is very curious to me, especially as seen in connection with that large hope to which I have alluded, and which often makes me think that if I could I would carve over the houses the motto: "Spem, etiam illi habent, quibus nihil aliud restat."

Another beautiful trait in their character is their trust; it has been quite marvellous to find how great and how ready this is. In no single case have I met with suspicion, or with anything but entire confidence.

It is needless to say that there have been many minor difficulties and disappointments. Each separate person who has failed to rise and meet the help that would have been so gladly given has been a distinct loss to me; for somehow the sense of relation to them has been a very real one, and a feeling of interest and responsibility has been very strong even where there was least that was lovely or lovable in the particular character. When they have not had

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sufficient energy or self-control to choose the sometimes hard path that has seemed the only right one, it would have been hard to part from them, except for a hope that others would be able to lead them where I have failed.

Two distinct kinds of work depend entirely on one another if they are to bear their full fruit. There is, firstly, the simple fulfilment of a landlady's bounden duties, and uniform demand of the fulfilment of those of the tenants. We have felt ourselves bound by laws which must be obeyed, however hard obedience might often be. Then, secondly, there is the individual friendship which has grown up from intimate knowledge, and from a sense of dependence and protection. Such knowledge gives power to see the real position of families; to suggest in time the inevitable result of certain habits; to urge such measures as shall secure the education of the children and their establishment in life; to keep alive the germs of energy; to waken the gentler thought; to refuse resolutely to give any help but such as rouses self-help; to cherish the smallest lingering gleam of self-respect; and, finally, to be near with strong help should the hour of trial fall suddenly and heavily, and to give it with the hand and heart of a real old friend, who has filled many relations besides that of almsgiver, who has long ago given far more than material help, and has thus earned the right to give this lesser help even to the most independent spirits.

The relation will finally depend on the human spirits that enter into it; like all others, it may be pernicious or helpful. It is simply a large field of labour where the labourers are few. It has this advantage over many beneficent works—that it calls out a sense of duty, and demands energetic right-doing among the poor themselves, and so purifies and stimulates them.

If any of my poorer friends chance to see this, I hope they will not think I have spoken too exclusively of what we can do for them. I have dwelt on this side of the question because it is the one we are mainly bound to consider; it is for them to think how they can help us. But I must add in gratitude that I have much to thank them for. Their energy and hope amid overwhelming difficulties have made me ashamed of my own laziness and despair. I have seen the inevitable result of faults and omissions of mine that I had never sufficiently weighed. Their patience and thankfulness are a glad cause of admiration to me continually. I trust that our relation to one another may grow better and nearer for many years.

Octavia Hill.

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VITTORIA.

Chapter XLI.

THE INTERVIEW.

Merthyr saw Laura first. He thought that Vittoria must be lying on her couch; but Laura simply figured her arm in a sling, and signified, more than said, that Vittoria was well and taking the air. She then begged hungrily for news of Rome, and again of Rome, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap to listen. She mentioned Venice in a short breath of praise, as if her spirit could not repose there. Rome, its hospitals, its municipal arrangements, the names of the triumvirs, the prospects of the city, the edicts, the aspects of the streets, the popularity of the government, the number of volunteers ranked under the magical republic—of these things Merthyr talked, at her continual suggestion, till, stopping abruptly, he asked her if she wished to divert him from any painful subject. "No, no!" she cried, "it's only that I want to feel an anchor. We are all adrift. Sandra is in perfect health. Our bodies, dear Merthyr, are enjoying the perfection of comfort. Nothing is done here except to keep us from boiling over."

"Why does not Count Ammiani come to Rome?" said Merthyr.

"Why are we not all in Rome? Yes, why! why! We should make a carnival of our own if we were."

"She would have escaped that horrible knife," Merthyr sighed.

"Yes, she would have escaped that horrible knife. But, see the difference between Milan and Rome, my friend! It was a blessed knife here. It has given her husband back to her; it has destroyed the intrigues against her. It seems to have been sent—I was kneeling in the cathedral this morning, and had the very image crossing my eyes—from the saints of heaven to cut the black knot. Perhaps it may be the means of sending us to Rome."

Laura paused, and, looking at him, said, "It is so utterly impossible for us women to comprehend love without folly in a man; the trait by which we recognise it! Merthyr, you dear Englishman, *you* shall know everything. Do we not think a tisane a weak, washy drink, when we are strong? But we learn, when we lie with our chins up, and our ten toes like stopped organ-pipes—as Sandra says—we learn then that it means fresh health and activity, and is better than rivers of your fiery wines. You love her, do you not?"

The question came with great simplicity.

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"If I can give a proof of it, I am ready to answer," said Merthyr, in some surprise.

"Your whole life is the proof it. The women of your country are intolerable to me, Merthyr; but I do see the worth of the men. Sandra has taught me. She can think of you, talk of you, kiss the vision of you, and still be a faithful woman in our bondage of flesh; and to us you know what a bondage it is. How can that be? I should have asked, if I had not seen it. Dearest, she loves her husband, and she loves you. She has two husbands, and she turns to the husband of her spirit when that, or any, dagger strikes her bosom. Carlo has an unripe mind. They have been married but a little more than four months; and he reveres her and loves her." . . . . Laura's voice dragged. "Multiply the months by thousands, we shall not make those two lives one! Is it the curse of man's education in Italy? He can see that she has wits and courage. He will not consent to make use of them. You know her: she is not one to talk of these things. She, who has both heart and judgment—she is merely a little boat tied to a big ship. Such is their marriage. She cannot influence him. She is not allowed to advise him. And she is the one who should lead the way. And if she did, we should now be within sight of the city."

Laura took his hand. She found it moist, though his face was calm and his chest heaved regularly. An impish form of the pity women feel for us at times moved her to say, "Your skin is as bronzed as it was last year. Sandra spoke of it. She compared it to a young vine-leaf. I wonder whether girls have really an admonition of what is good for them while they are going their ways like destined machines?"

"Almost all men are of flesh and blood," said Merthyr, softly.

"I spoke of girls."

"I speak of men."

"Blunt-witted that I am! Of course you did. But do not imagine that she is not happy with her husband. They are united firmly."

"The better for her, and him, and me," said Merthyr.

Laura twisted an end of her scarf with fretful fingers. "Carlo Alberto has crossed the Ticino?"

"Is about to do so," Merthyr rejoined.

"Will Rome hold on if he is defeated?"

"Rome has nothing to fear on that side."

"But you do not speak hopefully of Rome."

"I suppose I am thinking of other matters."

"You confess it!"

The random conversation wearied him. His foot tapped the floor.

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"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Verily, for no other reason than that I have a wicked curiosity, and that you come from Rome," said Laura, now perfectly frank, and believing that she had explained her enigmatical talk, if she had not furnished an excuse for it. Merthyr came from the city which was now encircled by an irradiating halo in her imagination, and a fit of spontaneous inexplicable feminine tenderness being upon her at the moment of their meeting, she found herself on a sudden prompted to touch and probe and brood voluptuously over an unfortunate lover's feelings, supposing that they existed. For the glory of Rome was on him, and she was at the same time angry with Carlo Ammiani. It was the form of passion her dedicated widowhood could still be subject to in its youth; the sole one. By this chance Merthyr learnt what nothing else would have told him.

Her tale of the attempted assassination was related with palpable indifference. She stated the facts. "The woman seemed to gasp while she had her hand up; she struck with no force; and she has since been inanimate, I hear. The doctor says that a spasm of the heart siezed her when she was about to strike. It has been shaken—I am not sure that he does not say displaced, or unseated—by some one of her black tempers. She shot Rinaldo Guidascarpi dead. Perhaps it was that. I am informed that she worshipped the poor boy, and has been like a trapped she-wolf since she did it. In some way she associated our darling with Rinaldo's death, like the brute she is. The ostensible ground for her futile bit of devilishness was that she fancied Sandra to have betrayed Barto Rizzo, her husband, into the hands of the Polizia. He wrote to the Countess Alessandra—such a letter!—a curiosity!—he must see her and cross-examine her to satisfy himself that she was a true patriot, &c. You know the style: we neither of us like it. Sandra was waiting to receive him when they pounced on him by the door. Next day the woman struck at her. Decidedly a handsome woman. She is the exact contrast to the Countess Violetta in face, in everything. Heart-disease will certainly never affect that pretty spy! But, mark," pursued Laura, warming, "when Carlo arrived, tears, penitence, heaps of self-accusations: he had been unkind to her even on Lake Orta, where they passed their golden month; he had neglected her at Turin; he had spoken angry words in Milan; in fact, he had misused his treasure, and begged pardon;—'If you please, my poor bleeding angel, I am sorry. But do not, I entreat, distract me with petitions of any sort, though I will perform anything earthly to satisfy you. Be a good little boat in the wake of the big ship. I will look over at you, and chirrup now and then to you, my dearest, when I am not engaged in piloting extraordinary.' Very well; I do

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not mean to sneer at the unhappy boy, Merthyr; I love him; he was my husband's brother-in-arms; the sweetest lad ever seen. He is in the season of faults. He must command; he must be a chief; he fancies he can intrigue—poor thing! It will pass. And so will the hour to be forward to Rome. But I call your attention to this: when he heard of the dagger—I have it from Colonel Corte, who was with him at the time in Turin—he cried out Violetta d'Isorella's name. Why? After he had buried his head an hour on Sandra's pillow, he went straight to Countess d'Isorella, and was absent till night. The woman is hideous to me. No; don't conceive that I think her Sandra's rival. She is too jealous. She has him in some web. If she has not ruined him, she will. She was under my eyes the night she heard of his marriage: I saw how she will look at seventy. Here is Carlo at the head of a plot she has prepared for him; and he has Angelo Guidascarpi, and Ugo Corte, Marco Sana, Giulio Bandinelli, and about fifty others. They have all been kept away from Rome by that detestable——you object to hear bad names cast on women, Merthyr. Hear Agostino! The poor old man comes daily to this house to persuade Carlo to lead his band to Rome. It is so clearly Rome—Rome, where all his comrades are; where the chief stand must be made by the side of Italy's chief. Worst sign of all, it has been hinted semi-officially to Carlo that he may upon application be permitted to re-issue his journal. Does not that show that the government wishes to blindfold him, and keep him here, and knows his plans?"

Laura started up as the door opened, and Vittoria appeared leaning upon Carlo's arm. Countess Ammiani, Countess d'Isorella, and Pericles were behind them. Laura's children followed.

When Merthyr rose, Vittoria was smiling in Carlo's face at something that had been spoken. She was pale, and her arm was in a solid sling, but there was no appearance of her being unnerved or depressed. Merthyr waited for her recognition. She turned her eyes from Carlo slowly. The soft, dull smile in them died out, as it were, with a throb, and then her head drooped on one shoulder, and she sank to the floor.

Chapter XLII.

THE SHADOW OF CONSPIRACY.

Merthyr left the house at Laura's whispered suggestion. He was agitated beyond control, for Vittoria had fallen with her eyes fixed on him; and at times the picture of his beloved, her husband, and

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Countess Ammiani, and the children bending over her still body, swam before him like a dark altar-piece floating in incense, so lost was he to the reality of that scene. He did not hear Beppo, his old servant, at his heels. After awhile he walked calmly, and Beppo came up beside him. Merthyr shook his hand.

"Ah, signor Mertyrio! ah, padrone!" said Beppo.

Merthyr directed his observation to a regiment of Austrians marching down the Corso Venezia to the Ticinese gate.

"Yes, they are ready enough for us," Beppo remarked. "Perhaps Carlo Alberto will beat them this time. If he does, viva to him! If they beat him, down goes another Venetian pyramid. The Countess Alessandra——" Beppo's speech failed.

"What of your mistress?" said Merthyr.

"When she dies, my dear master, there's no one for me but the Madonna to serve."

"Why should she die, silly fellow?"

"Because she never cries."

Merthyr was on the point of saying, "Why should she cry?" His heart was too full, and he shrank from inquisitive shadows of the thing known to him.

"Sit down at this caffè with me," he said. "It's fine weather for March. The troops will camp comfortably. Those Hungarians never require tents. Did you see much sacking of villages last year?"

"Padrone, the Imperial command is always to spare the villages."

"That's humane."

"Padrone, yes; if policy is humanity."

"It's humanity not carried quite as far as we should wish it."

Beppo shrugged and said: "It won't leave much upon the conscience if we kill them."

"Do you expect a rising?" said Merthyr.

"If the Ticino overflows, it will flood Milan," was the answer.

"And your occupation now is to watch the height of the water?"

"My occupation, padrone? I am not on the watch-tower." Beppo winked, adding: "I have my occupation." He threw off the effort or pretence to be discreet. "Master of my soul! this is my occupation. I drink coffee, but I do not smoke, because I have to kiss a pretty girl, who means to object to the smell of the smoke. Via! I know her. At five she draws me into the house."

"Are you relating your amours to me, rascal?" Merthyr interposed.

"Padrone, at five precisely she draws me into the house. She is a German girl. Pardon me if I make no war on women! Her name is Aennchen, which one is able to say if one grimaces;—why not? It makes her laugh; and German girls are amiable when one can

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make them laugh. 'Tis so that they begin to melt. Behold the difference of races! I must kiss her to melt her, and then have a quarrel. I could have it after the first or the fiftieth with an Italian girl; but my task will be excessively difficult with a German girl, if I am compelled to allow myself to favour her with one happy solicitation for a kiss, to commence with. We shall see. It is, as my abstention from tobacco declares, an anticipated catastrophe."

"Long-worded, long-winded, obscure, affirmatising by negatives, confessing by implication!—where's the beginning and end of you, and what's your meaning?" said Merthyr, who talked to him as one may talk to an Italian servant.

"The contessa, my mistress, has enemies. Padrone, I devote myself to her service."

"By making love to a lady's-maid?"

"Padrone, a rat is not born to find his way up the grand staircase. She has enemies. One of them was the sublime Barto Rizzo—admirable, though I must hate him. He said to his wife: 'If a thing happens to me, stab to the heart the Countess Alessandra Ammiani.'"

"Inform me how you know that?" said Merthyr.

Beppo pointed to his head, and Merthyr smiled. To imagine, invent, and believe, were spontaneous with Beppo when his practical sagacity was not on the stretch. He glanced at the caffè clock.

"Padrone, at eleven to-night shall I see you here? At eleven I shall come like a charged cannon. I have business. I have seen my mistress's blood! I will tell you: this German girl lets me know that some one detests my mistress. Who? I am off to discover. But who is the damned creature? I must coo and kiss, while my toes are dancing on hot plates, to find her out. Who is she? If she were half Milan . . ."

His hands waved in outline the remainder of the speech, and he rose, but sat again. He had caught sight of the spy, Luigi Saracco, addressing the signor Antonio-Pericles in his carriage. Pericles drove on. The horses presently turned, and he saluted Merthyr.

"She has but one friend in Milan: it is myself," was his introductory remark. "My poor child! my dear Powys, she is the best—'I cannot sing to you to-day, dear Pericles'—she said that after she had opened her eyes; after the first mist, you know. She is the best child upon earth. I could wish she were a devil, my Powys. Such a voice should be in an iron body. But she has immense health. The doctor, who is also mine, feels her pulse. He assures me it goes as Time himself, and Time, my friend, you know, has the intention of going a great way. She is good; she is too good. She makes a baby of Pericles, to whom what is woman? Have I not the sex in

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my pocket? Her husband, he is a fool, sèr." Pericles broke thundering into a sentence of English, fell in love with it, and resumed in the same tongue: "I—it is I zat am her guard, her safety. Her husband—oh! she must marry a young man, little donkey zat she is! We accept it as a destiny, my Powys. And he plays false to her. Good; I do not object. But, imagine in your own mind, my Powys—instead of passion, of rage, of tempest, she is frozen wiz a repose. Do you sink, hein? it will come out,"—Pericles eyed Merthyr with a subtle smile askew,—"I have sot so;—it will come out when she is one day in a terrible scene . . . Mon Dieu! it was a terrible scene for me when I looked on ze clout zat washed ze blood of ze terrible assassination. So goes out a voice, possibly! Divine, you say? We are a machine. Now, you behold, she has faints. It may happen at my concert where she sings to-morrow night. You saw me in my carriage speaking to a man. He is my spy—my dog wiz a nose. I have set him upon a woman. If zat woman has a plot for to-morrow night to spoil my concert, she shall not know where she shall wake to-morrow morning after. Ha! here is military music—twenty-sossand doors jam on horrid hinges; and right, left, right, left, to it, confound! like dolls all wiz one face. Look at your soldiers, Powys. Put zem on a stage, and you see all background people—a bawling chorus. It shows to you how superior it is—a stage to life! A stage shall prove your excellency. Life is humbug to a tune of drum and brass. Hark to its music! I cannot stand it; I am driven away; I am violent; I rage."

Pericles howled the name of his place of residence, with an offer of lodgings in it, and was carried off writhing his body as he passed a fine military marching band.

The figure of old Agostino Balderini stood in front of Merthyr. They exchanged greetings. At the mention of Rome, Agostino frowned impatiently. He spoke of Vittoria in two or three short exclamations, and was about to speak of Carlo, but checked his tongue. "Judge for yourself. Come, and see, and approve, if you can. Will you come? There's a meeting; there's to be a resolution. Question—Shall we second the King of Sardinia, Piedmont, and Savoy? If so, let us set this pumpkin, called Milan, on its legs. I shall be an attentive listener like you, my friend. I speak no more."

Merthyr went with him to the house of a carpenter, where in one of the uppermost chambers, communicating with the roof, Ugo Corte, Marco Sana, Giulio Bandinelli, and others, sat waiting for the arrival of Carlo Ammiani; when he came Carlo had to bear with the looks of mastiffs for being late. He shook Merthyr's hand hurriedly, and as soon as the door was fastened, began to speak. His first sentence brought a grunt of derision from Ugo Corte. It declared that there

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was no hope of a rising in Milan. Carlo swung round upon the Bergamese. "Observe our leader," Agostino whispered to Merthyr; "it would be kindness to give him a duel." More than one tumult of outcries had to be stilled before Merthyr gathered any notion of the designs of the persons present. Bergamese sneered at Brescian, and both united in contempt of the Milanese, who, having a burden on their minds, appealed at once to their individual willingness to use the sword in vindication of Milan against its traducers. By a great effort, Carlo got some self-mastery. He admitted, colouring horribly, that Brescia and Bergamo were ready, and Milan was not: therefore those noble cities (he read excerpts from letters showing their readiness) were to take the lead, and thither on the morrow-night he would go, let the tidings from the king's army be what they might.

Merthyr quitted the place rather impressed by his eloquence, but favourably by his feverish look. Countess d'Isorella had been referred to as one who served the cause ably and faithfully. In alluding to her, Carlo bit his lip; he did not proceed until surrounding murmurs of satisfaction encouraged him to continue a sort of formal eulogy of the lady, which proved to be a defence against foregone charges, for Corte retracted an accusation, and said that he had no fault to find with the countess. A proposition to join the enterprise was put to Merthyr, but his engagement with the Chief in Rome saved him from hearing much of the marvellous facilities of the plot. "I should have wished to see you to-night," Carlo said as they were parting. Merthyr named his hotel. Carlo nodded. "My wife is still slightly feeble," he said.

"I regret it," Merthyr rejoined.

"She is not ill."

"No, it cannot be want of courage," Merthyr spoke at random.

"Yes, that's true," said Carlo, as vacantly. "You will see her while I am travelling."

"I hope to find the Countess Alessandra well enough to receive me."

"Always; always," said Carlo, wishing apparently to say more. Merthyr waited an instant, but Carlo broke into a conventional smile of adieu.

"While he is *travelling*," Merthyr repeated to Agostino, who had stood by during the brief dialogue, and led the way to the Corso.

"He did not say how far!" was the old man's ejaculation.

"But, good Heaven! if you think he's on an unfortunate errand, why don't you stop him, advise him?" Merthyr broke out.

"Advise him! stop him! my friend. I would advise him, if I had the patience of angels; stop him, if I had the power of Lucifer.

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Did you not see that he shunned speaking to me? I have been such a perpetual dish of vinegar under his nose for the last month, that the poor fellow sniffs when I draw near. He must go his way. He leads a torrent that must sweep him on. Corte, Sana, and the rest, would be in Rome now, but for him. So should I. Your Agostino, however, is not of Bergamo, or of Brescia; he is not a madman; simply a poor rheumatic Piedmontese, who discerns the point where a united Italy may fix its standard. I would start for Rome to-morrow, if I could leave her—my soul's child!" Agostino raised his hand: "I do love the woman, Countess Alessandra Ammiani. I say, she is a peerless woman. Is she not?"

"There is none like her," said Merthyr.

"A peerless woman, recognised, and sacrificed! I cannot leave her. If the government here would lay hands on Carlo and do their worst at once, I would be off. They are too wary. I believe that they are luring him to his ruin. I can give no proofs, but I judge by the best evidence. What avails my telling him? I lose my temper the moment I begin to speak. A curst witch beguiles the handsome idiot—poor darling lad that he is! She has him—can I tell you how? She has got him—got him fast! The nature of the chains are doubtless innocent, if those which a woman throws round us be ever distinguishable. He loves his wife—he is not a monster."

"He appears desperately feverish," said Merthyr.

"Did you not notice it? Yes, like a man pushed by his destiny out of the path. He is ashamed to hesitate; he cannot turn back. Ahead of him he sees a gulf. That army of Carlo Alberto may do something under its Pole. Prophecy is too easy. I say no more. We *may* have Lombardy open; and if so, my poor boy's vanity will be crowned: he will only have the king and his army against him then."

Discoursing in this wise, they reached the caffè where Beppo had appointed to meet his old master, and sat amid, here and there, a whitecoat, and many nods and whispers over such news as the privileged journals and the official gazette afforded.

Beppo's destination was to the Duchess of Graätli's palace. Nearing it, he perceived Luigi endeavouring to gain a passage beside the burly form of Jacob Baumwalder Fackelwitz, who presently seized him and hurled him into the road. As Beppo was sidling up the courtway, Jacob sprang back; Luigi made a rush; Jacob caught them both, but they wriggled out of his clutch, and Luigi, being the fearfullest, ran the farthest. While he was out of hearing, Beppo told Jacob to keep watch upon Luigi, as the bearer of an amorous letter from a signor of quality to Aennchen, the which he himself

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desired to obtain sight of; "for the wench has caused me three sleepless nights," he confessed frankly. Jacob affected not to listen. Luigi and Beppo now leaned against the wall on either side of him and baited him till he shook with rage. "He is the lord of the duchess, his mistress—what a lucky fellow!" said Luigi. "When he's dog at the gates, no one can approach her. When he isn't, you can fancy what!" "He's only a mechanical contrivance; he's not a man," said Beppo. "He's the principal flea-catcher of the palace," said Luigi: "here he is all day, and at night the devil knows where he hunts."—Luigi hopped in a half-circle round the exacerbated Jacob, and finally provoked an assault that gave an opening to Beppo. They all ran in, Luigi last. Jacob chased Beppo up the stairs, lost him, and remembered what he had said of the letter borne by Luigi, for whom he determined to lie in waiting. "Better two in there than one," he thought. The two courted his Aennchen openly; but Luigi, as the bearer of an amorous letter from the signor of quality, who could be no other than the signor Antonio-Pericles, was the one to be intercepted. Like other jealous lovers, Jacob wanted to read Aennchen's answer, to be cured of his fatal passion for the maiden, and on this he set the entire force of his mind.

Running up by different staircases, Beppo and Luigi came upon Aennchen nearly at the same time. She turned a cold face on Beppo, and requested Luigi to follow her. Astonished to see him in such favour, Beppo was ready to provoke the quarrel before the kiss when she returned; but she said that she had obeyed her mistress's orders, and was obeying the duchess in refusing to speak of them, or of anything relating to them. She had promised him an interview in that little room leading into the duchess's boudoir. He pressed her to conduct him. "Ah; then it's not for me you come," she said. Beppo had calculated that the kiss would open his way to the room, and the quarrel disembarrass him of his pretty companion when there. "You have come to listen to conversation again," said Aennchen. "Ach! the fool a woman is to think that you Italians have any idea except self-interest when you, when you . . . talk nonsense to us. Go away, if you please. Good-evening." She dropped a curtsey with a surly coquetry, charming of its kind. Beppo protested that the room was dear to him because there first he had known for one blissful half-second the sweetness of her mouth.

"Who told you that persons who don't like your mistress are going to talk in there," said Aennchen.

"You," said Beppo.

Aennchen drew up in triumph: "And now will you pretend that you didn't come here to go in there to listen to what they say."

Beppo clapped hands at her cleverness in trapping him. "Hush,"

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said all her limbs and features, belying the previous formal "good-evening." He refused to be silent, thinking it a way of getting to the little ante-chamber. "Then, I tell you, down-stairs you go," said Aennchen stiffly.

"Is it decided?" Beppo asked. "Then, good-evening. You detestable German girls can't love. One step—a smile; another step—a kiss. You tit-for-tat minx! Have you no notion of the sacredness of the sentiments which inspires me to petition that the place for our interview should be there where I tasted ecstatic joy for the space of a flash of lightning? I will go; but it is there that I will go, and I will await you there, signorina Aennchen. Yes, laugh at me! laugh at me!"

"No; really, I don't laugh at you, Signor Beppo," said Aennchen, protesting in denial of what she was doing. "This way."

"No, it's that way," said Beppo.

"It's through here." She opened a door. "The duchess has a reception to-night, and you can't go round. Ach! you would not betray me?"

"Not if it were the duchess herself," said Beppo; he would refuse to satisfy man's natural vanity in such a case.

Eager to advance to the little ante-chamber, he allowed Aennchen to wait behind him. He heard the door shut and a lock turn, and he was in the dark, and alone, left to take counsel of his fingers' ends.

"She was born to it," Beppo remarked, to extenuate his outwitted cunning, when he found each door of the room fast against him.

On the following night Vittoria was to sing at a concert in the Duchess of Graätli's great saloon, and the duchess had humoured Pericles by consenting to his preposterous request that his spy should have an opportunity of hearing Countess d'Isorella and Irma di Karski in private conversation together, to discover whether there was any plot of any sort to vex the evening's entertainment; as the jealous spite of those two women, Pericles said, was equal to any devilry on earth. It happened that Countess d'Isorella did not come. Luigi, in despair, was the hearer of a quick question and answer dialogue, in the obscure German tongue, between Anna Von Lenkenstein and Irma di Karski; but a happy peep between the hanging curtains gave him sight of a letter passing from Anna's hands to Irma's. Anna quitted her. Irma was looking at the superscription of the letter, in the act of passing in her steps, when Luigi tore the curtains apart, and sprang on her arm like a cat. Before her shrieks could bring succour, Luigi was bounding across the court with the letter in his possession. A dreadful hug awaited him; his pockets were ransacked, and he was pitched aching into the street, Jacob Baumwalder Fackelwitz went straightway under a gas-lamp, where he read

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the address of the letter to the Countess d'Isorella. He doubted; he had a half desire to tear the letter open. But a rumour of the attack upon Irma had spread among the domestics, and Jacob prudently went up to his mistress. The duchess was sitting with Laura. She received the letter, eyed it all over, and held it to a candle. Laura's head was bent in dark meditation. The sudden increase of light aroused her, and she asked, "What is that?"

"A letter from Countess Anna to Countess d'Isorella," said the duchess."

"Burnt!" Laura screamed.

"It's only fair," the duchess remarked.

"From her to that woman! It may be priceless. Stop! Let me see what remains. Amalia! are you mad? Oh! you false friend. I would have sacrificed my right hand to see it."

"Try and love me still," said the duchess, letting her take one unburnt corner, and crumble the black tissuey fragments to smut in her hands.

There was no writing; the unburnt corner of the letter was a blank.

Laura fooled the wretched ashes between her palms. "Good-night," she said. "Your face will be of this colour to me, my dear, for long."

"I cannot behave disgracefully, even to keep your love, my beloved," said the duchess.

"You cannot betray a German, you mean," Laura retorted. "You could let a spy into the house."

"That was a childish matter—merely to satisfy a whim."

"I say you could let a spy into the house. Who is to know where the scruples of you women begin? I would have given my jewels, my head, my husband's sword, for a sight of that letter. I swear that it concerns us. Yes, *us*. You are a false friend. Fish-blooded creature! may it be a year before I look on you again. Hide among your miserable set!"

"Judge me when you are cooler, dearest," said the duchess, seeking to detain the impetuous sister of her affection by the sweeping skirts; but Laura spurned her touch, and went from her.

Irma drove to Countess d'Isorella's. Violetta was abed, and lay fair and placid as a Titian Venus, while Irma sputtered out her tale, with intermittent sobs. She rose upon her elbow, and planting it in her pillow, took half-a-dozen puffs of a cigarette, and then requested Irma to ring for her maid. "Do nothing till you see me again," she said; "and take my advice: always get to bed before midnight, or you'll have unmanageable wrinkles in a couple of years. If you had been in bed at a prudent hour to-night, this scandal would not have occurred."

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"How can I be in bed? How could I help it?" moaned Irma, replying to the abstract rule, and the perplexing illustration of its force.

Violetta dismissed her. "After all, my wish is to save my poor Amaranto," she mused. "I am only doing now what I should have been doing in the daylight; and if I can't stop him, the government must; and they will. Whatever the letter contained, I can anticipate it. He knows my profession and my necessities. I must have money. Why not from the rich German woman whom he jilted?"

She attributed Anna's apparent passion of revenge to a secret passion of unrequited love. What else was implied by her willingness to part with land and money for the key to his machinations?

Violetta would have understood a revenge directed against Angelo Guidascarpi, as the slayer of Anna's brother. But of him Anna had only inquired once, and carelessly, whether he was in Milan. Anna's mystical semi-patriotism, prompted by her hatred of Vittoria, hatred of Carlo as Angelo's cousin and protector, hatred of the Italy which held the three, who never took the name *Tedesco* on their tongues without loathing, was perfectly hidden from this shrewd head.

Some extra patrols were in the streets. As she stepped into the carriage, a man rushed up, speaking hoarsely and inarticulately, and jumped in beside her. She had discerned Barto Rizzo in time to give directions to her footman, before she was addressed by a body of gendarmes in pursuit, whom she mystified by entreating them to enter her house and search it through, if they supposed that any evil-doer had taken advantage of the open door. They informed her that a man had escaped from the civil prison. "Poor creature!" said the countess, with womanly pity; "but you must see that he is not in my house. How could three of you let one escape?" She drove off laughing at their vehement assertion that he would not have escaped from them. Barto Rizzo made her conduct him to Countess Ammiani's gates. Violetta was frightened by his eyes when she tried to persuade him in her best coaxing manner to avoid Count Ammiani. In fact she apprehended that he would be very much in her way. She had no time for chagrin at her loss of power over him, though she was sensible of vexation. Barto folded his arms and sat with his head in his chest, silent, till they reached the gates, when he said in French, "Madame, I am a nameless person in your train. Gabble!" he added, when the countess advised him not to enter; nor would he allow her to precede him by more than one step. Violetta sent up her name. The man had shaken her nerves. "At least, remember that your appearance should be decent," she said, catching sight of blood on his hands, and torn garments. "I

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expect, madame," he replied, "I shall not have time to wash before I am laid out. My time is short. I want tobacco. The washing can be done by-and-by, but not the smoking."

They were ushered up to the reception-room, where Countess Ammiani, Vittoria, Carlo, Laura, and Pericles, sat awaiting the visitor whose unexpected name, cast in their midst at so troubled a season, had given her some of the midnight's terrors.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LAST MEETING IN MILAN.

BARTO RIZZO had silence about him without having to ask for it, when he followed Violetta into Countess Ammiani's saloon of reception. Carlo was leaning over his mother's chair, holding Vittoria's wrist across it, and so enclosing her, while both young faces were raised to the bowed forehead of the countess. They stood up. Violetta broke through the formal superlatives of an Italian greeting. "Speak to me alone," she murmured for Carlo's ear; and glancing at Barto: "Here is a madman; a mild one, I trust." She contrived to show that she was not responsible for his intrusion. Countess Ammiani gathered Vittoria in her arms: Carlo stepped a pace before them. Terror was on the venerable lady's face, wrath on her son's. As he fronted Barto, he motioned a finger to the curtain hangings, and Violetta, quick at reading signs, found his bare sword there. "But you will not want it," she remarked, handing the hilt to him, and softly eyeing the impression of her warm touch on the steel as it passed.

"Carlo, thou son of Paolo! Countess Marcellina, wife of a true patriot! stand aside, both of you. It is between the Countess Alessandra and myself," so the man commenced, with his usual pomp of interjection. "Swords and big eyes—are they things to stop me?" Barto laughed scornfully. He had spoken in the full roll of his voice, and the sword was hard back for the thrust.

Vittoria disengaged herself from the countess. "Speak to me," she said, dismayed by the look of what seemed an exaltation of madness in Barto's visage, but firm as far as the trembling of her limbs would let her be.

He dropped to her feet and kissed them.

"Emilia Alessandra Belloni! Vittoria! Countess Alessandra Ammiani! pity me. Hear this:—I hated you as the devil is hated.

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Yesterday I woke up in prison to hear that I must adore you. God of all the pits of punishment! was there ever one like this? I had to change heads."

It was the language of a distorted mind, and lamentable to hear when a sob shattered his voice.

"Am I mad?" he asked piteously, clasping his temples.

"You are as we are, if you weep," said Vittoria to soothe him.

"Then I have *been* mad!" he cried, starting. "I knew you a wicked virgin—signora contessa, confess to me, marriage has changed you. Has it not changed you? In the name of the Father of the Saints, help me out of it:—my brain wheels backwards. You were false, but marriage—it acts in this way with you women; yes, that we know—you were married, and you said, 'Now let us be faithful.' Did you not say that? I am forgiving, though none think it. You have only to confess. If you will not,—oh!" He smote his face, groaning.

Carlo spoke a stern word in an undertone, counselling him to be gone.

"If you will not—what was she to do?" Barto cut the question to interrogate his strayed wits. "Look at me, Countess Alessandra. I was in the prison. I heard that my Rosellina had a tight heart. She cried for her master, poor heathen, and I sprang out of the walls to her. There—there—she lay like a breathing board; a woman with a body like a coffin half alive; not an eye to show; nothing but a body and a whisper. She perished righteously, for she disobeyed. She acted without my orders: she dared to think! She will be damned, for she would have vengeance before she went. She glorified you over me—over Barto Rizzo. Oh! she shocked my soul. But she is dead, and I am her slave. Every word was of you. Take another head, Barto Rizzo: your old one was mad: she said that to my soul. She died blessing you above me. I saw the last bit of life go up from her mouth blessing you. It's heard by this time in heaven, and it's written. Then I have had two years of madness. If she is right, I was wrong; I was a devil of hell. I know there's an eye given to dying creatures, and she looked with it, and she said, the soul of Rinaldo Guidascarpi, her angel, was glorifying you; and she thanked the sticking of her heart when she tried to stab you, poor fool!"

Carlo interrupted: "Now go; you have said enough."

"No, let him speak," said Vittoria. She supposed that Barto was going to say that he had not given the order for her assassination. "You do not wish me dead, signore?"

"Nothing that is not standing in my way, signora contessa," said Barto; and his features blazed with a smile of happy self-justification.

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"I have killed a sentinel this night: Providence placed him there. I wish for no death, but I punish, and—ah! the cursed sight of the woman who calls me mad for two years. She thrusts a bar of iron in an engine at work, and says, Work on! work on! Were you not a traitress; Countess Alessandra, were you not once a traitress? Oh! confess it; save my head. Reflect, dear lady! it's cruel to make a man of a saintly sincerity look back—I count the months—seventeen months! to look back seventeen months, and see that his tongue was a clapper,—his will, his eyes, his ears, all about him, everything, stirred like a pot on the fire. I traced you. I saw your treachery. I said—I, *I* am her Day of Judgment. She shall look on me and perish, struck down by her own treachery. Were my senses false to me? I have lived in virtuous fidelity to my principles. None can accuse me. Why were my senses false, if my principles were true? I said you were a traitress. I saw it from the first. I had the divine contempt for women. My distrust of a woman was the eye of this brain, and I said—Follow her, dog her, find her out! I proved her false; but her devilish cunning deceived every other man in the world. Oh! let me bellow, for it's me she proves the mass of corruption! To-morrow I die, and if I am mad now, what sort of a curse is that? Now to to-morrow is an hour—a laugh! But if I'm not shot from a true bow—Countess Alessandra, see the misery of Barto Rizzo! Look at those two years and say that I had my head. Answer me, as you love your husband: are you heart and soul with him in the fresh fight for Lombardy?"

He said this with a look penetrating and malignant, and then by a sudden flash pitifully entreating.

Carlo feared to provoke, revolted from the thought of slaying him. "Yes, yes," he interposed, "my wife is heart and soul in it. Go."

Barto looked from him to her, with the eyes of a dog that awaits an order.

Vittoria gathered her strength, and said:

"I am not."

"It is her answer!" Barto roared, and from deep dejection his whole countenance radiated. "She says it—she might give the lie to a saint! I was never mad. I saw the spot, and put my finger on it, and not a madman can do that. My two years are my own Mad now, for, see! I worship the creature. She is not heart and soul in it. She is not in it at all. She is a little woman, a lovely thing, a toy, a cantatrice. Joy to the big heart of Barto Rizzo! I am for Brescia!"

He flung his arm like a banner, and ran out.

Carlo laid his sword on a table. Vittoria's head was on his mother's bosom.

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The hour was too full of imminent grief for either of the three to regard this scene as other than a gross intrusion ended.

"Why did you deny my words?" Carlo said coldly.

"I could not lie to make him wretched," she replied in a low murmur.

"Do you know what that 'I am for Brescia' means? He goes to stir the city before a soul is ready."

"I warned you that I should speak the truth of myself to-night, dearest."

"You should discern between speaking truth to a madman, and to a man."

Vittoria did not lift her eyes, and Carlo beckoned to Violetta, with whom he left the room.

"He is angry," Countess Ammiani murmured. "My child, you cannot deal with man in a fever unless you learn to dissemble; and there is exemption for doing it, both in plain sense, and in our religion. If I could arrest him, I would speak boldly. It is, alas! vain to dream of that; and it is therefore an unkindness to cause him irritation. Carlo has given way to you by allowing you to be here when his friends assemble. He knows your intention to speak. He has done more than would have been permitted by my husband to me, though I too was well-beloved."

Vittoria continued silent that her head might be cherished where it lay. She was roused from a stupor by hearing new voices. Laura's lips came pressing to her cheek. Colonel Corte, Agostino, Marco Sana, and Angelo Guidascarpi, saluted her. Angelo she kissed.

"That lady should be a-bed and asleep," Corte was heard to say.

The remark passed without notice. Angelo talked apart with Vittoria. He had seen the dying of the woman whose hand had been checked in the act of striking, by the very passion of animal hatred which raised it. He spoke of her affectionately, attesting to the fact that Barto Rizzo had not prompted her guilt. Vittoria moaned at a short outline that he gave of the last minutes between those two, in which her name was dreadfully and fatally, incomprehensibly prominent.

All were waiting impatiently for Carlo's return.

When he appeared he led Violetta before the men—with some touch of scenic irony, as Agostino thought, for it was foreign to his habitual manner—and presented the person to whom they were indebted. Violetta coloured, but kept her composure.

"Countess Violetta will do us the honour to take her chamber in this house till I start," Carlo whispered to his mother.

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Violetta stooped to intercede, and Countess Ammiani lent her a more willing ear.

"She would like to go to it immediately," said Carlo; whereupon his mother rose, and the two ladies withdrew in the stiff way that women have when they move under constraint.

Agostino slapped his shoulder, calling him Duke of Ferrara, and a name or two of the princely domestic tyrants.

It was a meeting for the final disposition of things before the outbreak. Carlo had begun to speak when Corte drew his attention to the fact that ladies were present, at which Carlo put out his hand as if introducing them, and went on speaking.

"Your wife is here," said Corte.

"My wife and signora Piaveni," Carlo rejoined. "I have consented to my wife's particular wish to be present."

"The signora Piaveni's opinions are known: your wife's are not."

"Countess Alessandra shares mine," said Laura rather tremulously.

Countess Ammiani at the same time returned and took Vittoria's hand and pressed it with force. Carlo looked at them both.

"I have to ask your excuses, gentlemen. My wife, my mother, and signora Piaveni, have served the cause we worship sufficiently to claim a right—I am sorry to use such phrases; you understand my meaning. Permit them to remain. I have to tell you that Barto Rizzo has been here: he has started for Brescia. I should have had to kill him to stop him—a measure that I did not undertake."

"Being your duty!" remarked Corte.

Agostino corrected him with a sarcasm.

"I cannot allow the presence of ladies to exclude a comment on manifest indifference," said Corte. "Pass on to the details, if you have any."

"The details are these," Carlo resumed, too proud to show a shade of self-command; "my cousin Angelo leaves Milan before morning. You, Colonel Corte, will be in Bergamo at noon to-morrow. Marco and Angelo will await my coming in Brescia, where we shall find Giulio and the rest. I join them at five on the following afternoon, and my arrival signals the revolt. We have decided that the news from the king's army is good."

A perceptible shudder in Vittoria's frame at this concluding sentence caught Corte's eye.

"Are you dissatisfied with that arrangement?" he addressed her boldly.

"I am, Colonel Corte," she replied. So simple was the answering tone of her voice that Corte had not a word.

"It is my husband who is going," Vittoria spoke on steadily;

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"him I am prepared to sacrifice, as I am myself. If he thinks it right to throw himself into Brescia, nothing is left for me but to thank him for having done me the honour to consult me. His will is firm. I trust to God that he is wise. I look on him now as one of many brave men whose lives belong to Italy, and if they all are misdirected and perish, we have no more; we are lost. The King is on the Ticino; the Chief is in Rome. I desire to entreat you to take counsel before you act in anticipation of the king's fortune. I see that it is a crushed life in Lombardy. In Rome there is one who can lead and govern. He has suffered and is calm. He calls to you to strengthen his hands. My prayer to you is to take counsel. I know the hour is late; but it is not too late for wisdom. Forgive me if I am not speaking humbly. Brescia is but Brescia; Rome is Italy. I have understood little of my country until these last days, though I have both talked and sung of her glories. I know that a deep duty binds you to Bergamo and to Brescia—poor Milan we must not think of. You are not personally pledged to Rome: yet Rome may have the greatest claims on you. The heart of our country is beginning to beat there. Colonel Corte! Signor Marco! my Agostino! my cousin Angelo! it is not a woman asking for the safety of her husband, but one of the blood of Italy who begs to offer you her voice, without seeking to disturb your judgment."

She ceased.

"Without seeking to disturb their judgment!" cried Laura. "Why not, when the judgment is in error?"

To Laura's fiery temperament Vittoria's speech had been feebleness. She was insensible to that which the men felt conveyed to them by the absence of emotion in the language of a woman so sorrowfully placed. "Wait," she said, "wait for the news from Carlo Alberto, if you determine to play at swords and guns in narrow streets." She spoke long and vehemently, using irony, coarse and fine, with the eloquence which was her gift. In conclusion she apostrophised Colonel Corte as one who had loved him might have done. He was indeed that figure of indomitable strength to which her spirit, exhausted by intensity of passion, clung more than to any other on earth, though she did not love him, scarcely liked him.

Corte asked her curiously—for she had surprised and vexed his softer side—why she distinguished him with such remarkable phrases only to declare her contempt for him.

"It's the flag whipping the flag-pole," murmured Agostino; and he now spoke briefly in support of the expedition to Rome; or at least in favour of delay until the King of Sardinia had gained a battle. While he was speaking, Merthyr entered the room, and behind him a messenger who brought word that Bergamo had risen.

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The men drew hurriedly together, and Countess Ammiani, Vittoria, and Laura stood ready to leave them.

"You will give me five minutes?" Vittoria whispered to her husband, and he nodded.

"Merthyr," she said, passing him, "can I have your word that you will not go from me?"

Merthyr gave her his word after he had looked on her face.

"Send to me every two hours that I may know you are near," she added; "do not fear waking me. Or, no, dear friend; why should I have any concealment from you? Be not a moment absent, if you would not have me fall to the ground a second time: follow me."

Even as he hesitated, for he had urgent stuff to communicate to Carlo, he could see a dreadful whiteness rising on her face, darkening the circles of her eyes.

"It's life or death, my dearest, and I am bound to live," she said. Her voice sprang up from tears.

Merthyr turned and tried in vain to get a hearing among the excited, voluble men. They shook his hand, patted his shoulder, and counselled him to leave them. He obtained Carlo's promise that he would not quit the house without granting him an interview; after which he passed out to Vittoria, where Countess Ammiani and Laura sat weeping by the door.

Chapter XLIV.

THE WIFE AND THE HUSBAND.

When they were alone Merthyr said: "I cannot give many minutes, not much time. I have to speak to your husband."

She answered: "Give me many minutes—much time. All other speaking is vain here."

"It concerns his safety."

"It will not save him."

"But I have evidence that he is betrayed. His plans are known; a trap is set for him. If he moves, he walks into a pit."

"You would talk reason, Merthyr," Vittoria sighed. "Talk it to me. I can listen; I thirst for it. I beat at the bars of a cage all day. When I saw you this afternoon, I looked on another life. It was too sudden, and I swooned. That was my only show of weakness. Since then you are the only strength I feel."

"Have they all become Barto Rizzos?" Merthyr exclaimed.

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"Beloved, I will open my mind to you," said Vittoria. "I am cowardly, and I thought I had such courage! To-night a poor mad creature has been here, who has oppressed me, I cannot say how long, with real fear that I only understand now that I know the little ground I had for it. I could have had nothing but actual fear of him, so I must be able to deceive myself terribly, and what I am I no longer comprehend. I am even pleased that one like Barto Rizzo should see me in a better light. I find the thought smiling in my heart when every other thing is utterly dark there. You have heard that Carlo goes to Brescia. When I was married, I lost sight of Italy, and everything but happiness. I suffer as I deserve for it now. I could have turned my husband from this black path; I preferred to dream and sing. I would not see—it was my pride that would not let me see his error. My cowardice would not let me wound him with a single suggestion. You say that he is betrayed. Then he is betrayed by the woman who has never been unintelligible to me. We were in Turin surrounded by intrigues, and there I thanked her so much for leaving me the days with my husband by Lake Orta that I did not seek to open his eyes to her. We came to Milan, and here I have been thanking her for the happy days in Turin. Carlo is no longer to blame if he will not listen to me. I have helped to teach him that I am no better than any of these Italian women whom he despises. I spoke to him as his wife should do, at last. He feigned to think me jealous, and I too remember the words of the reproach, as if they had a meaning. Ah, my friend! I would say of nothing that it is impossible except this task of recovering lost ground with one who is young. Experience of trouble has made me older than he. When he accused me of jealousy, I could mention Countess d'Isorella's name no more. I confess to that. Yet I knew my husband feigned. I knew that he could not conceive the idea of jealousy existing in me, as little as I could imagine unfaithfulness in him. But my lips would not take her name! Wretched cowardice cannot go farther. I spoke of Rome. As often as I spoke, that name was enough to shake me off: he had but to utter it, and I became dumb. He did it to obtain peace; for no other cause. So, by degrees, I have learnt the fatal truth. He has trusted her, for she is very skilful; distrusting her, for she is treacherous. He has, therefore, believed excessively in his ability to make use of her, and to counter-act her baseness. I saw his error from the first; and I went on dreaming and singing; and now this night has come!"

Vittoria shadowed her eyes.

"I will go to him at once," said Merthyr.

"Yes; I am relieved. Go, dear friend," she sobbed; "you have

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given me tears, as I hoped. You will not turn him; had it been possible, could I have kept you from him so long? I know that you will not turn him from his purpose, for I know what a weight it is that presses him forward in that path. Do not imagine our love to be broken. He will convince you that it is not. He has the nature of an angel. He permitted me to speak before these men to-night—feeble thing that I am! It was a last effort. I might as well have tried to push a rock."

She rose at a noise of voices in the hall below.

"They are going, Merthyr. See him now. There may be help in Heaven; if one could think it! If help were given to this country—if help were only visible! The want of it makes us all without faith."

"Hush! you may hear good news from Carlo Alberto in a few hours," said Merthyr.

"Ask Laura; she has witnessed how he can be shattered," Vittoria replied bitterly.

Merthyr pressed her fingers. He was met by Carlo on the stairs.

"Quick!" Carlo said; "I have scarce a minute to spare. I have my adieux to make, and the tears have set in already. First, a request: you will promise to remain beside my wife; she will want more than her own strength."

Such a request, coming from an Italian husband, was so great a proof of the noble character of his love and his knowledge of the woman he loved, that Merthyr took him in his arms and kissed him.

"Get it over quickly, dear good fellow," Carlo murmured; "you have something to tell me. Whatever it is, it's air; but I'll listen."

They passed into a vacant room.

"You know you are betrayed," Merthyr began.

"Not exactly that," said Carlo, humming carelessly.

"Positively and absolutely. The Countess d'Isorella has sold your secrets."

"I commend her to the profit she has made by it."

"Do you play with your life?"

Carlo was about to answer in the tone he had assumed for the interview. He checked the laugh on his lips.

"She must have some regard for my life, such as it's worth, since, to tell you the truth, she is in the house now, and came here to give me fair warning."

"Then, you trust her."

"I? Not a single woman in the world!—that is, for a conspiracy."

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It was an utterly fatuous piece of speech. Merthyr allowed it to slip, and studied him to see where he was vulnerable.

"She is in the house, you say. Will you cause her to come before me?"

"Curiously," said Carlo, "I kept her for some purpose of the sort. Will I? and have a scandal now? Oh! no. Let her sleep."

Whether he spoke from noble-mindedness or indifference, Merthyr could not guess.

"I have a message from your friend Luciano. He sends you his love, in case he should be shot the first, and says that when Lombardy is free he hopes you will not forget old comrades who are in Rome."

"Forget him! I would to God I could sit and talk of him for hours. Luciano! Luciano! He has no wife."

Carlo spoke on hoarsely. "Tell me what authority you have for charging Countess d'Isorella with . . . with whatever it may be."

"A conversation between Countess Anna of Lenkenstein and a Major Nagen, in the Duchess of Graätli's house, was overheard by our Beppo. They spoke German. The rascal had a German sweetheart with him. She imprisoned him for some trespass, and had come stealing in to rescue him, when those two entered the room. Countess Anna detailed to Nagen the course of your recent plotting. She named the hour this morning when you are to start for Brescia. She stated what force you have, what arms you expect; she named you all."

"Nagen—Nagen," Carlo repeated; "the man's unknown to me."

"It's sufficient that he is an Austrian officer."

"Quite. She hates me, and she has reason, for she's aware that I mean to fight her lover, and choose my time. The blood of my friends is on that man's head."

"I will finish what I have to say," pursued Merthyr. "When Beppo had related as much as he could make out from his sweetheart's translation, I went straight to the duchess. She is an Austrian, and a good and reasonable woman. She informed me that a letter addressed by Countess Anna to Countess d'Isorella fell into her hands this night. She burnt it unopened. I leave it to you to consider whether you have been betrayed and who has betrayed you. The secret was bought. Beppo himself caught the words, 'from a mercenary Italian.' The duchess tells me that Countess Anna is in the habit of alluding to Countess d'Isorella in those terms."

Carlo stretched his arms like a man who cannot hide the yawning fit.

"I promised my wife five minutes, though we have had the worst

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of the parting over. Perhaps you will wait for me; I may have a word to say."

He was absent for little more than the space named. When he returned, he was careful to hide his face. He locked the door, and leading Merthyr to an inner room, laid his watch on the table, and said: "Now, friend, you will see that I have nothing to shrink from, for I am going to do execution upon myself, and before him whom I would, above all other men, have think well of me. My wife supposes that I am pledged to this Brescian business because I am insanely patriotic. If I might join Luciano to-morrow I would shout like a boy. I would be content to serve as the lowest in the ranks, if I might be with you all under the Chief. Rome crowns him, and Brescia is my bloody ditch, and it is deserved! When I was a little younger—I am a boy still, no doubt—I had the honour to be distinguished by a handsome woman; and when I grew a little older, I discovered by chance that she had wit. The lady is the Countess Violetta d'Isorella. It is a grief to me to know that she is sordid: it hurts my vanity the more. Perhaps you begin to perceive that vanity governs me. The signora Laura has not expressed her opinion on this subject with any reserve, but to Violetta belongs the merit of having seen it without waiting for the signs. First—it is a small matter, but you are English—let me assure you that my wife has had no rival. I have taunted her with jealousy when I knew that it was neither in her nature to feel it, nor in mine to give reason for it. No man who has a spark of his Maker in him could be unfaithful to such a woman. When Lombardy was crushed, we were in the dust. I fancy we none of us knew how miserably we had fallen—we, as men. The purest—I daresay, the bravest—marched to Rome. God bless my Luciano there! But I, sir, I, my friend, I, Merthyr, I said proudly that I would not abandon a beaten country; and I was admired for my devotion. The dear old poet, Agostino, praised me. It stopped his epigrams—during a certain time at least. Colonel Corte admired me. Marco Sana, Giulio Bandinelli admired me. Vast numbers admired me. I need not add that I admired myself. I plunged into intrigues with princes, and priests, and republicans. A clever woman was at my elbow. In the midst of all this, my marriage: I had seven weeks of peace; and then I saw what I was. You feel that you are tied, when you want to go another way: and you feel that you have been mad when you want to undo your work. But I could not break the chains I had wrought, for I was a chief of followers. The men had come from exile, or they had refused to join the Roman enterprise:—they, in fact, had bound themselves to me; and that means, I was irrevocably bound to them. I had an insult to wipe out: I

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refrained from doing it, sincerely, I may tell you, on the ground that this admired life of mine was precious. I will heap no more clumsy irony on it: I can pity it. Do you see now how I stand? I know that I cannot rely on the king's luck or on the skill of his generals, or on the power of his army, or on the spirit in Lombardy: neither on men nor on angels. But I cannot draw back. I have set going a machine that's merciless. From the day it began working, every moment has added to its force. Do not judge me by your English eyes:—other lands, other habits; other habits, other thoughts. And besides, if honour said nothing, simple humanity would preserve me from leaving my band to perish like a flock of sheep."

He uttered this with a profound conviction of his quality as leader that escaped the lurid play of self-inspection which characterised what he had previously spoken, and served singularly in bearing witness to the truth of his charge against himself.

"Useless!" he said, waving his hand at anticipated remonstrances. "Look with the eyes of my country; not with your own, my friend. I am disgraced if I do not go out. My friends are disgraced if I do not head them in Brescia—sacrificed!—murdered!—how can I say what? Can I live under disgrace or remorse? The king stakes on his army; I on the king. Whether he fights and wins, or fights and loses, I go out. I have promised my men—promised them success, I believe!—God forgive me! Did you ever see a fated man before? None have plotted against me. I have woven my own web, and that's the fatal thing. I have a wife, the sweetest woman of her time. Good night to her! our parting is over."

He glanced at his watch. "Perhaps she will be at the door below. Her heart beats like mine just now. You wish to say that you think me betrayed, and therefore I may draw back? Did you not hear that Bergamo has risen? The Brescians are up too by this time. Gallant Brescians! they never belie the proverb in their honour; and to die among them would be sweet if I had all my manhood about me. Shall I call down Violetta d'Isorella?"

"Yes; see her; set the woman face to face with me!" cried Merthyr, sighting a gleam of hope.

"And have the poor wretch on her knees, and the house buzzing?" Carlo smiled. "Can she bear my burden if she be ten times guilty? Let her sleep. The Brescians are up:—that's an hour that has struck, and there's no calling it to move a step in the rear. Brescia under the big eastern hill which throws a cloak on it at sunrise! Brescia is always the eagle that looks over Lombardy! And Bergamo! you know the terraces of Bergamo. Aren't they like a morning sky?

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Dying there is not death; it's flying into the dawn. You Romans envy us. Come, confess it; you envy us. You have no Alps, no crimson hills, nothing but old walls to look on while you fight. Farewell, Merthyr Powys. I hear my servant's foot outside. My horse is awaiting me saddled, a mile from the city. Perhaps I shall see my wife again at the door below, or in Heaven. Addio! Kiss Luciano for me. Tell him that I knew myself as well as he did, before the end came. Enrico, Emilio, and the others—tell them I love them. I doubt if there will ever be but a ghost of me to fight beside them in Rome. And there's no honour, Merthyr, in a ghost's fighting, because he's shot-proof; so I won't say what the valiant disembodied *I* may do by-and-by."

He holds his hands out, with the light soft smile of one who asks forgiveness for flippant speech, and concluded firmly: "I have talked enough, and you are the man of sense I thought you; for to give me advice is childish when no power on earth could make me follow it. Addio! Kiss me."

They embraced. Merthyr said no more than that he would place messengers on the road to Brescia to carry news of the king's army. His voice was thick, and when Carlo laughed at him, his sensations strangely reversed their situations.

There were two cloaked figures at different points in the descent of the stairs. These rose severally at Carlo's approach, took him to their bosoms, and kissed him in silence. They were his mother and Laura. A third crouched by the door of the courtyard, which was his wife.

Merthyr kept aloof until the heavy door rolled a long dull sound. Vittoria's head was shawled over. She stood where her husband had left her, groping for him with one hand, that closed tremblingly hard on Merthyr when he touched it. Not a word was spoken in the house.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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THE THEORY OF MISSIONARY EFFORT.

It is a lesson of experience that a full-grown tree cannot be transplanted without great risk from the place where it has grown to another. It will either die altogether, or else wither to the ground ere it can take root in the new soil, to throw up sickly shoots of its own after long delay.

This may be taken as an illustration of what I cannot but term a fundamental error in the popular theory of modern missions. It illustrates the *impossibility* of transplanting successfully a fully developed creed or church into a foreign land. It is an exotic, and is sure to die down to the ground ere it has a chance of becoming acclimatised. Starting from this suggestive illustration, I wish to examine from a reasonable point of view a probable theory of missionary success. It will not be expected that the subject should be considered in this place in its higher or spiritual aspect. Like all great movements, and, indeed, it may be said, like all great duties, there is here a Divine and a human side. There is a hidden spring, but there is an exhibited agency; and in a place where it is not suitable to do more than strongly acknowledge the existence and the necessity of the hidden spring which gives the power, it may yet be usefully attempted to analyse and study the agency by which that concealed power may practically be best applied.

It is probably only a small section of the public that really believes modern missionary effort to be a grand success. No one can speak of "nations being born in a day," as in earlier times. Few can deny that the Church's efforts to extend her borders have been met with many stern repulses; and there are many, among whom the writer is one, who deem that this fact should lead us to review and possibly to reconstruct our theory of missionary effort. It is but honest and right to look facts fully in the face. The truth cannot be kept for ever hidden by exaggerating occasional successes, so as to obliterate more frequent defeats.

In the presence of what is considered to be a missionary church in Ireland, the proportion of successful to futile missionary effort seems to the impartial observer very small indeed. It is with no desire to disparage what has been done that this is said. The lovers of our ecclesiastical system and of the creed of the English Church cannot refuse to admit that the borders of that Church have been extended in certain directions to a pleasing and satisfactory degree;—for example, in the promontory of Dingle, and in the district of West Connaught. This extension is best marked by the unques-

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tionable fact of the creation of numerous new congregations, and the erection and endowment of not a few new churches. We have the authority of the late Bishop of Tuam, once anything but a zealous advocate of missions, for saying that whereas "five-and-twenty years ago the greatest number of churches in West Connaught district was 7, congregations 13, and clergymen 11, there are now in the same space of ground 57 congregations, 30 churches, and 35 clergymen. There has, therefore, taken place within that district during twenty-five years, a total increase of 44 congregations, 23 churches, and 24 clergymen." (See an Appeal from the Bishop of Tuam, dated January, 1865.)

But allowing the fullest value to these facts, the proposition seems unshaken that the proportion of successful to futile missionary effort on the part of the Irish Church is very small indeed; while if to the instances in which efforts have proved useless the cases in which they have not been made at all be added, the result becomes still more dejecting in the eyes of those who believe that one of the chief aims of the Irish Establishment is the promoting of missions to the Roman Catholic Church. To look, however, to the more distant and, perhaps, more generally acknowledged scenes of Protestant missions, it can scarcely be denied that for a considerable number of years, the friends of our existing societies have been in the habit of pointing with great enthusiasm to the successful planting of Christianity in New Zealand as one of the most unquestionable indications of Protestant missionary success.[1] Not a pulpit, not a platform but rang with the great "fact" that Christianity had subdued the hostile feelings of those noble but savage tribes; that it had banished cannibalism, and reduced to a minimum intemperance, cruelty, and superstition; and that, in point of fact, the state of New Zealand was a standing proof that, judging the principle by the fruit, we had carried on our Evangelistic labours on a true theory, and with eminent and assured success.

It is again with no desire to decry those enthusiastic hopes, and to damp those ardent convictions, that a critic points his finger to that land and says, "*Look at it now.* Where is the subduing of cruelty? Where the victory over intemperance and lust? Where the abolition of cannibalism? Where the overthrow of superstition? The

(1) "There are 100,000 professing Christians in New Zealand," said the Rev. Mr. Whiting, at the Conference on Missions, in Liverpool; adducing the fact as a proof of Missionary success. "It is worthy of observation," says the Rev. W. P. Walsh, Donnellan Lecturer, Dublin, 1861, "that the Missionary fields which have *eventually proved most fruitful* were originally the most unpromising. In New Zealand, the Society Islands, and Sierra Leone, which may be regarded as the most flourishing mission stations in the world, the missionaries toiled incessantly for years before a single convert was brought in." And again, Mr. Walsh says, "New Zealand, cannibal and idolatrous, has come to sit, like the dispossessed demoniac, at the feet of Jesus" (pp. 145, 147).

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light shining there so lately seems at least for a time to have suffered a horrible eclipse."

The chapel-going Baptist negroes of Jamaica afford the latest addition to the list of marked exceptions to the too hasty rule that the adoption of Christianity by the heathen has abolished the savage propensities of their former state, and induced a popular regeneration. But it is by no means necessary—by no means sufficient—to review only those missionary fields wherein vast backsliding has disappointed and damped the hopes of the laborious preachers of the faith. To the eye of the impartial and reflecting the negative aspect of the subject is yet more suggestive. For one country where the cross, once planted, has been thrown down or desecrated, we can point to many where it has not been found possible to erect it all, or at least to plant it in such a manner as should furnish the slightest hope that it could be left to stand alone without the prop of extraneous help in money or missionaries. If report speaks truly, there are to be found in many Indian missions a large number of so-called converts whose attachment to the new faith can be explained on grounds much less satisfactory than that of mature conviction. There are accusations of a "hothouse" system—of the multiplication of old hangers-on, whose allegiance is rendered questionable by an inspection of the alms list of the missionary churches. Besides this, there is no denying that on the most favourable estimate the proportion of those Christianised, even outwardly, to those unshaken in their belief of their established superstition, is almost infinitesimal. It is said by the societies that this is the result of the paucity of workers. But it may be asked, what is the proportion in the most successful fields of labour of those who have been under instruction to those successfully influenced? What is the proportion of converts even in the missionary schools, such as in the Robert Money School at Bombay, or in the smaller institutions at other mission stations? Surely of all places the missionary schools offer the fullest opportunity of testing the value of our present system without let or hindrance.

I need scarcely pursue this portion of the subject, because I believe it is pretty generally felt that, in spite of the undeniable devotion of many a missionary to the cause for which he sacrifices his home, his life, his prospects,—in spite of the almost apostolic labour of not a few self-denying and true men, such as Martyn, Bishop Wilson, Ragland, Fox, and Judson, whose honour and whose crown it is not for man to take away,—the result, viewed on the whole, is as I have stated: the successes, on the most hopeful computation, are absolutely infinitesimal when brought in contrast to the necessities of the world at any given moment; how much more when it is considered that generations are slipping away into the

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obscure grave, and the dark Beyond, without the least abandonment of their most gross superstitions! It is a fact which is forced on our consideration by thinking of these things, that the Church seems to have nearly lost the secret of her early successes. We see scarce a single example of a population becoming *en masse* Christians even in name.

It is therefore to the inquiry, how does this come to pass, and how may it be remedied? that I would address myself. For I have no intention or desire to dispute for a moment the possibility of successful missionary effort. Were it believed that the thing was impossible, that the reason of the general want of success was that success is unattainable, there would no longer be any point in these observations, and all missionary zeal and enterprise would be but a huge mistake. Both public opinion, facts, theory, and Scripture, contradict the extreme proposition that successful missions are impossible. Public opinion is decidedly in favour of missions; of this the funds of the mass of missionary societies afford a fair evidence. Facts, present and past; refute with a loud voice the assertion that such labours are hopeless. For the single fact that England was once pagan, and is now wholly Christian, contradicts the notion. Indeed the existence of the Christian religion in the world proves beyond a doubt that it is capable of successful propagation; while there are unquestionably in our own day some fields long laboured in which at length are yielding more or less satisfactory results. Such are Sierra Leone, and, perhaps, Travancore and Tinnevelly, in Southern India, to which it is not impossible that Madagascar may be added.

The case of Madagascar peculiarly illustrates the desirability of some such scheme of missions as that advocated in the sequel of this paper. There was, it may be said, little or none of the usual course of missionary procedure previous to the supposed extinction of the very name of Christianity. Yet, on the accession of Radama III. to the throne of that island, almost thirty years after the expulsion of the missionaries, it was discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the faith which was trodden out had survived, and more than survived, the process. In the Report to the Governor of the Mauritius, made by an embassy sent to King Radama on his accession, we read: "It was imagined that Christianity had been entirely suppressed, but now Christians are to be found in all parts of the capital; and already a school has been set up under the king's patronage. It was most satisfactory to see the state of things at Antananarivo, especially when it is reflected that, up to the queen's death, persecutions had gone on which are difficult of belief." But the island had been *inoculated* with the Scriptures. That was enough.

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Theory refutes the aforesaid notion also, whether the human or divine, the natural or supernatural view of Christianity be taken. For no man will deny that people are able to impress ideas upon each other if they set about it in a judicious way. Much less can it be denied that the Creator is capable of controlling the minds of his creatures if he will. Finally, the Christian Directorium of faith and practice confutes the anti-missionary creed with the strongest and most united voice; for in the Scriptures missions are made the frequent subject of promise, prophecy, narrative, and command.

Granting, therefore, the possibility of missionary success, it needs few words to explain or enforce the desirability of it. If indeed there be a person anywhere who believes heartily that the nations which remain under the undisputed sway of paganism are, on the whole, better off than those which have adopted an enlightened form of Christianity, I have no further controversy with him. But to those who sincerely acknowledge the truth of their own national creed, which has stood for fifteen hundred years a long series of attacks from various external and internal quarters, the desirability of an extension of the spiritual benefits they enjoy to other countries, seems a mere axiom. To those, again, who take a lower view, and who, from whatever cause, place the spiritual benefits of the Christian creed on a lower level than its social and civilising tendencies, these subsidiary advantages in themselves will appear sufficient to justify the observation that, if successful missions be possible, they are unquestionably desirable.

The possibility and desirability of the work being conceded, the means of best carrying it out present themselves for discussion. It is evident that this divides itself into the true theory of missionary work, and the particular details of the machinery to be employed. To the former of these alone I intend to address myself in the present place.

Again I refer to the analogy which opens this paper,—the impossibility of successfully transplanting a full-grown tree, or the vast difficulty of the operation in comparison to that of planting a seed or a cutting from which a new and generally similar tree may spontaneously grow.

In this there is a real analogy. For let us view the Christian Church as it now exists in Great Britain, and as most of us desire to see it planted in heathen lands. Honestly admiring its structure and proportions, it is but natural that we should like to see the Missionary Churches as nearly as possibly the counterparts of our own. Whether the Christian Church as a whole, the reformed portion of it, or the Anglican section of Protestantism, be regarded, it is undeniable that each and all as now existing are the results

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of development and growth. None but the most ignorant suppose that our Church or any existing branch of the Church is now a counterpart of that left behind them by the Apostles. All must at least admit that even though there may have been the same truths held then and now, their arrangement, their relative proportions, and their dogmatic connection, afford many points of difference between the early, mediæval, and modern Church. The great controversies which were settled in the four Œcumenical councils furnished the first examples of the theology of development, by creating creeds and their commentaries. The schism of Eastern and Western churches, with the entire of what is termed the "filioque" controversy, was a second era in the marked development of Christianity. The rise of Scholasticism affords the third: the period of the Reformation, leading as it did to the branching off of two distinct new theologies, in the reformed and unreformed Church;—the controversies associated with Trent, Constance, and Lateran, on the one hand, and Augsburg, Dort, Geneva, on the other, may be cited as belonging to a fourth period of rapid development—a period in point of fact which beyond any other, before or since, has altered the arrangement and proportion of truths. To these may be added as a more recent era of orthodox development the internal controversies of the Anglican Church, which resulted in the final settling, in their existing shape, of the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England. No man can seriously deny that the creed of the early Church stands related to those now current, much as the raw material from field or mine stands related to the completed product of industrial skill: we trust the process has been good, but undoubtedly it has made most marked alterations in the original type. Were the clamour for a doctrinal revision of the liturgy to be now listened to and changes made, it is impossible to doubt that a yet further development of theology would be apparent. The internal semi-schism of the English Church must needs print its lineaments on the new book or books, for there would probably be two or more thenceforth. This would plainly be the result of the progress of doctrine in the last two hundred years.

This process of alteration under the influence of succeeding ages was and is inevitable. Only the essentials of faith have been formulated in our creeds, which therefore remain, so far as words go, unchanged from generation to generation.[1] But it is outside the region embraced by written creeds that the vast body, the over-

(1) A glance, however, at any good table of ancient symbols of faith, such as that to be found in "Bishop Browne on the Thirty-nine Articles," will show that even in the first three or four centuries this process of expansion came largely into play. From the first draft of the Apostles' Creed to the last of the Constantinopolitan, or of the Athanasian, how large a growth of theology had taken place!

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whelming proportion of dogmatic controversy lies in the present day. At the time of the Nicean council it was fondly believed that the belief of Christendom was fully and finally settled by the labours of the fathers under the presidency of Constantine. But we can only smile at those who look now to that ancient symbol for the settlement of their differences. In point of fact, that creed is now common ground, beside and apart from which nearly all our present battles have to be fought. What does it say about inspiration, about the nature of the Sinaitic law, about justification, about baptismal regeneration, about eternal punishment, about the rationale of the Atonement?

And to bring our view to much later ages. The Thirty-nine Articles themselves, although exhausting most of the favourite controversies of the fifteenth century, leave unnoticed many of the disputed points which have arisen since. When they were drawn up, for example, there was no one present to apply for a dogmatic delivery of opinion on Inspiration or eternal punishment. And on the other hand, many of the controversies there spoken of are now laid at rest.

This wearing out of creeds and articles is one of the most speaking proofs of the continual development and change which has taken place in the circumstances, while leaving unshaken the essentials of the faith. It reminds us of the ever-shifting sea, playing and tossing around the rocks which never can move; and it suggests to each thoughtful mind how desirable it would be if, both for ourselves, and in our Evangelistic efforts, we firmly held to the unchanging, and lightly regarded, either for praise or blame, the shifting portions of theology. There is more than one doctrine both in the Reformed and unreformed branches of the Catholic Church which, once held for essential, is now looked upon as open to question; while opinions which were open to discussion once, are erected into the category of necessary truths now.

And developments of other kinds than doctrinal have found place too. Once the Church was well-nigh split in two by the Paschal controversy, which we now regard as utterly immaterial; then by the form of tonsure, which we now laugh at as entirely ridiculous; but there were serious and grave divines who once staked their whole interests on one or the other side of these questions. So, too, ritualism has furnished many non-dogmatic controversies. These, however, form no portion of the proper tree which has grown up from the theological root of the first century, but rather resemble the climbing ivy, which, springing from a separate but neighbouring root, now mingles its foliage with the plant which it clasps even to the topmost bough.

To these examples may be added the growth of liturgies. There

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are few churches which do not now possess documents and forms of faith and of prayer, which are held in the highest veneration, and are regarded as essential portions of the Church's life and organisation, essential representatives of her opinions to be laid before inquirers or opponents. Thus the dogmas, the creeds, the vestments, the ceremonies, and the liturgies, are all examples of our development as compared with primitive Christianity; all proofs that what those early believers were, that in many respects we are not. Our Westminster Abbey is no counterpart of their catacombs; our sermons are wholly unlike theirs; our very loves and hatreds are altogether distinct from those which united or separated the believers of old.

In planting the Christian Church in foreign lands it is now the aim of most missionary bodies, if not of all, to reproduce among the heathen the actually existing state of Christianity. It is the desire of the Protestant missionary to transplant with elaborate care that total result compounded of so many various growths—the Church of England with all its mediæval and modern traditions; or the Calvinistic Churches with all their scholastic disputes, and their fine points of dogmatic divinity: all the creeds, all the ceremonies, all the traditions, even all the customs of minor kinds, as though without these the faith would be a maimed and mangled thing, and as though it were assumed that all these developments had improved on the simpler primitive types.

It is here that in my humble belief the grand mistake is made. Anxious for too much, anxious, in point of fact, for an impossibility, we risk the failure and loss of all. The Protestant is trained to believe in the superlative importance of those points of his faith in which he most decidedly differs from his neighbours, in total inversion of what is probably the true state of the case—viz., that where opponents agree, truth is most likely to be found. And thus it comes to pass that the essentials of some ministerial and missionary teaching are the very points of theology which are truly the non-essentials. For where opponents universally agree, little time is devoted to the subject-matter of their agreement, the attention being drawn off by the exigencies of controversy from that which, after all, is the most important truth. To reproduce abroad this system is but to sow our corn deliberately mingled with tares. Truly it is lamentable to be obliged to see the controversies created by the leisure of the schools, and fostered by the eager spirits of the Reformation, opened up in presence of the ghastly shrines of Bengal, or discussed beneath the palm-trees of Tinnevelly. To most men at home the Church or the theology in which they live and move, is inseparable from the notion of the God they serve, or the Redeemer who is their hope; and they cannot, therefore, see how the heathen of India or China can be profited, if from them are withheld the very portions of reli-

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gion which most engross the attention of those in the mother country; that is, the controverted portions and those lying outside the foundations of the faith.

In one large section of the religious public the "Church" is made quite subservient to the "truth," or in other words the theology; in another the truth is neglected that the Church may be adorned, developed, and filled with gorgeous rites and ceremonies. Orthodoxy in "the Gospel" is the cry of the one; orthodoxy in ceremonial is the aim of the other. The former looks for missionary success in great part (for of course I don't say wholly) to the rapid adoption of similar religious opinions and dogmas. The latter longs above all to see reproduced abroad the Episcopal and sacerdotal system, the frequent celebration of the Eucharist, the vestments, the altars, the processions, the litanies, which go to make up a large part of the notion of religion entertained by this party. But neither the reception of the Calvinistic system, nor the establishment of a regularly organised sacerdotal body, with the full complement of rites and services, will prove the pioneer of a national conversion.[1] Too easily will the Brahmin confuse the abstract theology of the new padres with the speculations of his own Vedas. Too easily will the rites of the Church be looked upon as a mere repetition of some of the pagan ceremonials to which the heathen have been accustomed from their youth.

It seems to me that the ground of the mistake committed in seeking to introduce an English system among African or Asiatic tribes, in point of fact, in another world from ours, lies in forgetting that in Great Britain it took many centuries of theology and of civilisation to bring our local creed and politics to their present condition, and that it is an unscientific and foolish notion to suppose that any attempt can be successful—even were it desirable—to force these on

(1) Few perhaps can read unmoved the history of that great but noble mistake, the mission of Bishop Mackenzie to the Zambesi tribes (established by the High Church party in the Church), as related in his life by Dean Goodwin. The effort to introduce among savage tribes a bishopric and a bishop, in other words an overseer without any church to oversee, has been stigmatised by some as popish, by others as absurd; while those who enter into the spirit of the earnest but injudicious Head of the Mission will not fail, while they acknowledge his holy aim, to brand this attempt to begin at the wrong end of church-planting as a painful but instructive mistake. It seems to me that where the University mission was right, was in the association of civil and religious aims and pursuits: where they were wrong was, first, as regards prudence, in planting an isolated station at Megomaro, fifteen days' distance by steamer up an uncertain estuary, and in the very bed of jungle fever, instead of working from the already established colony of Natal, and gradually spreading their influence through the country, as a single drop of water spreads in a sheet of blotting-paper. Secondly, in a missionary point of view, they erred, I think, in beginning with a bishop, when there was not in existence a single baptised convert, nor even a solitary catechumen; when they had not so much as made friends with one native of the country, and when all they found themselves enabled to do, in the intervals of frequent doses of quinine, was to place themselves at the head of one yelling tribe to repulse the marauding herds of another not one whit more savage.

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a country whose education and history have been as wholly different as their nature and habits of thought are now wholly distinct. It is necessary that the friends of missions should remember how intimately connected and interwoven are English society and our English creed. For more than a thousand years Christianity and the Anglo-Saxon habit of mind have been acting and reacting upon one another. During this time each has made marvellous strides. So that the Britain whose children were sold as Christian slaves in Rome in the days of Gregory the Great, though professing the same Catholic faith which it still maintains, was as different in manners, and almost as different in creed, as any two distinct nations could be. How unfamiliar to us are the social thoughts and the religious customs detailed for us in the pages of Chaucer, when English gentlemen thought it a work of righteousness to make pilgrimages to the tomb of Becket. Policy, civilisation, and theology have alike contributed to the change. The policy of England has left its stamp distinctly upon literature and the Church, which again have each influenced the policy. These mutual influences must be regarded as necessary ones. A certain state of civilisation must always accompany a certain state of religious thought.[1] The whole life of a great nation moves on in one vast wave—its thoughts, its habits, its tastes, its politics, its sports, its language, its religion. It is, as it were, a marching army, in which neither artillery, infantry, cavalry, nor commissariat can be left behind; or, like the human frame, which only then develops as it ought, when the moral, physical, and intellectual developments move on *pari passu*.

It will hence appear that to introduce into any state one of these various elements of an advanced civilisation, while the others are not, and cannot be, at the same time planted there, produces, if it produces anything but failure, an abnormal and monstrous result. For example, the introduction of a precise counterpart of our political system in some newly-erected state, although desirable enough in theory, would assuredly prove a failure in practice, because the national mind must be first trained (by a true historical development) up to a standard to suit the mature constitution, and a state must needs have a like history before it can understand or tolerate a like policy with ours.

Literature affords a second case in point. Since literature, in fact, photographs the mind of a people more even than religion or politics,

(1) Let any one read Todd's "Life of St. Patrick," or Hook's first volume of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," and he cannot fail to see that it is only by a powerful effort of imagination that the Christianity of the Scotic or Saxon tribes can be thought of as identical with our own. But if the faith suited them, if the cultus agreed with their culture, was not that enough? The Thirty-nine Articles would have been gibberish to St. Patrick, or to Bishops Deusdedit, Theodore, or Brihtwald, but so are their ecclesiastical writings to us.

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each of which depend on other considerations, it appears that no literature can long thrive in any country, save its indigenous literature. You might as well endeavour to transfer the complete flora of one latitude to another, as hope to make one people adopt the whole literature of another. Only that portion of it which deals with human nature and human emotion and reason, as they are common to all ages and places, can thus be transplanted. You can transplant Shakspeare, but you cannot transplant the writings of any author whose works are of a purely national character. Moreover, in the course of one and the same nation's history, books which once seemed prolific in wisdom, afterwards appear mere strings of truisms. And the favourite pastoral poetry of two centuries ago, with its Damons and Phyllises, is only puerile to us.

The creed in like manner must grow, and does grow, with the people, which, by the way, seems to me one general argument in favour of periodical liturgical amendment within moderate limits both of extent and time. So much of a people's creed as is subjective must either be practically left behind and thrown out, or so revised as to co-exist with the progress of thought. A creed then must needs have a history, and that history must come in contact in various places with the national history if it is to have any lasting influence over the nation. All creeds are most influential on the spot where they have naturally grown to maturity, just as all governments and literatures are, and no exception to this rule can be made. Our Anglican creed is in fact a history in itself. Each formulation of faith is a catalogue (for the educated) of controversies. The colours of each regiment are inscribed with the names of its own battles, and regiments cannot exchange banners. The Thirty-nine Articles represent, almost from first to last, the issue of compromised conflicts—the results of the theological contests of by-gone ages. Every line is historical. So that the educated man passes through the Articles, as the classical student through the ruins of Rome or the ashes of Athens, recalling perforce at each step some lineament of the past. So it will probably be to the end of time. All theology which is real advances,—experience says so, no matter what theory may say. Its essence is immovable, its accidents change and grow. Now the development of English Protestantism is essentially English. Were Protestant Germany and Great Britain to exchange creeds to-morrow, neither would know what to do with its new acquisition. The mind of England would be amazed at the creed of Germany; the mind of Germany would sneer at the creed of England.

All these considerations, which surely are palpable enough to defy contradiction, conduct us to the conclusion that it is an intensely unphilosophical thing to attempt to transplant our English creed in its totality to foreign lands. Nay more: seeing how many different

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ways there are of viewing our creed in this country, seeing how great the difference is between the religion of the London professional man and of the Cornwall miner, of the Bishop of Oxford and of Mr. Spurgeon, it would be necessary first of all to decide which of all these we proposed to transplant, even were we satisfied that to transplant any were possible. I am glad to find these thoughts borne out by so esteemed an authority in missionary matters as Major-General Alexander, who, presiding at the Liverpool Missionary Conference, to which I have before made reference, used, and repeated with variations, in the face of a somewhat unwilling audience, such expressions as follow. I quote from the authorised report published by Nisbet and Co. :—

"In examining the causes which had hindered in any way the progress of Christian missions, he entreated them carefully to consider whether, in the very systems of agency that had been adopted for the spread of the Gospel, they could not detect some of the clogs in their chariot wheels, and find out why they had hitherto driven so slowly. In mission fields they had to deal with men of different minds. Take, for instance, the subtle and intellectual Asiatic in contrast with the Esquimaux, or tribes that in other lands had sunk to the lowest grades in the scale of reason and humanity. He would ask whether it was a necessary thing that the very systems amidst which we had grown up; systems that came out of the struggles, contentions, and controversies of the Reformation; systems that had arisen in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and during the distracting times of the reigns of the Stuarts; which were manifestly imperfect in themselves, though perhaps the best that could be adapted to the states of mind and difficult circumstances in which men were then placed—whether such systems are what we should take and fix, like cast-iron matrices, in which to mould without necessary adaptations the varying minds and circumstances of American Indians, Africans, Asiatics, and the inhabitants of the numerous islands of the Pacific? *It was important to see whether we could not detect in these very systems causes of hindrance.* From his own experience he was sure we could; and, therefore, on this subject there ought to be the freest and boldest expression of opinion, founded upon experience, and guided by the Word of God."

We are thus led to some such conclusion as this, that the probability of successful missions, regarded from the human point of view, rises or falls with our adoption of a less or more complicated missionary creed or ritual. It would appear that the effort to thoroughly ascertain the first principles and really necessary conditions of Christianity is the initial step to the successful prosecution of missions. To endeavour to introduce the creed of any century later than the first in the midst of a barbarous civilisation and a pagan religion, must fail on the whole, though it may appear here and there to succeed. Even the Apostles might have stood aghast at the symbols of the third century. Their theology to that of Nicæa or Athanasius was as the raw silk to the elaborate garment woven from it. In order thus to go back to first principles, great self-denial and an abjuration of the theological ardour which characterises our days must be cultivated. If the Author of Christianity was satisfied to

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begin with the elements, and to see his religion developing as the nations developed where it was planted, we may be satisfied too. We are not likely either to be more successful or wiser than He.

The natural process is the only true one in the development of a complete faith. And as we do not teach the Articles of Religion to the infant at our knees, so we should withhold them and all other like systems from the heathen. Time enough if they come centuries hence in the natural process of development.

And further still. I may be severely criticised if I say that perhaps we should commence, as it appears the Author of Christianity did, by a partially Judaic rather than a purely Christian standard.[1] God taught a nation the Gospel after preparing them for it by a thousand years of legal discipline. Are we satisfied that we are right to ignore the lesson of the Jewish history and begin where it ended? In the Divine order of development the *command* preceded the doctrine—Exodus, the Epistle to the Romans. We should, I believe, thus invert the theological order of proceeding, and recur to the historical, by giving the precept before the doctrine, instead of the doctrine on the ground of the precept. It may do well enough for the educated child of English society to teach the doctrine as a ground of duty. It will not do for the barbarian. He will only lay up the doctrines among his other superstitions, and turn round to indulge his lust and cruelty as before. The Omniscient said, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me," centuries before the same voice said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." And though we seem to find a difficulty in understanding why what we now deem a necessary truth should have been withheld from so many generations, still we have satisfactory evidence that the Revelation of the Son of God was actually so delayed, until the leaven of Judaic precept had not only wrought itself in, but, as it were, worked itself out. The material was elaborately prepared ere one hue of the design and colouring was laid on.

Such views should not be lightly disregarded by those who firmly believe in the authority of the Scriptures as a whole. The missions of the Apostles to the heathen are of a completely different character from their messages to the Hebrew nation. To the latter they spoke of the terms of the ancient covenant; for the former they laid a substratum of natural theology, with its first principle—Monotheism.[2] And it appears to me that a patient building up of the structure of Monotheism, with its simple truths, its moral rather

(1) I speak of the preceptive, not the ritual character of Judaism.

(2) Philosophically, it would seem obvious that it is useless to begin by introducing Trinitarian Christianity into the bosom of Polytheism. We should inevitably appear to be upholding the very system whose essence we came to subvert. To the Mahometan, who is already a Monotheist, Trinitarian dogma may safely be given; but it is worse than rash to risk the same course in pagan nations.

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than positive precepts, should be the aim of the patient upholder of missions, who does not believe that his religion compels him to ignore the philosophy of mind, and to go contrary to the conclusions of history. This at least, it must be confessed, was the Divine order of proceeding. How long a period should elapse ere the second great fact be added—ere the second tint of the great painting be laid on—ere the Incarnation of the Word should be revealed, must, according to this theory, depend in each case on the length of time needed firmly to impress the preliminary truth. But this second revelation once made, the progress of our development of objective teaching (for subjective growth should be left to the native church itself) might be more rapid. We might copy any of the brief catalogues of the Apostle, such as those in 1 Corinthians xv. 3, 4, or in Hebrews vi. 1, 2.

I have endeavoured rather to decide a principle than to enter into details. A few illustrations in detail may nevertheless be given. When, for example, we find missionaries demanding from a Hindu, previous to baptism, experiences or beliefs which were not known to, or fully understood by, the Church until many generations had been baptised, served God, and been gathered to their fathers, I am forced to entertain the fear that in the effort to secure much they risk the loss of all. Thus Calvinism, and those more or less under its influence, err, I think, in withholding baptism from persons to whom the Apostles would have administered it, by demanding experimental tests of faith which could not have been employed when thousands were baptised at once, and which we do not find to have been thought of when, for example, families were baptised on the faith of their parents. So, too, those who postpone baptism on the theory of Augustine and his day—that sin, which is venial before, is mortal after its administration—err to the prejudice of their final success.

Once more, the English clergyman must not go out to the heathen either as an officer of the Church of England or as a philosopher who seeks to impress a mature and scientific faith upon his converts. He should rather aim, I think, to put himself into the position of an elementary teacher, not scorning the very hornbook and primer. Thus the Divine Being appears to have condescended at the first initiation of Revelation, and suited himself to the level of his people, "when Israel was a child." His aim appears to have been, not to produce a systematic belief in the mind of the chosen race, but to call forth certain elementary ideas, by the use of symbols, natural phenomena, thunders, earthquakes, smoking altars, and tottering city walls. This was to teach ideas, not to convey full and correct representations of himself, such as would meet the demands of civilised philosophy; it was necessary to teach that infant nation as you teach your child, not as religion or theology is taught in the divinity school

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of a university. It is absurd for us, then, to reject the teaching thus wisely given, because it does not convey to *us* the same elevating ideas which it was the sole means of conveying to that uncivilised people. On the contrary, we should regard that mode of dealing with the uncultured as a priceless example or hint to ourselves. Let us seek to produce ideas of God as correct as we can, but let us not fall into the foolish error of endeavouring to impress them as we should do upon a congregation in a civilised land.[1] Better, surely, that they should heartily embrace the one tenet, Monotheism, the one duty, self-denial, for generations to come, than that by a system of forcing they should apparently embrace the whole circle of our Church doctrine, only to forget it or repudiate it as an extraneous and impossible system for them to follow when left alone.

The grand aim should next be to put the keeping and teaching of revealed religion by means of a good translation of the Scriptures, into the hands of a native ministry, leaving them, unshackled by our ideas, to develop churches for themselves; and by stern self-denial, forbearing to interfere with or reproach them, even if we found them developing their creed by these aids in a direction different from our own. Such were a difficult task, but surely a duty. If we regard the Church as under the control of its Author, we shall not be afraid to commit to a zealous native pastorate our converts, and our Scriptures, apart from any of our theories of inspiration or of Church government. This, it seems to me, would be a noble and a faithful thing for us to do. A sample of its probable success seems to be furnished, as I have said, by the history of the Church in Madagascar.

If the work of missions be, as I am sure it is, something nobler than the mere love of proselytising, if it be in its essence a Divine duty, we should do our part by seeking to conduct it in a spirit according with sound sense and history, and leave the rest to God.

G. R. WYNNE.

(1) We have a judicious example in the case of the missionary, H. Martyn, who commenced his public preaching to the beggar-crowd at Dinapore, by expounding the text, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and amply catechising them upon that ere he proceeded to higher truths. This was laying the foundation of Monotheism, and laying it aright.

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RUSSIAN SOCIETY.

Part II.

If the contents of the secret Court Almanack I mentioned above, account sufficiently for the otherwise inexplicable docility of Russian Chancellors, Ministers of State, Actual Privy Councillors, &c., there are other reasons which render the second far more numerous, and still more insignificant half of Russian society quite as pliant and obedient. In the first place, the mass of so-called "nobles by descent" (in contradistinction to the "personal nobles," *i.e.*, subaltern officials)—about half a million souls—have never lost the sentiment of their origin, viz., of being nothing more than the hereditary servants of the throne. The majority of them obtained their nobiliary privileges[1] during the second half of the last century, when a service of some twenty-five or thirty years (twelve years to obtain the *chinn* of the 14th class, and three years more for each following class up to the 8th, that of "Collegiate Assessor") was sufficient to obtain for a man who had had the good fortune not to die or be dismissed before the time, the honour of adding his family to the roll of Russian hereditary nobles. Since the accession of Alexander I., the Caucasus offered a still shorter road for arriving at this much-desired goal: besides being moved up one *chinn* on his appointment to a post in one of the Caucasian provinces, every official sent there received an additional *chinn* every year or every year and a half, so that the Caucasus became a very hot-bed for producing a yearly crop of nobles. At last Nicholas, anxious for the purity of blood of his aristocracy, attached the privilege of nobility to the *chinn* of the 5th class, that of Councillor of State. But even the comparatively few families, whose origin dates from a time previous to the accession of Peter the Great, owe their nobility to the very same cause; with the exception of the twelve princely houses descended from Rurik, they had lands and titles given to them for their services by the Tsars of Moscow, just as their younger brethren received both, or the right to both, from the St. Petersburg Emperors. This feeling of owing all they have and are to the Emperor, is so deeply ingrained in the minds of the Russian nobles, that it has given rise to the following extraordinary legal fiction, or rather tradition: it is a universally received opinion in Russia, that a noble family, of which three successive generations do not enter the service of the State, loses its patent of nobility; now, no such law has ever been made, but the tradition which has

1 Of these privileges only three had any practical meaning, viz., the right of acquiring and possessing serfs and land, immunity from corporal punishment (introduced only by Peter III.), and the right of obtaining the lowest *chinn* after three years' service. The first two of these privileges have ceased to exist since the abolition of serfdom and of corporal punishment for all classes.

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formed itself upon the subject proves how natural and easy it would have been to make it. Among the few popular names in Russian history one of the first places is held by Minin, a citizen of Nijni-Novgorod, who in 1613 helped to save the independence of Russia by exciting his fellow-townsmen to take up arms, marching at their head, together with Prince Pojarsky upon Moscow, and driving the Poles from the Kreml. Of course, the Minins of the present day are nobles; but the daughter of the actual head of the family while being educated in one of the Governmental Nobility *pensionnats*, was teased by her companions, even her superiors and governesses, with not being a *real* noble, with being merely a *bourgeoise*, because her ancestor had merely served the people, and not the Tsar!

Another reason of the utter helplessness, in a political sense, of Russian society is its stupendous ignorance. The comparatively few Russians whose means permit them to visit Europe, should not be taken as samples of the society to which they belong, neither in respect of their education, nor of their manners and habits of living. In this respect the reign of Nicholas has left deeper traces on the social life of Russia than perhaps in any other; his systematic persecution of all education but that which prepared fit officers for his armies, went at last so far as to limit by law the number of students in each of the five Russian Universities to 300, and it will take a long time before the consequences of this and similar measures will have disappeared. The regular subaltern official, who has no property of his own, and whose only patrimony is the service, has no time to occupy himself with anything besides the requirements of this service, and his ignorance of almost everything beyond the narrow bounds of his daily occupation is therefore perfectly natural. The average landed proprietor is, however, intellectually not much better off; he has, as a general rule, passed a few years at the Government gymnasium of the chief town of the province, and, after having served the Emperor during some time in the capacity of an officer or civil official, he returns for the rest of his life to his estate, either to ruin it by running into debt, or else by allowing it to run to ruin of itself through his neglect and laziness. In one of the easterly districts of the Government of Nijni I came across two landed proprietors—father and son—who would make no bad pendant to the famous Baron of Brittany, who, at the election of members for the French States-General in 1789, signed the *cahier d'élection* by sealing it with his sword pummel, having never had an opportunity of acquiring the more complicated art of signing by means of a pen. The father and son I am speaking of passed every day of their lives in hunting in the enormous forests and shooting upon the moors, which cover the eastern portions of their Government; so exclusively had this become their occupation, that, when the first rumours of the impending emancipation of their serfs

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reached the nobles of Nijni, and our two huntsmen wished to find out "what was being said in the newspapers about it," and, for once putting off their daily hunt, ordered the *Northern Bee* to be brought in from the village *comptoir*, where the newspaper had been received and stowed away unread for the last twenty years, it turned out that both father and son, although the latter had been educated at the Petersburg Lyceum, *had forgotten to read;* so that, wishing to know what was at the bottom of the matter, they were obliged to send for the bailiff, one of those very serfs whose emancipation was being debated, and to make him read to them what the *Northern Bee* had got to say on the subject! The story was told to me by the bailiff himself at the fair of Nijni, and the two Nimrods I met some time after at a general hunt of the district. This, it may be said, is a mere isolated case, and proves nothing; the same answer can, however, not be made to the following story. In the South Russian Government of Kharkof there lived a short time ago, and perhaps lives there still, a German, a retired physician, who, in serving the Government, had attained the *chinn* of Councillor of State, had consequently become a member of the hereditary nobility of the country, and was living in affluence on his considerable estates. The way in which all this was acquired is briefly this. In the beginning of Nicholas' reign, when the colonisation of the southern provinces by Germans was still encouraged by the Government, Johann Schmidt (as I will call him), at the time a journeyman baker, arrived in Russia across the Moldavian frontier. The official whose business it was to examine the papers of some hundred immigrants per day, and give them Russian passports in lieu of their foreign ones, could not have been a very great proficient in German, for, mistaking the initial B of the word Bäckergeselle (journeyman baker) in the passport of Johann Schmidt, for the, in German characters, certainly very similar letter L, and reading consequently Läckergeselle, translated this latter term in the Russian passport by Assistant-Surgeon, naturally concluding from the likeness of the sounds of Läcker and the Russian word Lekarj (a surgeon), that the meaning of the two words must be the same. The poor journeyman baker being thus turned loose into Russia as an officially recognised assistant-surgeon, could find nowhere any employment in his own handicraft, and was therefore compelled to turn surgeon, or rather physician, against his own will. Well, this doctor in spite of himself has been able to attain towards the end of his career, to the position in which I saw him a few years ago; and he has been able to do this not in some out-of-the-way corner of the world, where medicine as a science had never been heard of, but in one of the richest Governments of Russia, and in the immediate vicinity of a University!

Certainly the leaven of education is gradually working its way even into the class of small noble landed proprietors; the debates

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concerning the emancipation and latterly the introduction of local elective assemblies, composed indifferently of representatives from all classes of the inhabitants, have already, and will continue to have, an increasing influence on their moral and intellectual status. Only this progress is so very slow, that it would be premature to expect anything like a practical manifestation of their fitness for administrative independence or even for opposition, for a long time to come. Had such a fitness existed, it would most assuredly have manifested itself during the war in Poland, and on the occasion of the loyalty addresses. Certainly, no better opportunity could have been desired for obtaining, and obtaining easily, everything the St. Petersburg and Moscow Nobiliary Assemblies have been petitioning for in vain, now that the favourable chance has been lost. We have before us the example of Finland to prove how unprepared for, and consequently how unable to resist, any real, organised opposition the Russian Government is. Already in the beginning of his reign, the Emperor Alexander had promised to convoke the Finnish Senate and Representative Assembly, the maintenance of which had been guaranteed by Alexander I. on the annexation of the Grand Duchy to Russia, but which nevertheless had not met since 1819. The "preparatory labours" of this new convocation—this being the conveniently elastic term, by which everything unpleasant can be shelved in Russia till the end of time—were getting on at so extraordinary a rate, that it became evident the Government of Alexander II. did not mean to treat the Finns any better than that of Alexander I. had done. The war in Poland, however, and the threatened intervention of the European Powers, gave the Finns an opportunity of which they were not slow to avail themselves. When M. Valujef's secret circular on the subject of the addresses reached Finland, all the corporations of the Grand Duchy, and more especially the landed gentry, replied with one voice to the confidential inuendoes of the various Governors, that no addresses could be thought of before the "preliminary labours" had at last been concluded, and the Finnish chambers been convoked once more. About this time the projected Polish naval expedition arrived at Stockholm, and was there enthusiastically received by the inhabitants, and the Swedish papers began to agitate the question of Finland being reunited to the mother country. Of course these circumstances rendered the absence of any voice from Finland in the general loyalty chorus of the whole Empire still more suspicious, and the Russian Government, afraid perhaps of rousing, in the event of a war, the ancient attachment of the Finns for Sweden—England and France having at this time not yet submitted quietly to the snubbing of Prince Gortchakof, and a war being considered as imminent in Russia—took the only course left open to it, and quietly gave way to the demands of the Finns. The for once constitutional Emperor, or rather the Grand Duke Alexander, as he

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is styled in Finland, went to Viborg, and there solemnly opened the session of the Senate with a French speech from the throne, the liberalism of which looked rather awkward, when printed a few days later in the Petersburg papers, side by side with an account of Mouravief's doings at Vilna and a few executions at Warsaw. Now, had the Russian nobility (the other classes, who signed their addresses, of course merely followed their leader, and could not be expected to do anything else) imitated the conduct of the Finns, or had they at least mentioned in every address they presented, that, although perfectly willing and ready to bear any sacrifices war might entail upon them, they took the present opportunity to urge upon the Emperor the necessity of such and such reforms, there can be no doubt that, firstly, they would have regained in a moral sense that leading position in the country which before the emancipation they had occupied by mere force, and which they have since lost entirely; and secondly, the Government having no one to rely on, would have been obliged to give way as easily in Russia proper as in Finland. Instead of that, they got up their enthusiasm as per order, signed addresses by the dozen, ate patriotic dinners, deluged General Mouravief and M. Katkòf with patriotic after-dinner speeches and telegrams, and only afterwards, when the rather imaginary danger of the so-called "foreign invasion" was passed, when the Polish rising had been drowned in blood, and the Government felt itself securer than ever—then and not till then did the Russian nobles think of making an attempt at obtaining a few constitutional rights in lieu of the semi-barbarous privileges they possessed before the emancipation of their serfs.

This attempt, made separately by the Nobiliary Assemblies of Moscow and St. Petersburg (by the first in the spring of last year, and by the second in the spring of the present one), led to results which might have been foreseen from the beginning. The Emperor refused to have the addresses of either Assembly presented to him; and as the Marshal of the Moscow Nobility, Count Orlof-Davydof had managed to get his address printed by a Petersburg journal (for which, of course, the paper in question was stopped for four months and the editor sent to prison), the Moscow nobility got the additional snubbing, of being told in a rescript of the Emperor's to the Minister of the Interior to mind their own business, and not to meddle with things that did not concern them. And yet, notwithstanding this publicly administered reprimand, Count Orlof-Davydof keeps his post of *Maréchal de la Cour Impériale* just as before; while the independence of character of the proposer of the Petersburg address, Prince Shcherbatof, becomes sufficiently evident from the part he played at the time of the loyalty addresses, and which I mentioned above. If such are the picked men, the representatives and leaders of Russian society, what is to be expected from

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the mass of their followers? As yet and for a long time to come, nothing else but what the instinctive memory of their origin, their ignorance, and a thirty years' systematic tyranny, necessarily have led to, viz., a blind submission to any and every intimation from the Emperor, but a submission all the more misleading because, from having been dumb under Nicholas, it has come to feign a servile enthusiasm for every new idea, which circumstances or the caprice of the master may for the moment make the order of the day. When, at the beginning of the present reign, the issue of the Crimean war had proved the utter rottenness of Nicholas's system, and the Government began seriously to think of putting a rein upon the venality of its officials, of ending the ruinous system of farming out the sale of brandy and spirits, of introducing oral and public procedure into the courts of law, and, most important of all, of emancipating the twenty millions of serfs,—all these measures were received by society with a childish enthusiasm, whose very suddenness did not offer much hope as to its duration. Men, who themselves had made their fortunes by taking bribes; who only yesterday had been the best friends of some notoriously venal official or of some farmer-general of the brandy-monopoly, fattening upon the lives of their own serfs; who had cheated and bribed in every lawsuit they had had in their lives; who had habitually flogged and brutally maltreated their own serfs, male and female, with a refined cruelty that would put to shame a Carolinian planter of the old school;—these men, as soon as the first news of the changes thought of at St. Petersburg had reached them, proclaimed their abhorrence for all ill-gotten property, became frantic admirers of the public administration of justice and of representative government, and at public dinners shed tears of compassion over the condition of their "younger brethren," as it had become the fashion to call those very same serfs, who formerly used to be spoken of as "cattle." Nor should it be thought that these men—and they form the mass of landed proprietors, officials of all possible degrees and *chinns*, civil and military, professors, teachers, a few rich merchants, &c.—did all this with egotistic or time-serving views, for the great majority of them could not even hope to be taken notice of in the general mass. No, the real motive power in this seemingly sudden metamorphosis of a whole society was that "faculty of obedience" which Mr. Carlyle at one time admired so highly in the Russians, and which I believe to be nothing more than a compound of a lackey-like, yet perfectly disinterested, desire to please one's master, with an irresistible inclination to ape, and naturally to caricature, everything that for the nonce has become the fashion.

Of course, the absence of any firm convictions or clear opinion upon any general subject whatever, renders the adoption of the newest idea much more easy, but also makes the latter yield quite

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as easily in its turn to one still newer. Thus, when the war in Poland began, and the Petersburg Cabinet had no time for anything but extirpating the Polish element as fast as possible in Lithuania and controlling it in the kingdom of Poland, Russian society at once flung all its yesterday's liberalism to the winds, became loud in its patriotic vociferations, and almost as bloodthirsty and unscrupulous as any Mouravief. That both its former liberalism and subsequent patriotism were equally false and a mere sham at bottom, which would give way before the first serious and practical call made upon them, was of course perfectly clear to all who know anything about the real character of Russian society; but it was not till within the last few months, that the newest phase in Russian social development gave an actual proof of this truth to the world in general.

The pistol shot fired at the Emperor by a hereditary lunatic (Karakozof's father died in a lunatic asylum, and his elder brother is at the present moment in a similar establishment) had scarcely missed its aim through the rush of people who stood behind the would-be assassin, and wanted to have a better look at the Emperor as he was on the point of getting into his carriage, than the officially raised patriotism, lately directed against the Poles and Europe in general, was turned into a new channel. The Emperor's rescript of the 25th May, addressed to Prince Paul Gagarin, President of the Council of State, calling his attention to the enemies of all order, of the sacred rights of property, of his own imperial autocracy and of religion, and declaring them to be the real authors of the attempt directed against his life, served as a signal to society, which had already got up its steam and was merely waiting for the imperial *mot d'ordre* to point out the direction in which they were to expend their bottled-up anger and enthusiasm. The rescript had spoken of the evil seeds sown in the schools, the universities, and by means of the press; and had ordered Prince Gagarin to have all officials, and especially all teachers, whom the taint had touched, immediately removed from the service. This was sufficient to show which way the wind was blowing, and that none but the so-called Nihilists or Russian radicals were singled out this time for public persecution and destruction. The manœuvre by which the mass of society had first become ultra-liberals, and had then suddenly changed into fervent admirers of General Mouravief and MM. Katkòf and Leontjef, was repeated once more. During the war in Poland it was still possible to maintain with some semblance of logic, that a feeling of exalted patriotism directed against the Poles, was not incompatible with the desire for a liberal system at home; now, however, that a crusade has been declared by Government against those very liberals who, only three short years ago, were everywhere petted and cajoled, the transition becomes still more flagrant. Just as the addresses, speeches, congratulatory telegrams, and public

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dinners had been liberal at the time of the serf emancipation, had then become patriotic and anti-Polish, so now they became ultra-loyal and anti-liberal beyond anything that can be imagined; and yet the Governors of provinces, Marshals of nobility, &c., who presided at these dinners, and the diners who sat down to them and got up afterwards to spout their bathos as the occasion might require, were the very same men in each case! At one such public dinner, in the Government town of Kostromà, given in honour of the Emperor's life being saved, a member of one of the newly-instituted Elective Assemblies, who three years ago had been looked upon almost as a red republican, proposed the health of General Mouravief (just then appointed president of the Karakozof commission), and concluded his speech with the hope that the gallant General and noble Count might be spared to his country long enough to extirpate the very last vestiges of that liberalism, which had of late made such rapid progress in Holy Russia.

There is scarcely a single detail connected with this attempt to murder the Emperor, which is not highly characteristic of Russian society, or which does not paint it better than whole pages of mere abstract reasoning. The journeyman hatter, Komissarof, who on the memorable 4th of April was out for a holiday, and standing in the front rank of the crowd that had assembled at the gate of the St. Petersburg Summer Garden to see the Emperor get into his carriage, had been thrust by the hindmost against Karakozof, who was preparing to fire, and had thus caused the latter to miss his aim. While the furious crowd rushed forward, and, but for the personal efforts of the Emperor, would certainly have torn Karakozof to pieces, Komissarof, acting instinctively upon the rule according to which a Russian peasant, nay, almost every Russian, except he be an officer, avoids having anything to do with the police, even in the capacity of a witness or mere bystander, profited by the turmoil and noise, and actually ran away! Of course he was soon caught, passed on from one police authority to the other, and in a short time brought by Prince Suvorof to the Winter Palace. The Emperor, on seeing his saviour, created him a nobleman on the spot, promised him 5,000 roubles, and presented him as a new member of the order to Prince Shcherbatof, who had arrived at the same moment to congratulate his Majesty in the name of the Petersburg nobility on his escape. From that moment Komissarof became the hero of a regular *culte*. One state dinner, given in his honour, followed another. A subscription was set on foot to buy for the new nobleman an estate or a palace for at least 200,000 or 300,000 roubles. Almost every corporation of any importance asked for the honour of having "the saviour of the country" among its members; the St. Petersburg Dooma or Town Council offered him "the freedom" (?) of their city; the Nobiliary Assembly

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of the Government of Moscow presented him with a sword of honour; even scientific societies, such as the Imperial Geographical Society, the Society of Economists, the Society for diffusing a Knowledge of Reading and Writing, sent deputations to a man who does not know his letters, and prayed for the honour of his membership. General Todtleben was appointed as Komissarof's Mentor or tutor, but his pupil either would not or could not acquire the rules of good behaviour sufficiently to avoid committing blunders, perhaps insignificant in themselves, especially in a saviour of the country, but yet unpleasant to spectators, such for instance as, in the course of a dinner given in his honour by the Petersburg Dooma, using his serviette instead of his pocket-handkerchief. No wonder that seeing his portrait in every shop window, and his name in every newspaper, receiving addresses from all parts of the country, and hearing himself compared to the greatest heroes of antiquity and of modern times—no wonder, I say, that the poor fellow at last lost his mind, and is at the present moment more fit to become a member of a lunatic asylum than of any other institution in the country. Having been told in numberless addresses, sermons, and speeches, that in him the finger of God had been visibly stretched forth to save Russia, Komissarof has come to take this figure of speech literally, and allows none of his friends and relations to address him otherwise than by the novel title of "Finger" (Pjerst). At the same time he has found it more in accordance with the heroic and providential character society has forced upon him, to replace his original version of the quite involuntary nature of his act by a new one, according to which he had, ever since the morning of the fatal day, felt his soul weighed down by some heavy burden, had then heard an inner voice command him to repair to the Summer Garden, and only there, at the sight of Karakozof, close to whom he came to stand in the crowd, had his heart been lightened and his spirit become once more calm and serene, and so on, exactly in the maudlin style of a London cabman or chimney-sweep, who has lately been "brought to see the truth." But here the triumph of Komissarof was destined to end. The Government, at whose impulse all this enthusiasm had sprung up, being now satisfied that society would follow it in its war of extermination against the Radicals, as obediently as in the war against the Poles, had no further need of the miserable instrument which had merely served to gauge the universal sentiment, and consequently laid "the saviour" quietly on the shelf. Naturally society followed immediately; the 300,000 roubles promised at first have not yet reached the modest sum of 20,000 roubles, and the subscription has been stopped; and lastly,—most comical, but in Russia most natural of all—of the 5,000 roubles promised him personally by the Emperor, Komissarof has only received 1,500, the rest having probably found their way into the

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pockets of the various officials, through whose hands the imperial largesse had to pass.

I have purposely avoided speaking of the purely governmental side of Russian social life during the last four or five years, preferring to sketch those sides of Russian society which do not generally form the subject of political correspondence and articles on Russia. For this reason I have scarcely touched upon the relations which have sprung up between the Empire proper on one side, and its Lithuanian and Polish provinces on the other; there exists, however, one circumstance, called forth by these relations, which proves more irresistibly than anything I know the utter helplessness of Russian society.

The system of spoliation as applied to the so-called "Western Provinces" of the Empire, first by General Mouravief, continued by his successor at Vilna, General Kauffmann, and now definitively sanctioned and acknowledged by the Ukase of the 10th of December, 1865, exposes to be sold in the six Governments of Vilna, Kovno, Grodno, Minsk, Vitebsk, and Mohilof some twenty-one thousand estates. These estates, as provided by the Ukase just mentioned, may be acquired only by persons who are Russian by birth and members of the Orthodox Church; the other conditions, such as the prices fixed by Government, the terms of payment, the facilities for raising the money required, &c., were naturally all arranged in favour of the purchasers, whom Government is so anxious to attract to these provinces. Besides, both the Government and official and officious papers, such as the *Northern Post*, the *Invalide Russe*, and, foremost of all, the *Moscow Gazette*, represented this immigration of Russian proprietors into the Lithuanian provinces as the only sure means of preventing, once for all, any attempts towards independence on the part of the Polish inhabitants of the country. The acquisition of an estate in one of the six westerly Governments was, consequently, represented as a meritorious act of patriotism, as a proof of true and noble devotion to the cause of Russia, and, besides, as an exceedingly profitable investment. Yet, notwithstanding all these allurements, moral and material, since the publication of the Ukase to the month of July of the present year, out of the whole number of twenty-one thousand estates to be sold not more than *thirty* have passed into the hands of Russian proprietors. And yet this is the society, or if you like, this is the nation, whose encroachments in the East are looked upon with fear by men who tremble for the safety of our Indian possessions. It is quite possible that the Russian Government, notwithstanding all its assurances to the contrary, will follow up the capture of Tashkent, and of Khodjent by establishing itself firmly on both the great rivers that fall into the Sea of Aral, perhaps even by extending its conquests over the whole of Bokhara. This, however, would be, after all, but the work of Russian bayonets and cannon; Russian industry, Russian enterprise, and Russian capital will never,

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or, at least, will not for centuries to come, be able to fructify these conquests, nor, which is a still more preposterous notion, render them dangerous to English interests in India. No one can deny the immense progress France has made within the last ten or fifteen years in all kinds of industrial pursuits; the floating capital it disposes of has augmented rapidly, and with it the general spirit of commercial enterprise; and yet the languishing state of Algiers proves clearly that mere governmental attempts at colonisation, if unsupported by the almost individual efforts of the nation, lead to nothing. Yet, with such an example before the world, there are people who are afraid of seeing Russians drive the English out of their Indian and Persian markets; those same Russians who cut so sorry a figure at the Exhibition of 1862, who buy their coal in England and their naphtha in America, although enormous tracts of country between the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Caucasus abound in both these materials; who, with the whole authority and material support of their Government to back them, have managed in the course of six months to buy thirty estates out of twenty-one thousand offered "for a song" to their patriotic zeal and enterprising activity!

It is necessary to say, in conclusion, a few words about Russian literature, and the part it has played during the last ten years. When, at the beginning of the present reign, society was still in the first flush of its liberal phase, and naturally looked about it for some moral and intellectual fodder which would suit its momentary taste, the comparatively few, and mostly aged, men who had ventured to continue using their pen even under the iron censorship of Nicholas, were found quite insufficient to satisfy the popular craving. The law of supply and demand naturally began to act, and there soon appeared, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, a host of writers, of whom no one had ever heard before, whose sole recommendation to popular favour was their extravagance of language, which, however, was scarcely sufficient to cloak their complete ignorance of almost all the subjects they pretended to treat. In 1859 there existed as many as three hundred periodical publications (literature being in Russia almost identical with journalism, and consequently of an almost exclusively political character); a number, considering the exceedingly narrow limits of the reading public, out of all proportion to the real wants of the country. Being almost completely unprepared for their task, the mass of Russian writers were quite unable to propose any practical solutions of the numerous social, economical, and political questions which began to rise on all sides as soon as the Government had declared its intention of undertaking a general reconstruction of its system. The public found out very soon that its instructors had in fact nothing to tell them, and were merely covering their dearth of ideas by the plea, that the preven-

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tive censure did not allow them to say all the fine things they had in store for their readers. As a natural consequence, the great mass of these periodical publications vanished quite as suddenly as they had appeared, leaving behind them, in the first place, a feeling of general disappointment and distrust for every undertaking, and even for every effort made independently of the Government, and, secondly, a contempt for literature, and for its legitimate influence. The majority of those publications whose means permitted them to survive this sudden triumph, and equally sudden eclipse of Russian journalism, such as the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, and in a still higher degree, the famous *Moscow Gazette*, faithfully and blindly followed society in general through all the various phases I have tried to describe above.

Only two groups of journals separated themselves from the general mass, and continued to develop their theories with a rare talent and energy till the one died of inanition, and the other fell before the *terreur blanche*, inaugurated by the Government after the attempt to assassinate the Emperor. The first of these tendencies was that of the Slavophiles or Nationals, whose last and most successful organ was the *Day*, a weekly journal published at Moscow, and edited by the present chief of the party, M. Ivan Aksakof. The rather vague theory of the Slavophiles consists in considering Peter the Great as the worst enemy his country has ever had, and his reform as the greatest calamity that befell the Russian nation since the invasion of the Mongols. According to this theory, Peter, by violently introducing among the Russians a civilisation inimical to their whole former history, their religion, and their mode of life, arrested the national development of the Russian nationality and destroyed in the bud a "Slavian civilisation," infinitely superior to anything Europe was then, and is even now, able to offer in exchange. The Slavophiles, as was to be expected, have never been able to give a clear exposition of this much-vaunted, and by them deeply-lamented "Slavian civilisation," and, whenever pressed hard by their opponents upon this subject, they generally took refuge behind such high-sounding, but not over clear, expressions, as "true religiousness" (which, according to them, is incompatible with any other creed but that of the Russo-Greek Church), "universal brotherhood among all classes," "purity of sentiments and of life," "absolute filial obedience to the unlimited yet freely recognised power of the Tsar," &c. From this it is evident, that between the Slavophiles and the Panslavism of the later years of Nicholas, which frightened Europe so much at the time, there is nothing, or scarcely anything in common; [1] on the con-

(1) The Slavian subjects of Austria and Turkey, such as the Bohemians, Poles, Moravians, Serbians, Bosnians, and Montenegrins, form the only point of contact between the Slavophiles and the former Panslavists,—with this difference, however, that while the

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trary, the Slavophiles regarded the imperial system (or "St. Petersburg," according to the term which the exigencies of the Censure had obliged them to adopt), and more especially Peter the Great and Nicholas, with the greatest antipathy, on account of the German (in Slavophilic parlance "Western") bureaucratic and centralising elements introduced by them; and, certainly, as long as the Government continued to follow this system exclusively, a consistent opposition, although purely literary, offered to its measures even from so narrow a point of view as that of the Slavophiles, had a certain weight and importance in Russian society, especially among the more aristocratic class of landed proprietors, who hate the bureaucratic *parvenus* and the German barons of the St. Petersburg camarilla, but far more from mere envy than from any real disagreement with the purely egotistic principles of the clique. The gradual decentralisation attempted by the Government itself (such as the institution of elective assemblies in each Government and district, the reform of the general judicial system, and the introduction of local justices of the peace) has, however, put the Slavophiles into a dilemma, from which they have not been able to escape. As uncompromising enemies of the St. Petersburg governmental system, they had of course to protest against all the measures of reform introduced by that Government, as being "anti-national," "Germanising," "Latinising," "Western," &c., but as all these measures were immense improvements upon the former state of things, and as the Tsarate of Moscow of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (the period which forms the *beau idéal* of this school) presented in all these respects no institutions to which the Slavophiles could have appealed to justify their opposition, they naturally lost all the ground they had occupied formerly in the minds of the better educated, and the last organ of the party, the *Day*, has already ceased to exist.

The other tendency, which deserves to be mentioned here specially, is that of the Russian Radicals, or so-called Nihilists. The name owes its origin to one of the most successful novels of M. Ivan Tourguenjef, "Fathers and Sons," in which the author characterises the good sides as well as the foibles of the Russian radical party, which was just then (1861) beginning to form itself definitively. Of course the word "party" must not be understood in the same sense which it bears in Europe. No real organisation, even no clearly defined and generally received aim connects the Nihilists among themselves. They are, in fact, nothing more than those members of the younger generation whom the educational system of Nicholas had not had time to demoralise completely, and who, with juvenile faith

former think, or rather dream, merely of a literary, at most of a federal, tie between themselves and their cousins in Austria and Turkey, the latter had in view a simple annexation of so many provinces to the Russian Empire.

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and inexperience, had taken the liberal promises made in the beginning of the present reign in real earnest, and acted accordingly; who, during the first of the social phases I have been describing, were ingenuous enough to think that after the Government had graciously allowed venality and bribery in all its forms to be castigated and derided in public prints, and on the stage, its next step would be to do away with them in practice, and to introduce a system based upon complete decentralisation, public administration of justice, national representation, and real freedom of the press; and who, during the next phase, were too obtuse to understand that the greatness, the progress, the civilisation, and the well-being of Russia absolutely required the systematic oppression and gradual extermination of the Poles. In the palmy days of universal liberalism they had been the heroes of the moment, and nothing but ultra-radicalism dared at one time to show itself in print; society looked upon the Nihilists as upon the future hope of Russia, and petted and cajoled them into believing themselves to be really the representatives of the universal wishes. This sudden, and apparently complete, success had the usual consequences: men of no convictions whatever declared themselves Nihilists for the sake of the fashion, and still more so, to use the atheistic principles proclaimed, although covertly, by the school as a convenient cloak for their own dishonourable conduct. Thus a perfectly undeserved taint was thrown upon a movement, perhaps the purest that ever produced itself in Russian society (not even excepting that of the latter years of Alexander I., known by the name of the "Decembrists' Conspiracy"), whose secret as well as ostensible leaders, had a change of system in their favour been possible, would by their sterling probity, untiring energy, and rare talents have perhaps formed a solid foundation for the future development of their country. The principal organs of the school, from its very beginning to within a short time ago, were the two best written monthly reviews of St. Petersburg, viz., the *Contemporary*, a journal founded by Poushkin, and the *Russian Word*, the property of Count Kooshelef Bezborodko. The literary leaders of the party were the two principal contributors to the *Contemporary*, MM. Dobroloobof and Tchernyshefsky, of whom the first, happily for himself, died before the persecution of the Nihilists began, while the second is at the present moment working in the mines of Akatooef in Eastern Siberia, whither he has been transported in consequence of the sentence of the St. Petersburg Senate, a sentence, let it be remembered, pronounced solely upon the ground of his writings, not one of which was published without the sanction of the Censure.[1] The principles

(1) It would be foreign to my purpose to speak here of M. Hertzen's *Bell* and other publications: his long absence from Russia has produced so great a divergence between many of his views and those of his former followers, that he can no longer be considered as a representative of the Nihilistic school.

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of Nihilism, as exposed in the *Contemporary* and in the *Russian Word*, were necessarily of a negative character, and consisted chiefly of a searching criticism applied to the acts and system of the Government from a purely democratic, even socialistic, point of view, and in a still more biting satire directed against the pseudo-liberal pranks, in which Russian society indulged at the time, the hollowness and utter worthlessness of which the Nihilists were the first to remark. As the existence of the Preventive Censure did not admit of a consecutive exposition of the positive side of the Nihilistic theory, the *Contemporary*, or rather M. Tchernyshefsky, adopted the method of publishing, by way of supplements to the review, translations of those foreign works which most nearly approached to it in tendency, such, for instance, as Schlosser's "Universal History" and "History of the Eighteenth Century," Buckle's "History of Civilisation," and many the works of Mr. J. S. Mill.

The conflagrations which, during the last week in May, 1862, followed one another almost daily at St. Petersburg became the turning point of the popular favour the Nihilists had enjoyed so long. About this time the Government was already preparing those measures of proscription which a few months later called forth the war in Poland, and had, therefore, begun by discountenancing the liberalism it had encouraged only a short time previously; of course society at large obeyed at once, and all the more willingly as it too was already growing tired of its liberal phraseology. The Nihilists (who without a shadow of suspicion attaching to them were accused of being somehow the authors of the conflagrations) were thus left alone in the field; but, strong in the purity of their intentions,—utterly ignorant of the feelings that ruled the great mass of the nation, yet confident of its support, because actuated alone by the desire of bettering the condition of that very mass,—lastly, really believing what they had managed to convince others of, viz., that the Government would be powerless before them—they began to think of proceeding from words to deeds, printed in secret, and then distributed revolutionary proclamations, and hoped to gain for themselves that very society which had so strongly applauded them a few short months before. Of course they failed quite as lamentably, though with far less *éclat* than the German Liberals of 1848, between whom and the Russian Nihilists there exists a similarity in many points; both were equally ignorant of the real feelings of the people for whom they sacrificed themselves, both had equally vague and ill-defined objects in view, and both chose equally impracticable means for the attainment of their object. The Russian movement was on a much smaller scale, as the general contempt felt at the time for the forces of the Government was so great that the Nihilists did not even give themselves as much time for preparation

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as the German Liberals had done. The literary leaders of the party were the first to fall. Mikhaïlof, Tchernyshefsky, Serno-Solowjovich, and many others, were sentenced to transportation to Siberia with hard labour, not in consequence of any evidence against them, but, as is unblushingly stated in several of the protocols of the senate, merely on the strength of the private conviction of the senators as to the guilt of the accused. Karakozof's attempt has once more directed the attention of the Government to the Nihilists, who, in the heat of the war in Poland, had almost been forgotten. The appointment of Mouravief to the presidency of the Commission of Investigation, and the establishment of another "Commission for discovering the dangerous classes among the inhabitants of St. Petersburg" (!), show sufficiently how completely the Government is recovered from its former dread of Nihilism, and how secure it feels itself once more as to the utter dependence and submissiveness of both people and society.

In conclusion, there necessarily arises the following question:—If the Emperor Alexander is too weak to govern really in person, and to imprint his autocratic will on every act of his Government; if the camarilla is nothing more than an unorganised mass of hungry place-hunters and shameless lackeys, whose whole future depends upon the smile or the frown of their sovereign; if society in general is as yet but a perfectly disinterested mob, ready to shout for or against any one or anything just as it is bid; if the mass of the people are still too ignorant to have any opinion whatever of their own beyond that of an unlimited confidence in the Emperor, and an unlimited distrust of their former masters, and of all officials generally; and if the better-educated and literary element is still so weak that its best representatives can be transported to the Siberian mines with scarce any one caring for them;—where then are we to look for the real source of that motive power which rules Russia; who gives the first impulse to all those transitions through which we have seen Russian society pass so suddenly; who, in one word, governs Russia? The answer, I fear, can only be, *Nobody*, and in this answer, I believe, is to be found the key to all the phases Russia has been traversing during the last years and to its present situation. Russia has not yet been able to find its equipoise, and, consequently, to fix its political centre of gravity. Whenever chance or a successful *coup d'état* places persons of strong character like Peter the Great, Catherine II., or Nicholas on the throne, Russia obeys its master willingly, and in silence; whenever the same reasons put the fate of the country into the feeble hands of an Anne, a Paul, an Alexander I., or an Alexander II., apparent changes, frequently called forth by the most futile circumstances, continually agitate the surface of Russian society, while at bottom it remains much the same.

A. W. Benni.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The old names for political parties in England are thoroughly worn out, and have ceased to mark the real differences of opinion which now exist. The old Stuart Tories died out with George II., when the whole nation accepted his successor, and renounced for ever the Stuart. The Brunswick Tories, as we would propose to call those who abetted George III. in his efforts at despotism, are now extinct like the dodo, or live only as a bugbear in the pages of the *Star*. Eldon was their representative man, who reached the height of cruelty and absurdity when he declared that no property would be safe if the gallows were abolished for thefts of five shillings from the pocket. The Whigs also have now ceased to exist as a party. They performed useful functions when the name first originated in the time of Charles II.; and after the Hanoverian succession had been firmly seated on the throne by their efforts, they defended the liberties of the people when it was not educated or organised enough to defend them for itself. They were rewarded for their good deeds by fifty years in the cold shade of opposition. The good time, however, came for them at last in 1832, and they made the most of it. They seemed very much to like office, and had a good spell of it, till Lord Palmerston killed them by kindness and Lord Russell buried them. They bred in-and-in like Spanish grandees, and divided among themselves the good things of this world, till as a party they gradually dwindled out of existence. They did many good things, and held office in difficult times, even if they showed no great grasp of mind, or administrative capacity. They have many honourable struggles to look back upon; and had they not shown such a jealousy of associating with themselves young men of ability, they would not now be dying out as a sterile band. The smaller men among them seemed to take the following as the cardinal rule of a good administrator, "Perform all unimportant business quickly and punctually; never attempt important reforms, however much wanted; leave these to your successor. If he does not attempt them. blame him; if he does attempt them, turn him out, and get back into office yourself." But the time has arrived when more nerve, and power, and earnestness are wanted; when important social problems have to be solved, which require a deep insight into the constitution of society. Another class of rulers then is wanted than the majority of our old Whig friends, all of them men of the highest personal character, some, like Lord Russell, men of really superior intellect; some, like the Duke of Somerset, of the calmest and surest judgment, of whom the late Mr. Cobden once said, that he knew no man fitter to be the editor of the *Times*, as the *Times* ought to be. But though one or two men of the party still remain conspicuous, the party itself, as a party, has disappeared; and as the Tories are merged into the Conservatives, the young Liberals of the country are growing up with altogether different opinions to the old Whigs. They have a broader platform—to use an Elizabethan word—and less aristocratic notions. They are prepared for very extensive changes in the spirit and form of modern society, but they are not agreed as to the mode in which these should be carried out. The old Radicals and the Whigs worked pretty well together; but the differences among the new Liberals are so considerable and important, that it may be difficult for some time to come to reunite them. The one party advocate the immediate abdication of political power by the upper classes, the

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other party insist on the duty of fully educating the nation under our existing institutions. We think, therefore, that instead of the old names of Whig and Tory, political parties in England, at the present time, might be better designated as the Geist, the Anti-Geist or Radical, and the Conservative parties. The Geist, or intellect party, believes that culture would relieve us from all our political and social difficulties; that the great end to be striven for is the complete education of the nation; not only must the three R's be taught to the working classes, town and agricultural, but the very imperfect system of education of our middle and upper classes must be amended, so that all should have the close training necessary for excellence in any department of human knowledge. It must be felt as socially a disgrace to be ignorant, and as the highest distinction to excel in intellectual acquirements. The really learned and artistic classes would then be raised to a higher position than they now enjoy in English society. We believe there is no country in the world where the leaders of the intellect of the nation are less recognised in their true position as what is technically called "the best society." In common parlance, with us this term means the greatest number of dukes and duchesses, or persons of rank with a certain veneer of conventional manners, and irrespective of character and acquirements. The fashionable society of days gone by took far more pains with their culture than those of the present day, who are contented to rest their claim for superiority upon their rank and wealth. They are hardly to blame for this, because they find it answer perfectly. They can scarcely be said, at our public schools and universities, to have ever been taught the value of a thoroughly good training and education. Indeed, the principal lesson a nobleman's son learns at school or college is, that he may safely depend upon his natural untutored nobility; that with his class ordinary rules are not to be enforced; that he may amuse himself while others work; that the mere fact of his birth is sufficient to make him respected and bowed down to even by his tutors. This is not an exaggerated picture of what is actually taking place at leading educational establishments like Eton and Christchurch, and we daily witness the lamentable results of such perverted training. Now the Geist party wishes to change all this. It seeks to make intellect permeate every class of the nation much more than it does at present. It would endeavour to raise the tone and cultivation of the whole nation, and then leave educated society to carry out its own political development. It believes that universal education may be carried out without universal suffrage, and it mistrusts the quality of the training which would be given by the delegates of the masses. It is decidedly opposed to placing political power in uneducated hands. It would give a better education to the masses, even if that education be a charitable one; it would lay its hands vigorously on the endowments for middle and upper class schools, and make these produce far different results from those which we now deplore. It would make the Universities, the leaders of the thought of the age, and well-springs of universal unsectarian knowledge, instead of being as they now are the last hiding-places of exploded error. In fact, it would encourage a mental athleticism, which would develop sturdy English intellect, and give the world a spectacle it has never yet seen—that of a thoroughly educated people. Defects exist in the educational systems of France, of Prussia, and America; but we believe, if the question were vigorously taken up in England, that not many years need elapse before some admirable beginnings which exist among us might be worked up into a system better than any now in existence.

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The Anti-Geist or Radical party consists of those who would at once give the uneducated political power, and consider this the panacea for all evils; who hold, as Mr. Bright says, "that the poor are the only people fit to legislate for the rich." They are not opposed to education, quite the contrary; but what they wish for is a shallow education, very widely diffused, as we see in the United States. They do not value deep culture, and would like everything that is taught to have some obvious utility in the concerns of daily life. Mr. Bright always sneers at a Latin quotation if used in the House of Commons, and Mr. Cobden used to say that he never could understand how people could get through a page of such useless and unintelligible books as "Plato" or "Thucydides," and that the newspaper was the best work to put into the hands of every young Englishman. This party, however, is now very small among the upper and middle classes, and chiefly upheld by the energy and eloquence of its chief. Of course, if the whole of the working classes were to rise *en masse* and claim the suffrage, we should be swamped; but, as Dr. Arnold said at the time of the great reform, he would as soon expect the animals to arise against the human race, as that those who live only by physical labour should rise against the intelligence and organisation which make their labour valuable. Lastly, there are the Conservatives, who are not now opposed to all change, but who are inclined to move on much too slowly. They don't see the inevitable necessity of many of the changes that are coming upon us. Mr. Adderley, a few days ago, declared against separating secular from religious education, yet until this be done we can never have a truly national system. In Ireland they wish to keep up the old effete Irish Church, and the old land system, and have just received in Tipperary a defeat which ought to make them reflect.

During the last few days there has been a rich crop of speeches of all kinds, of which we shall notice three as specially remarkable,—those of Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Forster. The speech of Mr. Grant Duff was very able, and contained a regular programme of the views of the Geist party. He is very angry with Mr. Gladstone for being a Liberal in politics but not in religion, and inclines to prefer Mr. Lowe, who is exactly the reverse. He criticised severely the late Government, and laid down the scheme of policy which ought to have been followed, not a difficult matter after the event, and then turned to his favourite subject—foreign politics and the omnipotence of Geist, or intellect. Speaking of the Prussian victories, he said, "The needle-gun did a good deal, but not all. Opinion did it; brains did it; education did it, and I am not ashamed to admit, that although I shall hardly be suspected of undervaluing those moral forces, I did not know that in the actual battle-field they gave so much superiority as it is clear that they have done." He blamed the lax administration of our public affairs, and the close system which gives us so many hack ministers. We fear, however, that the remedy pointed out, that of making the heads of departments permanent and independent of the ministers of the day, could never be carried out, as it would take away the responsibility of the minister, and destroy all unity of action. With some sentences towards the end of his speech we heartily concur. "Intellect and knowledge, trained ability and hard work must now carry everything before them;" and "let us hope that one of the results of the introduction by a Reform Act of a new element into our political life may be that our rulers may awake from their dreams, may learn that the world is changing around us, and that we must change with the world, if we would keep our place in it."

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On the side of the Radical party, Mr. Bright has made another grand effort at Glasgow, and addressed a sympathetic audience in thrilling tones. Birmingham, Manchester, and the West Riding have spoken out unmistakably in favour of Reform, and Glasgow, which is, we believe, scarcely second to any town in England or the United States in the increase of its wealth and population, has now made such a demonstration as has not been seen since the year 1832. The *Times* correspondent says there were 150,000 persons present, a general holiday was kept, all the shops were shut, and the people were complimented on their orderly behaviour, and even on their sobriety, which has hitherto not been a conspicuous virtue in Glasgow. If these Reform demonstrations have the effect of rousing the working classes to prove themselves worthy of political privileges, all parties must rejoice, for as has recently been stated by Professor Leone Levi, the earnings of artizans are enormous, but their thrift and providence have been small. In good times the workman too often lives up to his income, even if receiving exceptionally high wages, and makes no provision for the future, and the earliest vegetables and the finest poultry used till very lately to be sent to our great manufacturing towns to supply the demands of the labouring classes whenever trade was brisk. This thoughtlessness and improvidence in some degree arises from the vague notion that prevails, that as the superior classes have taken the government of the country into their hands, they are bound to provide for the labourer in the time of need. The poor-law, as it has existed for the last three hundred years, is the legal expression of this idea, and we wish that the condition of the labouring classes were such, that the poor-law could be made as stringent as the Commissioners of 1832 intended it to be, that poverty could really be treated as a fault, and all out-door relief refused. There is undeniable truth in Mr. Bright's argument that the Parliament mainly elected by the upper and middle has not done all it might have done for the lower classes, and that consequently a parliament elected on a wider basis ought to be tried. His statement is as eloquently made as it is irrefutable. "I am convinced that just laws and enlightened administration of them would change the face of this country. I believe that ignorance and suffering might be lessened to an incalculable extent, and that many an Eden, beauteous in flowers and profuse in fruit, might be raised up in the waste wilderness that spreads before us. But no class can do that; the class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, while at its foot, a terrible peril for its future, lies a multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation. That is our faith! that is our cry! Let us try the nation." Now it is of incalculable use to have some one who is constantly urging us to the fulfilment of our duties towards our fellow-citizens, who unceasingly calls attention to the chasm between the rich and poor, and the necessity of bridging it over in some way or other. We believe that no wiser or more important advice can possibly be given. It should occupy the attention of every lover of old England, until the condition of our poor, and especially of our agricultural poor, is very considerably improved. Mr. Bright offers himself as our political parson, and we are quite prepared to listen to what he has to say. We seldom agree entirely with the arguments used or the doctrines preached in any pulpit, but there is generally some good wholesome advice given which all may follow with advantage. Thus it is with Mr. Bright. His advice in his Glasgow speech is moderate and sensible, and contrasts strongly with the statements and arguments by which he tries to enforce it. "Suppose now," he says, "without arguing for this or that measure of

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reform, that we could add another million to the existing constituencies, what would be the result? We should modify the constituencies; instead of the people coming to the hustings at the nomination and holding up their hand for this candidate or that—and having for the most part no power in the election—the inhabitants of the town would have a much greater power than they now have; the constituency would be less open to management than it is at present; majorities on the one side or the other would be less open to corruption; and we should have members whose opinions and whose conduct would be modified by this infusion of new and fresh blood into the constituencies which send them to Parliament. We should do this further, we should bring the rich and the great into more contact with the people, and into a better acquaintance with human wants, and with the necessities and feelings of their countrymen." Never was there uttered a better description of the objects and results of a moderate Reform Bill. It is one in which every enlightened Conservative may see what he too wishes to have carried out. There are two ways of looking at Mr. Bright's speeches. The one is to pick out inaccurate statements and illogical arguments, and therefore to deny the truth of his conclusions; the other is to look at the general tenor of his speeches and to judge from our own knowledge whether his criticisms on the existing state of society are well founded. The absurd inaccuracy of some of his statements, as for instance that all the land of Scotland is in the hands of twelve, and of England in the hands of one hundred and fifty proprietors, are serious blemishes in his oratory; but the fact is nevertheless true that vast tracts of land are tied up by entails, and that it would be desirable to see more independent proprietors living on their own freeholds. At the same time, the increase in the size of the farms is a natural consequence of high farming and a superior class of farmers; and in agricultural districts the small proprietors find it answer their purpose better to mortgage or sell their land, and employ the money in renting and cultivating a larger farm, instead of starving on their own small property.

The calmer tone of Mr. Forster is far more likely to reconcile people in general to the views of Reform than the denunciatory addresses of Mr. Bright. If the leaders of the Liberal party in Parliament had taken as conciliatory a line during the past Session as Mr. Forster then did, and still continues to do, we should not now be discussing the point to which the franchise should be lowered, but what amount of redistribution would be necessary next Session in order to complete the Reform Bill. Mr. Gladstone's speeches did quite as much harm as good, because having always shown an unsettled mind, his future course seemed very uncertain, if he were allowed to pass a Reform Bill of his own devising. Being only half a Liberal,—for he is as conservative in Church matters as he is liberal in politics,—he seemed inclined to try and make up for his illiberality in University restrictions by a double dose of concession in granting the voting privilege. Perhaps, like many liberal politicians, he thinks Church questions more important than political questions; and, like Dr. Pusey, fears universal suffrage less than the merciless logic of the educated classes, which slowly but surely is scenting out the truth. However that may be, the Bill of last Session was defeated not by its own demerits, but by its advocates, and specially by the want of confidence in the leader, whose power would have been greatly increased had he been allowed to pass it. The honest manliness of Mr. Forster's speech will be a great help to the cause of Reform; and if such a tone be generally adopted by Liberals, that ugly appearance, which some shrewd observers have lately noticed in the north of England, of sullen hostility between

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masters and men would give place to mutual confidence. Mr. Bright, on the contrary, if left unchecked, would speedily bring on the war between those who have and those who have not. His tone too much indicates that in his heart he has adopted the French maxim, "La propriété c'est le vol." What other interpretation can be placed on his saying that "the poor only are fit to legislate for the rich?" Such a course as this would bring us to the bloody days of June, which is a curious climax for a member of the Society of Friends to wish for. We are rather willing to believe that Mr. Bright was hurried away by his feelings, and did not mean all he said in the first part of his Glasgow speech. We prefer to accept the moderation of the last half of his speech as the expression of his real and better feelings, and to consider the wild inaccuracies and silly insults to the House of Commons as uttered from a morbid desire to fix the attention of his hearers, when addressing them on a threadbare subject, and endeavouring to rouse them to exasperation, when they all knew they had no real grievances. There is little to notice in the Conservative speeches except shrewd Mr. Henley's observation that the Reform question must be immediately dealt with, and Mr. Ducane's proposition for a Royal commission would be the death knell of the Conservative Government, and show how little they understand the political necessities of the time.

While some of our countrymen at home are so severely criticising our own institutions, and describing England as a place where the population is no better off than in Russia, and the Parliament of no more ability or fairness than six hundred and fifty-eight men picked up in the streets of London, it is pleasing to observe that a different spirit prevails in our colonies, and that attachment to the mother country and loyalty are there sentiments pervading the whole population. This is strongly exemplified in some recent proceedings that have taken place in the Australian colony of Victoria. In that most flourishing community the annual value of the exports and imports is £20,000,000, about equally divided; and the annual value of the shipping frequenting the port of Melbourne about £4,770,000, nearly four-fifths of which represents the interests of British merchants. The property of the banking and other institutions in Victoria is estimated at £10,000,000, and £8,000,000 of this amount may be said to represent British capital; while the supply of British commodities stored in the Melbourne warehouses is seldom less than sufficient for six months' consumption, and is worth £5,000,000. The Victoria Government is naturally anxious about the safety of this immense amount of wealth in these days of war and commotion, and has been actively employed for some years past in taking measures to ensure its safety. Instead of simply crying out to the mother country for help, it liberally and patriotically set about first seeing what it could do to help itself; and since the year 1856 the sum of £233,000 has been expended on arms, defensive works, and barrack accommodation. They purchased and maintained an armed vessel at the cost of £123,000; they contributed to the pay and allowance of the Queen's forces stationed there £356,600; they have maintained a body of volunteers for the last nine years at a cost of £169,000; and by effective regulations and a liberal encouragement of the patriotic and self-reliant spirit of the people, they have secured not only a large number of men, but a well-trained and disciplined force. They feel, however, that for one object they must ask assistance. Their fortifications cannot defend them against the sudden inroad of a foreign iron-clad among the valuable merchant vessels of Hobson's Bay. They therefore have

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presented a memorial to our Government, requesting them to grant the colony one of our old wooden line-of-battle ships to remain as a block-ship in Hobson's Bay, partly as a guard-ship, partly as a training-ship for organising an effective naval reserve. They further ask to have an iron-clad permanently stationed there for the defence of the shipping. And the Legislature have sent over their address by the hands of Mr. Verdon, their Treasurer or Chancellor of the Exchequer, than whom they could not have made a better choice. But although they are obliged to make some demands on the British Government, which acknowledges the obligation of the naval defence of the colony, they accompany it with proposals of their usual liberality. They offer £25,000 towards the expense of the blockship; and they propose to man it and the iron-clad by a force to be raised and maintained by the colony, without one farthing of expense to England as long as the ships remain in the waters of the colony. The vessels are also to be under the command of the senior naval officer of the station, and they will thus become valuable adjuncts to the British fleet without our having to pay for them. If all our colonies were to follow the example of Victoria, we might have a powerful addition to our navy, and at the same time reduce our overgrown estimates. Moreover the people of Victoria are very far-sighted, and in their admirable general scheme for the defence of the colony, they have not forgotten one very important and costly item: they are now constructing at Melbourne a graving-dock at great expense, capable of admitting the largest vessel that can enter their waters, and specially suited for ships of war. Thus the colony has already expended £881,000 on its system of defence, whilst the property to be defended mostly belongs to the Queen's subjects in Great Britain. They are prepared also to undertake the further expenses named above, and their defensive force would then be complete. They would then have—1st. Shore batteries and blockship armed with some rifled guns, the rest being 68-pounders, manned by 200 men of the Royal Artillery and by 800 volunteers; 2nd. A force of at least 2,000 riflemen, 3 field batteries of artillery, and 200 cavalry; 3rd. An armed vessel completely manned, partly by her permanent crew, partly by a paid naval force specially provided.

Mr. Verdon has also been engaged in discussing with the Government another subject of great importance. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of telegraphic communication both in peace and war. In peace between distant places it tends to check undue speculation and regulate supply and demand; in war in an empire so scattered as ours it greatly increases the efficiency of our warlike forces. The Australians desire greatly to have the telegraph extended to them from Rangoon, its present termination. A project is on foot for continuing it to Singapore, and thence to Shanghai, in one direction; and by Java to the Gulf of Carpentaria and Queensland, and Sydney and Melbourne, in the other direction. The total distance is 6,200 miles, the total estimated cost £2,500,000. It is proposed to raise this sum partly by a company, partly by subscriptions from the English, French, Dutch, and Australian Governments. The Australians are quite ready to contribute, and it will be very short-sighted if our own Government throw obstacles in the way of accomplishing this most important object. The Russian Government, at its own expense, has constructed a telegraphic line from St. Petersburg to the northern frontier of China; and the Indian Government had laid 3,000 miles of wire before the English Government could be induced to take any steps towards making the line to India. To give a notion of the importance of quick communication in the East, it is only necessary to state that a single house at Shanghai has

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been for years employing the swiftest steamer that could be built, to carry for its own private benefit the news from Calcutta to Shanghai. The Australian Governments are likewise contemplating the establishment of a line of steamers direct from Ceylon to Melbourne. Nothing can exceed the activity and energy of these flourishing offshoots of Great Britain; and it is most pleasing to observe, that although so far separated, there continues an affectionate attachment to the mother country. The Victorian Legislature say—"Your Majesty's subjects in Victoria desire that the privilege of forming part of the great empire over which your Majesty happily reigns may ever be theirs, and it is with no wish of avoiding the risk of war incidental to our relation to the empire, or of making the connection a burden upon Great Britain, that we now approach your Majesty." There is a party in England who advocate the dissolution of the ties that bind us to our colonies at the earliest possible moment. Such a separation is certainly not desired by the colonies themselves, nor by the general public feeling in England. The only grounds for it are the expense that would be incurred in time of war in defending such distant possessions. But having planted these settlements of our countrymen, it seems rather cowardly to leave them to their fate; and if the example of Victoria be followed, they will in time be an assistance to us, and not a burden. At any rate the time has not arrived when they can stand alone. The more countries of our own kith and kin that remain voluntarily united to our empire the better; with language, religion, institutions the same, the sea parts, without dividing us, and it will require a series of errors, such as those of the last century—of which we hope we are now incapable—to wrench from us the affections of our countrymen in the colonies.

The visit of our volunteers to BELGIUM has been a matter of considerable importance. About nine years ago there was, we believe, a general wish, especially among the commercial classes of Belgium, for a union with France. But at the magnificent banquet which the king gave to the volunteers on Saturday, October 20, there appears to have been a strong manifestation of patriotic feeling. When Colonel Loyd Lindsay, in returning thanks for the English volunteers, uttered the words, "We have found in your hearts that which England most admires—love of country, respect for nationality, and a determination to maintain them even with your lives," the whole company sprang to their feet, and appeared to have been excited by an extraordinary enthusiasm. So long as they are united, and wish to form an independent community, there is no doubt that the Belgians will be allowed to do so. The king seems to have inherited the tact of his father, and to be extremely popular with all parties. He made answers to the speeches with great good taste, and avoided any allusions that might have been unpleasant to any of his powerful neighbours, while giving full praises to the patriotism of his own subjects.

Belgium was one of the ill-assorted unions formed by the treaties of 1815. It was joined to Holland, a country differing in national character, religion, and language; and the consequence was that at the first opportunity, in 1830, Belgium declared her independence. A conference of the Great Powers was called, and on certain conditions the separation of Belgium from Holland was agreed upon; and as the King of Holland would not agree to the award, force was used to turn him out of the citadel of Antwerp. All this was done while Lord Palmerston was Foreign Minister. A step was then taken, which even now lays a heavy obligation upon us. Five of the barrier fortresses on the

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frontier of France were allowed to be dismantled, and Belgium received from the British Government a guarantee for the "perpetual inviolability, integrity, and neutrality of the Belgian territory." This is a still stronger obligation than a defensive alliance. The latter would bind a state to go to the aid of its ally, and make every practicable exertion in his defence, practicable in extent and reasonable in duration, "but a guarantee knows no limits either of time or of degree. The integrity of the territory of that ally must be maintained at whatever cost the effort to maintain it be prolonged—nay, though the guaranteed power should contribute almost nothing to the maintaining it. "Such are the obligations which this country is at present under. Are we prepared to fulfil them should the occasion arise? May not some one of the very parties to the guarantee be the cause of our being called upon to execute our contract? If Great Britain should call on the other guaranteeing States to join her in the effort, as they are bound by treaty to do, is it probable that they will go the length of ever fulfilling the obligations of a defensive alliance, by exertions practicable in extent and reasonable in duration, to maintain the territorial integrity of Belgium? Is it at all likely that they will go, as they are bound to go, so far as to exhaust their life-blood for such an object? The position, then, in which Great Britain is placed by this undertaking is in every respect most embarrassing. Should any seizure of Belgian territory take place, by any neighbouring Power, this country is bound by treaty not only to commence, but to continue, hostilities till the conquered country is restored, however hopeless that restoration may be. If it be said that that would be impossible, and that we cannot be called upon to perform impossibilities—then, why did the Government thus hamper the good faith of the country? Why thus lightly, for the sake of temporary gain, pledge the honour of the British nation to pursue a course which, if she were to persevere in it, might be attended with discomfiture and ruin?" We have called attention to these remarks of Mr. A. G. Stapleton in his recent work on Non-intervention, because Belgium is one of our political liabilities, which may at any moment be presented against us, and of which many Englishmen are not aware. We constantly hear people discuss the question, what we should do if the French took Belgium, forgetting or not knowing that as the treaty stands, if the Belgian Government calls on us for assistance, we have no choice how to act without repudiating a most solemn engagement. We think, with Mr. Stapleton, that we ought never to have concluded it, and that we should relieve ourselves from it as quickly as we can. The late King Leopold evidently thought that there were dangers menacing Belgium, when he contrived that system of defence for the country, which was carried out a few years ago. Enormous sums were spent on the fortifications of Antwerp, which were made so extensive as to contain the whole Belgian army, in case it were menaced by an overpowering force. Here they might remain in safety, till those of the guaranteeing Powers who chose to fulfil their engagements could come to their assistance. There has grown up, however, in England such a dislike to interfering in the affairs of other countries, that England might very likely think it her best policy to leave Belgium to her fate; and if England did not interfere, no other Power certainly would think of doing so. England ought to have no treaties which she is not prepared to carry out to the letter; and if her foreign policy has undergone a change, her treaties should be revised to accord with her foreign policy. She lost character by her conduct in the affairs of Denmark. She would lose infinitely more, if she were to repudiate her solemn

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guarantee of Belgium, and therefore, not being able to foresee whether it would be in her power or for her interests to carry it out, it would be her best course, while there is time, to release herself from all the obligations which shackle the course of her foreign policy.

The course of events in PRUSSIA is sadly confirming our prediction, that the first steps towards the unification of Germany under the supremacy of Prussia were not identical with the restoration of German freedom, and that a government formed of reactionary elements would, at least after a successful campaign, not easily be converted to liberal principles. Nine days after King William had granted a general amnesty, after a great deal of hesitation, and only on the most pressing representations of the Crown Prince, who had been instigated by Count Bismarck to intervene in the matter, an action was again brought against Herr von Twesten, one of the most prominent members of the Chamber, on account of a speech which he had made on the 4th of June to his constituents. All were agreed, both in Prussia and in the whole of Germany, as to the injustice of such a prosecution when it was undertaken before the war; but at that time nothing better was expected of the Prussian Government, whose object it seemed to be to make the breach between the Parliament and the Crown irreparable. Other acts were also performed at that time by the Government, which were totally unjustifiable from a constitutional point of view; it having even gone so far as to prosecute members of the Chamber for their speeches in Parliament. Between then and now, however, there is a chapter of history more pregnant with events and more important than many an epoch which extends over a period a hundred times as long. Since the first days of June the Prussian people, notwithstanding the opposition which they at first showed to the home and foreign policy of the Government, have shed their blood on several battle-fields; they have given the Government, in recognition of its services, an indemnity for the sins it has committed; they have given it, through their representatives, the highest proof of their confidence, by placing at its disposal millions of thalers, with which it is enabled at any given moment to carry out its own policy against the will of the people; they have in all points treated the wishes of the royal family with respect, gratitude, confidence, and even enthusiasm; and have, by their readiness to make sacrifices, at least earned the right of having their own just wishes attended to. Hitherto they have nowhere given too loud or indiscreet expression to these wishes. They have surrendered their arms with the same obedience as they took them. The fathers and sons who were able to return to their families from the war have taken off their uniforms to engage in their old peaceful occupations, without complaining of the blood and property which has been lost—nay, they exult in the consciousness of having added to the glory, the power, and the prestige of their fatherland by their strength and national spirit, and are all of them ready to forget and forgive the past. More than this was not done by the American people when they laid down their arms after conquering the rebellion of the South; greater civic virtue is not recorded in the annals of ancient history, and surely any greater self-renunciation cannot be expected from a nation whose sacred rights have for years been violated.

The Government, in spite of all this, now again tears open the old wounds, and recklessly calls back painful recollections by the prosecution of Herr von Twesten. It should here be remarked that Herr von Twesten is not one of the few deputies who, like Jacobi, even now refuse to make any compromise with a government which denies to the people its rights, notwithstanding its brilliant

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political successes. On the contrary, Herr von Twestenwas one of the first who abandoned, in presence of the success of the Bismarck *régime*, many of their former principles, and who complaisantly yielded to the Government, and gave it the indemnity it asked for; in return for which, it will be remembered, that the King assured them that if a similar case should again occur he would show as little consideration for the Chamber as before. Herr von Twesten was one of the first who had given the Government an amnesty; and, in return, he is now himself to be excluded from the amnesty given by the King. This is indeed a singular mode of repayment, and a sad omen of the future conduct of the Ministry towards the nation. The defenders of the Government, it is true, allege that the amnesty only referred to those who had been condemned, and not to those who are still under trial; that although the King has the right of pardon, any interference with the course of justice would be a gross violation of right on his part; that such and such a section of the law is quite clear on this point, and that it cannot be explained away. But where, we will ask, is the paragraph in any code of laws that may not be read in at least two ways? and indeed several Prussian jurists have already come forward to prove to the advocates of the Government that their illiberal interpretation of the paragraph in question is anything but the correct one. It matters little, however, which of these legal opinions adopts the correct view. Probably both are right, and consequently neither, as is usually the case in disputes of this kind. Suffice it to say, that the Government perseveres in the course which it has, in a most despicable manner, for the last four years pursued—namely, in all doubtful cases, and even in cases where the doubt is purposely of its own making, to adopt the solution which is the most hateful to the country.

In another matter the conduct of the Prussian Government also affords much food for reflection. A journalist named Liebknecht, a native of Hesse, who has for years been banished from Prussia on account of an insignificant offence, and had for some time found a refuge in England, was simple enough to return to Berlin after the war. He had fondly hoped that the great battle of Sadowa had wiped out all distinctions between Prussia and the rest of Germany, and that his native country, having been virtually placed under the supremacy of Prussia, the amnesty which had been granted by the latter would apply to him as well as to the natives of Prussia proper. His delusion was quickly dispelled. The police of Berlin laid their heavy hands on his all too-confiding shoulder; he was accused of having returned to Prussia without special permission, and may think himself fortunate that he has only been condemned to three months' imprisonment.

Ex ungue leonem. The cases we have above alluded to may in themselves appear unimportant; but as they are by no means the results of mere accident, they must be regarded as proofs—and they are now so regarded in Germany also—that the hopes of a liberal tendency in the Prussian Cabinet are as yet very visionary indeed. Some console themselves with the thought that Bismarck, if he had not been compelled by his illness to be away from Berlin, would have avoided both of the above scandals; and that when he returns to his post he will not permit such odious measures to continue. It may be so, for he has decidedly more far-sightedness, tact, and good sense than all his colleagues put together. Meanness is certainly not the worst of his faults, although during his premiership he rather assisted than opposed the littlenesses of the police *régime* in Prussia; and what he formerly held to be necessary he may

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now think unsuitable. All this is possible, and is worth hoping for. What, however, we hold to be totally impossible is, that he can succeed in introducing a more liberal *régime* without replacing most of his present colleagues in the Cabinet by efficient men. Of them we will here only name one—Count Lippe, the present Minister of Justice. He may be a very estimable man in his way, and that the Junker party has felt great satisfaction at his mode of administering the department of Justice—except that he was not strict enough in regard to the democratic rabble both in and out of the Chamber—is beyond a doubt; but the wolf would be more suited to act as a shepherd than Count Lippe as Minister of Justice in a constitutional country ruled even only to a certain degree in a liberal manner; and Count Bismarck must rid himself of such men, if he has convinced himself that he cannot do without the sympathies of the Liberals in Prussia and the rest of Germany in order to complete the work he has begun in Schleswig-Holstein. Whether he has really convinced himself of this is the question. There are, indeed, indications that the open breach between him and his former ultra-Conservative friends will not now be long delayed, and that it would have occurred before now, if the Minister-President had not had to struggle against the king and his *entourage;* but such indications may be deceptive, and there is unfortunately as yet no tangible prospect of a change for the better. So far is this from being the case, that the laws against the press, the right of meeting, and other liberties guaranteed by charter, are carried out with exactly the same strictness that they were a year ago; and the convocation of the German Parliament has again been postponed for an indefinite period—a fact which has naturally caused much angry comment.

The illness of Count Bismarck—which, like that of the Emperor Napoleon, has given rise to the most extravagant rumours—has hitherto not had any disturbing influence on the foreign policy of Prussia. At Biarritz the Prussian Government was very well represented by Count Goltz and Herr von Werther, and both have left that place with the conviction that Prussia may for the present continue in the course on which she has entered so brilliantly without having anything to fear from any menacing representations on the part of France. As regards Luxemburg, Count Bismarck will succeed in arranging matters with the King of Holland. The sulky attitude of Austria, too, inspires him with no fear; and if she really makes the immense mistake of entrusting Herr von Beust with the direction of her foreign affairs, he will only have to congratulate himself on his good fortune. With Saxony he has done for the present, now that the convention regulating the military relations of that country with Prussia has been signed—a convention which secures to Prussia the right of supplying part of the garrisons of the towns in the "independent" state of King John, and will inevitably lead to the total supremacy of Prussia over Saxony. With Oldenburg the treaty for an exchange of territory in Holstein, which has buried for ever the last remnant of the Russian claims, has been concluded; and in the other annexed territories—in Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfort—the Prussian military system will, with modifications of more or less importance, shortly be introduced. When the youth of these newly-won territories put on the Prussian uniform, the opposition of the old system to the new will at once vanish; especially if, as we are assured by the semi-official Berlin papers, the habits and peculiarities of the conquered provinces will be spared so far as is consistent with the higher objects of unification which are aimed at by the central authorities.

Oct. 29.

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CAUSERIES.

Every one has heard of, and marvelled at, the discovery of metals, in the atmosphere of the sun and stars, identical with those common to our earth—a discovery established by means of what is called spectrum analysis: a beam of light decomposed into its constituent colours is made to betray by certain markings the nature of the source whence it proceeds, and of the bodies existing in the atmosphere through which it passes. A recent discovery by M. Janssen has established that not only metals in a gaseous state produce the spectral markings, but that the vapour of water, especially when sufficiently dense, has a similar effect. Three and thirty years ago Sir David Brewster noticed the effect of our atmosphere on the solar spectrum—noticed that when the sun was near the horizon the spectrum was marked with new dark bands. The splendid discovery of Kirchoff and Bunsen, by proving that markings on the spectrum were due to the sun's atmosphere, carried speculation away from the facts observed by Brewster. But M. Janssen saw that between the attempt of Brewster to explain the spectral markings by the action of our atmosphere, and the attempt of Kirchoff to explain them by the sun's atmosphere, there was no irreconcilable discrepancy; both might be true. Both are true. The action of the sun's atmosphere is indubitable. The action of our atmosphere, especially of its vapour, M. Janssen undertakes to prove. He finds certain definite lines and bands on the spectrum, varying in intensity according to the variable position of the sun, that is, according to the greater or less quantity of vapour in the atmosphere its beams have to traverse. He found that as he ascended the Faulhorn (that is in proportion as the solar beams had to traverse a thinner atmosphere), the markings became feebler. I must refer the curious to his note in the *Comptes Rendus* (Aug. 13, 1866) for a detail of the experiments. It is enough here to say that he finds our atmosphere to have a decided action on the spectrum, but its action is different from that of the sun's atmosphere. The first produces in the red, orange, and yellow of the spectrum ten times as many lines as the second. On the other hand, in the green, blue, and violet the solar lines predominate. Thus our atmosphere acts mainly on the rays which have a long wave, the solar atmosphere on rays which have a short wave. He concludes, moreover, that the effect of the vapour of water is to cause the red rays to be transmitted; which will account for the redness of the rising and the setting sun, since the greater the thickness of the vapour the deeper the redness of the transmitted rays.

M. Janssen's restitution of Brewster's neglected observations prompts me to communicate for the reader's meditation an idea which has latterly been taking shape in my mind connected with the Logic of Science.

Science is distinguished from common knowledge not only by its wider reach and more systematic structure, but also by its employing consciously the artifices which the necessary infirmity of our faculties render indispensable, and which the unscientific mind employs unconsciously. Science not only employs methods, but reflects upon them, and systematises them. One of the great artifices of research is Abstraction. The man of science is conscious of what he is doing when he abstracts certain phenomena from the mass of phenomena presented to observation, and proceeds to deal with those abstracts

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as if they were the whole of the reality. The ordinary man does the same thing, but is not conscious of doing it. Why must both make this preliminary departure from the actual facts, in order eventually to understand the facts? Why must the search of truth begin with a falsehood?

The answer is simple. Unless some such beginning is made the search is hopeless. The parrots of Bacon chatter about Observation; but Observation of cases, however patient and prolonged, cannot detect the laws which are enveloped in the cases; because Laws are the *constants* of phenomena, and these can only be separated from *perturbations* (due to other Laws) by a process of abstracting all the accidents and individual peculiarities that determine special cases. Observation necessarily includes both ore and dross together, *i.e.*, both the constants, which will be found in every case, and the accidents, which are found only in particular cases. The mineralogist has to separate the ore from the dross; but he must know the one from the other before he can separate them. How does the philosopher know the law? Simple observation cannot discriminate between the constant and the accident, but it can and does furnish, through comparison, the data for such discrimination. Even the laws of Motion and Gravitation, universal as they are, could never have been discovered by observation of cases of motion and gravity; but by a process of abstraction, which eliminated all consideration of the variable resistances. The laws of chemical affinity were still more dependent on a process of abstraction, each element having to be forcibly torn away from every other, and studied in itself. If Kepler and Newton had not boldly set aside all consideration of planetary perturbations, they could never have established their laws. But this was a preliminary falsifaction; and it was only rectified by their successors, who deduced the perturbations from secondary gravitations. Again, in establishing mechanical laws philosophers always falsify the facts to the extent of assuming that the lines of direction are undisturbed, and that materials are uniform and perfect; but the practical mechanic has to rectify this statement of ideal facts by reintroduction of the discarded facts: he has, at peril of ignoble failure, to ascertain what are the actual lines of direction as produced by the law *combined* with the resistances; he has to ascertain to what extent the materials are uniform and perfect.

Now inasmuch as Science consciously employs the spontaneous artifices of ordinary search, one great principle of scientific teaching should be the clear recognition of such artifices. Hence I would propose a new logical canon, namely, that *every theory should be pronounced incomplete until the preliminary abstraction has been rectified by a secondary restitution.*

Two illustrations will suffice to exhibit the importance of this canon. The undulatory theory of light and heat is justly regarded as one of the triumphs of modern science. But what does it start from? The assumption of oscillating atoms having no dimensions—mere points without form or size! This is a sufficiently bold disregard of concrete observation; it is an abstract so entirely removed from reality as to be unimaginable objectively. Nevertheless mathematical analysis, occupied solely with the oscillations and wholly disregarding the atoms, has furnished vibratory laws which explain many of the most remarkable phenomena of light and heat, such as refraction, polarisation, and interference of rays. So far the abstraction has justified itself. But the incompleteness of the theory is equally evident in its failure to account for other important phenomena. Here then we are recalled to the necessity of

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reintroducing some of the discarded elements of the problem, and perhaps Restitution will furnish a solution of the outlying cases. The theory has excluded all consideration of size and form; but if the atoms exist at all, it is eminently probable that they have both size and form; and a new line of inquiry is thus opened, namely, what are the different varieties of movement which these ponderable atoms are susceptible of receiving from the influence of external and internal impulses?

I do not pretend to say what mathematical analysis may or may not discover in this direction; I only affirm that the form and volume of an atom must influence its movement; and that the present condition of the undulatory theory is incomplete, because the laws of oscillation only, and not the laws of atomic movement, constitute its object.

The second illustration shall be the popular question of Species. Are species variable or invariable? This is very much like the case of planetary perturbations. The abstract law of reproduction (like produces like) points to fixity of species, as a fundamental biological truth. But this abstraction ignores the reaction of the medium on the organism—such as daily exhibits itself in a hundred different ways—it ignores the concrete facts of the struggle for existence—all of which act as perturbations of the biological law. The question then arises: what is the sweep of the perturbation? Can these perturbations, by accumulation, change the primary law? To answer this, the research must be guided by the canon just laid down. I do not assert that in this case there is any danger of men neglecting to correct the preliminary abstraction by a subsequent reintroduction of the discarded elements, such as were noted with respect to the undulatory theory; the naturalist is, like the practical mechanic, more disposed to concrete observation than to abstraction; but I will suggest that the final settlement of the controversy on Species can only issue from the establishment of the theory of the organism, and the subsequent establishment of the theory of the medium in its modifying influences. At present we have two groups of indisputable facts, the group which proves the constancy of forms and the group which proves the variability of forms; a complete scientific theory must include and reconcile both groups. And this theory will best be reached by a preliminary abstraction of the biological laws, and a subsequent restitution of the perturbations due to the reaction of the medium on the organism. The separation is but an artifice to aid our infirmity, but if systematically adopted, it will be found of eminent utility.

From Science to Criticism is a long step, yet in many quarters the question is being raised, Why have we no science of Criticism? Nothing can be more patent than the fact that such a science is absent, but I am very far from thinking that such a science is desirable. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, pointing out the diametrically opposite dicta of two critical journals on the same work, asks, Are there no canons of criticism? apparently wishing that such canons were in force as would prevent contradictory judgments being delivered. A writer in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* also urges the necessity of a doctrine in Literature.

My first objection to anything like a doctrine in Literature is, that it must necessarily be so incomplete as to be tyrannically oppressive; because at the best it could only exhibit the laws which great artists had followed, it could not embrace the laws which great artists to come would follow. Thus, sup-

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posing the science perfect in its construction (a large supposition!), it could only explain the works and processes of an art that had developed itself up to a certain point; it could not explain, it could not even divine what would be the new evolutions of the art under the new conditions of advancing civilisation. Let us take the case of Music, and suppose that an Aristotle had constructed a perfect science of musical criticism, out of the musical productions then known in Greece. Had there been a musical doctrine, with canons which all critics would enforce, the consequence would have been that progress would have become impossible. It is now known, and has been demonstrated, that the Greek music, from the very nature of its gamut, could have no Harmony. All the magnificent developments of modern music which spring from its enlarged gamut would, therefore, not only have been unsuspected by the critics, but would have been arrested in the early stages because "contrary to rule." The innovator would have been repressed. In like manner the Greek Drama is constructed on principles so narrow compared with those of the modern drama, that an application of the canons of the one to the productions of the other can only be an oppressive mistake.

I have been arguing on the supposition that the Science would be a true exposition of the laws of art. If even on that supposition the effect of canons would be disastrous, what would be the effect of canons that were false? We have had one striking lesson. Europe once had a literary doctrine, which it accepted from France; and the effect of that doctrine in repressing all originality and all progress is familiarly known to the most superficial student of literary history. A somewhat similar oppression is exercised in Germany by the so-called philosophic criticism, which views a work of art in relation to certain philosophic ideas, not in relation to the effect on the emotions of the audience.

Because the Laws of Nature are more or less discoverable and reducible to a system, it is supposed that the Laws of Art must be equally discoverable. There is, however, this difference: Art is in a state of perpetual evolution, new forms arise under new conditions, and new inventions introduce new laws. Now it is certain that if men of science had the power, they would *suppress* all the facts they were unable to explain; whatever disturbed the symmetry of their doctrine would be set aside as chaotic and unworthy of a place in orderly creation. They have not this power, and so are forced reluctantly to accommodate their doctrine to the facts, to enlarge their doctrine with enlarging knowledge. But critics would have the power of suppressing originality; and would brand as "chaotic," "unworthy a place in orderly Art," whatever disturbed the symmetry of their system, whatever was not amenable to their canons.

Hence I maintain that the present state of anarchy in Criticism is preferable to a state of dogmatic authority. Criticism may suffer; but Art is freer. This is by no means asserting that one critic's judgment is as good as another's, or that every man may set up his individual judgment as a standard. One judgment is not so good as another, because it will not be founded on equal insight, equal knowledge; nor can every man make his judgment a standard for others, but only for himself and for those who think and feel like him. In every work there are certain general principles involved, and certain technical principles; the best critic is he who best understands both principles, and whose sagacity enables him to appreciate their application. The technical principles which are

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involved in the drama are not the same as those involved in the novel, and therefore an effect in the one may be a defect in the other. But there are certain general principles common to both, and these the public at large can judge as well as the best critic.

Inasmuch as every Art has its rules, general and technical, there might be a codification of the various rules which would be of service, and might stand for a Science of Criticism; but were this codification effected, we should still have to remember that Criticism is itself an art and not a science, and that nothing could be more disastrous than the establishment of a Doctrine of Criticism, with its rigorous canons, which would suppress originality merely because originality was a violation of some canon.

Shakespeare may be said to be the opprobrium of Criticism. He has from first to last been the subject of more criticism and more critical nonsense than any other writer. He is a puzzle to all critics, eluding all their canons, either by the glaring discrepancy between his effects and their rules, or else by mashing all their rules into a general mush of admiration. But if Shakesperian critics are unprofitable labourers, Shakespearian editors are men who claim our gratitude. There has been no lack of them, thanks to the perennial interest in the subject, and the hopeless difficulty of a perfect text. Of the two latest editions, having high pretensions, that by Messrs. W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright, known as the Cambridge Shakespeare (Macmillan and Co.), is now completed by the publication of the ninth volume; and that by Mr. Alex. Dyce, also in nine volumes (Chapman and Hall), only awaits the last volume, which is to be devoted to an extensive glossary. These two admirable editions, remarkable for the scholarly scrupulosity with which the text is collated and established, and for their sumptuousness of paper and print, demand a mature and minute examination, which the REVIEW will endeavour to offer ere long. Meanwhile it is enough to announce their completion.

Students of History, especially those who are more immediately seeking to understand European development during the Seventeenth Century, are recommended to take in hand the small volume by Dr. Bridges, entitled "France under Richelieu and Colbert" (Edmonstone and Douglas). It is a republication of lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. Dr. Bridges is known as a disciple of Auguste Comte; and as the author of a very remarkable survey of our relations with China, in the "Essays on International Subjects" (Chapman and Hall). He has a mind happily endowed for exposition of great subjects, being at once philosophical and sympathetic, always demanding the breadth of view which can only be given by general principles, yet having also a sufficiently vivid interest in concrete facts to supply him with ready illustrations of his principles. This combination is rare. The oxy-hydrogen light, brilliant as it is, if it fell on no objects, would be a more fruitless illumination than a dark-lantern which showed us our stepping-stones; and to minds of the ordinary class, great thinkers, like Comte, who have much to say in brief space, are often dark from the excess of theoretic light. All the more precious, therefore, are the successors who can expound and illustrate, and find varied demonstrations for the same formula; who come from supping with the Gods to join fellowmen at the shilling ordinary, and have a sufficiently keen fellowship to feel no sort of stupidity altogether foreign

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to them. Dr. Bridges shows a ready apprehension as to the sources of dissidence, and a large allowance for dissidence, which raise the hope that he will continue his labours as an expositor. In the present work he treats of the formation of the French monarchy; the internal condition of France under Mazarin and Colbert; the relations of France and Europe under Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV.; and the progress of thought during the nineteenth century. Let especial attention be given to the note appended to the second lecture on French theories of taxation in the seventeenth century, which I regret is too long for extract here.

I had occasion the other day to speak of the defective condition of Education, as manifested not only in the undue predominance of Classics over Science, but also in the modes of teaching Science itself. On this latter point a good illustration is furnished by the "Elementary Physics" of M. Ganot, translated by Mr. Atkinson, a second edition of which has just been published by Mr. Baillière. Here is a book designed for use in schools and colleges, and proved by its success to have been largely used. It is in many respects admirable, and may be considered a small encyclopædia of facts, intelligibly stated, and illustrated with numerous diagrams. Nevertheless, so entirely defective is his conception of the scope and limits of the science he professes to teach, and so deficient is M. Ganot in any philosophical method of tuition, that we find here jumbled together bits of Physics, bits of Anatomy, bits of Physiology, and a heterogeneous assemblage of Instruments. Instead of clearly expounding the principles and the chief laws of each particular branch of Physics, the author crams the pupil with a variety of interesting facts and applications. Hence the book, though useful for the information it contains, is totally ineffective as an exposition of the science, which would equip the mind of the pupil with the means of attacking Chemistry and Biology. But the blame must not be imputed to M. Ganot; he has but followed the general plan.

Whether cheap literature will finally reach the stage boldly prefigured by Mr. R. H. Horne when he published his epic "Orion" for a farthing may be debatable, but that it is rapidly approaching such a reader's millennium, may be seen in the catalogue of works published in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* by Messrs. H. Gautier and Co., No. 5, Rue Coq-Héron, Paris. Every fortnight a volume is issued price 25 centimes (two pence half-penny), and the list of works already published includes many of the best in French literature: Voltaire, Montesquieu, D'Alembert, Fontenelle, Condorcet, Diderot, Chamfort, Molière, Pascal, La Bruyère, Gresset, Lamennais, Fénélon, Le Sage, Paul Louis, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Boileau; and foreign works by Goethe, Sallust, Machiavelli, Juvenal, Schiller, Plutarch, Alfieri, Epictetus, Boëthius, and Sterne: good solid works, worth possessing, and cheap enough to tempt even a beggar.

When one turns from such a catalogue to the catalogue of English books, and compares the prices, the effect is startling. But English books are copyright? No doubt. *That*, however, is not the main cause of the high price. If English works were protected in America and on the Continent they might be published at prices fabulously low. However, the question of International Copyright is one I shall not enter upon at the close of this gossip; the more so since Mr. Anthony Trollope has recently argued it with unanswerable force.

EDITOR.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Physiological Anatomy and Physiology of Man. By R. B. Todd, Wm. Bowman, and Lionel S. Beale. A new edition by the last-named author. Part I. Longman & Co.

Among the few authoritative works on Physiology which England has produced in the last quarter of a century, that by Messrs. Todd and Bowman holds a foremost place. Dr. Beale, who assisted in the completion of the second volume, has now undertaken to re-edit the whole, bringing it up to the level of the rapidly-advancing science of the day. Judging from this first part, and from Dr. Beale's previous writings, every critic will anticipate a solid and philosophical treatise, well-informed with facts, and illuminated with ideas. The style of exposition is simple and clear, because the subject has been thoroughly thought out in the author's mind. I find myself at variance with him on certain philosophical questions, also on certain anatomical questions, where, however, I have a suspicion that he will prove to be in the right; but whether he is destroying some of the scaffolding with which I try to build, or assails me in the fortress where I am safely housed, he is always welcome, and always instructive.

In setting forth the characteristic differences of organised and unorganised bodies, Dr. Beale distinguishes between *living* bodies and organisms. "Living beings have been sometimes said to be *organised*, in the sense of being composed of certain distinct parts or *organs*, each having its own definite structure and capable of fulfilling a certain end." Such phraseology was inevitable, because our knowledge of living beings began with the complex organisms; and when researches carried us to the confines of the living world, we were obliged to class the simplest organisms with the most complex: thus the colourless, semi-fluid, transparent substance which may be taken as the ultimate living matter, the starting-point of every organism, is said to be *organic* although nothing like organs, or distinct parts, can be ascribed to it. When Dr. Beale says it has "no structure whatever," he uses the term structure in a restricted sense; he means that there are no tissues, nor even anatomical elements of definite forms. In a wider sense there is structure, of definite order, and properties dependent on that structure; quite as much as there are properties dependent on the tissue-structures. The distinction seems trifling; but when the relation of Life to Organisation becomes subject of discussion, the distinction will be seen to have fundamental importance. If Life be, as Dr. Beale and the Vitalists maintain, independent of Structure, and due to a peculiar Principle or Plastic Force, then indeed there can be no necessary parallelism between complexity of Structure and complexity of Life, an ascending gradation of vital activities with an ascending complexity of organic differentiations and integrations.

"Organised bodies are found in two states or conditions. The one, that of *life*, is a state of action and of change. The other, that of *death*, is one in which all vital action has ceased, and to which the disintegration and chemical decomposition of the organised body succeed as a natural consequence.. But it cannot be said that any living body exists which at any moment consists entirely of *living matter*. In every organism, at every moment, so long as its life lasts,

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there is matter that lives and matter that has *ceased to live*." Science owes a debt to Dr. Beale for the patient ingenuity with which he has demarcated the living matter from the matter which has ceased to live; the *germinal matter* from the *formed material* in every tissue. And we may further admit his distinction of the germinal matter as the seat of the purely vital actions, and the formed material as the seat of the purely physical actions. Since all admit that the organism manifests physical, chemical, and vital phenomena, it is evident that the speciality of the vital phenomena must depend on the speciality of the living matter. Hence Dr. Beale rejects the notion of physical or chemical agents being vital stimuli. "Thus heat is supposed to be the vital stimulus which *excites* the changes resulting in the development of the chick; light is supposed to excite or stimulate certain changes going on in the vegetable organism. . . . . . But the heat and light are probably all perfectly passive. They have not been instrumental in *exciting* changes, but the conditions under which life was carried on before have been altered, and the alteration is really due to changes, not in the living matter, but in the formed lifeless matter by which it is surrounded. In consequence it permits pabulum to flow towards the living matter *more readily* than before. The living matter is not *excited* to live faster, but in consequence of more pabulum having access to it, more matter becomes living within the same period of time." This is very suggestive; and the criticisms which follow on Virchow and Dr. Carpenter are legitimate deductions; but I ask Dr. Beale whether, in thus restricting Life to the exclusively "vital" actions of the germinal matter—that is to say, to the processes of assimilation and development—the conception of Life, which alone has significance either to the biologist or the philosopher, is not fatally truncated? Do we not mean by Life the sum of the phenomena presented by a living organism? Do we not mean its sensibilities and activities, its changes of form, and its powers of acting on others? If we mean this, it is evident that the physical and chemical properties of the structure of an organism are, in the Life of that organism, co-operant with the properties of the special substance named "living." All that Dr. Beale says respecting the speciality of this germinal matter is valuable and consistent; but if he is to be consistent throughout he must either give up the idea of Life being nothing more than the action of this germinal matter, or else he must give up his antagonism to the idea that Life is the generalised expression of the *whole* phenomena manifested by an organism in activity. In other words, he must either cling to the notion of a Vital Principle or Peculiar Force, which only concerns a small part of the phenomena commonly known as vital; or else he must pass over to the organic theory, and regard Life as dependent on organisation.

Dr. Beale criticises a definition of life proposed by me some fifteen years ago; and I accept his corrections all the more readily because in the "Physiology of Common Life" I have withdrawn that definition. But he is less fortunate in his criticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer; especially in saying, "this writer admits the tendency to assume the specific form inherent in all parts of the organism which is peculiar to living things. He does not, however, attempt to explain the nature of this *tendency*, or why living matter alone exhibits it. What causes the tendency?" Mr. Spencer is too positive a thinker to ask such a question. Nor does Dr. Beale really answer the question by saying that the tendency is due to "a very peculiar force or power." *L'opium endormit parce-*

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qu'il a une vertu soporifique! He acknowledges that "we are quite unable to say what sort of force vital power is, to isolate it, to examine it, or to give any satisfactory account of the exact manner in which it exerts its peculiar influence upon inanimate matter." Why then encumber science with this hypothetic and unknowable force? Because the facts "cannot be explained without it?" They cannot be explained with it. No biologist now supposes that physical and chemical actions can explain vital actions, simply because physics and chemistry are recognised in phenomena which are *not* the special phenomena of vitality; and since all laws depend upon conditions, the special conditions of the organism will, of course, determine a speciality in the operation of the laws. If by vital forces Dr. Beale understands simply the forces exhibited by matter under the special conditions of organic structure (the same matter when removed from these special conditions exhibiting the forces generally recognised as physical and chemical), there will be only a difference of terms between us.

I have dwelt so long on this single point, though not long enough for its importance, that there is little space left for the other points which demand notice. After a remarkable introduction, Dr. Beale gives very serviceable and precise indications of the mode of preparing tissues for microscopic investigation,—an indispensable preliminary to all histological study. He then devotes a chapter, full of pregnant material, to the tissues generally, and the life of the cell. Here his original views, which have been much discussed in England and Germany, are re-stated with convincing clearness. On many important points he is in antagonism with the reigning doctrines; but no one should pretend to have an opinion on these controverted points who has not thoroughly reinvestigated and controlled the observations here set forth. In the next chapter he treats of Composition, and expounds the chemical history of the cell, and the chemical changes taking place in the organism.

The continuation of the work will be eagerly looked for. EDITOR.

THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF SWITZERLAND AND OTHER PARTS OF EUROPE. By Dr. FERDINAND KELLER, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zürich. Translated and arranged by John Edward Lee. London: Longmans and Co. 1866.

THE discoveries made within the last twelve years of remains of structures supported on wooden piles in the shallow water of lakes in Switzerland and elsewhere have excited so much interest that lake dwellings have already a considerable literature. Not long ago an ingenious gentleman accounted, by a very striking theory, for the occurrence of the ends of wooden piles in the lake mud. The beaver, naturalists tell us, is a very clever animal, especially given to constructing habitations in the water, for which purpose he gnaws down small trees, dresses them to serve as stakes, and sets them up in holes scraped in the river-bed. Therefore, as beavers were formerly common in Switzerland, no doubt the remains of pointed piles stuck in the bottom of the Swiss lakes once formed part of extensive beaver-villages. The rest of the world, however, thinking that the beaver had already had quite as much laid upon him by travellers as he could be reasonably expected to bear, left the beaver-theory in the exclusive possession of its author, and decided, by the aid indeed of a

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singularly complete and minute body of evidence, that the lake remains in Switzerland and elsewhere represent the dwellings and possessions of tribes living in much the same manner as lake-people long have been, and still are, known to live in different parts of the world.

The Swiss lake-tribes are best known to English readers from the chapters devoted to them in Sir Charles Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," and Sir John Lubbock's "Pre-Historic Times." Mr. Lee, in the present work, translates and re-arranges Dr. Keller's various papers on the Lake Dwellings, together with others by Heer and Rütimeyer on the plants and animals belonging to them, and adds a number of notes of his own, thus giving to those who are prepared to go into the subject in its details the fullest and most elaborate monograph which has yet appeared.

With the help of the remains discovered on the sites of these early settlements, and the descriptions of similar habitations seen in actual existence elsewhere, it is possible to draw ideal restorations which must very fairly represent the ancient residence of a Swiss lake-tribe. In the drawing which stands as frontispiece to Keller and Lee's work, there is represented a rude wooden platform supported on piles in a lake, and connected with the shore by a wooden pier built in the same manner; the settlement is fenced with a kind of hurdle-work surrounding the outer row of piles; on the platform are a number of oblong houses with sloping roofs, through a hole in each of which smoke ascends, while inhabitants pole and paddle their canoes, and haul in their net, or stand and sit upon the shore dressed in pointed caps and rude cape-like garments. If, however, we compare this ideal drawing with that of M. Troyon's "Habitations Lacustres," published in 1860, we notice several points of difference. The hurdle or wattle enclosure shown by Keller does not appear in Troyon. That walls of lake huts were made of upright poles wattled with rods or twigs, and thickly plastered with clay, is certain. But M. Troyon represents his huts as circular, judging from ancient descriptions of Keltic cottages, and from the curve of some pieces of clay covering which were evidently baked into brick by the burning down of the huts they belonged to, and then fell into the water below. Dr. Keller, on the other hand, refers the curves of the burnt clay coating to the heat warping it, declares the evidence as yet to show that the huts were rectangular, and draws them so accordingly. M. Troyon shows a lake man rowing himself in a small dug-out canoe, but Dr. Keller's men push their little craft along with punt-poles, or paddle sitting forward, as men in dug-outs would be much more likely to do. But these are matters of detail, and as to the general character of a Swiss lake-dwelling there is little question. The often-quoted account from Herodotus of the fishing tribe of Lake Prasias who dwelt, each man in his own hut, on platforms fixed on tall piles standing out in the lake, and approached from the land by a single narrow bridge, is quite a good description of the residence of such a people in ancient Switzerland. Why fishermen should have cared to live in such places is made clear by the fact that it still suits fishing-tribes to live so in Asia, and Sir John Lubbock even mentions that he has "been informed by a friend who lives at Salonica that the fishermen of Lake Prasias still inhabit wooden cottages built over the water as in the time of Herodotus." But the Swiss lake-dwellers, it appears, were not mere rude fishers; they cultivated grain, kept cattle, and housed them in stalls on the lake platforms. Why should so civilised and prosperous a people have pre-

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ferred floors on piles in the water to building their houses on the dry land? Here, again, Herodotus goes far towards answering the question when he relates how Megabazus, the conqueror of the Thracians, carried off captive the Pœonians and the people as far as Lake Prasias, but there were certain tribes whom he could not overcome, and among them were the dwellers on pile-habitations in the lake, whom he tried to subdue, but could not.

The muddy bottom of a lake where a pile-settlement has stood becomes a wonderfully perfect museum of chips, broken implements, lost articles, rubbish, and remains which fell into the water when fire, the lake dweller's great enemy, destroyed his habitation and the very ground under his feet. Such lake-bottoms in Switzerland are of especial interest to ethnologists, for they show that among the lake-dwellers there all stages of culture, from a rude and early Stone Age, through an advancing Bronze Age, up to a well-marked Iron Age, are clearly to be traced. Now antiquaries who can look upon the ages marked by the use of stone, bronze, and iron as indicating distinct ethnological periods, may assume that there lies here before us the record of a supersession of an original Stone Age race by a new Bronze Age race, and of this again by a succeeding Iron Age race. M. Troyon supports such an opinion, but Dr. Keller attacks it vigorously, maintaining that the lake-dwellings of Switzerland were from first to last the work of one and the same people, who began at a low stage of culture with implements of stone, and thence rose gradually to the use of bronze, and at last to that of iron. And this race he clearly considers to have been the Keltic, though by some want of clearness in translating or by a mistake in printing, in the very passage (p. 313) in which he intended solemnly to lay down his conclusion, he seems exactly to unsay what he says before and afterwards. This view is, at any rate, a good corrective to those speculations which so readily make degree of civilisation a test of race, as if races never changed their degree of civilisation. And to say that a lake-dwelling people may have begun with stone implements, and may afterwards have in some way got to the use of bronze and iron, and to an otherwise increased civilisation, is only to say that changes, such as have happened in modern times within our knowledge in America or Polynesia, may have happened to the ancient lake-dwellers in Switzerland. Even when Dr. Keller goes on to say that these early lake-dwelling Swiss were Kelts, he has a case on his side, for the existence of Kelts in Switzerland is admitted, and he can (if he chooses) argue that there is nothing unreasonable in making Kelts lake-dwellers, seeing that Kelts have lived, and fished, and defended themselves in crannoges in the Irish lakes up to almost modern times. But, on the other hand, we know nothing of Kelts, or of any other Aryan race, in their Stone Age; however early we discern anything of them they have always arrived, at least, at the use of bronze. And we know how Aryans have migrated over the world, settling in lands occupied already by races at a lower stage of civilisation; Scandinavians and Sclavonians spreading into countries occupied by Tatar races; Hindus descending into India among Tamils, Koles, Gonds, and the rest; European Aryans raising into the Iron Age the populations of North and South America, whom they found partly in the Stone and partly in the Bronze. All over the world relics are found of Stone Age inhabitants. Mr. Lee quotes (p. 17) a remark of Dr. Livingstone's, to the effect that no stone arrow-heads, spears, or axes have been discovered in Africa, but this is quite incorrect; stone implements have been found there in several districts. In the

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south we even know something of a rise from the Stone to the Iron Age in comparatively modern times. In the west we find people who have long been iron-makers, and who consider as thunderbolts, and preserve as sacred objects, the stone hatchets which they find, the relics of a race who were perhaps their ancestors, perhaps only earlier occupiers of the soil. Such a Stone Age race built the earliest Swiss lake habitations, and if, as Dr. Keller thinks, the whole series of such dwellings through the Bronze and Iron Ages may be safely set down to the same people, then analogy would lead us to infer that they were raised in culture by contact with foreign, perhaps with Keltic, civilisation. They may also have become mixed with Keltic blood, but as the case now stands, there is great difficulty in viewing them as purely and originally Kelts.

As to the funeral rites of the lake dwellers, Dr. Keller tells us that nothing is known, no burying place of theirs having been discovered. But as to their religion, he founds a speculation on certain curious objects of stone and earthenware, something like a pair of ox horns, eight to twelve inches across, and made with bases, so as to stand. These he considers to represent the crescent moon, and to have been objects of worship. He endeavours to strengthen this view by mentioning that the half-moon occurs among other symbols on Gaulish coins, and that Pliny, in describing the cutting of the mistletoe, says that the Druids considered the five-days' moon to have great virtue, and called it the "all-healing." This is the whole of an argument which seems a weak one; the things are, in fact, more like horns than moons, and it is very unsafe to suppose them religious emblems, merely because we do not know what they were for. The habit of the Serwatty Islanders to set up on the gable-ends of their chiefs' huts wooden appendages, apparently representing buffalo-horns, is one example of a use to which such things could be applied, without any reference to religion. Dr. Keller is a thorough-going, cautious reasoner of the modern school, and rarely approaches even so nearly as in this case to the habitual speculations of the old-fashioned antiquaries on such subjects. Archæology is indeed emerging from its Stone and Bronze Ages, and though these ruder periods are still represented in many current books, such works as the present retain only a few traces of the transition, and practically belong to the more highly cultured Age of Iron. EDWARD B. TYLOR.

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THE

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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS A RELIGIOUS BODY.

Rather more than a year ago, I ventured to say a few words in the Fortnightly Review on a question which has long seemed to me one of considerable interest; namely, the relation borne by the two great political parties to the Established Church of England and Ireland. My object at that time was to point out the fundamental opposition in the attitude which is assumed towards that institution by Liberals on the one hand, and Conservatives on the other; the former regarding it as a means to certain ends, the latter as an end in itself, the maintenance of which is a positive duty incumbent on the State. In considering this Conservative theory I endeavoured to show at the same time that it is not the duty of the State to support any particular form of dogmatic religion, and that every privilege conceded to one religious body and withheld from another is an injustice and an inequality.

In that article, which dealt only with a single branch of a very wide and serious subject, two questions were left unanswered: the first, Whether there should be a State Church at all? and the second, If there be a State Church, what character and what purposes it should have? The observations now submitted to public consideration will have reference to both these questions, but more especially to the second. In other words, the former article treated of the Church as a political institution, this one will deal with it as a religious community; we previously considered its relation to the State, we shall now be called upon to discuss its internal constitution.

I. To the first question, whether there should be a State Church at all, it is perhaps hardly possible to return a positive or universal answer. Many will undoubtedly suppose, that when we have once laid down the principle that the State ought not to protect any one

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belief rather than another, we have already answered it by implication in the negative. And this opinion is not unnatural. We naturally judge of any human institution by the forms under which we have met with it in history, or under which we are now accustomed to see it. And certainly, if the Churches of the future are to resemble those of the past, their protection and endowment will be wholly inconsistent with the duty of an enlightened community to hold an impartial balance among conflicting sects. Still, there is a possibility that means may be found of reconciling ecclesiastical endowments with complete toleration; and it ought not therefore to be rashly inferred that the extension of religious liberty must involve the downfall of the Established Church. How the two may be reconciled I shall in the ensuing pages endeavour to explain.

We are not, in this inquiry, called upon to consider what we might do if we were constructing an imaginary republic like that of Plato. We have rather to take existing facts as they are, and to ask whether, in obedience to one theory, it is the duty of every good Government to support some form of religious belief; or whether, in conformity to the other, every Established Church must be condemned as contrary to all sound principle, so that it ought to be destroyed even in those countries where it already exists.

The former theory appears to proceed upon the assumption that a government cannot show its attachment to religion except by bestowing its patronage upon some particular creed. This assumption is quite unfounded. Respect for religion may be shown just as well by conceding equal liberty of worship and of teaching to all its ministers of every denomination. In short, the Government is in no way bound to provide religion for the people. In the United States we have an instance of complete toleration and complete absence of any alliance between religion and the State. Indeed, it is one of the privileges enjoyed by the people of that country that they are unencumbered with the effects of that mediæval policy by which the secular power was accustomed to ally itself with the dominant priesthood for the purpose of persecution and repression. Yet, though the constitution does not in any way protect or patronise the clergy, though it does not uphold any form of Christianity, it cannot be pretended that the Americans are indifferent to religion. M. de Tocqueville appears to have been struck with nothing more than with the extremely religious aspect presented by their country, and on conversing with his acquaintances, he found that priests and laymen alike attributed the peaceful influence which religion exercised among them, to the entire separation of Church and State.[1]

(1) "A mon arrivée aux Etats-Unis, ce fut l'aspect religieux du pays qui frappa d'abord mes regards. . . . J'avais vu parmi nous l'esprit de religion et l'esprit de liberté marcher presque toujours en sens contraire. Ici, je les retrouvais intimement unis l'un

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Acknowledging, as I do, the advantage which the Americans enjoy over us in their total exemption from any inequality in the political status of different sects—a state of things to which we have not yet attained—I feel compelled to notice one disadvantage which is incidental to the absence of endowments. If the clergy are either entirely, or to any considerable extent, dependent upon their congregations for the amount of their incomes, they will of course be tempted to preach those doctrines which they know to be agreeable to their hearers, and those only. They will shun the utterance of any conviction which is likely to bring odium or unpopularity upon them. They will be careful not to denounce the darling vices of their age. Being exposed to the direct and immediate action of public opinion, they will be held strictly to that which public opinion in their age and country considers orthodox. That an endowed clergy is wholly free from these influences it would be too much to say; but it may safely be affirmed that an unendowed clergy, especially if liable to censure or expulsion by spiritual courts, will be more completely and effectually debarred from teaching heresy. Since, therefore, it is eminently desirable that heresy should be taught (the proof of this proposition will be attempted in the sequel), it would be right that where the clergy are unendowed there should exist, either through the medium of professors' chairs at universities, or in some other way, the means of supporting learned men who may be wholly free to inculcate whatever opinions they happen to believe without the fear of suffering for so doing. It is not intended by this that these learned men must be heretics, but that they may be so; and that they shall occupy stations of authority and influence. Thus, the struggle against popular errors will not be left to the unsupported efforts of private individuals, opposed as they will be by the united strength of the ecclesiastical element in the nation. Such a provision being made to secure at least a fair hearing for the opinions of the minority, there would perhaps be no urgent reason to establish a State Church, and every reason against establishing it in the sense in which such an institution is commonly understood.

The matter becomes a good deal more complicated when we have to consider, not whether we should found an Established Church in a country where it does not exist, but whether, finding one already in existence, we should abolish or retain it. That a certain very earnest

à l'autre: ils régnaient ensemble sur le même sol. Chaque jour je sentis croître mon désir de connaître la cause de ce phénomène. Pour l'apprendre, j'interrogeai les fidèles de toutes les communions . . . je trouvai que tous ces hommes ne différaient entre eux que sur des détails; mais tous attribuaient principalement à la complète séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat l'empire paisible que la religion exerce en leur pays. Je ne crains pas d'affirmer que, pendant mon séjour en Amérique, je n'ai pas rencontré un seul homme, prêtre ou laïque, qui ne soit tombé d'accord sur ce point." (De la Démocratie en Amérique, vol. i. chap. xvii.)

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and, in political matters, very liberal section of the community is in favour of abolition; that this section is, on principle, averse to any connection between the secular and spiritual powers; that, in its eyes, religious liberty itself is not complete until this connection has ceased, we are probably all aware. In so far as these politicians desire more complete religious equality, I entirely sympathise with them; in so far as they conceive that this end will be furthered by the separation of Church and State, they appear to me to have no sure, or even probable, grounds for such an inference. For what would be the first and most undoubted consequence of this important change? Would it not be that the clergy, emancipated from the control of laymen, would become themselves the supreme judges, from whose verdict there would be no appeal, in matters relating to the doctrine and discipline of the Church? We should have Episcopal Courts established among us, and every ecclesiastic who was accused of heresy would be dragged for trial before these tribunals. What sort of justice, and what sort of impartiality the unorthodox clergyman might expect at the hands of spiritual judges is sufficiently evident from the language that has been held by the dignitaries of the Church with regard to "Essays and Reviews" and Dr. Colenso. A certain kind of liberty there is no doubt the clergy would gain by separation from the State—the liberty of ejecting and persecuting each other. That they themselves would highly appreciate and value this liberty, it is impossible to deny; but whether their possessing it would be as beneficial to the country as it would be agreeable to themselves, is another question. There is at least one result of their enjoying such a power which may be easily foreseen: that section of the Church which is known by the name of "Broad" would speedily be driven from the position its members now occupy, and where, by the superiority of their intellectual powers and their freedom from sectarian bitterness, they are doing so much to maintain the reputation of their Church, and to prevent it from sinking into a state of senile weakness and irretrievable decay.

Another consideration may induce us to pause before we finally sever the links that join the State with the Church, namely, that we have in our present system an excellent organisation, extending to every parish in the land, which might at least be made to subserve some very useful purposes. If this organisation were entirely under clerical management, it would probably be mainly employed for inculcating dogmatic theology; but in the hands of laymen it may possibly be made conducive to something better. At any rate it would be rash to forego all the advantages we actually derive, and may derive hereafter, from the existing system for the sake of delivering the spiritualty from secular control.

II. Supposing, therefore, that without laying down a universal

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theory on the subject, we think it more politic to keep up the Established Church, since we have found it already in existence, it becomes necessary to reflect upon the second of the two questions to which reference has been made. What should be the character of the Church, and what purposes should it have? In discussing this question, we are led back to consider what was its character at its original foundation, and how far it fulfils the objects for which it was intended. For although we are not bound literally to carry out these objects, yet it is at least reasonable, when we are aiming at the improvement of any institution, to examine whether that improvement may not be in some degree effected rather by an adherence to the plans of its first founders, than by a total departure from them.

It would certainly be senseless to expect that we could bring the Church into harmony with the requirements of the day by following in every particular the directions of men who lived three centuries ago. But there are certain broad characteristics of the Church of England to be gathered from its historical antecedents which we in the present century should do well to remember. The first, and one of the most striking peculiarities, is the secular nature of the movement to which its origin was due.

It is impossible to read its early history without seeing that its creation was the result, not so much of theological differences, as of causes that were peculiar to the people of this island. It is, of course, none the less true that the Reformation, in England as elsewhere, had its roots much deeper than in any insular or local peculiarities; it was the inevitable effect of the intellectual change that was going on, which was making reflecting men dissatisfied with the faith imposed upon them by the Church of Rome. But this intellectual change, though it influenced the Church of England, was not, at least not directly, its producing cause. The ecclesiastical revolution that occurred in England was much more directed against the power of the Pope than against the doctrines of Rome. Long before any departure from the Catholic faith was contemplated, or thought of as possible, the authority exercised by the Pope in ecclesiastical affairs was felt to be greater than could be tolerated, and as early as the reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., statutes were made in order to restrain it. In the time of Henry VIII. this yoke had become still more galling; and the large amount of wealth that was then in the possession of the Church, the dissolute lives of the clergy, their protection of criminals who belonged to their own order, together with the arbitrary and tyrannical jurisdiction exercised by them in cases of heresy, acted as further irritants, predisposing the minds of men to measures curtailing the power of the hierarchy within more reasonable bounds. When the King had

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quarrelled with the Pope on account of his divorce, he at first seems to have intended only to deliver this country from the Papal supremacy, not to establish a new creed; and indeed his doctrinal views do not at any time appear to have diverged very considerably from those of Rome. The Act of the Six Articles, which was passed in the latter part of his reign, and was not repealed till that of Edward VI., imposed upon the people, under severe penalties, several of those doctrines which were most repugnant to the Protestant faith. That Act affirmed the corporal presence of Christ in the sacrament; it pronounced against communion in both kinds; in favour of the celibacy of the clergy; in favour of private masses; in favour of auricular confession. These doctrines do not imply any very complete or sweeping reformation; and they show what is indeed evident from the whole history of his reign—that King Henry, in his breach with the Papacy, was guided much more by political motives than by religious principle.

Hence, the first steps in the formation of an independent national Church were not to revise and to alter the existing doctrines, but completely to extinguish the authority of the Pope. This done, the way was prepared for the religious reformation; but, nevertheless, it was not till the ensuing reign that the Liturgy was compiled, and the Forty-two Articles put forth as the authoritative declaration of the national creed; and it was not till the year 1562, in the reign of Elizabeth, that these Articles were reduced to their present form and number. Such was the manner of the original foundation of the Church of England.

Another characteristic mark by which it is distinguished from some Protestant bodies, is the comparative moderation of its doctrines. Its founders did not fly at once to the extreme opposite of the communion they had left. Henry VIII., as is well known, persecuted with impartial justice both those who were too tardy and those who were too zealous in the path of reformation. And although after his death the Church of England became much more Protestant than he had permitted it to be, yet it continued to cling to a middle course between Popery and Puritanism. The language of the Thirty-nine Articles, considering the time at which they were composed, shows a remarkable exemption from extreme or violent expressions. It is quite true that no well-educated man can be expected to believe those Articles at the present day; yet, compared with the Westminster Confession—the official and authorised creed of the Church of Scotland[1]—they might

(1) In Scotland every Presbyterian clergyman is required at ordination to subscribe the Westminster Confession, and to declare that he owns and believes the whole doctrines of this Confession of Faith to be founded upon the Word of God; that he acknowledges the same as the confession of his faith; that he will firmly and constantly adhere thereto, and to the utmost of his power assert, maintain, and defend the same. He must further disown a variety of heresies, and "other doctrines and tenets whatsoever contrary to and inconsistent with the foresaid Confession of Faith."

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be pronounced almost reasonable. All the most offensive dogmas of the Articles—that of predestination; that of the sinfulness of works done before justification, or by unregenerate men; that of salvation being only possible by the name of Christ—are asserted also in the Westminster Confession, but asserted in general much more offensively. On the subject of predestination especially, while the Church of England, even in affirming that doctrine, seems to do so with a faltering voice, and advises "curious and carnal persons" not to think too much about it, the Church of Scotland proclaims it in the clearest and loudest tones, and seems to delight in dwelling again and again upon all its most repulsive features. Since it is possible that some readers may be unacquainted with this extraordinary document, and since few would care to spend their time in a kind of reading which is alike unprofitable and unpleasant, I shall not apologise for making a few quotations in order to exhibit more plainly the spiritual evils from which we in England have been happily delivered.

After explaining that a definite and unchangeable number of men and angels have been predestinated to everlasting life, and others to everlasting death, the creed thus continues:—"Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of his glorious grace. . . . . . . The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice." And this doctrine of the elect being the only persons who can possibly be saved is fully and clearly developed, both in this Confession and in the Larger Catechism—a reduction of the Confession to a different form—forming as it were the great fundamental principle upon which the whole edifice is built. The rest of mankind, who are thus hopelessly lost, include, as is explained elsewhere, not only all who are not Christians, but all Christians also except those "who are true members of the Church invisible."[1] In proportion as this belief rises, the importance of good works, of course, declines. These may indeed have some slight value as evidences of faith, and may also be useful to "stop the mouths of the adversaries,"[2] but they can have no place whatever

(1) Larger Catechism, Q. 61.
(2) Westminster Confession, chap. xvi. 2.

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in a "saving faith," which consists in "accepting, receiving, and resting upon Christ alone for justification, sanctification, and eternal life."[1]

And if in those tenets which the two Churches hold in common, the language of the Church of England is more moderate, it must also be conceded that some of the very worst and harshest dogmas of the Westminster divines are wholly absent from the English creed. Thus, for instance, we do not find in the latter the tender mercies of Providence explained in the following terms:—"As for those wicked and ungodly men whom God, as a righteous judge, for former sins, doth blind and harden, from them he not only withholdeth his grace, whereby they might have been enlightened in their understandings, and wrought upon in their hearts; but sometimes also withdraweth the gifts which they had, and exposeth them to such objects as their corruption makes occasion of sin; and withal, gives them over to their own lusts, the temptations of the world, and the power of Satan, whereby it comes to pass that they harden themselves, even under those means which God useth for the softening of others."[2] Nor does the Church of England assert, as is done in the same Confession, the right and duty of persecution. "The civil magistrate . . . . . hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order, that unity and peace be preserved in the Church, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire, that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed, all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed."[3] Nor did Cranmer and his coadjutors presume to make the following tremendous claim on behalf of the clergy:—"To these officers [church-officers] the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures, and to open it unto penitent sinners, by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require."[4] Compare this with the modest authority that is demanded for the Church of England in Art. XX., and we have an instance of the beneficial influence of secular control, restraining the pretensions of the clergy within the bounds of moderation, and checking that inhuman spirit which they have always shown when unhappily the power of the keys has been supported and enforced by the power of the sword.

I have dwelt the longer upon the differences in the creed of the two nations, because it illustrates that which I am anxious to enforce, namely, the pre-eminently national character of the English Church. Unlike the Presbyterian clergymen who met at Westminster during

(1) Westminster Confession, chap. xiv. 2. (2) Ibid., v. 6.
(3) Ibid., xxiii. 3. (4) Ibid., xxx. 2.

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the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the advisers of Edward VI. and Elizabeth did not seek to force upon the people the narrow theology of a faction. Their object was to conciliate rather than to repel; and the Church which they founded was, at that time, a reasonable and temperate expression of the feelings of English Protestants. Its Liturgy and its Articles, instead of being due to any sudden or passionate outburst of zeal, were gradually and slowly formed, and were finally sanctioned by the highest authority of the realm.

From the foregoing considerations, we are brought face to face with another result of the utmost importance, namely, that the Church of England is simply and entirely the creation of the State. The basis of its authority is wholly secular. No remote antiquity, no apostolic or patristic origin, can be pretended in favour of its doctrines. They may, indeed, in some cases have an accidental coincidence with beliefs of an ancient date; but their authority in this country rests not upon their conformity either to Scripture, or to the Fathers, or to the general opinion of Christendom, but upon the will of Parliament. The Church of England is built up from its foundation solely upon Acts of Parliament. There is no doubt that Parliament may either add to or take away from the sum-total of doctrines which the clergy are required to hold. There is no doubt that the interpretation of those doctrines is committed to secular courts, and that the Church has no legal voice in the decision of their scope or meaning. It is the more necessary to insist upon these facts, because we sometimes hear appeals to some vague, extra-legal tribunal which is supposed to condemn particular opinions as inconsistent with the position of a clergyman, or with the teaching of the Christian Church. Thus it is occasionally said that the Bishop of Natal is acting dishonestly in not resigning the position he holds, because he no longer believes in the infallibility of the Pentateuch. Those who argue in this way appear to have in their own minds some unknown and unauthorised standard of belief by which they think proper to judge. At any rate they completely overlook the fact that there are means by which an heretical clergyman may be tried and punished, but that they have not the smallest right to adjudicate upon the question what tenets are contrary to the formularies of the Church, or to blame any man for remaining in an ecclesiastical office so long as his opinions have not been condemned by the recognised tribunals of the land.

The belief to be demanded of the clergy is, therefore, a matter which in this country the State has power to determine. Had the arrangements made in King Edward's reign continued in force, every clergyman must have believed three more articles than he does at present. Were Parliament to abolish subscription to the

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Thirty-nine Articles, and to take away the penalties for teaching in opposition to them, there is no reason to doubt that they would all of them sink into an oblivion as complete as that which has befallen those omitted from the series in the revision of 1562.

The right of the State to the exercise of a supreme control in ecclesiastical matters being thus established, we are in the next place called upon to consider in what cases and for what purposes that right may properly be employed. In short, what is the ideal which we ought to have in view in legislating for the Established Church? what are the great ends to which we should endeavour to render it subservient?

If there be any propriety in the principles laid down at the beginning of this essay, it will not be difficult to find a rational and satisfactory answer to this inquiry. The State has no business to protect any one set of theological opinions rather than another; it ought to hold the scales with perfect impartiality between them all. Let this be granted, and it will follow that an Established Church, in order to justify the fact of its existence, ought to be, not sectarian, but national; and national not only in name, but in fact. It ought to represent the religious feelings of the whole community; no one should feel himself utterly excluded from it; no theological faction should be permitted to use it for the exclusive promotion of its own opinions. Variety, rather than unity of doctrine, should be its aim; for the manifold beliefs of the nation cannot be summed up in any single formula or aggregate of formulæ, however comprehensive. Should it appear that the conditions required of the clergy, by checking the free development of thought, put obstacles in the way of this variety, and thus leave a large part of the nation quite unrepresented in the Church, a sufficient case has arisen for the interference of the State; for the laity are defrauded of their rights when the National Church, which ought to have room for all, is in fact reserved for the benefit of a few.

Widely as this theory is removed from ordinary notions, according to which it is the duty of the State to compel the clergy to teach in accordance with some definite creed, yet it is not wholly unsupported by a distinguished name in English literature. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in a work pregnant with suggestive thoughts, has developed an idea of the proper functions of a Church which in the main accords with that just stated.[1] In treating of the constitution

(1) "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of each." By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. A much fuller account of this book than I am able to afford space for will be found in Mr. Mill's Essay on Coleridge, "Dissertations and Discussions," vol. i. pp. 438—448. Mr. Mill characterises the theory of the work as one according to which "the State, in the conscientious exercise of its judgment, having decided that the Church of England does not fulfil the object for which the Nationality was intended,

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of Church and State, the author of this treatise explains that he intends to consider, not their historical origin, but what he calls their Idea. By an Idea he means that conception of a thing which is not abstracted from any particular form or mode in which the thing may either exist now, or have existed in former times; but that conception "which is given by the knowledge of its ultimate aim." What then is the Idea, in this sense, of a National Church?

According to Coleridge, it was the practice among certain nations to divide the wealth which they possessed into two portions: one of these he names the Propriety; the other the Nationalty. The Propriety is the whole of that portion which is distributed among individuals, and held in ownership by them. The Nationalty, on the contrary, is a fund set apart as a national reserve, to be used for public purposes; but nevertheless not so wholly national as to exclude individual tenure under certain conditions. Now it is this fund out of which the clergy are maintained. The Nationalty may indeed be vested in others than clergymen, but it may not be alienated from the purposes of general utility to which it is devoted. The aims to which it is consecrated are mainly these: the maintenance of great schools of learning and universities; of a pastor in every parish; and not only of a pastor, but of a schoolmaster as well. The pastor and the schoolmaster are to be fellow-labourers; members of the same clerisy, or body of educated teachers supported by the Nationalty. No district is to be left without "a resident guide, guardian, and instructor;" the great object of the whole organisation being the instruction and civilisation of the country; or, in the author's own words, "to form and train up the people of the country to be obedient, free, useful, organisable subjects, citizens, and patriots, living to the benefit of the State, and prepared to die for its defence. The proper object and end of the National Church is civilisation with freedom."

This certainly is a grand conception of the functions which the clerisy might fulfil; but perhaps the most striking part of Coleridge's book is that in which he expresses the conviction that Christianity is no essential part of a national Church: "In relation to the national Church, Christianity, or the Church of Christ, is a blessed accident, a providential boon, a grace of God, a mighty and faithful friend, the envoy, indeed, and liege subject of another state, but which can neither administer the laws nor promote the ends of this other state, which is not of this world, without advantage, direct and indirect, to the true interests of these states, the aggregate of which is what we mean by the world, that is, the civilised world. As the olive

might transfer its endowments to any other ecclesiastical body, or to any other body not ecclesiastical, which it deemed more competent to fulfil those objects; might establish any other sect, or all sects, or no sect at all."

tree is said in its growth to fertilise the surrounding soil, to invigorate the roots of the vines in its immediate neighbourhood, and to improve the strength and flavour of the vines, such is the relation of the Christian and the national Church. But as the olive is not the same plant with the vine, or with the elm, or the poplar (that is, the State), with which the vine is wedded, and as the vine with its prop may exist, though in less perfection, without the olive; or previously to its implantation, even so is Christianity, and *à fortiori*, any particular scheme of theology derived and supposed by its partisans to be deduced from Christianity, no essential part of the being of the national Church, however conducive or indispensable it may be to its wellbeing." According to this theory, then, we have no right to insist upon some "particular scheme of theology" as an absolute condition of sharing in the proceeds of the Nationality, which ought not to become the patrimony of a sect, or even exclusively of Christians. Indeed, Coleridge considers the Church of Christ to be a body altogether distinct from that of the nation, and pronounces it a serious error to confound the two. No Nationality is entrusted to the Christian Church, nor is it confined to any special locality; it is universal, and is destitute, moreover, of any visible head or sovereign. It is opposed not to the State, but to the world. The Church of Christ, while rendering important services to the State, does not demand either wages or dignities in return.[1] It asks nothing but to be left alone.

How very far we are in England from having reached the ideal contemplated by Coleridge is but too evident. It is, however, my profound conviction that the Church of England, if it is to continue at all, can only continue by making at least some approach to this ideal. It is hardly possible that the state of things we have now reached, and which the progress of knowledge is aggravating every day, can be of long duration. A Church claiming to be national, enjoying the wealth, the privileges, the dignity of a State monopoly, but being, in reality, nothing better than an endowed sect; a clergy who are bound to swear allegiance to the obsolete dogmas of the sixteenth century, and who, by the conditions of their office, are almost precluded from sympathy with the life and onward movement of the age; a liturgy which pronounces the eternal damnation of all who do not hold every tittle of an unintelligible creed; a conception of the relation between Providence and nature in direct contradiction to all that we are taught by science: these things are so repugnant to the spirit of progress, they harmonise so ill with the intellectual atmosphere of our time, that any institution which continues to cherish and uphold them can only do so at its own peril. Mediæval doctrines,

(1) It is almost needless to say that Coleridge is speaking of an ideal Christian Church, not of the actual one.

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when they contradict the science or reason of later times, may still have a long existence, but they cannot be expected to endure for ever. Even theological prejudice has its term. The Church of England, therefore, must either consent to some serious modification in its tenets, or it must ultimately fall beneath the weight of the profound dissent which its teaching will excite. It must either bend or break. Whether it does the first or the second will mainly depend on the elasticity of its constitution and the wisdom of its friends.

Although it is difficult to speak with certainty upon a question like this, yet I cannot but think that it possesses the means, without any radical or sweeping changes, of accommodating itself to the altered circumstances of the present time. In order to understand how it may do so, it will be incumbent on us to consider the character of the intellectual change that has taken place during the last three centuries, and has been the main cause of the actual unfitness of the Church to occupy its present place in the constitution of the country.

Whatever may be the advantages which Christianity has conferred upon the world, that of producing unity of belief has not been one of them. Christians, while all acknowledging a supernatural revelation, have hitherto been unable to determine what it is that is revealed. Upon this important point, while each particular sect believes itself to be in possession of absolute knowledge, yet a comparison of their different, and often opposite, deductions from the Bible, would show how little reliance can be placed upon any one interpretation. And not only have individuals differed from each other, but each age has had its own form of belief, and its own topics of controversy; so that the faith of the century in which we live is something totally different in kind from the faith of the first four or five centuries of the Christian era. Often, perhaps, the words of the ancient creeds may remain, but the spirit in which they are repeated, and the intensity of the faith reposed in them, may vary indefinitely. A change may have taken place, not so much in the dogmas that are believed, as in the manner of believing them. This does in reality amount to a change of belief; for when the words which once evoked passionate conviction are now received with languid assent, it may be presumed that they no longer represent the feelings of the age, and that they are, as it were, passing into the condition of theological fossils.

Thus it frequently happens that questions which provoked the most violent controversy in former times are now regarded by all reasonable men as matters of the utmost indifference. Thousands of persons repeat every Sunday the words of the Nicene Creed, "being of one substance with the Father," yet there are probably few who in

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so doing consider the furious conflict that at one time centred round those words; and even those who do would hardly entertain any very strong resentments against others who held that Christ was of a similar substance but not the same. Again, the addition by the Latins of the word "filioque" to the same creed was one of the main causes of dissension between the Eastern and Western Churches, the double procession of the Holy Ghost having always been unpalatable to the Greeks. Yet, though we in England nominally hold this doctrine, there are, we may presume, not many among us who attach any serious importance to it. Nevertheless, in the earlier ages of Christianity these and similar nice questions—whether Christ had two wills or one, a double or a single nature, and so forth—formed the most prominent objects of attention, and the Church was shaken to its foundations by the angry controversies they occasioned. At the present day we not only care little or nothing for the subjects of these controversies, but we do not even understand the temper of mind that could engage in them with so much acrimony and zeal.

Now, the process which has begun and ended in these cases, has at least begun in the case of many of those points which were most hotly debated at the time of the Reformation. Questions like that of the corporal presence of Christ in the sacrament—concerning which, Hallam has justly remarked, that "no errors on this point could have had any influence on men's moral conduct"[1]—have ceased to excite the interest they once did, though the same difference of opinion may still exist between Catholics and Protestants. In short, there is a tendency rather to neglect these minute and trivial matters of theology, in which every one is equally right, because every one's doctrine is equally wanting in any substantial basis; equally incapable of either proof or disproof. The intellect of the day turns rather, in speculation and in science, to those subjects upon which some knowledge at least is attainable by man; and in religion, to those doctrines which have some bearing upon the practice of life. That this is universally the case, I am not asserting; but that it is the tendency, can hardly be denied.

Again, while religion is becoming more practical, it is at the same time learning to appeal less to authority and more to reason. At the time of the Reformation, when some disputed point was to be settled, it was the general custom to quote on both sides the dicta of the Fathers. The moderate reformers, far from wishing to discard the patristic authority, constantly referred to it, only endeavouring to show that it made for them, not against them. The practice of the primitive Church was constantly urged by the Protestants in opposition to the customs which had grown up in the Church of Rome. It was the object of both parties rather to prove that

(1) Hallam's "Constitutional History," (1854), vol. i. p. 89.

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authority was in their favour than that their doctrines were recommended either by common sense or practical advantage. At the present day it is probable that most Protestants care but little how many of the Fathers may be quoted in favour of their views. They prefer to think that those views are recommended by their own reasonableness, not by the amount of authority that may be quoted for them. The sole case in which the principle of authority still remains in considerable force is that of Scripture, and even here it is manifestly declining, so that it is very unlikely that men will long continue to argue as to the propriety of marrying a deceased wife's sister on the ground of a precept in Leviticus.

Simultaneously with this increasing deference to reason, as opposed to authority, there is arising—not yet as a common or general feeling, but among the more reflecting minds—a healthy aversion to all dogmatic systems. These systems always rest on authority, and the aversion to them may well be called healthy, because it is the first step in all just thinking. Whatever may be said by superficial controversialists about the pride of the intellect, scepticism, or a state of doubt, is in reality due to a modest estimate of the power of the human mind to attain any knowledge on certain subjects. This is indeed a different thing from decrying reason, as the dogmatist does, for his object is simply the exaltation of faith. He dislikes reason, because it has an unfortunate tendency to discredit his opinions; but he at the same time proclaims himself to be in possession of absolute truth, and demands from others implicit faith in his own version of religion. The sceptic, on the other hand, observing that similar pretensions are advanced by numerous dogmatists, all equally confident of their infallibility, is inclined to distrust his own means of arriving at any positive convictions on subjects which are often beyond the reach of our investigation. Where, therefore, the dogmatist is certain, the sceptic only doubts; and instead of attempting to impose any system of his own on others, is content to criticise those which they are anxious to impose on him. So perverted, however, are the common methods of reasoning on matters of religion, that the sceptic is frequently denounced as presumptuous and unduly confident in himself, because he does not accept the dogmas which may happen to be held by the majority of his contemporaries. And negative criticism—the weapon of the sceptic—is constantly depreciated because it only destroys, and because the critic does not set up some other system in place of that which he is endeavouring to overthrow. Whereas, in fact—not to dwell on the obvious consideration that the refutation of error is of itself an important service to mankind—it may very possibly be the opinion of the critic, not only that the particular belief he is combating is false, but that no certain belief is attainable on the point in question. Knowledge, no

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doubt, is better than ignorance; but there is no more valuable lesson in the teaching of Socrates than the principle he so earnestly enforced, that confessed ignorance is better than pretended knowledge.[1] The lowest stage of all is that of certainty without grounds, unable to justify itself; it is a great step in our progress when we have begun to feel our own ignorance.

It is, therefore, not an unhealthy sign, but quite the reverse, that we receive the creeds of our ancestors with hesitation and distrust. Those creeds represent, in part, certain intellectual conditions which are past; in part, the result of controversies no longer interesting to us, except historically. Terms that accurately corresponded to those intellectual conditions, assertions that embodied the faith of men who come hot from those controversies, cannot possibly be accepted by us without much reservation. To attempt to enforce them upon the minds of a certain order in the State is only to exclude from that order—so far as the attempt succeeds—all who are distinguished for mental culture or original powers of thought. And this is actually the case in the Church of England. If there are within her pale men of high culture and men of deep thought, it is either because they have evaded the conditions demanded of every candidate for orders, or because nothing that they have said has made them technically obnoxious to the penalties of the law. They are there in spite of the creeds imposed upon them, and their position is only secure so long as they avoid teaching anything in direct contradiction to them. So far as the necessity of conforming to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Liturgy operates at all, it operates to narrow the field from which the clergy are selected; to exclude the learned, the intellectual, the profound; and instead of them, to fill the Church with ignorant and narrow-minded men, who are totally unable to influence the educated classes of their countrymen, who cannot sympathise with the feelings of those around them, and whose best excuse is that they are melancholy examples of the results of a mistaken system.

The question, therefore, which we have to solve in any ecclesiastical reform is, how to bring the Church into harmony with the nation as a whole; how to restore it to a position of influence and respect; how to make it embody and reflect the various forms of religious thought now prevalent in the country. In order to do this, it must be our object, not to exclude men of the same stamp as those who are now in possession, for they—however narrow and one-sided they may often be—are representatives of a class among their countrymen; but to include others besides them to act as a standing opposition; men of wider views, who may represent what is at least an important minority of the people. There are two distinct ways

(1) See the remarks in Mr. Grote's "Plato," vol. i. pp. 239—254.

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in which this object may be gained, or at any rate approached. The first is, the interpretation of the Church's creeds by courts of law; the second is, legislative action.

1. It seems exceedingly probable that even if the Legislature remain perfectly passive, much may be done by the mere occasional decisions of the judges whose business it is to interpret the doctrines of the Church. Indeed, it is not impossible that without any formal surrender of the existing standards of belief, such decisions might have a most important effect in relaxing their rigidity in practice. That there is already a tendency in this direction we have some reason to infer from the well-known decision of the Privy Council in the case of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, two of the writers in "Essays and Reviews." On two subjects of first-rate magnitude—the inspiration of the Bible and eternal punishment—that decision accorded to the clergy a considerable amount of liberty. Another judicial sentence—that in the case of Dr. Colenso—though it decided nothing as to matters of belief, may nevertheless have some indirect influence in widening the gates of the Church. The example of a prelate proclaiming the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch; the anger of his enemies, combined with their inability as yet to deprive him of his bishopric; the violent and illegal proceedings against him on the part of Dr. Gray, and their emphatic condemnation by the highest legal tribunal in England;—all these things cannot fail to have their effect upon the public mind, and that effect will be favourable to the cause of which Colenso is the champion. These events are the more gratifying because the bishops at home have fulminated their censures against his book; for, when it is seen that episcopal condemnations are powerless for evil, the respect which they may still inspire in some minds will naturally be weakened—just as men began to think little of excommunication by the Pope, when it appeared that his sentence was not followed by any temporal disasters.

But, whatever may be the ultimate verdict as to the legal position of the Bishop of Natal, there is one way in which his example cannot but be attended with lasting results. The rare and startling spectacle of a bishop who deserts the "primrose paths" of orthodoxy in order to devote his powers to the investigation and publication of truth; the deep and earnest conviction, combined with charity to his uncharitable opponents, which he has displayed in the execution of this noble task; the undaunted resolution with which he has clung to the duty he had set before him, in spite of the clamour, the invectives, the misrepresentation he has had to encounter—these conspicuous qualities cannot fail to inspire others who may feel called on to pursue similar labours with some portion of his perseverance and his courage.

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While, however, such men as these may practically enlarge the limits of permitted thought within the Church, yet so long as the clergy are tied down to the words of the Articles, the little liberties they may enjoy are but illusory and partial. The prisoner who is permitted to walk in an adjoining garden is still a prisoner. And in the case of the clergy, every extension of their freedom is coupled with the disadvantage of placing them more or less in a false position. On certain points indeed they are permitted to speak without reserve, but upon others they are held to an exact conformity to some very narrow and positive dogmas. Being still required to assent to these dogmas on ordination, they must nominally agree to many doctrines quite inconsistent with any real liberality of thought; and the more freely they speculate in one direction, the greater must be their repugnance to such tenets, against which, nevertheless, they are not at liberty to argue. To concede the liberty of criticising Scripture and of denying eternal punishment, yet to insist on conformity to the article which denies salvation to all but Christians—this is to place the rationalistic clergyman in a position of much embarrassment and little dignity; for, if he does escape punishment, he escapes it only because his words cannot be brought within the scope of technical contradiction to the authorised standards of belief. The whole tendency and spirit of the creed to which he is legally bound to conform, is opposed to the views he really holds; and if he is a prudent man, it will be his interest not to speak the truth fearlessly and openly, but to insinuate his meaning in such cautious or ambiguous phraseology as to avoid giving his enemies a handle against him.

While, therefore, the usefulness of judicial interpretation is conceded, it must also be allowed that this in itself is not enough to procure that measure of clerical liberty which alone is sufficient for a really National Church. We have then to consider what may be done by legislative action.

2. The barriers to complete freedom of thought at present imposed upon the clergy are two-fold: first, the Subscription made by them upon their ordination; secondly, the temporal penalties to which they are liable, on conviction before the proper tribunals, of teaching or writing in a sense contrary to that of the doctrines of the Church. The Subscription is intended to bind the conscience before taking orders, or at the time of taking them; the temporal penalties are intended to subdue and intimidate the mind (through the medium of worldly self-interest) when they have been taken. I hold that both the one and the other have a pernicious influence upon the character of the Church, and that the evil they both inflict upon it can only be completely remedied by their entire and unqualified abolition.

The form of Subscription, as settled by a recent Act of Parliament, is as follows:—

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"'I, A.B., do solemnly make the following declaration:—

"'I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons: I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God: and in Public Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said Book prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.'"

This is no doubt a great improvement upon the numerous and stringent declarations which formerly prevailed, but every test of individual belief is to a certain extent an evil. Since, however, I have in a former publication[1] endeavoured to point out what the nature of that evil is, I do not think it necessary now to repeat the arguments therein used against Clerical Subscription. What I laboured to prove in reference to the old formulæ, is equally true in reference to the new one; namely, that nothing is gained in the case of those who do subscribe, while those to whom the necessity of subscribing forms a barrier, will generally be the most conscientious members of the community, and the best adapted to add strength and dignity to the National Church. Nevertheless, among the causes which deter intellectual men from taking orders, Subscription, though one of the most obvious, is probably one of the least important. Their difficulties have a deeper source. The destruction of this test—so useless as a safeguard to the Church, so noxious as a trial to the conscience—would be a welcome event; but it would be of comparatively little value so long as the legal restrictions on free thought remained hanging *in terrorem* over the heads of the clergy.

The effect of punishing on account of belief, will be either to induce the unorthodox clergyman to suppress or disguise his views from fear of personal danger, or if he should publish them, to expose him to considerable suffering in consequence of his act. Few people are likely to consider the first of these results as altogether desirable. A layman who holds unpopular opinions in theology, is in no way called upon to declare those opinions unless he choose. But a clergyman does not enjoy the same liberty of action. He is, by the position he holds, the official expositor of a particular creed. In the exercise of his ministerial duties he is required to speak frequently upon religious topics. If, therefore, he suffers it to be supposed that he still holds the doctrines which in reality he disbelieves; if he continues to preach upon religion while forbearing to give free expression to his real belief, he is taking a course which gives a false impression to his hearers, and is misleading them on matters of vital importance. No doubt, it may be urged that for the sake of the laity, it is better that he should conceal his errors than proclaim them. Even,

(1) "A Few Words on Clerical Subscription in the Church of England."

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however, if this be admitted for the sake of argument, it only holds good in the case of him who completely suppresses his heretical opinions. Should he give vent to them in a disguised or subtle way, so as to bear fruit in soil prepared to receive them, the cause of orthodoxy does not gain much by holding out the fear of punishment. In some ways the disguised heretic is a more dangerous foe than the open one. It is more difficult to confute him. It is more difficult to denounce him and raise an outcry against him—a task which orthodox disputants often find simpler and readier than confutation. In this case, then, it does not appear that much good is effected by the restrictions on free thought.

The second possibility is that of the man who does say what he thinks, and suffers in consequence. He suffers, either because from conscientious motives he thinks proper to resign his clerical office, or because he is deprived of it through the medium of a prosecution. With the man who resigns we are not at present concerned. In regard to the other, it may be observed that those who openly proclaim their dissent from the established creed, are not likely to be the most unworthy among the ministers of the Church. The fact of their dissenting shows that they have thought, and are not contented with blind acquiescence. The fact of their proclaiming that dissent proves their sincerity and earnestness. Men who brave the terrors of the law—whether burning or deprivation of income—for the sake of their belief, have at least a genuine sense of the value of truth. If necessity compels us to expel the clergymen who show this valuable quality on account of the pernicious character of their doctrines, the fate of the Church in this particular is much to be regretted. Whether any such necessity really exists will shortly be considered. In the mean time, it is sufficient for the purpose of the argument, to have shown that the effect of restricting the liberty of the clergy will be, that the less conscientious among them will be induced to conceal their views, and the more conscientious will be punished for expressing them.

So far we have considered the effect of these penalties on those who are actually in orders, taking no account of those who are prevented by their dissent from the established tenets from taking orders at all. Concerning this unknown and undefined class we can affirm little with certainty; but one thing we can affirm without much hesitation, and that is, that there will be some among them who, although they have a peculiar talent and vocation for the clerical life, will nevertheless be hindered from embracing it by the provisions of the law. We shall thus deprive ourselves of the men who, both for their own sakes and for ours, it is most desirable to include among our national clerisy. If we wish that the ministers of religion should be indeed spiritual teachers, speaking from the depth of

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a living faith, rather than simply echoing the barren phrases of a stereotyped creed, we must place no limitations on the field from which they are chosen. It is a suicidal policy to repel, instead of welcoming, the man who is willing to serve us. For I believe that the theory embodied in the Ordination Service—of a spiritual calling to this profession—although it appears to be generally treated as a mockery, is nevertheless not so entirely unmeaning or untrue. How a man, whose only real motive for becoming a clergyman is the prospect of a family living, can declare that he thinks he is inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, and truly called, according to the will of Christ, to the ministry of the Church, is hard to understand, and would be still harder, were it not one among many proofs how easily we may have belief without earnest conviction, the spirit of dogma entirely disjoined from the spirit of religion.

Thus it appears, that whether we consider those who are already members of the clerical body, or those who might under a system of freedom desire to enter it, the effect of the present restrictions on belief is alike unfortunate. It is true that in this argument we have omitted to speak of the orthodox majority among the clergy, confining our views to the unorthodox minority. The former, however, are not affected by the penalties on opinion, either for good or evil. It is obvious, that under any system, the bulk of the clergy would still coincide with the opinions usual among their contemporaries. The exceptions might be more numerous than they are at present, but they would still be exceptions. The question is, whether the exceptions—the clergymen of unusual or unorthodox opinions—ought to be permitted to exist as clergymen at all. Now the theory here maintained is, that all legal provisions, contrived with the express purpose of preventing the full and free expression of individual thought among the clergy, are impolitic and unjust; impolitic, because they tend to exclude from the minority the very men who would be best fitted to enter it; unjust, because in a National Church they shut out from its pale a large portion of the laity, and thus prevent it from being a real or accurate representation of the religion of the people.

The objections that may be urged against this theory, and the arguments by which it may be further strengthened and enforced, will form the subject of a few observations in the ensuing Number.

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THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.

AMONG the treasures of Greek literature which were lost to the world when the Alexandrian library perished in Caliph Omar's flames, we may probably rank those prototypes of the modern novel which owed their origin to the lively imagination of Asiatic Greeks. During the three centuries between the death of Alexander and the Christian era there seems to have grown up among the thriving populations spread over the eastern and northern shores of the Ægean a taste for tales of love and wonder; and city rivalled city in giving name to such collections. Of these, τὰ Μιλήσια, the Milesian collection, or Tales of Miletus, were perhaps the most famous. But this collection, with its fellows, shared the destruction which overtook, with few exceptions, the Greek literature of those centuries. They perished, along with the New Attic Comedy, with the Philosophy of the New Academy, the Porch, and the Garden; and with more of History and miscellaneous Poetry, no doubt, than we know even by the titles of the books and the names of the writers.

Lord Lytton's elegant volume contains seven tales, under the title of "The Lost Tales of Miletus." Though founded on ancient legends, these tales do not purport to be certainly among those which formed the Milesian collection. But the author is justly entitled to assume, as he does in his preface, that they correspond in general character to the contents of that miscellany.

The first tale is entitled "The Secret Way." It is taken, with some variation of incidents and names, from Athenæus, b. xiii. The scene is laid on the confines of the Scythian and Median dominions. At what exact spot and in what Olympiad we need not too curiously inquire. When Fiction takes the reins from History, she is privileged to give Geography and Chronology the go-by. Scythians and Medes, like some moderns of our acquaintance, dispute the possession of a river boundary or the pasturage on its course. The Median throne is filled by a gallant youth, Zariades. Omartes, King of Scythia, departing from the nomad habits of his people, has fortified a capital city with all the resources of ancient skill. He is warned, however, by his high-priest and counsellor, the sage Teleutias, that he has "forgot to bid the masons close the chinks of stone against calamity." The only child of Omartes is "a fair girl, Argiope." Her sire observes that her once "bright face" is sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought; but he knows not that the maiden has given her heart to a phantom of manly beauty, appearing to her in visions of the night. From politic motives, with the advice of Teleutias, Omartes resolves to offer Argiope's hand in marriage to the

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Median Sovereign. But his hopes are baulked by an unforeseen obstacle. Zariades, too, is haunted by a lovely shape from the realm of dream, which holds full possession of his enamoured fancy. He sends back the Scythian envoys with a cold and barely courteous refusal. Omartes, incensed, declares war and invades the Median territory; but, defeated in a great battle, and pursued across the river, he finds himself forsaken by his discontented hordes, and besieged in his new fortress. Again he takes counsel with Teleutias; and now the high-priest discloses to his royal master a clever device, contrived by his foresight against an evil hour. Having in charge the works of the palace, he had employed Ethiop masons, whom he afterwards sent back to their native land, to construct a secret way, leading underground from the interior of the palace to a sepulchre amidst the wilds of the desert. An escape was thus provided in case of extreme peril for the royal family and treasure. Omartes declares his settled purpose to defend his capital to the death; but he would have Argiope choose a Scythian husband, and take refuge with him in the pathless wilderness under the escort of Teleutias. But the priest will not desert his temple. The secret and the mission are then entrusted to Seuthes, an ambitious chief, and a traitor at heart, who has gained his master's ear by subtle flatteries. This man sells the secret to Zariades, and undertakes to guide a Median force into the heart of the palace on the night appointed for the marriage and flight of Argiope with the husband of her choice. Zariades, with his select Persian band, comes behind the hangings of the banquet hall at the moment when Argiope enters it, and in the Scythian princess beholds the living lady of his dream. Entranced, he steps into the hall, and the maiden, recognising the embodiment of her own cherished vision, extends the wine-cup to him as her chosen bridegroom. The shock of arms is stayed, and by the union of the royal pair the two nations are united.

Such is this graceful plot, so dramatic in construction that we think it might be transferred with little difficulty from the closet to the stage. Of its poetic treatment by Lord Lytton we can cite no finer sample than the concluding passage.

> "She shivered as he spoke, but, lips firm prest
> Imprisoning all the anguish at her heart,
> She filled the fatal cup,
> Raised her sad eyes, and vaguely gazed around her.
>
> "Sudden those eyes took light and joy and soul,
> Sudden from neck to temples flushed the rose,
> And with quick gliding steps,
> And the strange looks of one who walks in slumber,
>
> "She passed along the floors, and stooped above
> A form that, as she neared, with arms outstretched,
> On bended knees sunk down,
> And took the wine-cup with a hand that trembled:

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"A form of youth—and nobly beautiful
As Dorian models for Ionian gods.
'Again!' it murmured low,
'O dream, at last, at last! how I have missed thee!'

"And she replied, 'The gods are merciful,
Keeping me true to thee when I despaired.'
But now rose every guest,
Rose every voice in anger and in terror;

"For lo, the kneeler lifted above all
The front of him their best had fled before—
'Zariades the Mede!'
Rang from each lip, from each sheath flashed the sabre.

"Thrice stamped the Persian's foot: to the first sound
Ten thousand bucklers echoed back a clang;
The next, and the huge walls
Shook with the war-shout of ten thousand voices;

"The third, and, as between divided cloud
Flames fierce with deathful pest an angry sun,
The folds, flung rudely back,
Disclosed behind one glare of serried armour.

"On either side, the Persian or the Scyth,
The single lord of life and death to both,
Stayed, by a look, vain strife:
And, passing onward amid swords uplifted,

"A girl's slight form beside him his sole guard,
He paused before the footstool of the King,
And in such tones as soothe
The wrath of injured fathers, said submissive—

"'I have been guilty to the gods and thee
Of man's most sinful sin,—ingratitude;
That which I pined for most
Seen as a dream, my waking life rejected:

"'Now on my knees that blessing I implore.
Give me thy daughter; but a son receive,
And blend them both in one
As the mild guardian of the Scythian River.'"

The second tale, "Death and Sisyphus," is of a different character, resembling, in some respects, the Greek satyric drama, of which the only extant specimen is the *Cyclops*, ascribed, but on dubious authority, to Euripides. Lord Lytton's Sisyphus is not unlike the Ulysses of that play; but he is more perfectly represented by the vulpine hero of the well-known mediæval legend, "Reinecke Fuchs." Like the indomitable Fox, Sisyphus has a resource for any difficulty, and comes victorious out of every scrape. The escapade which forms the main subject of the tale, is the evasion of Sisyphus from the powers of Death and Hell, to which the Scholiast on Pindar alludes (Olymp. i. 97). The legend is worked out by Lord Lytton in the following way. The minor knaves of earth complain to Jupiter of

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a supreme knave, called Sisyphus, who outwits them all. The King of gods and men is indisposed at first to entertain the suit; but finding his own oracles seduced by bribes into the service of Sisyphian craft—

> "The Thunderer summoned Hermes. 'Go,' he said,
> 'Bid Death deliver to thy hands for Styx,
> And before sunset, or I may relent,
> That rogue—with laughing eyes.'"

Accordingly, while Sisyphus sate at supper, "flower-crowned and quaffing wine," Death stepped into the hall. The rogue is surprised, but equal to the situation. The "slandered friend of man," so he unctuously calls the grisly spectre, is coaxed to sit down in a "nefarious chair,"

> "Out from the back of which, as Death sate down,
> Darted a hundred ligaments of steel,
> Pierced through the hollows of his fleshless bones,
> And bound him coil on coil!
>
> "'Ho! I am ready now,' quoth Sisyphus,
> 'Up and away!' Death could not stir an inch,
> He raged, he prayed, he threatened, and he coaxed;
> And the thief drank his health."

In short, Sisyphus talks over his unwelcome visitor; makes him comfortable, merry, *bon-vivant*, plump, and keeps him in durance the reverse of vile.

> "Night after night a cheerful sight it was
> To see these two at feast, each facing each,
> Chatting till dawn under amazèd stars,
> Boon comrades, Man and Death."

Meantime, however, mankind at large, relieved from death, and "the dread of something after death," become more licentious than ever; leave off, in fact, praying and sacrificing. Jove asks the cause, and learning it from his official courier Hermes, he forthwith orders that functionary to make the detention of Death known to Pluto, the King of Shadows. Pluto takes action; and the result is thus told:—

> "Waiting his host's return to sup, Death sate,
> A jolly, rubicund, tun-bellied Death,
> Charmed with his chair, despite its springs of steel,
> And lilting Bacchic songs.
>
> "Suddenly round about him and around
> Circled the breath that kindled Phlegethon;
> Melted like wax the ligaments of steel;
> And Death instinctive rose:
>
> "He did not see the Hell-King's horrent shape,
> But well he knew the voice at which the hall
> Shook to the roots of earth in Tartarus."

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Pluto unchains Death,

> "And Sisyphus then entering in the hall,
> Death clutched him by the throat."

The Fox does not even now despair. He gets a word with his wife, desires her to keep his body above ground, snug, within reach of food; after which his disembodied spirit is borne away, under the escort of Hermes, to the Shades. The ghost is good company, and contrives to amuse and propitiate his keeper, who, though entirely disbelieving his power to escape the bourne from which, as he thinks, no traveller returns, nevertheless promises his friendly intercession with Jove in case of an event so improbable. At length the Styx is reached; but Sisyphus, being unburied, and without passage-money, cannot cross. He "chaffs" the ferryman, Charon, so vigorously, that the whole crowd of unburied ghosts "laughed out a dreary laugh." He continues to provoke such noisy merriment in the Silent Land, that Pluto, scandalised, goes forth to quell the riot, and threatens extreme hell-torments to the irreverent visitor. Sisyphus claims a fair trial; but this, he says, cannot be had, till his wicked wife is frightened into burying his corpse; and Pluto, unwarned by experience, allows the knave to quit Orcus, and return to earth for that purpose. Sisyphus loses no time, re-enters his body, eats and drinks, and makes the signal for Hermes. The god appears and delights the ears of his host with the announcement that Jupiter has reprieved him from death, till he himself shall call. This, he thinks, will be never. He is mistaken; for though now "all things prospered well with Sisyphus," yet, like the hero of Godwin's story, who found the elixir of life, he tired of life at last,

> "And weary, weary, seemed the languid days,
> Joyless the feast, and glitterless the gold:
> Till, racked with pain, one night on Death he called,
> And passed with Death away."

In the close of the poem the myth which assigns to Sisyphus a special damnation—μετὰ τριῶν τέταρτον πόνον—in the Shades below, is thus treated:—

> "And awful legends of some sentence grim,
> Passed on his guilty soul in Tartarus,
> Floated, like vapours, from the nether deep,
> And tinged the sunlit air.
>
> "But by a priest in Saïs I was told
> A tale, not known in Greece, of this man's doom,
> That, when the Thracian Orpheus in the Shades
> Sought his Eurydice,
>
> "He heard, tho' in the midst of Erebus,
> Song sweet as his Muse-mother made his own;
> It broke forth from a solitary ghost,
> Who up a vaporous hill

"Heaved a huge stone that came rebounding back;
And still the ghost upheaved it and still sang.
In the brief pause from toil while towards the height
Reluctant rolled the stone,

"The Thracian asked in wonder, 'Who art thou
Voiced like Heaven's lark amidst the night of Hell?'
'My name on earth was Sisyphus,' replied
The phantom. 'In the Shades

"'I keep mine earthly wit; I have duped the Three.
They gave me work for torture: work is joy.
Slaves work in chains, and to the clank they sing.'
Said Orpheus, 'Slaves still hope!'

"'And could I strive to heave up the huge stone,
Did I not hope that it would reach the height?
There penance ends, and dawn Elysian fields.'
'But if it never reach?'

"The Thracian sighed, as looming through the mist
The stone came whirling back. 'Fool,' said the ghost,
'Then mine, at worst, is everlasting hope.'
Again uprose the stone."

The third tale is shorter. Glaucon, a Lesbian youth, is affianced to Corinna, a rich maiden of Miletus. He hears a circumstantial charge against her honour, taxes her with the guilt, and dares her to the test of entering the grotto of Pan at Ephesus. "In this grotto," says the preface, "there was a statue of Artemis, to which was attached the reed dedicated to her by Pan as a peace-offering. This grotto afforded an ordeal to maidens willing to clear themselves of any charge against their honour. If, when they entered the cave, the reed gave forth a sound of music, they were considered to be acquitted of all charge; if not, they disappeared."

The event is not satisfactory to those who wish the course of true love to run smooth, or to those who dislike unsolved mysteries. It is as tantalising as Charlotte Bronte's "Villette." Although Corinna's innocence seems to be implied by her conduct in the story, yet she disappears in the cavern, and her lover does not long survive the catastrophe. Was she guilty, or are we to surmise that a betrothed maiden receives as little mercy from the marriage-hating goddess as one who has surrendered her honour?

We cite the passage in which Corinna accepts the ordeal:—

"Sudden she rose, all the woman in majesty,
Fearlessly fronting him; solemnly beautiful;
And calm was her eye and her smile,
But the calm thrilled him with terror.

"Calmly thus rises the moon over Rhodopè,
Calmly revealing the ice-fields of Thracia,
When everywhere quiet and light,
Everywhere midnight and winter.

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"'Welcome the shrine in the gateway of Acheron,
So that thou art by my side as I enter it,
When rounds the next moon to her full,
Meet we at Ephesus, Glaucon.'"

Passing by "The Fate of Calchas," which tells how that seer died in a fit of uncontrollable laughter, we come to "The Oread's Son; a Legend of Sicily." The hero of this tale is none other than the legendary shepherd-minstrel Daphnis, so well known in the pastoral idyls of Theocritus,

Πᾶ ποκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πᾶ ποκα Νύμφαι;

Lord Lytton's story tells how the young Daphnis, an Oread's child, invented music in Sicily; how he became the beloved of a fond though cold Naiad; how he strayed from her to the warmer love of a mortal princess; how the Naiad smote him with blindness; how, banished from the court, he gave his soul to music; and, finally, being reconciled to the nymph whom he had abandoned, was drawn down by her "to craggy deeps," where the twain "form one pure soul for ever." We are inclined to think that, in delicacy of execution and melody of language, this is the most complete poem in the volume.

The following stanzas describe the first interview of Daphnis with the Naiad; but, in citing them, we are far from sure that we extract the finest passage of this lovely pastoral.

"One summer noon, as thus he thought, thus sighed,
By the cool fount of forest-shadowed waves,
In his own native tongue
The voice of the invisible made answer:

"'Why dost thou pine to know the speech of men,
Uttering complaint in language of the gods?
And from what amaranth bowers
Strayest thou lone adown the gloom of forests?'

"Startled he gazed around, and guessed not whence,
From wood, or wave, or air, those accents came;
But as a man gives voice
To his own thought, and hearing it, replieth,

"So he addressed the unseen questioner:
'Who and whate'er thou art, 'mid races pure,
Which, in this world of men,
Have world their own, whereof they hold the portals,

"'Opening or closing as they list—come forth,
Be my companion in these solitudes,
Enter my void of life,
As in this hollow reed there enters music.'

"Scarce had he said, when all the fountain stirred,
And from it rose a mist of starry spray,
Arched o'er with iris hues,
Veiling the sun, and with a luminous dimness

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"Snatching from sight the outward world beyond;
It cleared away; and, lo! beside him sate
An image woman-fair,
Fair less as substance than as dream of beauty.

"Her paly locks white water-lilies starred,
Her dewy robes flowed undulous as waves,
And in her smile the light
Shone chill, as shines the Hyad through the shower.

"Yet in her looks was gentleness serene,
Waking no passion, or of love or fear,
But falling on his soul
Tender as falls the pure kiss of a sister."

"Undulous as waves" sounds like tautology. We should prefer "flowed round her undulous."

If "The Oread's Son" excels in grace and liquid sweetness, "The Wife of Miletus" stands first in tragic power. Erippe, wife of the Milesian Xanthus, is carried captive into Gaul by a band of Celtic plunderers. The doting husband converts his estates into money, and travels thither to ransom her. The Gaulish chief who held her in bonds was enamoured of his prisoner, but, honouring the husband's claim, he accepts a ransom. Erippe, however, had learnt to hate her Greek home, and to love her captor. She betrays the secret of her husband's wealth, and tempts the chief to slay Xanthus, and keep her as his own bride. But he, true to honour and duty, slays the wanton woman, and sets her husband free. The final scene is thus briefly and vigorously depicted:—

"To the still heaven the Gaul upraised his sword,
And crying, 'Gods, this offering to man's hearthstone;'
He smote: the lamb ran bleating from the stone;
To Acheron sighless passed a guiltier victim.

"Flinging to Xanthus, rooted horror-spelled,
The fatal lines that wooed and brought home murder,
The Doomsman said, 'When thy guide construes these,
Thank him who saved his guest from deadly ambush.

"'Take all thy gold. I have paid my people; how,
Their bards will teach them at inviolate hearthstones.
Thou hast no cause to grieve; but I—but I,
O Greek, I loved her; I have slain Temptation.'

"And as when, passing from the wrecks it doomed,
Desolate sets, in deeps of cloud, Orion,
The grand destroyer went his way forlorn
Thro' glimmering darkness down barbarian forests."

The next slight and sketchy piece, "Bridals in the Spirit Land," tells, from Pausanias, how it is brought to pass that in that new dwelling Helen becomes the bride of Achilles.

"'Know, thou dullard,' said Pelides,
'That upon the funeral pyre
Earthly sins are purged from glory,
And the soul is as the name.

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" 'If to her in life a Paris,
If to me in life a slave,
Helen's mate is here Achilles,
Mine the Sister of the Stars.

" 'Nought of her survives but beauty,
Nought of me survives but fame;
Fame and Beauty wed together
In the isle of happy souls.' "

The last tale in the volume, "Cydippe, or the Apple," is well known to scholars from the two epistles—"Acontius Cydippae," and "Cydippe Acontio," which appear in the "Heroides" of Ovid. Cydippe, kneeling at the altar of the Delian Artemis, receives an apple from an unknown hand, with a legend upon it, which she unwittingly recites: "I, Cydippe, vow to wed Acontius." Artemis holds the maiden bound by these words; so that, when her sire would give her in marriage to another, she sickens and lies between life and death. The plot is varied in Lord Lytton's version. Cydippe, indeed, is the first to be entranced. But, one suit ended, a second succeeds, and then the lover is mesmerised; a third follows, and the victim then is Cydippe's father. At length the "deus ex machina," an oracle of Apollo, explains the state of the case. Acontius, who, as a stranger, has now won Cydippe's heart, becomes the chosen and accepted suitor, and "all goes merry as a marriage bell." Though this story does not afford as much scope as some others for poetry, in the highest sense of the word, it is very skilfully told; and the visit of Acontius to the temple, with his first sight of Cydippe, may be named as its finest passage:—

" Lo, midway in the aisle, her nurse before her
Mother-like walking, came a youthful virgin
Bearing white garlands, as when, led by winter,
Comes the fresh Spring-morn bringing earliest flowers.

" Quiet and slow, with modest eyes cast downward,
Noting the hunter not, she glided by him;
Silent she took her place beside the altar,
Brightening its flame with balms from Araby

" And the reflected light of her own beauty;
And at the first sight of that stranger maiden
Leapt the youth's heart, and from it the cold goddess
Lifted the shadow since his childhood cast.

" As in closed chambers suddenly flung open
Rushes the light, rushes the golden splendour,
All his frame thrilled with a celestial glory,
And to himself he murmured, 'This is love.' "

As the vehicle for these graceful tales, the author has not unwisely chosen what we may call "rhymeless ballad metres." The first

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precedent we remember in English for such metre, is Milton's version of Horace, Od. i. 5.

"What slender youth bedewed with liquid odours," &c.

Our thoughts are then carried forward to Collins's "Ode to Evening:"—

"If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song," &c.

After which, if we are not mistaken, Southey was the next English poet who wrote sometimes in rhymeless lyric verse. Lord Lytton's stanzas are in rhythm generally iambic; in the seventh tale trochaic. But in the third, "Corinna," he has adopted the dactylic rhythm, (or a mixture of the dactyl and trochee, called logaœdic), with this peculiarity, that the third line of each stanza begins with an anacrusis, or single short time:

"Whīte ăt thĕ | vērge ŏf thĕ | gūlf blăck ănd | fāthŏmlĕss,
Nīched ĭn hĕr | shrīne, stŏod thĕ | stātuĕ ŏf | Artĕmĭs;
And || lō, ăt hĕr | fēet lāy̆ thĕ | rēed
Vōwed bȳ thĕ | Hāuntĕr ŏf | Fōrĕsts."

Many words have, we think, been wasted in debating whether the classical rhythms are or are not appropriate to modern language, and to our own language in particular. We view the matter thus. To the Greek and Roman, accent and quantity were distinct things. Their versification was chiefly regulated by quantity; and how, in recitation, they reconciled this with accent, is mere matter of uncertain conjecture. To us, accent and quantity, metrically considered, are identical. Our language has an abundance of iambs and trochees, with a plentiful sprinkling of dactyls: as *dĕbāte, fōllȳ, beāutĭfŭl.* An anapæst contained in a single word can hardly be established; for words like *ŏvĕrrāte, Imŏgēne,* &c., may be claimed as cretics with much reason. But in rhythm the occurrence of anapæsts cannot be gainsayed, as:—

At thĕ clōse | ŏf thĕ dāy | whĕn thĕ hām- | lĕt ĭs still.

So far then ancient and modern feet correspond; and why not the metres? But there remains one foot, ubiquitous, almost, in ancient metre, unknown, we believe, to English—that is, the spondee. No doubt we may make spondees. We may say *bow-wow* with equal stress on each syllable, and that makes a spondee. In such a line as this,—

Dīe āll, dīe nōbly, die like demigods,

we may, without impropriety, recite the first four syllables with equal stress, and so make two spondees. Yet, even when we do this, we are, I think, secretly conscious of a preference given to the second syllable, which determines the foot to be really an iambus rather than a spondee. That this is true will be more evident if we consider that in the converse rhythm, the modern trochaic, there is no possibility of a spondee appearing, although this foot was

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admissible in ancient trochaics. Thus we can see that accent anciently stepped in to rectify quantity: that *montes*, for instance, in iambic verse was *montés*, in trochaic *móntes*. But how it was enunciated in dactylic verse we have no certain test to decide our judgment. And this is the reason why modern dactylics do not exactly correspond to the Heroic and Elegiac metres of antiquity. But the evidence of the ancient metres concurs with the testimony of the ear in assuring us that trochees are congenial to dactylic rhythm, iambs to anapæstic. Dismissing the spondee, therefore, as a foot which the rules of English accent disallow, we say that modern dactylic metres are generally to be considered as a mixture of the dactyl and the trochee. Thus, if we write

Tītўrŭs, | thoū ĭn thĕ | shāde ŏf ă | sprēadĭng | bēech-trĕe rĕ- | clīnĭng,

this line represents that of Virgil in rhythm, with the substitution of trochees for spondees in the fourth and sixth feet. In short, the dactylic hexameter of Homer and Virgil becomes in English, technically speaking, a logaœdic hexameter. It may indeed be doubted whether the English dactylic metre can ever be so justly popular as the ancient, vowel-ending words being wanted to give it fluency, and true spondees to give it strength. But it ranks by just right among English rhythms; and the contemptuous tone in which some would-be autocrats of criticism are pleased to speak of it is not justified by fact or reason.

That Lord Lytton will hold a conspicuous station among the literary men of the nineteenth century there can be no doubt: as little, that he will have a place among its poets. What that place will be, Time alone can determine. When friends and foes (what public man is without them?) are gone to their common rest, Time will do justice to all who have left their footprints on his sands. Novelist, dramatist, moralist, poet, orator, scholar, statesman, it is certain that Lord Lytton has scorned, and, we think, justly scorned, the warning maxim, "Mos est hominum ut nolint eundem pluribus rebus excellere." Yet his best friends may allow, he himself would probably not deny, that he would have done some things better if he had done fewer things well. In poetry this is especially true. Horace, an oracle on all subjects within his range, says,—

"Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes."

And again:—

"Me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo."

And it may be believed that a genius so fertile and so fine as Lord Lytton's, had it been content to sacrifice all other distinction to that of poetic excellence, would have gone far—how far we presume not to say—beyond its present range, we mean, however wide. Yet,

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if literature would have gained on one side by the exclusive devotion of Lord Lytton's mind to poetry, it would have lost on others. It would have lost, for instance, "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "Caxtoniana." Even in poetry, it would probably have lost "The New Timon," certainly "St. Stephen's,"—a work which we venture to class with Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," believing that it will hereafter be cited as a vigorously and truthfully drawn portrait-gallery of the Parliamentary orators of England to this date. We conclude our paper with the sketch of Plunkett, extracted from this work.

"But one there was, to whom with joint consent
All yield the crown in that high argument:
Mark where he sits; gay flutterers round the bar
Gathering like moths attracted by the star;
In vain the ballet and the ball invite;
Ev'n beaux look serious—Plunkett speaks to-night.
Mark where he sits, his calm brow downward bent,
Listening, revolving, passive, yet intent;
Revile his cause, his lips vouchsafe no sneer;
Defend it, still from him there comes no cheer;
No sign without of what he feels or thinks;
Within, slow fires are hardening iron links.
Now one glance round, now upward turns the brow,
Hush'd every breath; he rises—mark him now:
No grace in feature, no command in height,
Yet his whole presence fills and awes the sight.
Wherefore? you ask; I can but guide your guess—
Man has no majesty like earnestness.
His that rare warmth, collected central heat,
As if he strove to check the heart's loud beat,
Tame strong conviction and indignant zeal,
And leave you free to think as he must feel.
Tones slow, not loud, but deep-drawn from the breast,
Action unstudied, and at times supprest;
But, as he neared some reasoning's massive close,
Strained o'er his bending head his strong arms rose
And sudden fell, as if from falsehood torn
Some grey old keystone, and hurled down with scorn,
His diction that which most exalts debate,
Terse, and yet smooth, not florid, yet ornate;
Prepared enough; long meditated fact,
By words at will made sinuous and compact;
With gems, the genius of the lamp must win,
Not scattered loose, but welded firmly in,
So that each ornament the most displayed
Decked not the sheath, but hardened more the blade;
Your eye scarce caught the dazzle of the show
Ere shield and cuirass crashed beneath the blow."

May Lord Lytton find, even in these days of athletic idleness, a few of his own order willing and able to emulate his zealous and industrious devotion to literature, his high aspirations after intellectual excellence, and, not least, his kindly sympathy with the humbler aspirations of other men!

BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY.

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ITALY AND THE POPE.

It is with a mixed feeling of sadness and hope that we witness the decline of a great institution of the past. While, on the one side, it seems as if the religion, the poetry, and the work of a long series of generations were fading away like the shadow of a dream, the undying voice of the soul awakes, on the other, new ideals of faith in the religious and social progress of mankind. Through the withering and falling off of external forms, rites, and temporal aspects of Church and State, the fundamental relations of man to God and to the world, the truly divine elements and purposes of life, both in the traditions of former creeds and in the fresh aspirations of human nature, attune themselves into a wider harmony of intellectual and moral truth. History, science, and conscience, all tend to prove the necessity of a change.

The Pope has had, in our century, to contend more and more with this concurrent testimony. He was unable to refute it; he could not turn the tide of human thought, the convictions of modern society. Still, he would not yield. Grasping more tenaciously than ever his most fragile and least holy support—namely, his political sovereignty—he was brought into constant antagonism with his subjects, and driven to the fatal alternative of being upheld by foreign intervention. The protests of the people, the verdicts of public opinion, and lastly the transformation of Italy into a united nation, failed to teach him the wisdom of timely concessions. The "*sint ut sunt aut non sint*," which proved the death-warrant of the Order of Jesus in the last century, has its equivalent in the "*non possumus*" of the Ultramontane party in the present day. Hence the great schism between reason and authority which is the prominent feature of the age. This schism is not the result of individual pride and selfishness; it is not a mere striving for innovation, or for the implanting of unbelief and anarchy in the place of morality and order. Those who object on these grounds to the rising protest against the hierarchy of the Church, are altogether mistaken as to the true meaning of it. It is, both for Catholic and for Protestant conservatism, a preposterous position to consider the struggle of modern society against priestly rule and the connection of Church and State, as the result of infidelity and materialism. The negative opinions of some contemporary philosophers and men of science, concerning the foundations of the spiritual world, the futurity of the soul, the moral law of man, bear an inconsiderable proportion to the complexity of the causes, which have been at work, from generation

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to generation, in bringing about the demolition of the old system. The heaviest blows dealt to the pretensions of Rome originated in the revival of a purer morality and religious conception within the pale of the Church itself. Thus, the earnest protest of Jansenius and his followers of Port Royal against the worldly casuistry of the Jesuits, furthered the emancipation of secular states from Papal supremacy. And, in our own days, the urgent want, felt by all serious minds, of restoring the harmony between the moral and the material world, between the inner yearning of man towards God, and his social mission on earth, is the deepest source of opposition to the Roman system.

Indeed, the strongest argument against the possibility of a clerical principality and of a Church system intimately blended with it, in the midst of modern civilisation, is the very progress of its decline. A decline which is clearly the effect of the passing away from the old institution of that very faith and living force of the spirit which, in former ages, had invested it with the supreme guidance of Christian nations. Since the Papacy, in its present form, claims, not only to teach and lead the conscience of man, but to govern his temporal interests, it must necessarily bear the consequence of the law of change and progress inherent in the elements by which it is surrounded. And, having no longer any actual link with their nature and development, it must, sooner or later, fall as a worn-out tree, that has borne its fruit and had its day.

The history of the Papal Government in the last two centuries, both in the administration of its own provinces, and in its relations with other Catholic States, respecting the jurisdiction and privileges of the Church, justifies this conviction. With the triumph of the Reformation in Germany, in the Netherlands, and in England, and the political balance between Catholic and Protestant Europe, consequent on the peace of Westphalia, the energy of Papal reaction began to give way. The ambitious schemes of the Church in the sixteenth century, the deadly power of the Inquisition, the asceticism of the Order of Jesus in its original form, were gradually succeeded by a milder and more peaceful tendency. The seventeenth century, with its longing after enlightenment, intellectual freedom, and scientific observation, was rapidly divesting itself, even in Catholic countries, of that wild religious fanaticism which had characterised the second half of the preceding century. A more tolerant spirit, called forth by the necessity of social and political intercourse between men and nations of different creeds, began to pervade secular society. And it was in that century that the Roman court, forced by the general condition of Europe to retrench its activity into a narrower sphere, gave up its aggressive designs of universal theocracy for the humbler aim of securing its local sway over

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reluctant municipalities, and of preserving as much as possible its temporal privileges in Catholic countries. The great contest for spiritual dominion over all earthly powers was thus reduced to a question of local rule, on the one side, and of forensic litigation between the canon and the civil law, on the other.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the relations of Papacy with Catholic Europe at this new period of its history. It suffices to remark that the Church of Rome, by making the question of its liberty dependent on the preservation of its temporal privileges, forced all the secular powers, not only to resist its encroachments, but to submit its jurisdiction, even in spiritual matters, to their political control.

In Italy, however, the question of Church and State was complicated by ecclesiastical misgovernment in the Roman provinces, and by the obstacles raised against national independence. I shall therefore briefly point out the consequences of this dualism. If the subjects of the Pope had been satisfied with his rule, it would have been far more difficult for the Italian nation, or for any Italian State, to accomplish the present revolution. The idea of the political unity of the country would probably have been supplanted by the federal tendency. Rome would have become the capital of a half secular, half ecclesiastical, association of States. The Utopia of Gioberti would have been the reality of the day. That such was not the case was entirely owing to the fact that the Roman populations unceasingly strove to overthrow a Government, which was in utter contradiction with all their requirements; while the Roman Court, being unable to stand on its rotten foundation, was constantly appealing to the Catholic interest in support of its internal abuses. Foreign interference naturally raised the local question of the Roman States to the importance of a national problem. The whole country made common cause with the subjects of the Pope, and the latter actually became the ringleaders of the movement towards unity. This state of things was the consequence of a long historical preparation. The inconsistency of priestly rule with the welfare of the people was clearly discerned and pointed out to public opinion in Italy, from the very time when it assumed the absolute form it has ever since retained. All the records of the seventeenth century bring their evidence to bear upon the disappearance of all industry and prosperity from the Roman provinces, when the direct administration of the Papal hierarchy had superseded municipal self-government. Guicciardini gives, in his history, a splendid description of the flourishing condition of those provinces in the first half of the sixteenth century, previous to the Papal reaction. The fertile plains of Romagna, extending from the Apennines to the Po and the Adriatic, presented a luxuriant display of cornfields, vineyards, and

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orchards, interspersed with rows of trees and enlivened by industrious towns, villages, and numberless cottages. The country was inhabited by a wealthy middle-class and a laborious peasantry, both the offspring of democratic commonwealths. In the feudal Estates themselves the peasant enjoyed the benefit of the *metayer* system, the townsman the free exercise of his municipal franchises. The lordly courts of Ferrara and Urbino were seats of culture, of elegant manners, and chivalrous pursuits. Ancona carried on a vast commerce with the East. What a contrast with the state of those same provinces a century afterwards, when placed under the irresponsible sway of the Papal legates! The Relations of the Venetian Ambassadors abound in details of the wretched condition of the Pontifical States at that time. "During our journey from one place to another," writes one of them in 1621, "we perceived great poverty among the peasantry and the common people, and small comfort, not to say great privations, among all other classes. This is the result of the form of government, and more especially of the insignificant amount of their commerce. . . . All the towns have fallen into utter decay."[1] Another contemporary writer says: "It is our duty to be in favour of the Church: nevertheless we see that whatever is given up to it becomes a bane to the public good. Ferrara, Urbino, Nepi, Nettuno, and all the districts which have passed under its sway, show how its provinces ere long became depopulated."[2] "About the year 1650," Ranke observes, "the opinion universally gained ground that an ecclesiastical government was fatal to the interest of the people." And naturally so. It was a Government, not of the people, but of an ecclesiastical aristocracy, which had interests and aims utterly at variance with those of its dependants. The resources of the country were drained to pay the interests of the enormous loans raised by the Popes, either to endow their families, or to defray the outlay of a diplomatic representation in all the Courts of Europe, or to rebuild, in the style of Bernini and Barozzi, the modern city at the expense of the classical monuments of ancient Rome. While, on the one hand, the taxation was excessive; on the other the economical blunders and the monopolies of the Curia were ruinous to the industry and commerce of the country.

The fatal agency of these causes was still at work at the time of the French revolution. The landed property had been concentrated into the hands of the Papal aristocracy and of the Convents. The *Campagna Romana* had become a desert. The malaria surrounded the Papal throne. Agriculture had fallen into decay even in the most fertile and industrious provinces. The middle-class was almost

(1) See "Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti" under Urban VIII. and Innocent X.: and the passages quoted by Ranke, book viii.

(2) Deone, "Diario di Roma." Ranke, "History of the Popes," vol. iii. sect. 10.

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entirely excluded, through the law of entail and the privileges of *mortmain*, from the possession of land, and greatly reduced both in number and means by the decrease of industry and commerce. The influence of the French revolution effected a complete change in the condition of the people. The most important feature of the new order of things was the growth of a large class of proprietors, and of active merchants and working men in all those provinces, which were incorporated with the Cisalpine Republic, and subsequently with the kingdom of Italy. Partly owing to the confiscation and the sale of Church property on easy terms, partly through the enactment of the law of equal succession among children—a law which had its sanction in the civil tradition of ancient Rome, and its certainty of success in the democratic tendencies of the people—the social progress of this class was rapid and steady. A new nation had arisen out of the ruins of the past. The restoration of 1814, with all its obsolete pretensions to spiritual and feudal supremacy, came upon this entirely new state of society. The public administration returned into the hands of the hierarchy. The provinces were once more ruled by prelates and cardinals. Congregations of prelates and cardinals directed all the departments of the State. The universities and the schools were kept under strict clerical control. The opposition of the secular community, which had, under the Republic and the Empire, become used to a regular system of civil administration, grew stronger and more determined from year to year. From the Restoration down to the present day the history of the Papal Government has been one unceasing protest on the side of the people, and a succession of defeats on that of the hierarchy. The presence of a foreign army in Rome for the last seventeen years to maintain that government in power is the most irrefragable proof of its moral decease. It was from Rome in '49, that the national verdict against the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was solemnly issued. The unwarrantable interference of France materially prevented its fulfilment. Will Rome repeal the sentence, and foreswear the national cause, when the foreign pressure shall have been withdrawn? Will Italy passively look on, and thus renounce the accomplishment of her unity? I will endeavour to answer these questions in another article.

AURELIO SAFFI.

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THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

No. VIII.—Its Supposed Checks and Balances.

In a former essay I devoted an elaborate discussion to the comparison of the royal and the unroyal form of Parliamentary Government.[1] I showed that at the formation of a ministry, and during the continuance of a ministry, a really sagacious monarch might be of rare use. I ascertained that it was a mistake to fancy that at such times a constitutional monarch had no *rôle* and no duties. But I proved likewise that the temper, the disposition, and the faculties then needful to fit a constitutional monarch for usefulness were very rare, at least as rare as the faculties of a great absolute monarch, and that a common man in that place is apt to do at least as much harm as good—perhaps more harm. But in that essay I could not discuss fully the functions of a king at the conclusion of an administration, for then the most peculiar parts of the English government—the power to dissolve the House of Commons, and the power to create new peers—come into play, and until the nature of the House of Lords and the nature of the House of Commons had been explained, I had no premises for an argument as to the characteristic action of the king upon them. We have since considered the functions of the two houses, and also the effects of changes of ministry on our administrative system; we are now, therefore, in a position to discuss the functions of a king at the end of an administration.

I may seem over formal in this matter, but I am very formal on purpose. It appears to me that the functions of our executive in dissolving the Commons and augmenting the Peers are among the most important, and the least appreciated, parts of our whole government, and that hundreds of errors have been made in copying the English constitution from not comprehending them.

Hobbes told us long ago, and everybody now understands that there must be a supreme authority, a conclusive power in every state on every point somewhere. The idea of government involves it—when that idea is properly understood. But there are two classes of governments. In one the supreme determining power is upon all points the same; in the other, that ultimate power is different upon different points—now resides in one part of the constitution, and now in another. The Americans thought that they were imitating the English in making their constitution upon the last principle—in

(1) See Fortnightly Review, No. XI. To avoid repetition, I am afraid I must ask such readers as care for the subject to look back to this paper, as the argument of the present can only be rightly judged of in connection with it.

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having one ultimate authority for one sort of matter, and another for another sort. But in truth, the English constitution is the type of the opposite species; it has only one authority for all sorts of matters. To gain a living conception of the difference let us see what the Americans did.

First, they altogether retained what, in part, they could not help, the sovereignty of the separate states. A fundamental article of the Federal constitution says that the powers not "delegated" to the central government are "reserved to the states respectively." And the whole recent history of the Union—perhaps all its history—has been more determined by that enactment than by any other single cause. The sovereignty of the principal matters of state has rested not with the highest government, but with the subordinate governments. The Federal government could not touch slavery—the "domestic institution" which divided the Union into two halves, unlike one another in morals, politics, and social condition, and then arrayed them in mortal combat with one another. This determining political fact was not in the jurisdiction of the highest government in the country, where you might expect its highest wisdom, nor in the central government, where you might look for impartiality; but in local governments, where petty interests were sure to be considered, and where only inferior abilities were likely to be employed. The capital fact was reserved for the minor jurisdictions. Again there has been only one matter comparable to slavery in the United States, and that has been vitally affected by the State governments also. Their ultra-democracy is not a result of Federal legislation, but of State legislation. The Federal constitution deputed one of the main items of its structure to the subordinate governments. One of its clauses provides that the suffrage for the Federal House of Representatives shall be, in each State, the same as for the most numerous branch of the legislature of that State; and as each State fixes the suffrage for its own legislatures, the States altogether fix the suffrage for the Federal Lower Chamber. By another clause of the Federal constitution the States fix the electoral qualification for voting at a Presidential election. The primary element in a free government—the determination how many people shall have a share in it—in America depends not on the government but on certain subordinate local, and sometimes, as in the South now, hostile bodies.

Doubtless the framers of the constitution had not much choice in the matter. The wisest of them were anxious to get as much power for the central government, and to leave as little to the local governments as they could. But a cry was got up that this wisdom would create a tyranny and impair freedom, and with that help, local jealousy triumphed easily. All Federal government is, in truth, a case in which what I have called the dignified elements of govern-

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ment do not coincide with the serviceable elements. At the beginning of every league the separate States are the old governments which attract and keep the love and loyalty of the people; the Federal government is a useful thing, but new and unattractive. It must concede much to the State governments, for it is indebted to them for motive power: they are the governments which the people voluntarily obey. When the State governments are not thus loved, they vanish as the little Italian and the little German potentates vanished; no federation is needed; a single central government rules all.

But the division of the sovereign authority in the American constitution is far more complex than this. The part of that authority left to the Federal government is itself divided and subdivided. The greatest instance is the most obvious. The Congress rules the law, but the President rules the administration. One means of unity the constitution does give; the President can veto laws he does not like. But when two-thirds of both Houses are unanimous (as has lately happened), they can overrule the President and make the laws without him: so here there are three separate repositories of the legislative power in different cases: first, Congress and the President when they agree; next, the President when he effectually exerts his power; then the requisite two-thirds of Congress when they overrule the President. And the President need not be over-active in carrying out a law he does not approve of. He may indeed be impeached for gross neglect; but between criminal non-feasance and zealous activity there are infinite degrees. Mr. Johnson does not carry out the Freedmen's Bureau Bill as Mr. Lincoln, who approved of it, would have carried it out. The American constitution has a special contrivance for varying the supreme legislative authority in different cases, and dividing the administrative authority from it in all cases.

But the administrative power itself is not left thus simple and undivided. One most important part of administration is international policy, and the supreme authority here is not in the President, still less in the House of Representatives, but in the Senate. The President can only make treaties, "provided two-thirds of Senators present" concur. The sovereignty therefore for the greatest international questions is in a different part of the State altogether from any common administrative or legislative question. It is put in a place by itself.

Again, the Congress declares war, but they would find it very difficult, according to the recent construction of their laws, to compel the President to make a peace. The authors of the constitution doubtless intended that Congress should be able to control the American

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executive as our Parliament controls ours. They placed the granting of supplies in the House of Representatives exclusively. But they forgot to look after "paper money;" and now it has been held that the President has power to emit such money without consulting Congress at all. The first part of the late war was so carried on by Mr. Lincoln; he relied not on the grants of Congress, but on the prerogative of emission. It sounds a joke, but it is true nevertheless, that this power to issue greenbacks is decided to belong to the President as commander-in-chief of the army; it is part of what was called the "war power." In truth, money was wanted in the late war, and the administration got it in the readiest way; and the nation, glad not to be more taxed, wholly approved of it. But the fact remains that the President has now, by precedent and decision, a mighty power to continue a war without the consent of Congress, and perhaps against its wish. Against the united will of the American people a President would of course be impotent; such is the genius of the place and nation that he would never think of it. But when the nation was (as of late) divided into two parties, one cleaving to the President the other to the Congress, the now unquestionable power of the President to issue paper money may give him the power to continue the war though Parliament (as we should speak) may enjoin the war to cease.

And lastly, the whole region of the very highest questions is withdrawn from the ordinary authorities of the State, and reserved for special authorities. The "constitution" cannot be altered by any authorities within the constitution, but only by authorities without it. Every alteration of it, however urgent or however trifling, must be sanctioned by a complicated proportion of States or legislatures. The consequence is that the most obvious evils cannot be quickly remedied; that the most absurd fictions must be framed to evade the plain sense of mischievous clauses; that a clumsy working and a curious technicality mark the politics of a rough and ready people. The practical arguments and the legal disquisitions in America are often like those of trustees carrying out a misdrawn will—the sense of what they mean is good, but it can never be worked out fully or defended simply, so hampered is it by the old words of an odd testament.

These instances (and others might be added) prove, as history proves too, what was the principal thought of the American constitution-makers. They shrank from placing sovereign power anywhere. They feared that it would generate tyranny; George III. had been a tyrant to them; and come what might, they would not make a George III. Accredited theories said that the English Constitution divided the sovereign authority, and in imitation the Americans split up theirs.

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The result is seen now. At the critical moment of their history there is no ready, deciding power. The South, after a great rebellion, lies at the feet of its conquerors; its conquerors have to settle what to do with it. They must decide the conditions upon which the Secessionists shall again become fellow citizens, shall again vote, again be represented, again perhaps govern. The most difficult of problems is how to change late foes into free friends. The safety of their great public debt, and with that debt their future credit and their whole power in future wars, may depend on their not giving too much power to those who must see in the debt the cost of their own subjugation, and who must have an inclination towards the repudiation of it, now that their own debt,—the cost of their defence,—has been repudiated. A race, too, formerly enslaved is now at the mercy of men who hate and despise it, and those who set it free are bound to give it a fair chance for new life. The slave was formerly protected by his chains; he was an article of value; but now he belongs to himself, no one but himself has an interest in his life; and he is at the mercy of the "mean whites," whose labour he depreciates, and who regard him with a loathing hatred. The greatest moral duty ever set before a government, and the most fearful political problem ever set before a government, are now set before the American. But there is no decision, and no possibility of a decision. The President wants one course, and has power to prevent any other; the Congress wants another course, and has power to prevent any other. The splitting of sovereignty into many parts amounts to there being no sovereign.

The Americans of 1787 thought they were copying the English Constitution, but they were contriving a contrast to it. Just as the American is the type of *composite* governments, in which the supreme power is divided between many bodies and functionaries, so the English is the type of *simple* constitutions, in which the ultimate power upon all questions is in the hands of the same persons.

The ultimate authority in the English constitution is a newly-elected House of Commons. No matter whether the question upon which it decides be administrative or legislative; no matter whether it concerns high matters of the essential constitution or small matters of daily detail; no matter whether it be a question of making a war or continuing a war; no matter whether it be the imposing a tax or the issuing a paper currency; no matter whether it be a question relating to India, or Ireland, or London,—a new House of Commons can despotically and finally resolve.

The House of Commons may, as was explained, assent in minor matters to the revision of the House of Lords, and submit in matters about which it cares little to the suspensive veto of the House of

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Lords; but when sure of the popular assent, and when freshly elected, it is absolute,—it can rule as it likes and decide as it likes. And it can take the best security that it does not decide in vain. It can ensure that its decrees shall be executed, for it, and it alone, appoints the executive; it can inflict the most severe of all penalties on neglect, for it can remove the executive. It can choose, to effect its wishes, those who wish the same; and so its will is sure to be done. A stipulated majority of both Houses of the American Congress can overrule by stated enactment their executive; but the popular branch of our legislature can make and unmake our executive.

The English Constitution, in a word, is framed on the principle of choosing a single sovereign authority, and making it good: the American, upon the principle of having many sovereign authorities, and hoping that their multitude may atone for their inferiority. The Americans now extol their institutions, and so defraud themselves of their due praise. But if they had not a genius for politics; if they had not a moderation in action singularly curious where superficial speech is so violent; if they had not a regard for law, such as no great people have yet evinced, and infinitely surpassing ours,—the multiplicity of authorities in the American Constitution would long ago have brought it to a bad end. Sensible shareholders, I have heard a shrewd attorney say, can work *any* deed of settlement; and so the men of Massachusetts could, I believe, work *any* constitution.[1] But political philosophy must analyse political history; it must distinguish what is due to the excellence of the people, and what to the excellence of the laws; it must carefully calculate the exact effect of each part of the constitution, though thus it may destroy many an idol of the multitude, and detect the secret of utility where but few imagined it to reside.

How important singleness and unity are in political action no one, I imagine, can doubt. We may distinguish and define its parts; but policy is a unit and a whole. It acts by laws—by administrators; it requires now one, now the other; unless it can easily move both it will be impeded soon; unless it has an absolute command of both its work will be imperfect. The interlaced character of human affairs requires a single determining energy; a distinct force for each artificial compartment will make but a motley patchwork, if it live long enough to make anything. The excellence of the British Constitution is, that it has achieved this unity, that in it the sovereign power is single, possible, and good.

The success is primarily due to the peculiar provision of the

(1) Of course I am not speaking here of the South and South-East, as they now are. How any free government is to exist in societies where so many bad elements are so much perturbed, I cannot imagine.

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English Constitution, which places the choice of the executive in the "people's house;" but it could not have been thoroughly achieved but for two parts, which I venture to call the "safety-valve" of the constitution, and the "regulator."

The safety-valve is the peculiar provision of the constitution, of which I spoke at great length in my essay on the House of Lords. The head of the executive can overcome the resistance of the second chamber by choosing new members of that chamber; if he do not find a majority, he can make a majority. This is a safety-valve of the truest kind. It enables the popular will—the will of which the executive is the exponent, the will of which it is the appointee—to carry out within the constitution desires and conceptions which one branch of the constitution dislikes and resists. It lets forth a dangerous accumulation of inhibited power, which might sweep this constitution before it, as like accumulations have often swept away like constitutions.

The regulator, as I venture to call it, of our single sovereignty is the power of dissolving the otherwise sovereign chamber confided to the chief executive. The defects of the popular branch of a legislature as a sovereign have been expounded at length in a previous essay. Briefly, they may be summed up in three accusations.

First. Caprice is the commonest and most formidable vice of a choosing chamber. Wherever in our colonies parliamentary government is unsuccessful, or is alleged to be unsuccessful, this is the vice which first impairs it. The assembly cannot be induced to maintain any administration; it shifts its selection now from one minister to another minister, and in consequence there is no government at all.

Secondly. The very remedy for such caprice entails another evil. The only mode by which a cohesive majority and a lasting administration can be upheld in a Parliamentary government, is party organisation; but that organisation itself tends to aggravate party violence and party animosity. It is, in substance, subjecting the whole nation to the rule of a section of the nation, selected because of its speciality. Parliamentary government is, in its essence, a sectarian government, and is possible only when sects are cohesive.

Thirdly. A parliament, like every other sort of sovereign, has peculiar feelings, peculiar prejudices, peculiar interests; and it may pursue these in opposition to the desires, and even in opposition to the well-being of the nation. It has its selfishness as well as its caprice and its parties.

The mode in which the regulating wheel of our constitution produces its effect is plain. It does not impair the authority of Parliament as a species, but it impairs the power of the individual Parliament. It enables a particular person outside parliament to say, "You Members

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of Parliament are not doing your duty. You are gratifying caprice at the cost of the nation. You are indulging party spirit at the cost of the nation. You are helping yourselves at the cost of the nation. I will see whether the nation approves what you are doing or not; I will appeal from Parliament No. 1 to Parliament No. 2."

By far the best way to appreciate this peculiar provision of our constitution is to trace it in action,—to see, as we saw before of the other powers of English royalty, how far it is dependent on the existence of an hereditary king, and how far it can be exercised by a premier whom Parliament elects. When we examine the nature of the particular person required to exercise the power, a vivid idea of that power is itself brought home to us.

First. As to the caprice of parliament in the choice of a premier, who is the best person to check it? clearly the premier himself. He is the person most interested in maintaining his administration, and therefore the most likely person to use efficiently and dextrously the power by which it is to be maintained. The intervention of an extrinsic king occasions a difficulty. A capricious Parliament may always hope that his caprice may coincide with theirs. In the days when George III. assailed his governments, the premier was habitually deprived of his due authority. Intrigues were encouraged because it was always dubious whether the king-hated minister would be permitted to appeal from the intriguers, and always a chance that the conspiring monarch might appoint one of the conspirators to be premier in his room. The caprice of Parliament is better checked when the faculty of dissolution is intrusted to its appointee, than when it is set apart in an outlying and alien authority.

But, on the contrary, the party zeal and the self-seeking of Parliament are best checked by an authority which has no connection with Parliament or dependence upon it—supposing that such authority is morally and intellectually equal to the performance of the intrusted function. The Prime Minister obviously being the nominee of a party majority is likely to share its feeling, and is sure to be obliged to say that he shares it. The actual contact with affairs is indeed likely to purify him from many prejudices, to tame him of many fanaticisms, to beat out of him many errors. The present Conservative Government contains more than one member who regards his party as intellectually benighted; who either never speaks their peculiar dialect, or who speaks it condescendingly, and with an "aside;" who respects their accumulated prejudices as the "potential energies" on which he subsists, but who despises them while he lives by them. Years ago Mr. Disraeli called Sir Robert Peel's Ministry—the last Conservative Ministry that had real power—"an organised hypocrisy," so much did the ideas of its "head" differ from the

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sensations of its "tail." Probably he now comprehends—if he did not always—that the air of Downing Street brings certain ideas to those who live there, and that the hard, compact prejudices of opposition are soon melted and mitigated in the great gulf stream of affairs. Lord Palmerston, too, was a typical example of a leader lulling rather than arousing, assuaging rather than acerbating the minds of his followers. But though the composing effect of close difficulties will commonly make a premier cease to be an immoderate partisan, yet a partisan to some extent he must be, and a violent one he may be; and in that case he is not a good person to check the party. When the leading sect (so to speak) in Parliament is doing what the nation do not like, an instant appeal ought to be registered, and Parliament ought to be dissolved. But a zealot of a premier will not appeal; he will follow his formulæ; he will believe he is doing good service when, perhaps, he is but pushing to unpopular consequences the narrow maxims of an inchoate theory. At such a minute a constitutional king—such as Leopold the First was, and as Prince Albert might have been—is invaluable; he can and will appeal to the nation; he can and will prevent Parliament from hurting the nation.

Again, too, on the selfishness of Parliament an extrinsic check is clearly more efficient than an intrinsic. A premier who is made by Parliament may share the bad impulses of those who chose him; or, at any rate, he may have made "capital" out of them—he may have seemed to share them. The self-interests, the jobbing propensities of the assembly are sure indeed to be of very secondary interest to him. What he will care most for is the permanence, is the interest—whether corrupt or uncorrupt—of his own ministry. He will be disinclined to anything coarsely unpopular. In the order of nature, a new assembly must come before long, and he will be indisposed to shock the feelings of the electors from whom that assembly must emanate. But though the interest of the minister is inconsistent with appalling jobbery, he will be inclined to mitigated jobbery. He will temporise; he will try to give a seemly dress to unseemly matters; to do as much harm as will content the assembly, and yet not so much harm as will offend the nation. He will not shrink from becoming a *particeps criminis;* he will but endeavour to dilute the crime. The intervention of an extrinsic, impartial, and capable authority—if such can be found—will undoubtedly restrain the covetousness as well as the factiousness of a choosing assembly.

But can such a head be found? In one case I think it has been found. Our colonial governors are precisely *Dei ex machinâ.* They are always intelligent, for they have to live by a difficult trade; they are nearly sure to be impartial, for they come from the ends of the

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earth; they are sure not to participate in the selfish desires of any colonial class or body, for long before those desires can have attained fruition they will have passed to the other side of the world; be busy with other faces and other minds, be almost out of hearing what happens in a region they have half forgotten. A colonial governor is a super-parliamentary authority, animated by a wisdom which is probably in quantity considerable, and is different from that of the local Parliament, even if not above it. But even in this case the advantage of this extrinsic authority is purchased at a heavy price—a price which must not be made light of, because it is often worth paying. A colonial governor is a ruler who has no permanent interest in the colony he governs; who perhaps had to look for it in the map when he was sent thither; who takes years before he really understands its parties and its controversies; who, though without prejudice himself, is apt to be a slave to the prejudices of local people near him; who inevitably, and almost laudably, governs not in the interest of the colony, which he may mistake, but in his own interest, which he sees and is sure of. The first desire of a colonial governor is not to get into a "scrape," not to do anything which may give trouble to his superiors—the Colonial Office—at home, which may cause an untimely and dubious recall, which may hurt his after career. He is sure to leave upon the colony the feeling that they have a ruler who only half knows them, and does not so much as half care for them. We hardly appreciate this common feeling in our colonies, because *we* appoint *their* sovereign; but we should understand it in an instant if, by a political metamorphosis, the choice were turned the opposite way—if *they* appointed *our* sovereign. We should then say at once, "How is it possible a man from New Zealand can understand England? how is it possible a man longing to get back to the antipodes can care for England? how can we trust one who lives by the fluctuating favour of a distant authority? how can we heartily obey one who is but a foreigner with the accident of an identical language?"

I dwell on the evils which impair the advantage of colonial governorship because that is the most favoured case of super-parliamentary royalty, and because from looking at it we can bring freshly home to our minds what the real difficulties of that institution are. We are so familiar with it that we do not understand it. We are like people who have known a man all their lives, and yet are quite surprised when he displays some obvious characteristic which casual observers have detected at a glance. I have known a man who did not know what colour his sister's eyes were, though he had seen her every day for twenty years; or rather, he did not know *because* he had so seen her: so true is the philosophical maxim that

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we neglect the constant element in our thoughts, though it is probably the most important, and attend almost only to the varying elements—the differentiating elements (as men now speak)—though they are apt to be less important. But when we perceive by the roundabout example of a colonial governor how difficult the task of a constitutional king is in the exercise of the function of dissolving parliament, we at once see how unlikely it is that an hereditary monarch will be possessed of the requisite faculties.

An hereditary king is but an ordinary person, upon an average, at best; he is nearly sure to be badly educated for business; he is very little likely to have a taste for business; he is solicited from youth by every temptation to pleasure; he probably passed the whole of his youth in the vicious situation of the heir-apparent, who can do nothing because he has no appointed work, and who will be considered almost to outstep his function if he undertake optional work. For the most part, a constitutional king is a *damaged* common man; not forced to business by necessity as a despot often is, but yet spoiled for business by most of the temptations which spoil a despot. History, too, seems to show that hereditary royal families gather from the repeated influence of their corrupting situation some dark taint in the blood, some transmitted and growing poison which hurts their judgments, darkens all their sorrow, and is a cloud on half their pleasure. It has been said, not truly, but with a possible approximation to truth, "That in 1802 every hereditary monarch was insane." Is it likely that this sort of monarchs will be able to catch the exact moment when, in opposition to the wishes of a triumphant ministry, they ought to dissolve Parliament? To do so with efficiency they must be able to perceive that the Parliament is wrong, and that the nation knows it is wrong. Now to know that Parliament is wrong, a man must be, if not a great statesman, yet a considerable statesman—a statesman of some sort. He must have great natural vigour, for no less will comprehend the hard principles of national policy. He must have incessant industry, for no less will keep him abreast with the involved detail to which those principles relate, and the miscellaneous occasions to which they must be applied. A man made common by nature, and made worse by life, is not likely to have either; he is nearly sure not to be *both* clever and industrious. And a monarch in the recesses of a palace, listening to a charmed flattery, unbiassed by the miscellaneous world, who has always been hedged in by rank, is likely to be but a poor judge of public opinion. He may have an inborn tact for finding it out; but his life will never teach it him, and will probably enfeeble it in him.

But there is a still worse case, a case which the life of George III.—which is a sort of museum of the defects of a constitutional king—

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suggests at once. The Parliament may be wiser than the people, and yet the king may be of the same mind with the people. During the last years of the American war, the Premier, Lord North, upon whom the first responsibility rested, was averse to continuing it, and knew it could not succeed. Parliament was much of the same mind; if Lord North had been able to come down to Parliament with a peace in his hand, Parliament would probably have rejoiced, and the nation under the guidance of Parliament, though saddened by their losses, probably would have been satisfied. The opinion of that day was more like the American opinion of the present day than like our present opinion. It was much slower in its formation than our opinion now, and obeyed much more easily sudden impulses from the central administration. If Lord North had been able to throw the undivided energy and the undistracted authority of the Executive Government into the excellent work of making a peace and carrying a peace, years of bloodshed might have been spared, and an entail of enmity cut off that has not yet run out. But there was a power behind the Prime Minister; George III. was madly eager to continue the war, and the nation—not seeing how hopeless the strife was, not comprehending the lasting antipathy which their obstinacy was creating—ignorant, dull, and helpless, was ready to continue the war. Even if Lord North had wished to make peace, and had persuaded Parliament accordingly, all his work would have been useless; a superior power could and would have appealed from a wise and pacific Parliament to a sullen and warlike nation. The check which our constitution finds for the special vices of our Parliament was then misused to curb its wisdom.

The more we study the nature of Cabinet Government, the more we shall shrink from exposing at a vital instant its delicate machinery to a blow from a casual, incompetent, and perhaps semi-insane outsider. The preponderant probability is that on a great occasion the premier and Parliament will really be wiser than the King. The premier is sure to be able, and is sure to be most anxious to decide well. If he fail to decide, he loses his place, though through all blunders the king keeps his. The judgment of the man, naturally very discerning, is sharpened by a heavy penalty, from which the judgment of the man by nature much less intelligent is exempt. Parliament, too, is for the most part a sound, careful, and practical body of men. Principle shows that the power of dismissing a Government with which Parliament is satisfied, and of dissolving that Parliament upon an appeal to the people, is not a power which a common hereditary monarch will in the long run be able beneficially to exercise.

Accordingly this power has almost, if not quite, dropped out of the reality of our constitution. Nothing, perhaps, would more surprise

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the English people than if the Queen by a *coup-d'état* and on a sudden destroyed a ministry firm in the allegiance and secure of a majority in Parliament. That power indisputably, in theory, belongs to her; but it has passed so far away from the minds of man, that it would terrify them, if she executed it, like a volcanic eruption from Primrose Hill. The last analogy to it is not one to be coveted as a precedent. In 1835 William IV. dismissed an administration which, though disorganised by the loss of its leader in the Commons, was an existing Government, had a premier in the Lords ready to go on, and a leader in the Commons willing to begin. The King fancied that public opinion was leaving the Whigs and going over to the Tories, and he thought he should accelerate the transition by ejecting the former. But the event showed that he misjudged. His *perception* indeed was right; the English people were wavering in their allegiance to the Whigs, who had no leader that touched the popular hearts, none in whom Liberalism could personify itself and become a passion—who besides were a body long used to opposition, and therefore making blunders in office—who were borne to power by a popular impulse which they only half comprehended, and perhaps less than half shared. But the King's *policy* was wrong; he impeded the reaction, instead of aiding it. He forced on a premature Tory Government, which was as unsuccessful as all wise people perceived that it must be. The popular distaste to the Whigs was as yet but incipient, inefficient; and the intervention of the crown was advantageous to them, because it looked inconsistent with the liberties of the people. And in so far as William IV. was right in detecting an incipient change of opinion, he did but detect an erroneous change. What was desirable was the prolongation of Liberal rule. The commencing dissatisfaction did but relate to the personal demerits of the Whig leaders, and other temporary adjuncts of free principles, and not to those principles intrinsically. So that the last precedent for a royal onslaught on a ministry ended thus:—in opposing the right principles, in aiding the wrong principles, in hurting the party it was meant to help. After such a warning, it is likely that our monarchs will pursue the policy which a long course of quiet precedent at present directs—they will leave a Ministry trusted by Parliament to the judgment of Parliament.

Indeed, the dangers arising from a party spirit in Parliament exceeding that of the nation, and of a selfishness in Parliament contradicting the true interest of the nation, are not great dangers in a country where the mind of the nation is steadily political, and where its control over its representatives is constant. A steady opposition to a formed public opinion is hardly possible in our House of Commons, so incessant is the national attention to politics, and so keen the

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fear in the mind of each member that he may lose his valued seat. These dangers belong to early and scattered communities, where there are no interesting political questions, where the distances are great, where no vigilant opinion passes judgment on parliamentary excesses, where few care to have seats in the chamber, and where many of those few are from their characters and their antecedents better not there than there. The one great vice of parliamentary government in an adult political nation, is the caprice of Parliament in the choice of a ministry. A nation can hardly control it here; and it is not good that, except within wide limits, it should control it. The parliamentary judgment of the merits or demerits of an administration very generally depends on matters which the Parliament, being close at hand, distinctly sees, and which the distant nation does not see. But where personality enters, capriciousness begins. It is easy to imagine a House of Commons which is discontented with all statesmen, which is contented with none, which is made up of little parties, which votes in small knots, which will adhere steadily to no leader, which gives every leader a chance and a hope. Such Parliaments require the imminent check of possible dissolution; but that check is (as has been shown) better in the premier than in the sovereign; and by the late practice of our constitution, its use is yearly ebbing from the sovereign and yearly centring in the premier. The Queen can hardly now refuse a defeated minister the chance of a dissolution, any more than she can dissolve in the time of an undefeated one, and without his consent.

We shall find the case much the same with the safety-valve, as I have called it, of our constitution. A good, capable, hereditary monarch would exercise it better than a premier, but a premier could manage it well enough; and a monarch capable of doing better will be born only once in a century, whereas monarchs likely to do worse will be born every day.

There are two modes in which the power of our executive to create Peers—to nominate, that is, additional members of our upper and revising chamber—now acts: one constant, habitual, though not adequately noticed by the popular mind as it goes on; and the other possible and terrific, scarcely ever really exercised, but always by its reserved magic maintaining a great and a restraining influence. The Crown creates Peers, a few year by year, and thus modifies continually the characteristic feeling of the House of Lords. I have heard people say, who ought to know, that the *English* peerage (the only one upon which unhappily the power of new creation now acts) is now more Whig than Tory. Thirty years ago the majority was indisputably the other way. Owing to very curious circumstances English parties have not alternated in power as a

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good deal of speculation predicts they would, and a good deal of current language assumes they have. The Whig party were in office some seventy years (with very small breaks), from the death of Queen Anne to the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox; then the Tories (with only such breaks) were in power for nearly fifty years, till 1832; and since, the Whig party has always, with very trifling intervals, been predominant. Consequently, each continuously-governing party has had the means of modifying the upper house to suit its views. The profuse Tory creations of half a century had made the House of Lords bigotedly Tory before the first Reform Act, but it is wonderfully mitigated now. The Irish Peers and the Scotch Peers—being nominated by an almost unaltered constituency, and representing the feelings of the majority of that constituency only (no minority having any voice)—present an unchangeable Tory element. But the element in which change is permitted has been changed. Whether the English Peerage be or be not predominantly now Tory, it is certainly not Tory after the fashion of the Toryism of 1832. The Whig additions have naturally been made from a class commonly rather adjoining upon Toryism than much inclining to Radicalism. It is not from men of large wealth that a very great impetus to organic change should be expected. The additions to the Peers have matched nicely enough with the old Peers, and therefore they have effected more easily a greater and more permeating modification. The addition of a contrasting mass would have excited the old leaven, but the delicate infusion of ingredients similar in genus, though different in species, has modified the new compound without irritating the old original.

This ordinary and common use of the peer-creating power is always in the hands of the premier, and depends for its characteristic use on being there. He, as the head of the predominant party, is the proper person to modify gradually the permanent chamber which, perhaps, was at starting hostile to him; and, at any rate, can be best harmonised with the public opinion he represents by the additions he makes. Hardly any contrived constitution possesses a machinery for modifying its secondary house so delicate, so flexible, and so constant. If the power of creating life peers had been added, the mitigating influence of the responsible executive upon the House of Lords would have been as good as such a thing can be.

The catastrophic creation of Peers for the purpose of swamping the upper house is utterly different. If an able and impartial exterior king is at hand, this power is best in that king. It is a power only to be used on great occasions, when the object is immense, and the party strife unmitigated. This is the conclusive, the swaying power of the moment, and of course, therefore, it had better be in the hands

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of a power both capable and impartial, than of a premier who must in some degree be a partisan. The value of a discreet, calm, wise monarch, if such should happen at the acute crisis of a nation's destiny, is priceless. He may prevent years of tumult, save bloodshed and civic war, lay up a store of grateful fame to himself, prevent the accumulated intestine hatred of each party to its opposite. But the question comes back, Will there be such a monarch just then? What is the chance of having him just then? What will be the use of the monarch whom the accidents of inheritance, such as we know them to be, must upon an average bring us just then?

The answer to these questions is not satisfactory, if we take it from the little experience we have had in this rare matter. There have been but two cases at all approaching to a catastrophic creation of Peers—to a creation which would suddenly change the majority of the Lords in English history. One was in Queen Anne's time. The majority of peers in Queen Anne's time were Whig, and by profuse and quick creations Harley's Ministry changed it to a Tory majority. So great was the popular effect, that in the next reign one of the most contested ministerial proposals was a proposal to take the power of indefinite peer creation from the crown, and to make the number of Lords fixed, as that of the Commons is fixed. But the sovereign had little to do with the matter. Queen Anne was one of the smallest people ever set in a great place. Swift bitterly and justly said "she had not a store of amity by her for more than one friend at a time," and just then her affection was concentrated on a waiting-maid. Her waiting-maid told her to make peers, and she made them. But of large thought and comprehensive statesmanship she was as destitute as Mrs. Masham. She supported a bad ministry by the most extreme of measures, and she did it on caprice. The next case, the case of William IV., is far less perfectly known to us. We are to know it now—Lord Grey promises the correspondence of that king with his father during his ministry, in which all the facts must be accurately set forth. But according to our present information, the King was in the natural state of an imbecile man at a crisis. His mind went hither and thither; he listened first to his minister, then to the queen, then perhaps to a secretary. He thought, Can the Duke do anything? Will Peel do nothing? Must Grey do everything? The vital question in every mind was, Will the King create Peers? but the King did not know. He vacillated. The extreme power of the constitution in his hands was like a gun in the hands of a startled woman, who is so frightened that she can neither let it off nor put it down. First he refused to create Peers, and caused a crisis when the greatest people in the land told others not to pay taxes, when

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the Birmingham unions were exciting people to madness, when the stoppage of the Bank of England was talked of as a political expedient, when "RUN FOR GOLD" was placarded all over London. Then the King (according to Lord Brougham, at least) signed a written engagement with the Whigs that he would create as many Peers as they wished. "I wonder you could press him," Lord Grey said to Lord Brougham, "when you saw the abject state he was in." A bystander observed that he had never seen so large a matter on so small a bit of paper. In fact, you may place power in weak hands at a revolution, but you cannot keep it in weak hands. It runs out of them into strong ones. An ordinary hereditary sovereign —a William IV., or a George IV.—is unable to exercise the peer-creating power when most wanted. A half insane king, like George III., would be worse. He might use it by unaccountable impulse when not required, and refuse to use it out of sullen madness when required.

The existence of a fancied check on the premier is in truth an evil, because it prevents the enforcement of a real check. It would be easy to provide by law that an extraordinary number of Peers— say more than ten annually—should not be created except on a vote of some large majority, suppose three-fourths of the lower house. This would ensure that the premier should not use the reserve force of the constitution as if it were an ordinary force; that he should not use it except when the whole nation fixedly wished it; that it should be kept for revolution, not expended on administration; and it would ensure that he should then have it to use. Queen Anne's case and William IV.'s case show that neither object is certainly attained by entrusting this critical and extreme force to the chance idiosyncrasies and habitual mediocrity of an hereditary sovereign.

It may be asked why I argue at such length a question in appearance so removed from practice, and in one point of view so irrelevant to my subject. No one proposes to remove Queen Victoria; if any one is in a safe place on earth, she is in a safe place. In these very essays it has been shown that the mass of our people would obey no one else, that the reverence she excites is the potential energy—as science now speaks—out of which all minor forces are made, and from which lesser functions take their efficiency. But looking not to the present hour, and this single country, but to the world at large and coming times, no question can be more practical.

What grows upon the world is a certain matter-of-factness. The test of each century, more than of the century before, is the test of results. New countries are arising all over the world where there are no fixed sources of reverence; which have to make them, which have to create institutions which must generate loyalty

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by conspicuous utility. This matter-of-factness is the growth even in Europe of the two greatest and newest intellectual agencies of our time. One of these is business. We see so much of the material fruits of commerce, that we forget its mental fruits. It begets a mind desirous of things, careless of ideas, not acquainted with the niceties of words. In all labour there should be profit, is its motto. It is not only true that we have "left swords for ledgers," but war itself is made as much by the ledger as by the sword. The soldier—that is the great soldier—of to-day is not a romantic animal, dashing at forlorn hopes, animated by frantic sentiment, full of fancies as to a lady-love or a sovereign; but a quiet grave man, busied in charts, exact in sums, master of the art of tactics, occupied in trivial detail; thinking, as the Duke of Wellington was said to do, *most* of the shoes of his soldiers; despising all manner of éclat and eloquence; perhaps, like Count Moltke, "silent in seven languages." We have reached a "climate" of opinion where figures rule, where our very supporter of Divine right, as we deemed him, our Count Bismarck, amputates kings right and left, applies the test of results to each, and lets none live who are not to do something. There has in truth been a great change during the last five hundred years in the predominant occupations of the ruling part of mankind; formerly they passed their time either in exciting action or inanimate repose. A feudal baron had nothing between war and the chase—keenly animating things both—and what was called "inglorious ease." Modern life is scanty in excitements, but incessant in quiet action. Its perpetual commerce is creating a "stock-taking" habit; the habit of asking each man, thing, and institution, "Well, what have you done since I saw you last?"

Our physical science, which is becoming the dominating culture of thousands, and which is beginning to permeate our common literature to an extent which few watch enough, quite tends the same way. The two peculiarities are its homeliness and its inquisitiveness: its value for the most "stupid" facts as one used to call them, and its incessant wish for verification—to be sure by tiresome seeing and hearing that they are facts. The old excitement of thought has half died out, or rather it is diffused in quiet pleasure over a life, instead of being concentrated in intense and eager spasms. An old philosopher—a Descartes suppose—fancied that out of primitive truths, which he could by ardent excogitation know, he might by pure deduction evolve the entire universe. Intense self-examination, and intense reason would, he thought, make out everything. The soul "itself by itself," could tell all it wanted if it would be true to its sublime isolation. The greatest enjoyment possible to man was that which this philosophy promises its votaries—the pleasure of being

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always right, and always reasoning—without ever being bound to verify anything. But our most ambitious schemes of philosophy now start quite differently. Mr. Darwin begins:—

"When on board H.M.S. *Beagle*, as naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent. These facts, as will be seen in the latter chapters of this volume, seemed to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers. On my return home, it occurred to me, in 1837, that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it. After five years' work I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions, which then seemed to me probable: from that period to the present day I have steadily pursued the same object. I hope that I may be excused for entering on these personal details, as I give them to show that I have not been hasty in coming to a decision."

If he hopes finally to solve his great problem, it is by careful experiments in pigeon fancying, and other sorts of artificial variety making. His hero is not a self-inclosed, excited philosopher, but "that most skilful breeder, Sir John Sebright, who used to say, with respect to pigeons, that he would produce any given feathers in three years, but it would take him six years to obtain a head and a beak." I am not saying that the new thought is better than the old; it is no business of mine to say anything about that; I only wish to bring home to the mind, as nothing but instances can bring it home, how matter-of-fact, how petty, as it would at first sight look, even our most ambitious science has become.

In the new communities which our emigrating habit now constantly creates, this prosaic turn of mind is intensified. In the American mind and in the colonial mind there is, as contrasted with the old English mind, a *literalness*, a tendency to say, "The facts are so-and-so, whatever may be thought or fancied about them." We used before the civil war to say that Americans worshipped the almighty dollar; we now know that they can scatter money almost recklessly when they will. But what we meant was half right—they worship visible value; obvious, undeniable, intrusive result. And in Australia and New Zealand the same turn comes uppermost. It grows from the struggle with the wilderness. Physical difficulty is the enemy of early communities, and an incessant conflict with it for generations leaves a mark of reality on the mind—a painful mark almost to us, used to impalpable fears and the half-fanciful dangers of an

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old and complicated society. The "new Englands" of all latitudes are bare-minded (if I may so say) as compared with the "old."

When, therefore, the new communities of the colonised world have to choose a government, they must choose one in which *all* the institutions are of an obvious evident utility. We catch the Americans smiling at our Queen with her secret mystery, and our Prince of Wales with his obvious nothingness. It is impossible, in fact, to convince their prosaic minds that constitutional royalty is a rational government, that it is suited to a new age and an unbroken country, that those who start afresh can start with it. The princelings who run about the world with excellent intentions, but an entire ignorance of business, are to them a locomotive advertisement that this sort of government is European in its limitations and mediæval in its origin; that though it has yet a great part to play in the old states, it has no place or part in new states. The *réalisme impitoyable* which good critics find in a most characteristic part of the literature of the nineteenth century, is to be found also in its politics. An ostentatious utility must characterise its creations.

The deepest interest, therefore, attaches to the problem of this essay. If hereditary royalty had been essential to parliamentary government, we might well have despaired of that government. But accurate investigation shows that this royalty is not essential; that, upon an average, it is not even in a high degree useful; that though a king with high courage and fine discretion,—a king with a genius for the place,—is always useful, and at rare moments priceless, yet that a common king, a king such as birth brings, is of no use at difficult crises, while in the common course of things his aid is neither likely nor required—he will do nothing, and he need do nothing. But we happily find that a new country need not fall back into the fatal division of powers incidental to a presidential government: it may, if other conditions serve, obtain the ready, well-placed, identical sort of sovereignty which belongs to the English Constitution, under the unroyal form of Parliamentary Government.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

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A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN IN ROME.

It seems so strange to us of the new faith,
Who feel its beauty, joy, and holiness,
Rising above this lower Pagan creed,
Like morning o'er the dark and dreaming earth;
To us who have beheld, known, talked with those
Who walked beside our Lord, and heard his voice,
And with their own eyes saw his miracles,—
To hear these Romans, Marcus, Caius, nay,
Even Lucius, who is learned, liberal, trained
In every school of thought, deny them all:
Calling them mere impostures, or at best,
Distortions of the facts, half true, half false,
With nothing but the false miraculous!
It makes us grieve, as showing how they lack
That sense by which alone the natural man,
As Paul says, can receive the things of God.
But when had any Roman in all time
A spiritual sense? 'Tis to the East
The power of prophecy is given: alone
It shapes religions, has the inner sight
That through the matter sees the soul beyond,
Is through its faith receptive, not its mind,
And nearer unto God, as is the child.
The West, immersed in things, is as the man,
And joys to fashion governments and laws;
It orders facts, it thinks, invents, and works,
But blind and deaf to spiritual truth
Lives in the Present, builds no infinite bridge
Into the Future, hopes not, nor divines.
At highest, 'tis the world's great intellect,
Its understanding, brain, and not its soul.
Lucius is of the West; he cannot feel
Those finer impulses beyond the sense,
Those inward yearnings stretching out of sight,
Where reason cannot follow, after truth.
As far as intellect can lead him on
Up the clear path of logic, he will go;
The rest is nonsense, and, of course, he likes
The well-trod path as being the most safe.

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And thus he reasons on the miracles:—

"Of facts like these, conforming to no law,
There are a thousand chances of mistake
To one in favour of the apparent facts,—
First, self-deception; strong desire to see
Begets the power of seeing; from itself
The nervously expectant sense projects
Its image, its mirage, or hears returned
The outward echo of the inward voice;
And while the reason and the judgment drowse,
The fancy all alive, sees, hears, accepts.
Then come illusions of the senses:—Facts
Half seen are wholly false,—scarce facts at all.
Let but the fact be strange and new, surprise
Destroys the power of scrutiny.—Again,
Wonder, the habitual state of many minds
(Those, most of all, religiously inclined),
Love of the marvellous, a dread to peer
Too keenly into that which wears a garb
Of holiness, a proneness to revere
What others reverence—all lead astray.
Belief is passive: it receives, accepts;
But doubt is active: it disputes, rejects.
You think these wonders, facts. You say that Christ
Was holy in his aspect, pure in life,
And in his perfectness above mankind.
I will not question this: I only say
He was a man, at best, and not a God.
The Jews could not have crucified a God.
No, nor a demigod, like Hercules.

"Observe, I do not say as others do,
That he was wicked in intent, and sought
A kingly crown above his wretched tribe.
And if he did, I care not. What he said
Was well enough, only it was not new.
All that is good is found in Socrates,
Or Plato, or the old Philosophies.
Had he been born in Greece, he might, perhaps,
Have graced the train of one of these great men.
But in that dismal Syria, 'mid a herd
Of ignorant Jews, most of them fishermen,
Who worshipped him, he lost all common sense.
From what I hear, he grew half cracked at last,
And thought himself a God, and claimed the power

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Of miracles, like other madmen here.
Well, well; he suffered for all that by death,
And, I dare say, was better than the most
Among that loathsome people. For all that
Touched in his brain he was, you must admit.
For what man in his senses ever dreamed
He from the dead should rise with pomp and power
A kingdom to establish on the earth?

"As for his miracles, I do not doubt
That some among that herd of credulous fools,
On whom he practised, thought they saw these things.
But who was there with eyes and mind well trained
To sift the facts, to judge the evidence,
To question, to examine, to record?
Not one; the stupid crowd cried 'miracle'
(For everything is miracle to them);
The scribes and Pharisees, the learned men,
All stood aloof and scorned him and his works.

"And were they true, what prove they?—Why, in Rome
These wonder-working magians come by scores,
Each with his new inspired theogony,
Each with his miracles to prove him God!
For instance, there is Judas, whom they call
The Gaulonite; and his three sons as well;
There is Menander, and Cerinthus too,
Theudas, and the greatest two of all,
Simon of Gitton, named the Magian,
And Apollonius of Tyana.
Thousands assert for them, as you for Christ,
A supernatural power, a gift divine.
What shall I say? All surely are not Gods!
No! nor a single one. Some, as I hear,
Are scholars versed in Egypt's mystic lore,
And by the subtle thought of Greece imbued,
With minds enriched by travel and strange tongues,
And skilled in writing, teaching, prophecy;
'Tis even said their prophecies prove true;
If so, by chance, by happy guess, no more.
Yet if I hold these miracles of theirs
As mere delusions (and you say they are),
How can you ask me to accept on Faith
Those Christ (a good man, if you will, but yet
An untaught Jew of Galilee) performed,

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Far out of sight, with none to vouch for them
Except a ruck of wretched ignorant Jews.
As for their doctrines, systems, forms of Faith,
There is an Eastern likeness in them all,
Simon or Christ—'tis nearly the same thing.

"And so this magian had the power, you think,
To drive out shrieking devils from the breasts
Of madmen, and compel them by his will
To rush into a herd of guiltless swine;
Nay, that he cured the sick, and raised the dead,
One Lazarus, four days buried, till he stank;
Even more, that he could raise himself to life
When crucified and dead, and in his tomb;
And all because these awe-struck vulgar Jews
Saw some one like him, and affirmed 'twas he.
A woman first, a Mary Magdalene,
Set all these stories going. Who was she?
A half-mad courtesan, one who had owned
Her seven devils—but of her the less
You say the better. You'll at least admit
The kingdom that he promised on the earth,
The pomp, the power, the glory, were all trash.
He vanished very swiftly out of sight
For all his promises, and left the fools
Who trusted him to gape and stare to see
Some day the heavens open, as he said,
And him with angels coming. When he comes
Pray give me notice;—I, too, will believe;
Till then, excuse me; on such evidence
Of such grave portents, I to change my faith!
I would not hang a sparrow on it all."

So Lucius thinks, and talks, and never sees
How strange a contradiction in him lies;
For he believes in all the wildest myths,
And miracles, and wonders of his gods,
Ay, and his demigods as well, and pays
To them his reverential sacrifice.
Like a good Pagan, he believes them all,
Though he admits, of course, he never saw,
Nor any eyes of any living man;
Though all the evidence is far away,
Dimmed and obscured by misty centuries;
And though these myths are vouched by writings vague

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Or by tradition only, differing, too,
In each tradition. Yet this faith being fixed,
Established by long ages of belief,
It must be true ; and our good Lucius sees
In all these variations proofs of truth.
The facts remain, he says, despite them all,
Coloured by this report or that report,
For this is human merely—only shows
How various minds are variously impressed,
One sees the fact as red, one green, one blue,
But all this difference proves the existing fact.

But when Christ comes within our very reach,
And living crowds behold his miracles,
Attesting them by strenuous belief,
And sudden cries, and life-long change of faith,
All were deceived ; such strange things cannot be !
Yet either they were true or false. If false,
How were these crowds impressed to think they saw
What never happened ? Is not this as strange,
As wondrous as the miracles themselves ?
"Tricks, tricks," he says, "they only thought they saw ;
Do not a juggler's tricks deceive us all ?
I have no faith in Apollonius
For all the evidence—it must be trick.
In ancient times the Gods came down to man,
Assuming human powers—but that is past ;
But when a human creature of to-day
Assumes their functions, and works miracles
Against the laws of nature, and calls up
The dead, the best thing is to hold him mad."

No ! Lucius will not try the old and new
By the same test ; a kind of mystery shrouds
The ancient fact ; the current of belief
For generations carries him along.
The early faith, stamped on his childish mind,
Can never be erased—'tis deep as life.
The priest, the sacrifice, the daily rites,
The formula, the fashion, the old use
Possess him, colouring all his life and thought ;
And we, who in the new, pure faith rejoice,
Seem to his eyes, at least, but fools misled,
Who only seek his gods to overthrow,
And to whom ruin in the end must come.

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We smile in pity—let us, too, be just.
'Tis hard to root up all one's faith at once;
All the old feelings, all the happy dreams,
All the sweet customs, the long growth of years.
The very superstitions of our youth
Have fragrance in them. Underneath the words,
We faltered clinging to a mother's hand,
A dim, sweet music flows. To that old song
No new-writ verse will ever run so smooth.

We strike his faith, and whoso strikes our faith
We hold as foe—and oft lose sight of Truth
Defending dogmas, doctrines, formulas,
Shells though they be, from which the life has fled.
While yet the mind is plastic to a touch,
The die of doctrine strikes, deep in, our Faith,
And age but hardens the impression there.
Half our fixed notions are but ancient ruts
Of empty words and formulas of thought,
Worn in by repetition and long use—
And easy run the wheels within these ruts.
He who assails and goads the mind to think,
Or starts it from the grooves of prejudice,
We call foul names, we hate, we scorn, we fear;
He seems at once a foe to man and God.
What will he do? Old superstitious props
Hold up our lives; if they be stricken down,
What shall befall us? Oh! that way lies death!
Old miracles, myths, dogmas, all things old,
Are reverent for their age. It is the new
We have to fear: as if God did not work
With fresh abounding power in our own day,
In our own souls; as if dead creeds could hold
The living spirit, and these Pagan husks
For ever feed the soul that starves for Truth.

I will not say but in old myths resides
Something of good—some tender living germ
Of beauty and delight. Though I renounce
Their errors for this higher, holier life
That Christ has given; still 'tis sweet to think
Of Aphrodite rising from the sea,
The incarnate dream of beauty; of the staid,
Calm dignity of wisdom bodied forth
In grand Minerva; of the gracious joy,

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The charm of nature, Bacchus represents;
Of Flora scattering flowers and breathing spring;
Of all those lovely shapes that lurking gleam
Through nature's sunny openings. Ah! I know
Reason rejects them for a higher thought,
And yet, at times, that old sweet faith returns
To tempt me back in its poetic train.
At times, the one Eternal Father seems
So far away, and this fair world that teemed
With airy shapes, so void and cold and bare.

But this is folly. Yet if in my heart
Old superstitions still possess a charm,
How harshly blame our Lucius, who remains
Fixed in the old—to whom we only seem
Rash innovators, bringing in new Gods?

Of other stuff is our friend Caius made.
The folly of this faith he will admit;
"And yet," he says, "the system stands our stead
Despite its follies—why then cast it down?
Truth is impossible; we cannot know;
The impenetrable veil of destiny
Behind our life, before our life is dropped.
All is an idle guess, and this mixed creed
Of superstitions has its gleams of truth.
It served our fathers; if we cast it down
Then chaos comes. Thinking results at last
In wretchedness. We cannot hope to know.
Only the Gods know. Man's mind must be fed
With superstitions mixed with truth; pure truth
Would merely madden; for as we are made
Half mind, half matter, so our thoughts must be.
Then let our faith stand where it is; the beams
Are rotten here and there, but he who mends
May topple down the temple on our heads,
And leave us Godless. Nay, the parasite
Of superstition, like the ivy, knits
The old wall's crumbling stones. For higher minds
A higher truth, a purer faith—but *that*
Through all these forms, we, who have eyes, can see,
The forms themselves the common herd demand.
Since all at last is theory, the best
Is to be happy, calm, and confident.
What is, is—and we cannot alter it.

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Then plague me not with revelations new.
All things are revelations; every creed
Comes from above, from God, from all the Gods.
Pure sunlight blinds the eye, so comes it veiled
With soft suffusion in the ambient air;
The sun, itself one speck—the positive
Set in an infinite negative of sky,
And beauty, offspring of the eternal light,
Dimmed to soft hues to suit our mortal sense.

"As for your miracles, I heed them not;
For all things, in one sense, are miracles
Who can explain the simplest fact of life,
As how we see, or move our hand, or speak,
Or how we think, or what is life or death?
By dint of daily doing use wears out
All strangeness; and with words which but restate
And group the facts, we fancy we explain.
Our so-called laws of nature are but rules
Drawn by experience from recurrent facts,
Which every new phenomenon corrects.
Cause and effect are only cheating words;
We know no causes, we but see effects.
Yet, as in one sense all is miracle,
So, in another, no such thing exists.
The new, the strange, outside the common rule
Of man's experience, seems miraculous,
For mortal eyes are dim, and short of sight.
But could we through this world's phenomena
Pierce to the essence and the life of things,
All would arrange itself to perfect law,
No breaches, no exceptions, all pure law."

Our Decimus, who hopes to win the rank
Of tribune, takes a somewhat different view.
"Don't talk to me," he says, "of right or wrong,
Of true or false, we all must take the world
For what it is. Against established things
Why run your head, and spoil your chance in life?
Christ may have been a God, or he may not,
But here in Rome we worship other Gods;
Better or worse is not the question here.
If you would win success, go with the crowd,
Nor like a fool against the current strive;
What will you gain by warring with the time,

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And preaching doctrines, that the general mind
Considers impious? Even were they true,
They only raise up foes to tread you down.
As for myself, I'm not the babbling fool
To utter all I think. I sacrifice
With all the rest, perform the common rites,
And do the thing that's deemed respectable;
And so I win the favour of all men.
What care I if the crowd be right or wrong?
I use them just to serve my purposes,
As steps whereby to rise to place and power."
One should not be the last to leave the old,
Nor yet the first to welcome in the new.
The popular belief—that is my Faith;
My Gods are always on the side that wins."

Marcus, the augur, whose whole life is spent
In omens, auguries, and sacrifice,
And service at the temple in white robes,
So deep is sunken in the Pagan rut
He cannot start his mind even to think.
Our creed to him is rank impiety,
Worthy of death. He to the beasts would throw
Whoever dares our doctrines to embrace.
His faith is absolute; no shade of doubt
Has ever crossed him; he is planted there
Firm as a tree, or rather, like a wall;
A tree lives, grows, but he is simply dead,
Stone upon stone, dull, dead, fixed, like a wall.
Thus, buttressed up by custom's honoured props,
Established in the faith of centuries,
Engraved with mystic lines and Orphean hymns,
Old saws and sacred lore of ancient priests,
An honest, absolute, stolid wall he stands,
Firm to uphold the statues of the Gods,
And shield them from the assaults of impious men.
If I beseech him to consider well
And reason on his faith, he cries, amazed,
"Reason! what more fallacious guide than that?
Reason! with human reason do you dare
To explain the Gods, and to assail our faith?
They in the days of eld revealed themselves,
Assumed our shapes, ordained the sacrifice
Of blood and wine upon our altars poured,
Their power attested by miraculous deeds,

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And still by omens, portents, auguries,
Inform and aid us on our human path.
You do not understand them? oh, indeed!
And so you summon them before your bar,
Bid them explain their doings and their laws,
And if they fail to meet your views, why, then
You judge them and reject them. Oh, I see!
The Gods must ask leave to be Gods from us,
And beg our pardon if by ways obscure,
Instead of common human ways, they work,
Or else we will arise and get new Gods.
Oh, Jupiter! who are these impious men?
Whence do they come, what do they mean, who thus
Set up at Rome their superstitions vile,
And with their feeble reason dare oppose
The will of heaven? Go, atheist, infidel.
Go, and ask pardon of the Gods, and learn
Obedience, and humility, and fear,
Or Jove himself will from his right hand launch
His thunderbolt, and sweep you to your fate."

At times, this solid, settled faith of his
Shakes me with doubt. For what if he be right,
And this new faith that so commends itself
To all I am and hope, be at the worst
Temptation and delusion, shall I set
My face against the verdict of the world?
Shall not the faith that soothed the dying bed
Of Socrates—the faith that Plato taught
And Cicero avowed, suffice for me?
Shall I dare question what such minds affirm?
"Obey! Obey!" a voice within me cries
('Tis the old echo of my early faith),
And then, "Arouse!" cries out a stronger voice,
"Arouse! shake off this torpor! Sink not down
In the old creed—easy because 'tis old;
In the dead faith—so fixed, because 'tis dead."

Let us go in and speak with Paul again.
He is so strong, he braces up our faith,
And stiffens all the sinews of the mind.

W. W. STORY.

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THE CURRENCY AND ITS REFORM.

"The Currency"—dismal word! and yet involving for weal or woe the material welfare of every civilised community. Word synonymous with dreary debates in Parliament, and with still drearier pamphlets which issue ceaselessly from the press. It seems as if the more there is written on the subject, the less is known. Yet again and again the subject is forced on the notice of the community, and each time with increased urgency. During the present year, the trade of the country has been subjected to a monetary burden unequalled in intensity and duration by any that has gone before. As a natural consequence, from all the great towns—Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds—loud complaints have been made and influential deputations have been sent up to the Government, asking for inquiry and reform.

It is time that a serious effort should be made to clear the subject from the confusion of ideas and ignorance of facts which pervade the existing controversy. What is especially wanted is, that men should look more to Facts, and less to the metaphysical webs which they spin in their closets, and designate "theories." Theories are most useful as a help to understand a group of facts not yet wholly discovered; but they are unutterably baneful when they are allowed to interpose between us and the facts, and to maintain their existence only by ignoring three-fourths of the subject they profess to explain. Owing chiefly to this practice of imperfect theorising—each writer building his theory upon a single point of the case, without informing himself of the facts as a whole—the public mind has become confused. For the last twenty years the currency has been a mystery, enveloped in Cimmerian darkness. And, at the present time, hardly can there be found two disputants who agree even in the meaning which they attach to the commodity whose functions they discuss.

True, the currency itself, as by law established in this country, has since 1844 become a veritable chaos. Let a merchant empty the contents of his purse, and there will be turned out, probably, some sovereigns, silver coins, and bank notes. A sovereign is royal currency—coin of the realm; its weight and purity are guaranteed by the stamp of the Mint, and it is indefeasibly a legal tender in payments alike to the State and between man and man. The silver pieces likewise are coins of the realm, but they are not a legal tender in payments above the amount of £2. Bank notes are more diverse still in their character as currency. The notes of the Bank of England are legal tender, but not absolutely,—only so long as the Bank con-

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tinues to give gold-coin in exchange for them on demand. The 210 other banks of issue in the kingdom have no such privilege; their notes are not a legal tender under any circumstances, however amply their convertibility may be secured, and however perfect the credit of the bank which issues them. Moreover, there are no less than three different bases upon which the note-circulation of the country is allowed to be issued. The authorised circulation of the Bank of England is based, on the average, more than one-half upon Government securities, and rather less than one-half upon specie. The present note-issues of the Scotch banks are based one-half upon gold, and one-half (so far as legislation is concerned) simply upon the credit of these banks. The present note-circulation of the Irish banks is issued almost wholly upon their own credit—that is to say, without the law compelling these banks to keep any special security for their issues. The notes of the 190 English provincial banks of issue are not based upon any special security at all; neither are they bound to pay specie for their notes on demand,—the notes of the Bank of England having been made legal tender, instead of coin, in payment alike of the notes of these banks and of their deposits.

Such is the chaos of currency which has been established in the United Kingdom by the existing monetary laws. Moreover, in addition to these startling anomalies, a vicious system of Monopoly, and an unworkable system of Restriction, have been superimposed; so that our whole banking-currency has become unintelligible in principle and retrograde in spirit.

When banking was first adopted in this country, by the establishment of the Bank of England and the Bank of Scotland, very clear ideas prevailed as to banking currency, and the basis upon which it should be issued. The Bank of England was constituted as follows:—Firstly, it was a joint-stock company, consisting of a number of shareholders of good repute, both as regards wealth and character, each one of whom was liable to make good the obligations of the bank to the full extent of his means. Secondly, the notes of the bank were issued upon Government security,—*i.e.*, to the amount of the coin (£1,200,000), which the Company had lent to the State. The substantial value of the notes being thus secured, the State imposed no other condition on their issue. The Company was bound to pay coin of the realm (then chiefly silver) in exchange for its notes, when required to do so; but it was left to its own judgment as to the amount of coin which should be kept on hand to ensure the convertibility of the notes. Thirdly, there was no compulsion laid on the public to receive the bank's notes: the community was left free to accept them or not, as seemed to them best. The founders of the bank knew that the notes of a sound establishment, enjoying the confidence of the public, require no "legal tender" character, no extra-

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neous aid from the Government, to obtain circulation. Even the Bank of France, at the present day, although the only bank of issue in that country, does not ask for *le cours forcé* for its notes. Fourthly, when the Bank of England was established, no monopoly of any kind was granted to it—the principle of monopoly, indeed, was expressly repudiated and condemned by its founder. Any company was free to establish itself as a bank of issue upon similar conditions. To supply a safe and acceptable substitute for metallic money, and thereby keep the currency adequate to the requirements of the community—such was the object of the founders of the Bank of England, and such was the ground upon which Parliament proceeded at the establishment of the Bank.

The Bank of Scotland, established a year later than the English bank—before the Union, and when the Scotch had a Parliament of their own—was founded in the main on similar principles, but in a somewhat bolder and freer spirit. Like the Bank of England, it was a powerful joint-stock company, every member of which was liable in full for the debts of the bank; but no condition, no legal restriction, was imposed upon its issue of notes, save that they should be payable in coin on demand. Its notes were not a legal tender: if people did not wish to have the bank's notes, they could refuse them at pleasure; if the public did want its notes, the bank was at full liberty to supply them. Being secured by a large paid-up capital, and by an ample proprietary in reserve, the notes of the Bank of Scotland circulated as freely as those of the Bank of England. Also, no monopoly was either given or asked for. Banking in Scotland, as at the outset in England, was left free. Any bank might be established, issuing banking currency. This system of freedom bore noble fruits. One after another, at considerable intervals, as the monetary requirements of Scotland increased, large banks arose—powerful companies—whose capital and proprietary furnished an ample guarantee for the notes which they issued, and for the deposits which they received. This was the natural result of the system of perfect freedom. Left to themselves, the banks and the public settled the matter without difficulty or mistakes. Large banking companies were established, because the public naturally preferred to deal with them. Private banking was almost unknown, because it could offer no guarantee comparable to those of the joint-stock banks. What is the credit of a single individual, compared to that of a numerous company, every one of whose members is liable to the full extent of his property? Under this perfectly free system of banking, not a single note-holder or depositor in Scotland has ever lost a shilling by the failure of any bank[1].

(1) Moreover the only case on record of the notes of any Scotch bank being in disrepute was for *one day*, in November, 1857 (twelve years after the old Scotch system of

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While the free system was bearing such excellent fruits in Scotland, in England it was almost instantly supplanted by the opposite principle of monopoly. Banking in England speedily fell from the state in which it was created, and went to the bad. Within fourteen years of its establishment, the Bank of England used its powers and opportunities to obtain for itself special privileges. The Government was in want of money to carry on the war against the Grand Monarque,—the Bank agreed to raise the required amount of coin, and lend it to the Government, on condition that no other joint-stock bank of issue should be allowed in England. The Government, pressed for money, assented; freedom in banking was summarily suppressed in England, and a monopoly established on behalf of the Bank, which rendered the growth of a sound system of banks absolutely impossible. The prohibition against the establishment of any banking firm consisting of more than six partners, was framed solely and avowedly to favour the Bank of England, in return for the loan to Government, by preventing the rise of any powerful bank which might compete with it. Thus, in return for getting a loan from the Bank, the Government of the day (A.D. 1708) inflicted upon the country a burden which, though little more than theoretical at the time, has inflicted again and again the most widespread disasters, and has done far more to checker the industrial career of this country than any cause which can be named.

That happened which always happens. If you prevent a community from supplying their wants in the best form, they will do so—they are forced to do so—in an inferior way. Joint-stock banks being prohibited, a number of private ones arose. Great banks being wanted, but prohibited, their place was of necessity taken by small ones. Private gentlemen, merchants, or little shopkeepers, started as bankers, in answer to the wants of their localities. In Scotland, the banks were established in the capital, or in one or two of the leading towns, from whence they extended their operations over the country by means of branches; so that a few great banks, with numerous branches, amply sufficed for the wants of Scotland. In England the case was quite otherwise. Private banks cannot spread over the country by means of branches. A private firm or individual may be well known and fully trusted in his own locality, but his name and credit are not generally known elsewhere. It is only large banks, whose capital and proprietary are widely known, that can successfully extend their operations over the country; and in England no banks of this kind were allowed to be established. A vast

freedom had been abolished by the Act of 1845), when the Western Bank stopped payment, and when the other banks, by a mistake which they have since acknowledged, and which they immediately rectified, momentarily hesitated to accept the notes of the suspended bank, although they knew that all the liabilities of that bank were amply secured by its large and wealthy body of shareholders.

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number of petty banks was the natural, the inevitable result. Every little district or little town had its little bank or banks, which, whether well managed or not, had not that first requisite of a bank—an adequate capital, as a reserve and guarantee for its operations. These little banks, established in hundreds over England, being possessed of small resources, fell in scores on every occasion of panic or crisis. It was not their note-circulation which brought them down, or which brings down any bank: in all cases the chief and primary cause of their fall was a run for deposits—a sudden calling-up of the money entrusted to them. In fact, when a bank's credit is shaken, it is always the depositors who are the first to take alarm, and whose demands, being largest, it is most difficult to meet. Few persons have more than £10 in notes on hand: hence note-holders are never so prompt and eager to make a run upon a bank as the depositors are, who have hundreds or thousands at stake. Having no large paid-up capital or reserves, these English banks, whenever a crisis of any kind occurred, gave way in scores, spreading loss and ruin over the country. Ever and anon, a number of these weak banks lost credit,—their notes, forming the chief part of the country currency, became useless, and the depositors in these banks lost still more heavily than the note-holders.

These repeated failures of the English banking system necessarily excited great attention. The evil was too momentous to be overlooked. But the Government did not discern the real cause and root of the evil. They failed to see the simple truth, that it is impossible to have a sound banking-currency without sound banks. And a sound system of banks could not be established, owing to the monopoly conferred upon the Bank of England. The Government let the root of the evil remain, and "meddled and muddled" with the currency. Like an ignorant physician, who has to deal with an eruptive complaint, they attempted to cure the disease by putting a plaister on some of the eruptive spots. They prohibited the further issue of small notes: which small notes seemed to them to be the great cause of the malady. It never occurred to them to consider how it was that small notes, which formed a large portion of the banking currency of Scotland and Ireland, had not only produced no catastrophe in these portions of the kingdom, but had proved eminently beneficial. Small notes—that was the only thing which the Government could imagine as the root of the evil: and accordingly small notes were abolished in England. The evil, of course, was not cured: and in a few years afterwards (1833), the Government again attempted to improve the state of matters, by making Bank of England notes a legal tender. As a cure for the frail condition of the English banks of issue, they increased the system of monopoly which was the primal and fundamental cause of the unsoundness of the general banking-currency of

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England. Still the system remained unsound, in the estimation of the very statesman who had so long been promulgating remedies, or at least prescriptions for it. But again the seat of the malady was not perceived. Perplexed by the failure of all the former prescriptions, Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, prohibited the further extension of banking currency altogether; at the same time purchasing the assent of the existing banks of issue by conferring upon them, throughout the whole kingdom, a monopoly of the note-circulation. No additional notes were allowed to be issued by the banks established prior to 1844; and no new bank was allowed to issue banking-currency at all.

This measure was the more to be regretted inasmuch as, for some years previous, an element of improvement had been introduced into the English banking system, which, if allowed freely to develop itself, would ere long have gone far to remedy the weakness of the English currency. This was the establishment of joint-stock banks. In 1826, joint-stock banks of issue were allowed to be established in the provinces (beyond a radius of sixty miles from London); and, in 1833, joint-stock banks, *but without the power of issuing banking-currency*, were allowed to be established in London itself. This great strengthening of the basis of banking in England afforded a means of improving the banking-currency of England also. But Sir Robert Peel overlooked this circumstance. Wearied and bewildered by the inadequate results of previous legislation on the subject, in which he had taken a chief part, he came to regard banking-currency as an evil altogether,—an inevitable evil, he was forced to admit, but one which it was expedient to reduce to the smallest possible proportions. Hence his absolute restriction upon the right to issue banking-currency. Moreover, seeing that the Bank of England was the only great bank of issue in England, and possessed the greatest security for its note-circulation (forgetting that it was so only in consequence of its long-established monopoly of joint-stock banking), he resolved, so far as was practicable, gradually to suppress all the other banks of issue, and give to the Bank of England an absolute monopoly of the banking-currency of the country. And yet he took no measures to prevent the abuse of so vast a monopoly. He left the Bank, as it was, a private establishment, whose chief object is to increase the profits of its shareholders; yet he left it free to charge what it pleased for the use of its notes! He established for the Bank a practical monopoly of the English banking-currency, without considering what would be the effects of such a monopoly upon the interests of the community.

Thus, then, in our existing monetary system, we have to face four great difficulties and defects. Firstly, there is the antiquated and injurious principle of monopoly. Secondly, there is the unsatisfactory basis of the provincial banking-currency of England. Thirdly, there

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is the anomaly of four different rules being in force as regards banks and banking-currency. And, lastly, there is the system of restriction upon the amount of banking-currency allowed to be issued, which has thrice proved unworkable in the brief period which has elapsed since the passing of the Bank Acts.

Such, in brief, has been the history of banking-currency in this country. In proceeding to examine the practical working of our present currency system, and the best means of bringing it into harmony with the spirit of the age and the requirements of the community, we must, in the first place, consider some points of fundamental importance.

What is the fundamental basis of Currency? What is the essential element to which currency of all kinds owes its value? It is the knowledge that this article (currency) will be generally accepted in exchange for all kinds of property. There are various kinds of currency in the world, but each owes its value to the same cause—namely, that it is exchangeable into the other kinds of currency, and also into all kinds of property.

This element of value was not at first possessed even by the precious metals. In the form of bullion, gold and silver are a most imperfect kind of currency even at the present day. And in early times, when money first began to take the place of barter, a man was slow to accept coins in exchange for his goods, being uncertain whether or not the other members of the community would do the like. Still more was he doubtful whether the coins which he was offered for his sheep or oxen would suffice to procure for him (*cæteris paribus*) the same number of sheep or oxen when he wanted them. A royal edict—a Government decree—was needed to make this sure, by announcing that the State was ready to accept in payment of tribute so many of these coins in lieu of so many sheep or oxen, or other payments in kind. As soon as the Government gave this guarantee for the value of the coins, they became currency. Just so is it with all other kinds of currency. A commodity must have some extrinsic adequate guarantee of its value, as a medium of exchange, before it can become currency of any kind.

For example, let us take the case of Bills, which play so important a part in the trading operations of all countries. Upon what basis do bills become commercial currency—the wholesale currency of trade? They represent value; they are the value of goods converted into a financially negotiable form. Few men want the goods, but the *value* of the goods, in the form of a bill, is a negotiable thing. Although few persons would take in payment a cargo of cotton or sugar, many persons will take a negotiable draft embodying the value of the cargo. But before a bill becomes negotiable, there must be

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some guarantee that the bill does represent a certain value in goods, and, moreover, that it will be convertible into money (*i.e.* paid) at a certain date. In this way, some other party than the drawer of the bill (the seller of the goods) must intervene as a guarantee.

A merchant in Calcutta ships goods to England to the value of £1,000, and he draws a bill for the amount upon the merchant to whom the goods are sold or consigned. He pins to this bill of exchange the bill of lading (the certificate of the shipment of the goods, to the holder of which alone can the goods be delivered), and takes them to his bank, where his character is known, and the bank gives him the value of the bill in money. The bank has a twofold security for this loan—firstly, the goods which the bill represents, of which the bank gets possession by means of the bill of lading; secondly, the general estate of the drawer, which is liable to the bank in the event of the bill not being duly met (*i.e.* paid at the specified date) by the merchant in England upon whom it is drawn, and to whom the goods have been consigned. The bank then endorses the bill; and the bill, thus guaranteed by the bank, becomes effective commercial currency. Some customer of the bank, who has to send £1,000 to England, takes this bill from the bank instead of specie, and transmits it by post to his creditor in England; and this person, on receiving the bill, either passes it in payment to some other merchant, or takes it to his bank, where the amount is placed to his account just as if he had paid it in money of the realm. [The sequel of the bill's course is, that in due time the merchant to whom the goods were sent "takes up" the bill (*i.e.* pays the amount to the bank), gets the bill of lading, and therewith possession of the goods.]

Such a bill may also circulate without passing through and being endorsed by a bank at all. The drawer, being a person of good credit, may pass the bill (with the bill of lading attached) in payment to some other merchant in India, to whom he is well known. This latter endorses the bill, and then has little difficulty in passing it in payment to a third party, who may do likewise. And so the bill may circulate through many hands, growing more perfect as commercial currency with each successive endorsement; and this, without the bill ever having been "accepted" by the merchant in England upon whom it is drawn. The "acceptance" of a bill, in fact, as regards the efficacy of the paper as commercial currency, is important simply as making two parties, instead of one, sureties for payment of the bill; and by passing through several hands, each party endorsing it in succession, a bill becomes of more assured value than if it had been simply drawn and accepted in the ordinary course. A foreign bill upon London occasionally passes through twenty or thirty hands in successive payments, as currency, before being accepted by the English merchant upon whom it is drawn. We

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have seen several cases in which a three-months' bill was not presented for acceptance in London until the very day before it became due (*i.e.* payable in money), the bill having ceaselessly acted as commercial currency during the interval.

Or take the case of a home bill, *i.e.*, between two merchants in the same country: a bill accepted in the same country where it is drawn. A wholesale merchant sells goods to the value of £1,000 to a retail-dealer or shopkeeper, and immediately draws a bill for the amount; the shopkeeper at once "accepts" the bill—binds himself to pay the amount in money at the specified date. The wholesale merchant then discounts the bill at his bank, where the amount, *minus* interest for the time the bill has to run, is placed to his account, just as if he had paid in money; or else he uses the bill as currency, giving it in payment to some other merchant, who in turn may pay it away to another, and so on—the bill increasing in repute as currency, as a medium of exchange, in proportion to the number and quality of endorsements which it bears.

It is in this way that goods become the basis of a currency suitable for trade. Merchants of established credit make themselves responsible for payment of the bill, which represents the value of goods in money at the specified date. It is this guarantee which is the great element in the negotiability of a bill; it is this which renders bills effective as commercial currency. The value of the goods is actually a subsidiary point: it is the guarantee for payment of the bill that is the prime, and generally the only, thing considered. A bill which is not drawn upon goods at all—which is simply a promise to pay a certain sum of money at a certain date—if guaranteed (*i.e.*, drawn, endorsed, or accepted) by persons of well-known credit, is as negotiable as a bill which is drawn upon goods. A merchant who is offered a bill in payment thinks little about the quality and value of the goods upon which the bill may be drawn, or whether any goods are drawn upon at all. The goods drawn upon may be of excellent value, but he does not want the goods, he wants the *value* represented by the bill; and if there is adequate security for payment of the bill, that is all he cares for. To show how much—in most cases how entirely—the negotiability of a bill depends, not upon the goods upon which it is drawn, but upon the *guarantee* for its payment, let us take an extreme case. Suppose Baron Rothschild were to draw a bill upon some person in France, and were then to send the bill for sale on 'Change, the bill would at once be bought at full value, simply on the credit of the drawer; (1) without reference as to whether it were based upon goods; (2) without being accepted by the party upon whom it was drawn; or (3) without any one caring to inquire as to the credit of the drawee, or even whether there were such a person in existence.

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As long as a merchant has only to make the wholesale payments of his trade, this commercial currency is all that he requires. A Calcutta or Paris merchant who holds a bill payable in England, as long as he requires only to make the wholesale payments of trade, does not or need not take the bill to a bank at all. He sends the bill over to some English creditor of his, and discharges his debt by the bill just as thoroughly as if he had sent payment in specie. Or else he sells the bill to some merchant in his own country who has to make a payment in England, and who thereupon makes his said payment by transmitting the bill—or several bills, if more than one be needed to make up the required sum. An English merchant, in fact, often receives in payment from a foreign debtor a bundle of bills, drawn by different persons and in different places, and the debt is thereby discharged without the use of specie or money of any kind.

Such is commercial currency. Such is the medium of exchange by which the wholesale operations of trade are carried on. But merchants, and all classes of the community, have need also of another kind of currency. A bill is of no use in making the ordinary retail payments of life, nor is it very effective even in general payments of any amount beyond the sphere of commercial business. To make these retail and general payments, recourse must be had (apart from the use of metallic money) to banking-currency.

The conversion of commercial into banking currency is accomplished on the same principle as the conversion of the value of goods into commercial currency. Bills become a basis of banking currency, just as goods are made a basis of commercial currency. In either case there must be superimposed or added to this basis a guarantee of value, such as will be considered adequate and ample by the class or community among whom the currency is to circulate.

A merchant who requires general currency, effective for payments of all kinds in his own country, takes some of his commercial currency (*i.e.* bills) to a bank, and obtains in exchange banking-currency—bank-notes. These Notes represent the value of the Bills, just as Bills represent the value of Goods. In the case of the notes, even more than in the case of the bills, the public do not (practically cannot) inquire as to the commodity whose value is represented; the essential point is that (whatever be the value or commodity in exchange for which the bank has given its notes) payment of the notes on demand is secured by the guarantee of parties of established credit. This guarantee gives to the notes general acceptability; it makes them "currency," effective in payments of all kinds.

This general currency must, from its nature, possess a more unquestionable guarantee, or at least a guarantee whose adequacy is much more widely known, than is requisite in the case of commercial currency. Commercial bills are a currency meant to circulate within

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narrow limits—*i.e.*, among a few parties only, who are, or who suppose themselves to be, cognizant of the solvency of the individuals who issue or endorse the bills. Bank-bills (notes) are a currency for general circulation; they pass from hand to hand among persons who in great part cannot be cognizant of the exact position of the issuing bank. Hence the first requirement of banking-currency is, that it be issued by powerful companies, possessing a reserve of capital amply adequate to ensure the value of the bank-bills or notes which they issue. The second requirement is that, unlike commercial bills (which are not payable till a stated time), bank-bills be always payable in coin of the realm by the issuing bank on demand. Thirdly, bank-bills should be issued for smaller sums than commercial bills are: the latter being meant for wholesale operations, while the former are chiefly needed for retail payments. A merchant who is in want of currency for general use takes a trade-bill for £150 to his bank, and thereupon receives in exchange several bank-bills or notes of small denomination, suitable for retail payments, and acceptable with the public. If, instead of a trade-bill, the merchant had so many pounds of gold or silver bullion, he would need to do likewise if he were in want of currency. Bullion, in truth, will not circulate so freely as a commercial bill does. The merchant might, indeed, take his bullion to the Mint and get it converted into coins of the realm, but he finds it much easier to take the bullion to the bank and get banking currency in exchange for it.

Banking-currency, in short, is issued in exchange for commercial currency, or in loans secured by the deposit with the bank of property of various kinds,—the borrower's whole estate also being liable in repayment. And the currency thus issued circulates freely, (1) from the fact that, in addition to the property in exchange for which the issue is made, the capital and credit of the bank are an adequate guarantee for the value of its bills or notes; (2), that these bank-bills are payable in coins of the realm on demand; and (3), that they are for small as well as large sums, so as to be useful for all purposes. The *rationale* of the process is the same as if a bank were to take a bill based upon goods and guaranteed by two or more good names—were to endorse that bill, thereby adding the credit of a great financial establishment to the commercial guarantee which the bill already possessed,—and were then to break up the bill into a number of smaller bills, for the convenience of the public, at the same time engaging to pay these bills in coin of the realm whenever the holders of them should desire it. The merchants remain liable to the bank for payment of the bills; and the bank makes itself liable to the public for payment of the notes which it issues in exchange for the bills. The banks, of course, make a profit on the transaction. In order to ensure payment of their notes on demand, they must keep in hand

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an adequate amount of specie, which yields no interest; and they must be reimbursed for this expense, as well as compensated for the risks of loss which they incur from some of the bills proving bad. These charges, and the profit upon the capital of the bank, together constitute the "bank-rate"—the charge which the bank makes for "discounting" bills, *i.e.*, for converting them into general currency.

If a country at all times possessed a stock of specie adequate for this purpose, the conversion of commercial currency and other suitable securities into general currency could be effected without the use of banking currency,—by the banks giving metallic currency, coins of the realm, in exchange for the bills and other securities deposited with them. But no country possesses enough of coins for this purpose. In our country the supply of specie became inadequate for this purpose before the end of the seventeenth century, and it is still more inadequate in present times. Moreover, a system of purely metallic currency is exceedingly costly. Every year the stock of the precious metals so employed must increase, with the increase of trade and population; so that such a system is equivalent to a tax, annually increasing in amount, upon the industry and productive power of the country. And this to attain an end which can be accomplished without any such costly tax, and in a form much more convenient for the public, by means of banking-currency. But it is needless to speak of the costly extravagance of a currency consisting wholly of coins of the precious metals, nor of the vast inconvenience of making all payments in the ponderous form of specie; for such a system is not only undesirable, but totally impossible. Banking-currency became a necessity with us a hundred and seventy years ago; it is still more a necessity now; and its advantages over a purely metallic currency are so vast, both directly and indirectly, that no one out of Bedlam would think of abandoning it, even if an adequate supply of specie for the purpose were as certain and secure as in present times it is impossible.

Such, then, is Banking Currency. Such is the currency for the establishment of which the Bank of England and the Bank of Scotland were founded in the closing years of the seventeenth century. The object for which these banks were established was twofold:—To convert commercial currency and other suitable securities into general currency, in accordance with the requirements of the community; also, and chiefly, to issue banking-currency as a substitute for metallic currency, the supply of which had even then become inadequate for the ever-growing wants of the country. Banking in this country—as afterwards in France, America, and most other countries—was established primarily, we might say solely, for the purpose of issuing banking-currency, in the discount of commercial bills, and in loans upon other suitable securities. Deposit-banking was almost unknown. It was as banks of issue that the Bank of England and the Bank of

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Scotland were established: banks of issue for the discount of bills and the making of loans, thereby supplying the community with currency in proportion to its requirements. Such, also, was the object for which the Bank of France was established; and so subordinate even yet is its deposit-business, that that great and most successful establishment is little else than a grand bank of issue, supplying the community with currency in accordance with their varying requirements, through its loan and discount business—*i.e.*, in exchange for bills and other readily negotiable securities.

The grand object of banks is to economise currency. The sole object of banking-currency is to economise metallic currency. In order that banking-currency be sound and perfect, two points are requisite—(1) That the currency be adequately secured, (2) that it be stable in value.

Banking-currency, convertible into specie on demand—the only kind of which we speak—can never fall below the value which it purports to represent. The only natural fluctuations in value to which it is liable are such as arise from an increase in the expense of issuing it: notably from an increase of the cost of adequately securing its convertibility into specie. For example, if a bank's stock of specie is diminished, it must (generally speaking[1]) either contract its note-issues, or else it must procure specie to replace what has been withdrawn. Whichever of these courses be taken, the value of banking-currency will be enhanced; but if the latter course be adopted, the fluctuation in the measure of value will be much less than in the former. In the former, the contraction of the note-issues renders the amount of currency in the country inadequate: all kinds of property are thereby depreciated below their usual value, and the mercantile and other industrial classes, unable to get their commercial currency converted into banking-currency as usual, become greatly embarrassed. At the same time the bank will seek to save *itself* from loss by charging a higher rate upon the lesser amount of notes which it issues: on a lesser amount of business, it will endeavour to make the same profits. On the other hand, if the bank supplies itself with more specie to replace what is withdrawn, and is thereby enabled safely to keep its note-circulation at the usual amount, the currency remains adequate for the wants of the community; and a trifling

(1) This is stating the case in the manner most favourable for the so-called Bullionist School. As a question of fact, a temporary diminution of specie in a bank of well-established credit produces no necessity for any reduction of its note-issues. The Bank of France, for example, finds no inconvenience in maintaining its note-circulation at the usual amount at times when its stock of specie is unusually small; and the experience of every well-established bank is the same. The special danger to a bank when its stock of specie is much reduced, arises, not in connection with its notes, but in connection with its deposits. It is the depositors, not the noteholders, who withdraw the specie; and it is the payment of deposits in specie (not the notes) which constitutes the great source of all banking embarrassments.

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addition to the ordinary charge for the use of its notes suffices to compensate the bank for the extra expense which it incurs in maintaining its stock of specie at the usual level. Under a free system of banking-currency—a system regulated by the natural principle of supply and demand—it is the latter of these courses which would be adopted by the banks; and under such a system, accordingly, fluctuations in the currency, the measure of value, would be minimised—they will be no greater than is natural and unavoidable. The amount of banking-currency will remain adequate to the requirements of the community; and the increased charge made by the banks for the use of it (*i.e.* the bank-rate) will not exceed the increase of the cost of issuing, or rather of securing it.

When there is an increased requirement on the part of the community for banking-currency, and no increased demand for specie (or at least no increased demand in proportion to the amount of notes issued), no extra burden is laid upon the banks at all. On the contrary, in meeting the public requirement for more banking-currency, in such circumstances, the banks can do so profitably at the usual charge. At most, the addition which they then have to make to their stock of specie, is simply proportionate to the addition which they make to their note-issues: so that they obtain an increase of business on the same terms as before,—which is equivalent to an increase of profits. When a bank which usually issues (say) twenty millions of notes and keeps in hand ten millions of specie, increases its specie to fifteen millions, while its note-circulation increases to thirty millions, its business is obviously more profitable in the latter case than in the former. It obtains an increase of business at the same *rate* of profit as before,—and therefore larger gains. Moreover, as a matter of fact, as the note-circulation of a bank increases, the *proportion* of specie needed to secure the convertibility of its notes diminishes. The larger the note-circulation of a bank, the smaller the proportion of specie to the amount of its notes which it requires to keep in hand. In truth, under any system not wholly abnormal, an increase in the requirements of the community for more banking-currency (owing to growth of trade and population, or otherwise) so far from occasioning a rise in the bank-rate, ought rather to tend to lower it. For such an increase of business greatly enlarges the gains of banks; so that they could afford to carry on their business, when so extended, on easier terms to their customers than before.

Freedom and competition are as much needed in banking as in other trades. If, when the monetary requirements of the public increased, some banks were to refuse to extend their note-issues, preferring to exact a high price for the usual supply, other banks would willingly provide more specie as a basis for an increased note-circulation, and increase their business at the expense of their obstructive

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rivals. A similar process would be adopted during those temporary drains of specie to which every country is liable, and which in recent times have produced so much monetary embarrassment and general disaster in this country. It is only upon a few of the great banks connected (through their customers) with the foreign trade that such demands for specie fall; and under a free system of banking—*i.e.*, if all banks, subject to similar conditions, had an equal right to issue banking-currency—some of those establishments would take special means of meeting such temporary drains of specie. This they would do by keeping a portion of their reserve capital in the form of Government securities in those countries to which our drains of specie usually flow: and, by selling or borrowing upon those securities, they could bring specie to this country, to replace what had been withdrawn from their own vaults; or else—what would accomplish the same object still better—they would thereby open a credit with the banks of the country to which the specie was flowing, and by giving their customers drafts upon those banks, would *pro tanto* render an export of specie unnecessary.[1]

The issue of banking-currency is simply an exchange of one kind of property for another. Generally, it is simply an exchange of one kind of currency for another—*i.e.*, an exchange of general currency (bank-notes) for commercial currency (bills). Banks only issue their notes in exchange for negotiable property deposited with them to an adequate amount. Bank-issues are not in the least a creation of capital, —they are simply an exchange of one kind of property for another. In exchange for the commercial currency (bills), or other kinds of negotiable property, brought to them, the banks give their own bills or notes, which are effective as general currency; and for such an exchange or conversion, they make a charge adequate to compensate them for the liability which they incur on their notes,—in other words, for the cost of issuing them, and maintaining their convertibility by keeping in hand a certain amount of non-interest-bearing specie. This charge, *plus* a profit on the paid-up capital of the bank, is the "bank-rate:" and under a freesystem of banking, the bank-rate, although not stationary, would only rise or fall in accordance with the greater ease or difficulty on the part of banks in maintaining the convertibility of their notes into specie on demand.

Such is Banking-Currency, and such are the natural laws which regulate the price to be charged for its issue—*i.e.* the bank-rate. But if banks and banking-currency be subjected to the abnormal influences of Restriction or Monopoly—still worse when they are subjected to both—there is no end to the possible variations in the bank-rate, and to the fluctuations in the currency, the measure of value.

(1) See the International Monetary System proposed in the writer's previous article on "The War of the Banks," in the number of this Review for 15th August.

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First, as to Restriction. In every civilised country, and notably in our own, for a century and a half and more, the supply of metallic currency has become inadequate to the growing monetary requirements of the community. Our banking-currency is, practically, the only elastic or expansive portion of the country's monetary system. To fix the amount of banking-currency is (speaking roundly) to fix the amount of the entire currency. And to fix the amount of the currency is to produce a progressive change in its value. Prices will steadily fall. In proportion as trade and population increase, the value of the currency will rise. The monied classes will gain at the expense of the producing classes. The rich will become richer, the poor will become poorer. The result will be a social change, a convulsion, of the very worst kind. One pound will soon become a pound and something more. All leases and other monetary contracts extending over several years will be vitiated: the holders of wealth gaining at the expense of the classes who are producing wealth. The State itself will suffer: for the interest of the National Debt, although remaining nominally at the same amount, will become an ever-increasing burden upon the community.

But this progressive change in the measure of value, this steady rise in the value of the currency, is by far the least part of the evil, and sinks into insignificance compared with the temporary fluctuations in the measure of value to which a fixity in the amount of currency gives rise. The monetary requirements of a country, even in a normal condition of affairs, experience recurrent and inevitable variations every year. For example, four times in the year, at Quarter Day, the monetary requirements of the country are increased by the Government payment of salaries and dividends on the Debt, and also by payments of rent, &c., on the part of the public. Also, there is a periodic increase in the monetary requirements of the public in the autumnal months, for harvest operations, and the expenditure of tourists. In trade, also, there are times in every year when more currency is wanted, even under normal circumstances. When the amount of banking-currency is fixed, each one of those periods tends to raise the bank-rate. But in abnormal circumstances, the embarrassment produced by a fixity of the amount of banking currency becomes overwhelming. If a commercial crisis occurs, even though confined originally to a single branch of trade, a greater demand immediately occurs for banking-currency. Firstly, because the bills or commercial currency issued in connection with that branch of trade fall into disrepute: they will not be received to the same extent as usual in trade payments,—so that merchants must employ more money, more banking-currency, in carrying on their business. And banking-currency being fixed in amount, the banks, owing to the increased demand, exact a higher price for it. Secondly, owing to this

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raising of the bank-rate, the markets become depressed: in consequence, rather than make the usual sales of their goods at the reduced price, merchants prefer to convert a larger portion than usual of their bills into banking-currency, to maintain themselves until the temporary depression of the markets has passed away. In this way an unusual demand arises for banking-currency: and the amount of that currency being fixed, the banks charge a famine price for supplying it. The result is heavy losses,—and trade collapses under the pressure.

A similar difficulty arises when a crisis occurs, not in trade, but among the banks themselves. For example, a few months ago certain banks and other financial establishments lost credit, and the customers "called up" (demanded payment of) an unusual amount of their deposits. How was this extra demand to be met? The depositors, of course, could only be paid in currency—either coin or bank-notes—and how was this extra amount of currency to be obtained? To buy more specie abroad, import it, and convert it into coin at the Mint, is a slow process, quite inadequate to meet a sudden run for deposits. More banking-currency was the thing wanted; and the amount of this currency being fixed by Act of Parliament, how was a supply to be obtained? All the banks and financial establishments held a large amount of commercial currency—some of them to the amount of ten, twelve, or fifteen millions—besides consols and other negotiable securities; and it is in exchange for such securities that banking-currency is issued,—but such exchange could no longer be made. First-class bills, such as any bank, the most scrupulous and prudent, would give its notes in exchange for, could not then be converted into currency upon any terms, even though additionally secured by the endorsement of a perfectly solvent bank. In such circumstances, the wealthiest and most solvent bank in existence might be forced to stop payment. The Bank of England itself, with the largest amount of capital of any bank in the world, was then within a hair's breadth of bankruptcy. If any one or two of the larger joint-stock banks had chosen to demand from it payment of their deposits which it held, it must have shut its doors. And this, although in addition to the twenty-eight millions of capital locked up in its Issue Department, it had ten millions of Government securities in its Banking Department. These securities, like those of the other banks, were practically useless, for they could not be exchanged for, or converted into, banking-currency. Hence, to avoid the tremendous calamity of a stoppage of the Bank of England and of all the banks of the kingdom, with the wide-spread disasters to commerce which would have attended such a collapse of the banks, the Act which imposed this artificial restriction upon the amount of banking currency was suspended by the Government, as it had already been suspended on two previous occasions. The Bank of England was allowed to in-

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crease its note-issues upon Government securities, and the dilemma was at an end.

Banking-currency, we repeat, is not a creation of capital. State-notes issued in Government expenditure—like assignats and greenbacks—are a temporary and fictitious creation of capital; but banking-currency is not. It is simply the exchange of one kind of property for another. It is an exchange of one kind of negotiable property into another kind which is more widely negotiable. That is all. It is a conversion of commercial currency and other readily negotiable securities into general currency. Hence, on principle, to fix the amount of banking-currency in a country is as absurd and indefensible as to fix the amount of commercial currency. More trade requires more currency. Commerce does its part by providing a currency of its own. But what happens when there are no adequate means of converting this currency of trade into general currency? Ever-recurring grievous disasters alike to trade and to the community at large. Banking-currency, and with it the whole currency, tends to rise in value, and ever and anon the measure of value in this country is altered to such an extent as to produce most serious disasters. Within the last dozen years the average charge for banking-currency (*i.e.* the bank-rate) has been raised 50 per cent. And the temporary fluctuations are far more serious. Ever and anon the bank-rate is raised upwards of 100 per cent. above its ordinary level, while prices in the great produce-markets fall 20 or 30 per cent.

Secondly, as to Monopoly.—Even if the amount of banking-currency be not fixed by unwise legislation, the supply of it will not be regulated by the natural law of supply and demand if the right to issue it be a monopoly, possessed by a certain bank or banks, upon whom no check is imposed to prevent an abuse of their privileges. The Banks of France and Belgium have a monopoly of the banking-currency of these countries; but in both cases the State, while conferring a monopoly, has imposed a check upon the abuse of that monopoly. These banks may raise the rate of discount to any point they like, but beyond a certain point (6 per cent.) all the profits on their issues go to the State.[1] If they think it necessary for their security to raise the rate to 7, 8, or 10 per cent., they may do so: but *they are not permitted to convert their difficulties into a means of increasing their profits.* If a monopoly of banking-currency is to be established at all, this is the right way to do it. In this country, on the other hand, the supply of banking-currency, instead of being left free (as in all other countries) to expand with the growing wants of the community, is restricted to a certain amount; and at the same time the right to issue it is a monopoly, against

(1) In the case of the Bank of France, the profits above 6 per cent. are for the present added to the capital of the bank; but this is only a provisional arrangement.

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the abuse of which no precautions of any kind have been taken. Such a system is alike false in principle, and most injurious in practice. To give a single example. A few weeks ago, when the Bank of England obstinately maintained the bank-rate, the minimum charge for the use of its notes, at 10 per cent., the other great banks in London openly protested against this exorbitant charge,—not only as excessive, but as tending to perpetuate the crisis and aggravate the national disaster. In this view they were supported by the *Times* and the *Economist*, and the result has shown that they were right. But these great banks were practically powerless. They are not allowed to issue banking-currency. They have to conduct their business with the notes of the Bank of England. And so the Bank went on in its own way,—most profitably to itself, however disastrous its conduct might be to the community.

The banking system of this country, as established by Act of Parliament, exhibits four features which specially challenge attention. (1.) The banking currency is fixed in amount: unlike that of other countries, it is no longer allowed to expand with the growing requirements of the community. (2.) It is subject to a monopoly; without any safeguard against the abuse of that monopoly. (3.) It is wholly anomalous. (4.) A portion of the present bank-issues is inadequately secured.

There are four different and incongruous laws for the banking-system of this country. There is one law for the Bank of England, another for the Scotch and Irish banks, a third for English provincial banks of issue, and a fourth for all banks established since 1844. These diversities of legislative enactment are not justified by any corresponding diversity in the constitution and circumstances of the banks to which they apply. We do not object to them merely as diversities, but because some of them are bad. For example: it is a most objectionable thing that there should be scores of private firms, some of them consisting merely of single individuals, allowed to issue banking-currency in England, while there are many powerful joint-stock companies, notably those of the metropolis, which are not permitted to issue banking-currency upon any terms. Moreover, the enactment which regulates the provincial banking-currency of England is quite inadequate. There are two ways of securing the solidity of banking-currency; either by taking direct security for the notes issued, or by ensuring that they shall only be issued by banking companies of large resources. In neither of these respects is any security taken for the provincial banking-currency of England. It is only justice to say, that since 1844 the provincial banks of issue have on the whole been well conducted; and that, as a matter of fact, there is little ground of complaint against them. At the same

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time we consider that this portion of our banking-currency is not inadequately secured. And without any hardship upon the provincial banks of issue, without imposing upon them any conditions to which they would object, a system might be introduced alike sounder and more uniform, and which would at the same time remove the unfair and injurious legislative privileges which some banks possess at the expense of the rest.

Finally, our whole banking system is subjected to the monster evils of Restriction and Monopoly; the consequences of which every year weigh more heavily upon the community. Banking-currency, we repeat, is simply the exchange of one kind of property (for the most part commercial currency) for another. But under our present laws, this system of exchange is arbitrarily limited in amount, while at the same time the business of effecting these exchanges is conferred as a monopoly upon certain banks, to the exclusion of others. Banking-currency is the means by which bullion, commercial bills, and all kinds of negotiable property are converted by exchange into general currency. And as long as banking-currency is restricted in amount, while the negotiable property of the country is yearly increasing, and the requirement for general currency likewise augments,—as long, too, as the issue of this banking-currency is a monopoly, it is impossible that the Rate of Interest, the charge for money on loan, can ever follow a normal course, *i.e.* vary simply in accordance with the natural law of supply and demand.

Inasmuch, then, as it is expedient to abolish the existing monopoly of banking-currency, and to give to every bank, subject to like conditions, the same powers; and in order to establish a greater uniformity of banking-currency, and also to place that currency upon a sounder basis: let it be enacted—

1. That every bank established, or to be established, in the United Kingdom, which shall deposit in the keeping of the State Government securities shall, subject to the conditions specified below, be entitled to issue notes to nine-tenths of the amount of these securities.

2. That these notes shall not be of less denomination than £1 in Scotland and Ireland, and £2 10*s*. in England.[1]

3. That these notes, being based upon Government security, shall be a legal tender in payment of taxes, of subscriptions to Government loans, and of all other payments to the State.

4. That every bank of issue shall be bound to pay coin of the realm in exchange for its notes, under penalty of bankruptcy.

5. That every bank of issue shall be a joint-stock bank, and shall have a paid-up capital of not less than £100,000.

R. H. Patterson.

(1) The object of reducing the note in England from £5 to £2 10*s*. is not to displace any of the gold coinage in circulation, but merely to stop the waste at present going on in the shape of a useless annual *addition* to our coinage.

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VITTORIA.

Chapter XLV.

SHOWS MANY PATHS CONVERGING TO THE END.

Until daylight Merthyr sat by himself, trying to realise the progressive steps of the destiny which seemed like a visible hand upon Count Ammiani, that he might know it to be nothing else than Carlo's work. He sat in darkness in the room where Carlo had spoken, thinking of him as living and dead. The brilliant life in Carlo protested against a possible fatal tendency in his acts so irrevocable as to plunge him to destruction when his head was clear, his blood cool, and a choice lay open to him. That brilliant young life, that fine face, the tones of Carlo's voice, swept about Merthyr, accusing him of stupid fatalism. Grief stopped his answer to the charge; but in his wise mind he knew Carlo to have surveyed things justly; and that the Fates are within us. Those which are the forces of the outer world are as shadows to the power we have created within us. He felt this because it was his gathered wisdom. Human compassion, and love for the unhappy youth, crushed it in his heart, and he marvelled how he could have been paralysed when he had a chance of interceding. Can a man stay a torrent? But a noble and fair young life in peril will not allow our philosophy to liken it to things of nature. The downward course of a fall that takes many waters till it rushes irresistibly is not the course of any life. Yet it is true that our destiny is of our own weaving. Carlo's involvements cast him into extreme peril, almost certain death, unless he abjured his honour, dearer than a life made precious by love. Merthyr saw that it was not vanity, but honour; for Carlo stood pledged to lead a forlorn enterprise, the ripeness of his own scheming. In the imminent hour Carlo had recognised his position as Merthyr with the wisdom of years looked on it. That was what had paralysed the older man, though he could not subsequently trace the cause. Thinking of the beauty of the youth, husband of the woman who was to his soul utterly an angel, Merthyr sat in the anguish of self-accusation, believing that some remonstrance, some inspired word, might have turned him, and half dreading to sound his own heart, as if an evil knowledge of his nature haunted it.

He rose up at last with a cry. The door opened, and Giacinta, Vittoria's maid, appeared, bearing a lamp. She had been sitting outside, waiting to hear him stir before she intruded. He touched her cheek kindly, and thought that one could do little better than die, if need were, in the service of such a people. She said that her mistress was kneeling. She wished to make coffee for him, and

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Merthyr let her do it, knowing the comfort there is to a woman in the ministering occupation of her hands. It was soon daylight.

When Violetta came down, he accompanied her to her house in the Corso Venezia, scarcely speaking on the way, nor did she; but as they parted he said: "If you think of repairing any of the mischief you have caused, madame, do it at once." She bowed almost humbly, and running upstairs to her writing-desk, wrote a letter to Carlo in Brescia, that she sent on the spur of the moment in shame and pity by Luigi Saracco the spy, at a cost of two hundred and twenty Austrian florins. Nagen was mentioned in the letter, which hinted that Carlo might have incurred a private enmity, and had better fight with an eye rearward. She knew the writing of this letter to be the foolishest thing she had ever done. Two hundred and twenty florins—the man originally stipulated to have three hundred—was a large sum to pay for postage. However, sacrifices must now and then be made for friendship and for sleep. When she had paid half the money, her mind was relieved, and she had the rest which preserves beauty. Luigi was to be paid the other half on his return. "He may never return," she thought, while graciously dismissing him. The deduction by mental arithmetic of the two hundred and twenty, or the one hundred and ten florins, from the large amount Countess Anna was bound to pay her in turn, annoyed her, though she knew it was a trifle. For this lady, Milan, Turin, and Paris sighed deeply.

When he had left Violetta at her house in the Corso, Merthyr walked briskly for exercise, knowing that he would have need of his health and strength. He wanted a sight of Alps, and passed the old Marshal's habitation fronting the gardens, wishing that he stood in the field against the fine old warrior, for whom he had a liking. Near the walls he discovered Beppo sitting pensively with his head between his two fists. Beppo had not seen Count Ammiani, but he had seen Barto Rizzo, and pointing to the walls, said that Barto had dropped down there. He had met him hurrying in the Corso Francesco. Barto took him to the house of Sarpo, the bookseller, who possessed a small printing press. Beppo described vividly, with his usual vivacity of illustration, the stupefaction of the man at the apparition of his tormentor, whom he thought fast in prison; and how Barto had compelled him to print a proclamation to the Piedmontese, Lombards, and Venetians, setting forth that a battle had been fought south of the Ticino and that Carlo Alberto was advancing on Milan, signed with the name of the Piedmontese Pole in command of the King's army. A second, framed as an order of the day, spoke of victory and the planting of the green white and red banner on the Adige, and forward to the Isonzo.

"I can hear nothing of Carlo Alberto's victory," Beppo said; "no

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one has heard of it. Barto told us how the battle was fought, and the name of the young lieutenant who discovered the enemy's flank march, and got the artillery down on him, and pounded him so that —Signore, it's amazing! I'm ready to cry, and laugh, and howl!— fifteen thousand men capitulated in a heap!"

"Don't you know you've been listening to a madman?" said Merthyr, irritated, and thoroughly angered to see Beppo's opposition to that view.

"Signore, Barto described the whole battle. It began at five o'clock in the morning."

"When it was dark!"

"Yes; *when* it was dark. He said so. And we sent up rockets, and caught the enemy coming on, and the cavalry of Alessandria fell upon two batteries of field guns and carried them off, and Colonel Romboni was shot in his back, and cries he, 'Best give up the ghost if you're hit in the rear. Evviva l'Italia!'"

"A Piedmontese colonel, you fool! he would have shouted 'Viva Carlo Alberto!'" said Merthyr, now critically disgusted with the tale, and refusing to hear more. Two hours later, he despatched Beppo to Carlo in Brescia, warning him that for some insane purpose these two proclamations had been printed by Barto Rizzo, and that they were false.

It was early on the morning of a second day, before sunrise, when Vittoria sent for Merthyr to conduct her to the cathedral. "There had been a battle," she said. Her lips hardly joined to frame the syllables in speech. Merthyr refrained from asking where she had heard of the battle. As soon as the Duomo doors were open, he led her in and left her standing shrinking under the great vault with her neck fearfully drawn on her shoulders, as one sees birds under thunder. He thought that she was losing courage. Choosing to go out on the steps rather than look on her, he was struck by the sight of two horsemen, who proved to be Austrian officers, rattling at racing speed past the Duomo up the Corso. The sight of them made it seem possible that a battle had been fought. As soon as he was free, Merthyr went to the Duchess of Graätli, from whom he had the news of Novara. The officers he had seen were Prince Radocky and Lieutenant Wilfrid Pierson, the old marshal's emissaries of victory. They had made a bet on the bloody field about reaching Milan first, and the Duchess affected to be full of the humour of this bet in order to conceal her exultation. The Lenkensteins called on her: the Countess of Lenkenstein, Anna, and Lena; and they were less considerate, and drew their joy openly from the source of his misery—a dreadful house for Merthyr to remain in, but he hoped to see Wilfrid, having heard the duchess rally Lena concerning the deeds of the white umbrella, which, Lena said, was pierced with

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balls, and had been preserved for her. "The dear foolish fellow insisted on marching right into the midst of the enemy with his absurd white umbrella; and wherever there was danger the men were seen following it. Prince Radocky told me the whole army was laughing. How he escaped death was a miracle!" She spoke unaffectedly of her admiration for the owner, and as Wilfrid came in she gave him brilliant eyes. He shook Merthyr's hand without looking at him. The ladies would talk of nothing but the battle, so he went up to Merthyr, and, under pretext of an eager desire for English news, drew him away.

"Her husband was not there? not at Novara, I mean?" he said.

"He's at Brescia," said Merthyr.

"Well, thank goodness he didn't stand in those ranks!" Wilfrid murmured, puffing thoughtfully over the picture they presented to his memory.

Merthyr then tried to hint to him that he had a sort of dull suspicion of Carlo's being in personal danger, but of what kind he could not say. He mentioned Weisspriess by name; and Nagen; and Countess Anna. Wilfrid said, "I'll find out if there's anything, only don't be fancying it. The man's in a bad hole at Brescia. Weisspriess, I believe, is at Verona. He's an honourable fellow. The utmost he would do would be to demand a duel; and I'm sure he's heartily sick of that work. Besides, he and Countess Anna have quarrelled. Meet me;—by the way, you and I mustn't be seen meeting, I suppose. The duchess is neutral ground. Come here to-night. And don't talk of me, but say that a friend asks how she is, and hopes—the best things you can say for me. I must go up to their confounded chatter again. Tell her there's no fear, none whatever. You all hate us, naturally; but you know that Austrian officers are gentlemen. Don't speak my name to her just yet. Unless, of course, she should happen to allude to me, which is unlikely. I had a dismal idea that her husband was at Novara."

The tender-hearted duchess sent a message to Vittoria, bidding her not to forget that she had promised her at Meran to "love her always."

"And tell her," she said to Merthyr, "that I do not think I shall have my rooms open for the concert to-morrow night. I prefer to let Antonio Pericles go mad. She will not surely consider that she is bound by her promise to him? He drags poor Irma from place to place to make sure the miserable child is not plotting to destroy his concert, as that man Sarpo did. Irma is half dead, and hasn't the courage to offend him. She declares she depends upon him for her English reputation. She has already caught a violent cold, and her sneezing is frightful. I have never seen so abject a creature. I have no compassion at the sight of her."

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That night Merthyr heard from Wilfrid that a plot against Carlo Ammiani did exist. He repeated what he had heard pass between Countess d'Isorella and Irma in the chamber of Pericles before the late battle. Modestly confessing that he was "for some reasons" in high favour with Countess Lena, he added that after a long struggle he had brought her to confess that her sister had sworn to have Countess Alessandra Ammiani begging at her feet.

By mutual consent they went to consult the duchess. She repelled the notion of Austrian women conspiring. "An Austrian noble lady—do you think it possible that she would act secretly to serve a private hatred? Surely I may ask you, for my sake, to think better of us?"

Merthyr showed her an opening to his ground by suggesting that Anna's antipathy to Vittoria might spring more from a patriotic than a private source.

"Oh! I will certainly make inquiries, if only to save Anna's reputation with her enemies," the duchess answered rather proudly.

It would have been a Novara to Pericles if Vittoria had refused to sing. He held the pecuniarily-embarrassed duchess sufficiently in his power to command a concert at her house: his argument to those who pressed him to spare Vittoria in a season of grief running seriously, with visible contempt of their intellects, thus: "A great voice is an ocean. You cannot drain it with forty-dozen opera-hats. It is something found—an addition to the wealth of this life. Shall we not enjoy what we find? You do not wear out a picture by looking at it; likewise you do not wear out a voice by listening to it. A bird has wings;—here is a voice. Why were they given? I should say to go into the air. Ah! but not if grandmother is ill. What is grandmother to the wings and the voice? If to sing would kill,—yes, then let the puny thing be silent! But Sandra Belloni has a soul that has not a husband—except her art. Her body is husbanded; but her soul is above her body. You would treat it as below. Art is her soul's husband! Besides, I have her promise. She is a girl who will go up to a loaded gun's muzzle if she gives her word. And besides, her husband may be shot to-morrow. So, all she sings now is clear gain."

Vittoria sent word to him that she would sing.

In the meantime a change had come upon Countess Anna. Weisspriess, her hero, appeared before her brother, fresh from the field of Novara, whither he had hurried from Verona on a bare pretext that was a breach of military discipline requiring friendly interposition in high quarters. Unable to obtain an audience with Count Lenkenstein, he remained in the hall, hoping for things which he affected to care nothing for; and so it chanced that he saw Lena, who was mindful that her sister had suffered much from passive jealousy when Wilfrid

returned from the glorious field, and led him to Anna, that she also might rejoice in a hero. Weisspriess did not refrain from declaring on the way that he would rather charge against a battery. Some time after Anna lay in Lena's arms, sobbing out one of the wildest confessions ever made by woman:—she adored Weisspriess; she hated Nagen; but was miserably bound to the man she hated. "Oh! *now* I know what love is." She repeated this with transparent enjoyment of the opposing sensations by whose shock the knowledge was revealed to her.

"How can you be bound to Major Nagen?" asked Lena.

"Oh! why? except that I have been possessed by devils," Anna moaned. "Living among these Italians has distempered my blood." She exclaimed that she was lost.

"In what way can you be lost?" said Lena.

"I have squandered more than half that I possess. I am almost a beggar. I am no longer the wealthy Countess Anna. I am much poorer than any one of us."

"But Major Weisspriess is a man of honour, and if he loves you——"

"Yes; he loves me! he loves me! or would he come to me after I have sent him against a dozen swords? But he is poor; he must, must marry a wealthy woman. I used to hate him because I thought he had his eye on money. I love him for it now. He deserves wealth; he is a matchless hero. He is more than the first swordsman of our army; he is a knightly man. Oh my soul Johann!" She very soon fell to raving. Lena was implored by her to give her hand to Weisspriess in reward for his heroism; "for you are rich," Anna said; "you will not have to go to him feeling that you have made him face death a dozen times for your sake, and that you thank him and reward him by being a whimpering beggar in his arms. Do, dearest! Will you? Will you, to please me, marry Johann? He is not unworthy of you." And more of this hysterical hypocrisy, which brought on fits of weeping. "I have lived among these savages till I have ceased to be human—forgotten everything but my religion," she said. "I wanted Weisspriess to show them that they dared not stand up against a man of us, and to tame the snarling curs. He did. He is brave. He did as much as a man could do, but I was unappeasable. They seem to have bitten me till I had a devouring hunger to humiliate them. Lena, will you believe that I have no hate for Carlo Ammiani or the woman he has married? None! and yet, what have I done!" Anna smote her forehead. "They are nothing but little dots on a field for me. I don't care whether they live or die. It's like a thing done in sleep."

"I want to know what you have done," said Lena caressingly.

"You at least will try to reward our truest hero, and make up to

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him for your sister's unkindness, will you not?" Anna replied with a cajolery wonderfully like a sincere expression of her wishes. "He will be a good husband. He has proved it by having been so faithful a—a lover. So you may be sure of him. And when he is yours, do not let him fight again, Lena, for I have a sickening presentiment that his next duel is his last."

"Tell me," Lena entreated her, "pray tell me what horrible thing you have done to prevent your marrying him."

"With their pride and their laughter," Anna made answer; "the fools! were they to sting us perpetually and not suffer for it? That woman, the Countess Alessandra, as she's now called—have you forgotten that she helped our Paul's assassin to escape? was she not eternally plotting against Austria? and I say that I love Austria. I love my country; I plot for my country. She and her husband plot, and I plot to thwart them. I have ruined myself in doing it. Oh, my heart! why has it commenced beating again? Why did Weisspriess come here? He offended me. He refused to do my orders, and left me empty-handed, and if he suffers too," Anna relieved a hard look with a smile of melancholy, "I hope he will not; I cannot say more."

"And I'm to console him, if he does?" said Lena.

"At least, I shall be out of the way," said Anna. "I have still money enough to make me welcome in a convent."

"I am to marry him?" Lena persisted, and half induced Anna to act a feeble part, composed of sobs and kisses and full confession of her plight.

There came tidings of the bombardment of Brescia—one of the historic deeds of infamy. Many officers of the Imperial army perceived the shame which it cast upon their colours, even in those intemperate hours, and Karl Lenkenstein assumed the liberty of private friendship to go complaining to the old Marshal, who was too true a soldier to condemn a soldier in action, however strong his disapproval of proceedings. The liberty assumed by Karl was excessive; he spoke out in the midst of General officers as if his views were shared by them and the Marshal; and his error was soon corrected; one after another reproached him, until the Marshal, pitying his condition, sent him into his writing-closet, where he lectured the youth on military discipline. It chanced that there followed between them a question upon what the general in command at Brescia would do with his prisoners; and hearing that they were subject to the rigours of a court-martial, and if adjudged guilty, would forthwith summarily be shot, Karl ventured to ask grace for Vittoria's husband. He succeeded finally in obtaining his kind old chief's promise that Count Ammiani should be tried in Milan, and

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as the bearer of a paper to that effect, he called on his sisters to get them or Wilfrid to convey word to Vittoria of her husband's probable safety. He found Anna in a swoon, and Lena and the duchess bending over her. The duchess's chasseur Jacob Baumwalder Feckelwitz had been returning from Meran, when on the Brescian high road he met the spy Luigi, and acting promptly under the idea that Luigi was always a pestilential conductor of detestable correspondence, he attacked him, overthrew him, and ransacked him, and bore the fruit of his sagacious exertions to his mistress in Milan; it was Violetta d'Isorella's letter to Carlo Ammiani. "I have read it," the duchess said; "contrary to my habits when letters are not addressed to me. I bring it open to your sister Anna. She catches sight of one or two names and falls down in the state in which you see her."

"Leave her to me," said Karl.

He succeeded in extracting from Anna hints of the fact that she had paid a large sum of her own money to Countess d'Isorella for secrets connected with the Bergamasc and Brescian rising. "We were under a mutual oath to be silent, but if one has broken it the other cannot; so I confess it to you, dearest, good brother. I did this for my country at my personal sacrifice."

Karl believed that he had a sister magnificent in soul. She was glad to have deluded him, but she could not endure his praises, which painted to her imagination all that she might have been if she had not dashed her patriotism with the low cravings of vengeance, making herself like some abhorrent mediæval grotesque, composed of eagle and reptile. She was most eager in entreating him to save Count Ammiani's life. Carlo, she said, was their enemy, but he had been their friend, and she declared with singular earnestness that she should never again sleep or hold up her head, if he were slain or captured.

"My Anna is justified by me in everything she has done," Karl said to the duchess.

"In that case," the duchess replied, "I have only to differ with her to feel your sword's point at my breast."

"I should certainly challenge the man who doubted her," said Karl.

The duchess laughed with a scornful melancholy.

On the steps of the door where his horse stood saddled, he met Wilfrid, and from this promised brother-in-law received matter for the challenge. Wilfrid excitedly accused Anna of the guilt of a conspiracy to cause the destruction of Count Ammiani. In the heat of his admiration for his sister, Karl struck him on the cheek with his glove, and called him a name by which he had passed during the days of his disgrace, signifying one who plays with two parties.

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Lena's maid heard them arrange to meet within an hour, and she having been a witness of the altercation, ran to her mistress in advance of Wilfrid, and so worked on Lena's terrors on behalf of her betrothed and her brother, that Lena dropped at Anna's feet, telling her all that she had gathered and guessed in verification of Wilfrid's charge, and imploring her to confess the truth. Anna, though she saw her concealment pierced, could not voluntarily forego her brother's expressed admiration of her, and clung to the tatters of secresy. After a brief, horrid hesitation, she chose to face Wilfrid. This interview began with lively recriminations, and was resulting in nothing—for Anna refused to be shaken by his statement that the Countess d'Isorella had betrayed her, and perceived that she was listening to concrete suspicions only—when, to give his accusation force, Wilfrid said that Brescia had surrendered and that Count Ammiani had escaped.

"And I thank God for it!" Anna exclaimed, and with straight, frowning eyes demanded the refutation of her sincerity.

"Count Ammiani and his men have five hours' grace ahead of Major Nagen and half a regiment," said Wilfrid.

At this she gasped; she had risen her breath to deny or defy, and hung on the top of it without a voice.

"Tell us—say, do but say—confess that you know Nagen to be a name of mischief," Lena prayed her.

"I will say anything to prevent my brother from running into danger," Anna rejoined.

"She is most foully accused by one whom we permitted to aspire to be of our own family," said Karl.

"Yet you, Karl, have always been the first to declare her revengeful," Lena turned to him.

"Help, Karl, help me," said Anna.

"Yes!" cried her sister; "there you stand, and ask for help, meanest of women! Do you think these men are not in earnest? Karl is to help you, and you will not speak a word to save him from a grave before night, or me from a lover all of blood."

"Am I to be the sacrifice?" said Anna.

"Whatever you call it, Wilfrid has spoken truth of you, and to none but members of our family; and he had a right to say it, and you are bound now to acknowledge it."

"I acknowledge that I love and serve my country, Lena."

"Not with a pure heart: you can't forgive. Insult or a wrong makes a madwoman of you. Confess, Anna! You know well that you can't kneel to a priest's ear, for you've stopped your conscience. You have pledged yourself to misery to satisfy a spite, and you have not the courage to ask for——" Lena broke her speech like one whose wits have been kindled. "Yes, Karl," she resumed; "Anna

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begged you to help her. You will. Take her aside and save her from being miserable for ever. You do mean to fight my Wilfrid?"

"I am certainly determined to bring him to repentance—leaving him the option of the way," said Karl.

Lena took her sullen sister by the arm.

"Anna, will you let these two men go to slaughter? Look at them; they are both our brothers. One is dearer than a brother to me, and, oh God! I have known what it is to half-lose him. You to lose a lover and have to go bound by a wretched oath to be the wife of a detestable short-sighted husband! Oh, what an abominable folly!"

This epithet, 'short-sighted,' curiously forced in by Lena, was like a shock of the very image of Nagen's needle features thrust against Anna's eyes; the spasm of revulsion in her frame was too quick for her habitual self-control.

At that juncture Weisspriess opened the door, and Anna's eyes met his.

"You don't spare me," she murmured to Lena.

Her voice trembled, and Wilfrid bent his head near her, pressing her hand, and said, "Not only I, but Countess Alessandra Ammiani exonerates you from blame. As she loves her country, you love yours. My words to Karl were an exaggeration of what I know and think. Only tell me this; if Nagen captures Count Ammiani, how is he likely to deal with him?"

"How can I inform you?" Anna replied; but she reflected. She had given Nagen the prompting of a hundred angry exclamations in the days of her fever of hatred; she had nevertheless forgotten their parting words; that is, she had forgotten her mood when he started for Brescia, and the nature of the last instructions she had given him. Revolting from the thought of execution being done upon Count Ammiani, as one quickly springing out of fever dreams, all her white face went into little hard lines, like the withered snow which wears away in frost. "Yes," she said; and again, "Yes," to something Weisspriess whispered in her ear, she knew not clearly what. Weisspriess told Wilfrid that he would wait below. As he quitted the room, the duchess entered, and went up to Anna. "My good soul," she said, "you have, I trust, listened to Major Weisspriess. Oh, Anna! you wanted revenge. Now take it, as becomes a high-born woman; and let your enemy come to your feet, and don't spurn her when she is there. Must I inform you that I have been to Countess d'Isorella myself with a man who can compel her to speak? But Anna von Lenkenstein is not base like that Italian. Let them think of you as they will, I believe you to have a great heart. I am sure you will not allow personal senti-

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ment to sully your devotion to our country. Show them that our Austrian faces can be bright; and meet her whom you call your enemy; you cannot fly. You must see her, or you betray yourself. The poor creature's husband is in danger of capture or death."

While the duchess's stern under-breath ran on hurriedly, convincing Anna that she had, with no further warning, to fall back upon her uttermost strength—the name of Countess Alessandra Ammiani was called at the door. Instinctively the others left a path between Vittoria and Anna. It was one of the moments when the adoption of a decisive course says more in vindication of conduct than long speeches. Anna felt that she was on her trial. For the first time since she had looked on this woman she noticed the soft splendour of Vittoria's eyes, and the harmony of her whole figure; nor was the black dress of protesting Italian mourning any longer offensive in her sight, but on a sudden pitiful, for Anna thought: "It may at this very hour be for her husband, and she not knowing it." And with that she had a vision under her eyelids of Nagen like a shadowy devil in pursuit of men flying, and striking herself and Vittoria worse than dead in one blow levelled at Carlo Ammiani. A sense of supernatural horror chilled her blood when she considered again, facing her enemy, that their mutual happiness was by her own act involved in the fate of one life. She stepped farther than the halfway to greet her visitor, whose hands she took. Before a word was uttered between them, she turned to her brother, and with a clear voice said:

"Karl, the Countess Alessandra's husband, our old friend Carlo Ammiani, may need succour in his flight. Try to cross it; or better, get among those who are pursuing him, and don't delay one minute. You understand me."

Her eyes seemed to interrogate Vittoria, "Can I do more?" but her own heart answered her.

Inveterate when following up her passion for vengeance, she was fanatical in responding to the suggestions of remorse.

"Stay; I will despatch Major Weisspriess in my own name," she said. "He is a trusty messenger, and he knows those mountains. Whoever is the officer broken for aiding Count Ammiani's escape, he shall be rewarded by me to the best of my ability. Countess Alessandra, I have anticipated your petition; I hope you may not have to reproach me. Remember that my country was in pieces when you and I declared war. You will not suffer without my suffering tenfold. Perhaps some day you will do me the favour to sing to me, when there is no chance of interruption. At present it is cruel to detain you."

Vittoria said simply: "I thank you, Countess Anna."

She was led out by Count Karl to where Merthyr awaitel her.

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All wondered at the briefness of a scene that had unexpectedly brought the crisis to many emotions and passions, as the broken waters of the sea beat together and make here or there the wave which is topmost. Anna's grand initiative hung in their memories like the throbbing of a pulse, so hotly their sensations swarmed about it, and so intensely it embraced and led what all were desiring. The duchess kissed Anna, saying:

"That is a noble heart to which you have become reconciled. Though you should never be friends, as I am with one of them, you will esteem her. Do not suppose her to be cold. She is the mother of an unborn little one, and for that little one's sake she follows out every duty; she checks every passion in her bosom. She will spare no sacrifice to save her husband, but she has brought her mind to look at the worst, for fear that a shock should destroy her motherly guard."

"Really, duchess," Anna replied, "these are things for married women to hear;" and she provoked some contempt of her conventional delicacy, at the same time that in her imagination the image of Vittoria struggling to preserve this burden of motherhood against a tragic mischance, completely humiliated and overwhelmed her, as if nature had also come to add to her mortifications.

"I am ready to confess everything I have done, and to be known for what I am," she said.

"Confess no more than is necessary, but do everything you can; that's wisest," returned the duchess.

"Ah! you mean that you have nothing to learn." Anna shuddered.

"I mean that you are likely to run into the other extreme of disfavouring yourself just now, my child. And," continued the duchess, "you have behaved so splendidly that I *won't* think ill of you."

Before the day darkened, Wilfrid obtained, through Prince Radocky's influence, an order addressed to Major Nagen for the surrender of prisoners into his hands. He and Count Karl started for the Val Camonica on the chance of intercepting the pursuit. These were not much wiser than their guesses and their apprehensions made them; but Weisspriess started on the like errand after an interview with Anna, and he had drawn sufficient intelligence out of sobs, and broken sentences, and torture of her spirit, to understand that if Count Ammiani fell alive or dead into Nagen's hands, Nagen, by Anna's scrupulous oath, had a claim on her person and her fortune: and he knew Nagen to be a gambler. As he was Nagen's superior officer, and a near relative of the Brescian commandant, who would be induced to justify his steps, his object was to reach and arbitrarily place himself over Nagen, as if upon a special mission, and to get the lead of the expedition. For that purpose he

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struck somewhat higher above the Swiss borders than Karl and Wilfrid, and gained a district in the mountains above the vale perfectly familiar to him. Obeying directions forwarded to her by Wilfrid, Vittoria left Milan for the Val Camonica no later than the evening; Laura was with her in the carriage; Merthyr took horse after them as soon as he had succeeded in persuading Countess Ammiani to pardon her daughter's last act of wilfulness, and believe that, during the agitation of unnumbered doubts, she ran less peril in the wilds, where her husband fled, than in her home."

"I will trust to her idolatrously, as you do," Countess Ammiani said; "and perhaps she has already proved to me that I may."

Merthyr saw Agostino while riding out of Milan, and was seen by him; but the old man walked onward, looking moodily on the stones, and merely waved his hand behind.

Chapter XLVI.

THE LAST.

There is hard winter overhead in the mountains when Italian spring walks the mountain-sides with flowers, and hangs deep valley-walls with flowers half fruit; the sources of the rivers above are set about with fangs of ice, while the full flat stream runs to a rose of sunlight. High among the mists and snows were the fugitives of Brescia, and those who for love or pity struggled to save them wandered through the blooming vales, sometimes hearing that they had crossed the frontier into freedom, and as often that they were scattered low in death and captivity. Austria here, Switzerland yonder, and but one depth between to bound across, and win calm breathing. But mountain might call to mountain, peak shine to peak; a girdle of steel drove the hunted men back to frosty heights and clouds, the shifting bosom of snows and lightnings. They saw nothing of hands stretched out to succour. They saw a sun that did not warm them, a home of exile inaccessible, crags like an earth gone to skeleton in hungry air; and below the land of their birth, beautiful, and sown everywhere for them with torture and captivity, and death the sweetest.

Fifteen men numbered the escape from Brescia. They fought their way twice through passes of the mountains, and might easily, in their first dash northward from the south-facing hills, have crossed to the Valteline and Engadine, but that in their insanity of anguish they meditated another blow, and were readier to march into the plains with the tricolor than to follow any course of flight. When the sun was no longer in their blood they thought of reason

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and of rest; they voted the expedition to Switzerland that so they should get round to Rome, and descended from the crags of the Tonale, under which they were drawn to an ambush, suffering three of their party killed, and each man bloody with wounds. The mountain befriended them, and gave them safety as truth is given by a bitter friend. Among icy crags and mists, where the touch of life grows dull as the nail of a forefinger, the features of the mountain were stamped on them, and with hunger they lost pride, and with solitude laughter; with endless fleeing they lost the aim of flight; some became desperate, a few craven. Companionship was broken before they parted in three bodies, commanded severally by Colonel Corte, Carlo Ammiani, and Barto Rizzo. Corte reached the plains, masked by the devotion of Carlo's band, who lured the soldiery to a point and drew a chase while Corte passed the line, and pushed on for Switzerland. Carlo told off his cousin, Angelo Guidascarpi, in the list of those following Corte; but when he fled up to the snows again, he beheld Angelo spectral as the vapour on a jut of rock awaiting him. Barto Rizzo had chosen his own way, none knew whither. Carlo, Angelo, Marco Sana, and a sharply-wounded Brescian lad, conceived the scheme of traversing the South Tyrol mountain-range towards Friuli, whence Venice, the still-breathing republic, might possibly be gained. They carried the boy in turn till his arms drooped long down, and when they knew the soul was out of him they buried him in snow, and thought him happy. It was then that Marco Sana took his death for an omen, and decided them to turn their heads once more towards Switzerland; telling them that the boy, whom he last had carried, uttered "Rome" with the flying breath. Angelo said that Sana would get to Rome; and Carlo, smiling on Angelo, told him they were to die twins, though they had been born only cousins. The language they had fallen upon was mystical, scarce intelligible to other than themselves. On a clear morning, with the Swiss peaks in sight, they were condemned by want of food to quit their fastness for the valley.

Vittoria read the faces of the mornings as human creatures have tried to gather the sum of their destinies off changing surfaces,—fair not meaning fair, nor black black, but either the mask upon the secret of God's terrible will; and to learn it and submit, was the spiritual burden of her motherhood, that the child leaping with her heart might live. Not to hope blindly, in the exceeding anxiousness of her passionate love, or blindly to fear; not to let her soul fly out among the twisting chances; not to sap her great maternal duty by affecting false stoical serenity:—to nurse her soul's strength, and suckle her womanly weakness with the tears which are poison when repressed; to be at peace with a disastrous world for the sake of the dependent life unborn;—by such pure efforts she clung to God.

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Soft dreams of sacred nuptial tendernesses, tragic images, wild pity, were like phantoms encircling her, plucking at her as she went, but they were beneath her feet, and she kept them from lodging between her breasts. The thought that her husband, though he should have perished, was not a life lost if their child lived, sustained her powerfully. It seemed to whisper at times almost as it were Carlo's ghost breathing in her ears: "On thee!" On her the further duty devolved; and she trod down hope, lest it should build her up and bring a shock to surprise her fortitude; she put back alarm.

The mountains and the valleys scarce had names for her understanding; they were but a scene where the will of her Maker was at work. Rarely has a soul been so subjected by its own force. She certainly had the image of God in her mind.

Yet when her eyes lingered on any mountain gorge, the fate of her husband sang within it a strange chant, ending in a key that rang sounding through all her being, and seemed to question heaven. This music framed itself; it was still when she looked at the shrouded mountain-tops. A shadow meeting sunlight on the long green slopes, aroused it, and it hummed above the tumbling, hasty foam, and penetrated hanging depths of foliage, sad-hued rock clefts, dark green ravines; it became convulsed where the mountain threw forward in a rushing upward line against the sky, there to be severed at the head by cloud. It was silent among the vines.

Most painfully did human voices affect her when she had this music; speech was a scourge to her sense of hearing, and touch distressed her: an edge of purple flame would then unfold the vision of things to her eyes. She had lost memory; and if by hazard unawares one idea was projected by some sudden tumult of her enslaved emotions beyond known and visible circumstances, her intelligence darkened with an oppressive dread like that of zealots of the guilt of impiety.

Thus destitute, her eyes took innumerable pictures sharp as on a brass-plate: torrents, goat-tracks winding up red earth, rocks veiled with water, cottage and children, strings of villagers mounting to the church, one woman kneeling before a wayside cross, her basket at her back, and her child gazing idly by; perched hamlets, rolling pasture-fields, the vast mountain lines. She asked all that she saw, "Does he live?" but the life was out of everything, and these shows told of no life, neither of joy nor of grief. She could only distantly connect the appearance of the white-coated soldiery with the source of her trouble. They were no more than figures on a screen that hid the flashing of the sword which renders dumb. She had charity for one who was footsore and sat cherishing his ankle by a village spring, and she fed him, and not until he was far behind thought that he might have seen the white face of her husband.

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Accurate tidings could not be obtained, though the whole course of the vale was full of stories of escapes, conflicts, and captures. Merthyr learnt positively that some fugitives had passed the cordon. He came across Wilfrid and Count Karl, who both verified it in the most sanguine manner. They knew, however, that Major Nagen continued in the mountains. Riding by a bend of the road, Merthyr beheld a man playing among children, with one hand and his head down apparently for concealment at his approach. It proved to be Beppo. The man believed that Count Ammiani had fled to Switzerland. Barto Rizzo, he said, was in the mountains still, and Beppo invoked damnation on him, as the author of those lying proclamations which had ruined Brescia. He had got out of the city later than the others and was seeking to evade the outposts, that he might join his master—"that is, my captain, for I've only one master;" he corrected the slip of his tongue appealingly to Merthyr. His left hand was being continually plucked at by the children while he talked, and after Merthyr had dispersed them with a shower of small coin, he showed the hand, saying, glad of eye, that it had taken a sword-cut intended for Count Ammiani. Merthyr sent him back to mount the carriage, enjoining him severely not to speak.

When Carlo and his companions descended from the mountains, they entered a village where there was an inn recognised by Angelo as the abode of Jacopo Cruchi. He there revived Carlo's animosity towards Weisspriess by telling the tale of the passage to Meran, and his good reasons for determining to keep guard over the Countess Alessandra all the way. Subsequently Angelo went to Jacopo for food. This he procured, but he was compelled to leave the man behind, and unpaid. It was dark when he left the inn; he had some difficulty in evading a flock of whitecoats, and his retreat from the village was still on the Austrian side. Somewhat about midnight Merthyr reached the inn, heralding the carriage. As Jacopo caught sight of Vittoria's face, he fell with his shoulders straightened against the wall, and cried out loudly that he had betrayed no one, and mentioned Major Weisspriess by name as having held the point of his sword at him and extracted nothing better than a wave of the hand and a lie; in other words, that the fugitives had retired to the Tyrolese mountains, and that he had shammed ignorance of who they were. Merthyr read at a glance that Jacopo had the large swallow and calm digestion for bribes, and getting the fellow alone he laid money in view, out of which, by doubling the sum to make Jacopo correct his first statement, and then by threatening to withdraw it altogether, he gained knowledge of the fact that Angelo Guidascarpi had recently visited the inn and had started from it south-eastward, and that Major Weisspriess was following on his track. He wrote a line of strong entreaty to Weisspriess, lest that officer should per-

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chance relapse into anger at the taunts of prisoners abhorring him with the hatred of Carlo and Angelo. At the same time he gave Beppo a considerable supply of money, and then sent him off, armed as far as possible to speed Count Ammiani safe across the borders, if a fugitive; or if a prisoner, to ensure the best which could be hoped for him from an adversary become generous. That evening Vittoria lay with her head on Laura's lap, and the little pearly crescent of her ear in moonlight by the window. So fair and young and still she looked that Merthyr feared for her, and thought of sending her back to Countess Ammiani.

Her first question with the lifting of her eyelids was if he had ceased to trust to her courage.

"No," said Merthyr; "there are bounds to human strength; that is all."

She answered: "There would be to mine if I had not more than human strength beside me. I bow my head, dearest; it is that. I feel I cannot break down so long as I know what is passing. Does my husband live?"

"Yes, he lives," said Merthyr; and she gave him her hand, and went to her bed.

He learnt from Laura that when Beppo mounted the carriage in silence, a fit of ungovernable wild trembling had come on her, broken at intervals by a cry that something was concealed. Laura could give no advice; she looked at Merthyr and Vittoria as two that had an incomprehensible knowledge of the power of one another's natures, and the fiery creature remained passive in perplexity of mind, as soft an attendant as a suffering woman could have.

Merthyr did not sleep, and in the morning Vittoria said to him, "You want to be active, my friend. Go, and we will wait for you here. I know that I am never deceived by you, and when I see you I know that the truth speaks, and bids me be worthy of it. Go up there," she pointed with shut eyes at the mountains; "leave me to pray for greater strength. I am among Italians at this inn, and shall spend money here; the poor people love it." She smiled a little, showing a glimpse of her old charitable humour.

Merthyr counselled Laura that in case of evil tidings during his absence she should reject her feminine ideas of expediency, and believe that she was speaking to a brave soul firmly rooted in the wisdom of heaven.

"Tell her?—she will die," said Laura, shuddering.

"Get tears from her," Merthyr rejoined; "but hide nothing from her for a single instant; keep her in daylight. For God's sake, keep her in daylight."

"It's too sharp a task for me." She repeated that she was incapable of it.

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"Ah," said he, "look at your Italy, how she weeps! and she has cause. She would die in her grief, if she had no faith for what is to come. I dare say it is not, save in the hearts of one or two, a conscious faith, but it's real Divine strength; and Alessandra Ammiani has it. Do as I bid you. I return in two days."

Without understanding him, Laura promised that she would do her utmost to obey, and he left her muttering to herself as if she were schooling her lips to speak reluctant words. He started for the mountains with gladdened limbs, taking a guide, who gave his name as Lorenzo, and talked of having been "out" in the previous year. "I am a patriot, signore! and not only in opposition to my beast of a wife, I assure you: a downright patriot, I mean." Merthyr was tempted to discharge him at first, but controlled his English antipathy to babblers, and discovered him to be a serviceable fellow. Towards nightfall they heard shots up a rock-strewn combe of the lower slopes; desultory shots indicating rifle-firing at long range. Darkness made them seek shelter in a pine-hut; starting from which at dawn, Lorenzo ran beating about like a dog over the place where the shots had sounded on the foregoing day; he found a stone spotted with blood. Not far from the stone lay a military glove that bore brown-crimson finger-ends. They were striking off to a dairy-hut for fresh milk, when out of a crevice of rock overhung by shrubs a man's voice called, and Merthyr climbing up from perch to perch, saw Marco Sana lying at half length, shot through hand and leg. From him Merthyr learnt that Carlo and Angelo had fled higher up; yesterday they had been attacked by Weisspriess, who tried to lure them to surrender by coming forward at the head of his men and offering safety, and "other gabble," said Marco. He offered a fair shot at his heart, too, while he stood below a rock that Marco pointed at gloomily as at a hope gone for ever; but Carlo would not allow advantage to be taken of even the treacherous simulation of chivalry, and only permitted firing after he had returned to his men. "I was hit here and here," said Marco, touching his wounds, as men can hardly avoid doing when speaking of the fresh wound. Merthyr got him on his feet, put money in his pocket, and led him off the big stones painfully. "They give no quarter," Marco assured him, and reasoned that it must be so, for they had not taken him prisoner, though they saw him fall, and ran by or in view of him in pursuit of Carlo. By this Merthyr was convinced that Weisspriess meant well. He left his guide in charge of Marco to help him into the Engadine. Greatly to his astonishment Lorenzo tossed the back of his hand at the offer of money. "There *shall* be this difference between me and my wife," he remarked; "and besides, gracious signore, serving my countrymen for nothing, that's for love, and the Tedeschi can't punish me for it, so it's one way of cheating them,

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the wolves!" Merthyr shook his hand and said, "Instead of my servant, be my friend;" and Lorenzo made no feeble mouth, but answered, "Signore, it is much to my honour," and so they went different ways.

Left to himself Merthyr set his steps vigorously upward. Information from herdsmen told him that he was an hour off the foot of one of the passes. He begged them to tell any hunted men who might come within hail that a friend ran seeking them. Farther up, while thinking of the fine nature of that Lorenzo, and the many men like him who could not by the very existence of nobility in their bosoms suffer their country to go through another generation of servitude, his heart bounded immensely, for he heard a shout and his name, and he beheld two figures on a rock near the gorge where the mountain opened to its heights. But they were not Carlo and Angelo. They were Wilfrid and Count Karl, the latter of whom had discerned him through a telescope. They had good news to revive him, however: good at least in the main. Nagen had captured Carlo and Angelo, they believed; but they had left Weisspriess near on Nagen's detachment, and they furnished sound military reasons to show why, if Weisspriess favoured the escape, they should not be present. They supposed that they were not half a mile from the scene in the pass where Nagen was being forcibly deposed from his authority. Merthyr borrowed Count Karl's glass, and went as they directed him round a bluff of the descending hills, that faced the vale, much like a blown and beaten sea-cliff. Wilfrid and Karl were so certain of Count Ammiani's safety that their only thought was to get under good cover before nightfall, and haply into good quarters, where the three proper requirements of the soldier—meat, wine, and tobacco—might be furnished to them. After an imperative caution that they should not present themselves before the Countess Alessandra, Merthyr sped quickly over the broken ground, hoping less and less as he thirsted more and more for evidence of Carlo's safety. He met a sort of pedlar turning the blunt-faced mountain-spur, and this man said, "Yes, sure enough, prisoners had been taken," and he was not aware of harm having been done to them; he fancied there was a quarrel between two captains. His plan being always to avoid the military, he slunk round and away from them as fast as might be. An Austrian common soldier, a good-humoured German, distressed by a fall that had hurt his knee-cap, sat within the gorge, which was very wide at the mouth. Merthyr questioned him, and he, while mending one of his gathered cigar-ends, pointed to a meadow near the beaten track, some distance up the rocks. Whitecoats stood thick on it. Merthyr lifted his telescope and perceived an eager air about the men, though they stood ranged in careless order. He began to mount forthwith, but amazed by a

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sudden ringing of shot, he stopped, asking himself in horror whether it could be an execution. The shots and the noise increased, until the confusion of a positive mellay reigned above. The fall of the meadow swept to a bold crag right over the pathway, and with a projection that seen sideways made a vulture's head and beak of it. There rolled a corpse down the precipitous wave of green grass on to the crag, where it lodged, face to the sky; sword dangled from swordknot at one wrist, heels and arms were in air, and the body caught midway hung poised and motionless. The firing deadened. Then Merthyr drawing nearer beneath the crag, saw one who had life in him slipping down towards the body, and knew the man for Beppo. Beppo knocked his hands together and groaned miserably, but flung himself astride the beak of the crag, and took the body in his arms, sprang down with it, and lay stunned at Merthyr's feet. Merthyr looked on the face of Carlo Ammiani.

Epilogue.

No uncontested version of the tragedy of Count Ammiani's death passed current in Milan during many years. With time it became disconnected from passion, and took form in a plain narrative. He and Angelo were captured by Major Nagen, and were, as the soldiers of the force subsequently let it be known, roughly threatened with what he termed 'Brescian treatment.' The appearance of Major Weisspriess and his claim to the command created a violent discussion between the two officers. Weisspriess succeeded in establishing his ascendency; upon which he spoke to the prisoners, telling Carlo that for his wife's sake he should be free on the morrow, and Angelo that he must expect the fate of a murderer. His address to them was deliberate, and quite courteous; he expressed himself sorry that a gallant gentleman like Angelo Guidascarpi should merit a bloody grave, but so it was. At the same time he entreated Count Ammiani to rely on his determination to save him. Major Nagen did not stand far removed from them. Carlo turned to him and repeated the words of Weisspriess; nor could Angelo restrain his cousin's vehement renunciation of hope and life in doing this. He accused Weisspriess of a long evasion of a brave man's obligation to repair an injury, charged him with cowardice, and requested Major Nagen, as a man of honour, to drag his brother officer to the duel. Nagen then said that Major Weisspriess was his superior in the command, adding that his gallant brother officer had only of late objected to vindicate his reputation with his sword. Stung finally

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beyond the control of an irritable temper, Weisspriess walked out of sight of the soldiery with Carlo, to whom, at a special formal request from Weisspriess, Nagen handed his sword. Again he begged Count Ammiani to abstain from fighting; yea, to strike him and disable him, and fly, rather than provoke the skill of his right hand. Carlo demanded his cousin's freedom. It was denied to him, and Carlo claimed his privilege. The witnesses of the duel were Jenna and another young subaltern: both declared it fair according to the laws of honour, when their stupefaction on beholding the proud swordsman of the army stretched lifeless on the brown leaves of the past year, left them with power to speak. Thus did Carlo slay his old enemy who would have served as his friend. A shout of rescue was heard before Carlo had yielded up his weapon. Four haggard and desperate men, headed by Barto Rizzo, burst from an ambush on the guard encircling Angelo. There, with the one thought of saving his doomed cousin and comrade, Carlo rushed, and not one Italian survived the fight.

An unarmed spectator upon the meadow-borders, Beppo, had but obscure glimpses of scenes shifting like a sky in advance of hurricane winds.

Merthyr delivered the burden of death to Vittoria. Her soul had crossed the darkness of the river of death in that quiet agony preceding the revelation of her Maker's will, and she drew her dead husband to her bosom and kissed him on the eyes and the forehead, not as one who had quite gone away from her, but as one who lay upon another shore whither she would come. The manful friend ever by her side, saved her by his absolute trust in her fortitude to bear the great sorrow undeceived, and to walk with it to its last resting-place on earth unobstructed. Clear knowledge of her, the issue of reverent love, enabled him to read her unequalled strength of nature, and to rely on her fidelity to her highest mortal duty in a conflict with extreme despair. She lived through it as her Italy had lived through the hours which brought her face to face with her dearest in death; and she also on the day, ten years later, when an Emperor and a King stood beneath the vault of the grand Duomo, and the organ and a peal of voices rendered thanks to Heaven for liberty, could show the fruit of her devotion in the dark-eyed boy, Carlo Merthyr Ammiani, standing between Merthyr and her, with old blind Agostino's hands upon his head. And then once more, and but for once, her voice was heard in Milan.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE month of November is generally one of the dullest of the year in politics. The spring is emphatically the time for action; a great deal of waste steam gets blown off in meetings during the autumn; but in November all the active agents of the world's political movements are more or less preparing themselves for the future. The Cabinet are concocting their bills; Stephens is brooding over the conquest of Ireland; Bismarck, if accounts be true, is settling the division with Russia of what remains of the North of Europe; Austria, under the dictatorship of De Beust, is laying plans to regain her lost power; Italy is on the tiptoe of expectation for December, and the French sphinx is mysteriously collecting vast physical forces, which "authority" assures the public are never to be used. In America every object is distorted through the medium of Presidential canvassing, and to that must be attributed Mr. Seward's letter, and the swerving of the Government from its straightforward course with regard to Fenianism; but there also the nation is in an attitude of expectation, awaiting the meeting of Congress and the President's Message.

The most important subject that has occurred in home affairs is Mr. Bright's visit to Ireland, and the demonstrations there to which it has given rise. We are far from agreeing with Mr. Bright in all his political views, as our readers are aware, but we think it must in justice be admitted that his speech at the Rotundo was not only vigorous and poetic, but temperate, and delivered in the proper spirit which should animate an English statesman. There cannot be a more disgraceful spectacle to English statesmanship than Ireland at the present time. Lord Kimberley drew an alarming picture of the state of that country in a speech which he delivered in the House of Lords at the end of last session. The intense dislike of England and disaffection to our Government pervades not only the lowest classes, but those who are well to do, and in easy circumstances. The contrast is constantly drawn between happiness in the United States and misery in Ireland, and if discontent continue to spread, a bloody issue must be arrived at, perhaps at a time when England shall be engaged in some mortal conflict. There is, of course, another side to the picture. If the lower classes are more active and dangerous, the upper and middle classes are more contented and loyal than they have ever been before. There are no Lord Edward Fitzgeralds now. The upper and middle classes are Englishmen in their feelings, and in favour of the English union, and the lower classes in the north of Ireland are rapidly increasing in wealth and numbers, and share the same sentiments. In the South and the Catholic parts of Ireland are the principal centres of discontent, and even there education has spread too much to permit any persons of note to join the party which openly avows the wish to have a separation of Ireland from England. The banquet to Mr. Bright has some cheering features about it. The O'Donoghue was in the chair, but the health of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales was enthusiastically drunk, and the state of Ireland was calmly and temperately discussed. Mr. Bright had evidently prepared himself with great care for the occasion, and there was much in his speech with which all thinking Englishmen will agree. "How comes it to pass that the king is never the richer for Ireland?" is still a fair

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question for us to put, and Mr. Bright answered it as every Englishman ought to answer it: "How can we or Parliament so act as to bring about in Ireland contentment and tranquillity, and a solid union between Ireland and the rest of Great Britain? How can we improve the condition and change the mind of the people of Ireland?" Any Englishman deserves credit for endeavouring to solve this problem, and Mr. Bright may fairly say, as he does, "the methods hitherto tried have utterly failed, and therefore what I suggest is at least deserving of a respectful hearing." At first Mr. Bright goes over old ground. Why do the Irish flourish in the United States and not in their own country? For which several reasons may be given. He then fastens on the old grievances, the Church and the land. And with regard to the Church he makes observations which, coming from him, are of great importance. He does not think that the abolition or reduction of the Established Church in Ireland would be looked upon by the Protestants of Scotland, and the Dissenters of England, as a Protestant, but simply as a Church of England question. If this be really the case we are happy to welcome a greatly improved tone of feeling in the Protestant world from the days when the Maynooth grant was discussed in 1845, and an able writer was "shocked and surprised at the storm of bigotry which so suddenly and noisily burst upon us." If English Dissenters and Scotch Presbyterians would join heartily with Irish Roman Catholics in pressing forward a reform of the Irish Church, that question might be quickly settled, although at the expense of the existence of the present Government. There are, moreover, many English Churchmen who would join the movement from a sentiment of justice; and it would be strongly opposed only by those who have got fixed in their mind the notion that the Church is a gigantic fortress, of which the outworks are church-rates and the Irish Church, and that these must consequently be defended to the death, not for their own sakes, but lest the Church of England should afterwards fall, and be followed by anarchy and paganism. We believe, however, that the number of persons is diminishing, who believe an artificial ecclesiastical system necessary to hold together the elements of society, and that the Irish Church question is one which might have been successfully undertaken by the late Government with the happiest results.

The land question is more important than the Church question, and far more difficult to grapple with. A vast amount of the land of Ireland has passed through the Encumbered Estates Court during the last fifteen or twenty years, and has been bought in moderate sized estates, principally by Irishmen. The country also has increased in wealth, but still the discontent seems greater than ever. Tenant right answers in Ulster, and it is difficult to understand why it should be so violently opposed by the landlords in other parts of Ireland. Nothing can be worse than the present tenure, where the tenant holds at will under a landlord with whom he is perpetually at feud. Mr. Bright is justly of opinion that to alter this unhappy relation is to strike at the root of the evil. The efforts of industry are checked in Ireland because those who sow are uncertain if they will be allowed to reap. There is no security in Ireland that the tenant will be able to profit by the fruits of his labour. "The interests of the public require that Parliament should secure to the tenant the property which he has invested in his farm." If that were done, in the words of the old farmer in Wexford, "the tenants would

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soon bate the hunger out of the land." Mr. Bright would do away with the law of primogeniture and the law of entails. But as an immediate measure he would appoint a parliamentary commission with power to buy up estates of absentees up to £5,000,000, and resell them in small farms to the tenants, the principal being repaid with the rent gradually during a long term of years. This proposal is founded on the same principle, Mr. Bright says, as the drainage loans, and as land societies in England. The plan has, however, found little favour with the English press, and is not at all likely to be carried out. It is founded on the Prussian system, which has worked wonders in the last fifty years. It would, however, require the provision of the Prussian law, that the peasant properties once formed should never again be sold to a large proprietor. This would be creating an artificial system in a new direction, which would cause the most violent opposition. The fact, however, is undeniable that land has been much subdivided in most of the countries of the Continent, and that their pauperism is much less than ours. In most of the countries of the Continent, except Russia, these changes were the result of revolution; the Russian Government has recently had the good sense to settle the land question from an enlightened view of what the future welfare of the empire required, and if it be possible to pass some well-matured scheme for Ireland of a similar nature, the security and wealth of the British Empire will be immensely increased. As the Attorney and Solicitor-General of the late Government were both present at the banquet in the Rotundo, we are surprised that no mention was made of the bill which the late Government introduced—for giving greater security to tenants—during the last session, and which was violently opposed by the Conservatives. The bill provided that, where no special agreement was entered into between landlord and tenant, and the tenant made improvements after giving due notice to his landlord, he should receive compensation for unexhausted improvements. This was a very important measure, because it, so to speak, altered the conscience of the law, and showed, where no private arrangements interfered, what was to be considered the course of natural justice. It resembled, but did not go so far as, the common law of England, which defended the old copyholders, and did not allow a man who had reclaimed the wastes of the manor, and created a valuable commodity by his labour, from being arbitrarily ousted from his possession, so long as he paid his customary rent.

Mr. Bright speaks with some contempt of the numerous Acts of Parliament passed fruitlessly for Ireland. But there was once a Lord-Lieutenant, Oliver Cromwell by name, who is described as "carrying Acts of Parliament, laws of heaven and earth, in one hand; drawn sword in the other." "Acts of Parliament," says Carlyle, "methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor puritans can make them of God's law-book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living." Without by any means justifying all Cromwell's policy in Ireland, we believe there never was a time when justice and sternness were more required. By all means let bad laws be altered, but let whatever is the law of the land be respected as long as it exists. If any futile attempt be made to realise the Fenian republic, let it be rigorously crushed at once. Let full warnings of the inten-

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tions of the Government be given, and then severity at the beginning will be the truest mercy. The policy of Cromwell was to strike at the "turbulent ringleaders of revolt," to allow the fighting men to be off to foreign parts, and as to all "ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers, and people of the meaner sort," they were allowed to live quiet where they were, and have no questions asked. This policy soon quieted the country, and Ireland was never more flourishing than under Cromwell's rule. Perhaps there never was a time when such a rule,—except for its religious intolerance, which was the fault of the age, not of the man—was more required than now. This is a time when the Lord-Lieutenant should wield all the powers of the State, military as well as civil, and if a man like Lord Strathnairn (Sir Hugh Rose) or General Storks could be invested with such plenary authority, it would restore confidence and dispel that "terrible dubiety" which still hangs over the state of Ireland, checking its prosperity, and making it our weakness instead of our strength.

Since our last number the Reform question has made quiet and steady progress. The Reform banquet at Manchester was a great event, and Mr. Bright's speech there was almost entirely devoted to endeavouring to enlist the sympathies of the middle classes in favour of reform. But when he taunts them with being the mere followers of the aristocracy, and possessing no real power, or rather lead in public affairs, he does not point out to them the reason of their nullity. He does not tell them that it is their want of culture, their "Philistinism," as Matthew Arnold calls it, and their devotion to the good things of this life, that makes the term "bourgeoisie" almost a word of reproach. A very little effort on their part, to raise their aims, and learn the ways of expressing cultivated thought, would quickly make their power irresistible, and enable them to assume in the conduct of public affairs the position which is their due.

The marriage of the Cæsarèvich with the sister of the Princess of Wales has been celebrated with due splendour. The destiny is singular which has called two sisters to such positions. The indirect influence of crowned heads is still very great, and wars and political troubles arise as often from misunderstanding as from any other cause. England and Russia are daily approaching one another in the far East, and the fate of Turkey is still an unsolved problem of the future. Let us hope that the intimate relation between the English and Russian royal families may tend to renew a cordial feeling between the two nations, which was interrupted by the unfortunate Crimean war, and an enlightened understanding of the mission which each empire has to pursue.

In Austria the process of fermentation is still going on, without its being possible to make any certain prediction as to its result. For the present, the dualists seem to have the upper hand; but if even in Hungary the leaders have not yet succeeded in agreeing as to the principles of their future relations towards the entire monarchy, how could this be the case with the Germans of the empire, of whom hitherto only a relatively small fraction, and that solely under the pressure of necessity, have allowed themselves to be drawn away from the dreams of unity they had hitherto cherished? The politicians of Austria are united only on one point—that the old system must be done away with, and that the State must inevitably fall to ruin unless its internal and external policy, its financial, judicial, and, above all, its administrative organisation, is regu-

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lated according to new principles; and that, in order to effect this regeneration, new and younger men must be placed at the head of the government. In everything else there is a complete divergency of views, division among great and small, helplessness in the upper classes, and a discouragement bordering on despair in the middle and lower.

In order to appreciate with impartiality the motives and probable consequences of this state of things, it is necessary to cast a glance at the political parties which have been formed in the empire since the events of last summer. The less defined are the lines of demarcation between them, and the more they appear here and there to be fused in each other, the more difficult is it to recognise the points in which the principles they advocate are practical and just. This chaotic medley of national and popular interests and demands is characteristic of the present situation, with all its endless difficulties and dangers.

Let us first give our attention to the Germans in Austria. Evidently they lost the most by the defeat of the imperial army on the Bohemian battle-fields. With the defeat of Königgrätz and the peace of Nikolsburg, their attempts to bring about a unity of the Austrian State on a constitutional and predominantly German basis have hopelessly failed; and they perceived with terror that in future it will be the Hungarians who will impose conditions upon them, not they on the Hungarians. Scarcely had they recovered from the fear of seeing Vienna in the enemy's hands, and from the stupefaction which the destruction of the northern army had produced not only in Vienna but in the whole of Europe, when they began to feel all the horror of their position, and the stillness of amazement was followed by an outcry of complaint against the Government, which so frightened the latter that it made all haste to have recourse to its old panacea, the state of siege, in order to stifle it. Thenceforward the press necessarily became cautious in its reports and opinions; it was not permitted, as with us after the Crimean war, to discuss and criticise the faults of the military administration, in order to expose the roots of the evil; silence was declared a duty, and silent it was, or only pointed stealthily at what cried to Heaven for redress.

But notwithstanding this, much became known which explained to some extent the misfortunes through which Austria had passed. When Benedek was summoned before the court-martial at Neustadt to defend his unfortunate leadership at the battle of Königgrätz, he declared with his usual curtness that he would only come before the tribunal once, but no more. If any explanations were required of him, he must request the court-martial first to ask his Majesty whether he would be permitted to disclose what passed at the conferences which he had had during the war with the Emperor. And what was this? Benedek—so the story goes at Vienna—had felt his incapacity to lead a large army, and when he was summoned to Vienna, did not conceal this from Francis Joseph. The latter, however, demanded that he should accept the chief command as "a patriotic sacrifice," adding, "You are the only popular man in the army; public opinion asks for you, besides which I give you my word that there will be no fighting—it will only be a demonstration." Upon this Benedek went to Olmütz. What followed is well known. Shortly after came the defeats of Nachod, Skalitz, Gitschin, Hühnerwasser, &c., and in all the bulletins which Benedek sent home occurred the sad refrain: "We were outnumbered by the enemy." Thus, to the last moment, the

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Emperor had believed that Prussia would be frightened away by a mere demonstration, and had forced on an otherwise excellent officer the chief command, as he had forced upon Count Mensdorff, against his will, the portfolio of foreign affairs. Both had declared themselves unsuited for their respective posts, and from both the Emperor had required a "patriotic sacrifice." No wonder that Austria was beaten on the field of diplomacy, as well as on that of battle, and that the State itself was sacrificed. If this story is true—and we have no reason to doubt it—it clearly explains why the army which had been sent to Bohemia was never ready for battle, why Benedek was unable to prevent the Prussians from penetrating the Saxo-Bohemian passes, and why he was beaten each time he met the enemy by his overpowering numbers. In the Emperor's opinion it was only a question of a military demonstration, while the Prussian Government, as it afterwards acknowledged, had for two years, or rather since Bismarck became President of the Ministry, armed with the object of fighting a decisive battle with Austria.

Here is another characteristic story of the war. When the victorious Prussians pressed onward through Olmütz towards Vienna, and the remnants of the fugitive Austrian army collected in front of the capital with the alleged object of risking another battle, and when it was decided that the Emperor, the court, and the official departments should seek a refuge in Hungary, whither the Empress, the metallic reserve in the bank, and a portion of the archives had already preceded them, the question arose whether the higher officials should also leave their posts and the capital. After this point had been discussed for some time, a high public functionary, well known for his sharpness, observed, "I vote that the officials be left here; for if the Prussians really come and take the administration into their own hands, I think it is very doubtful whether we shall ever be missed."

When in the higher circles of the administration there is so little reliance on one's own capacity, there cannot be any confidence among the masses of the population. It is here that lies the chief evil of the system hitherto in force, which found its principal representatives in the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich. The people, in whom for half a century free thought had been regarded as an offence against the authorities, now wishes, and should wish, to think for itself. But to do this is not easy. Of all the political parties the Hungarian, or dualist, knows the most clearly what it really wants. In its opinion the only mode of saving the State is to divide it into two parts, whose frontiers would be the Leitha—an eastern and a western half, each of which would have its own administration and responsible Ministry. The departments of the Interior, of War, of Justice, of Education, and of Finance, would in this system be separated in the two halves, and the Magyars regard it as a proof of great moderation on their part to admit that such matters as affect the whole monarchy, might be dealt with by an administration common to both its halves. In this category of "common affairs" is naturally included the foreign policy of the Empire. But what are to be the other "common" subjects the Hungarians are either not quite clear about or hesitate to say, as their programme, if carried to its extreme consequences, would be nothing less than the death-warrant of the common monarchy. This dualist party is again divided into a conservative and a liberal fraction. The latter, under the leadership of Deak and Count Andrassy, demand the immediate revival of the

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democratic laws of 1848, or the *Rechtscontinuität*, as a *sine quâ non*. If you will grant this, they say, we will introduce in a constitutional manner the modifications that may be necessary for a common political union with the territories on the other side of the Leitha. But who will guarantee to the Government at Vienna that these Hungarians will keep their promises—nay, that they will have the power to keep them when they obtain what they ask? And thus has reciprocal distrust produced a transitory situation which, if it does not soon cease, may bring ruin on the Austrian State.

While the Deakists press for a responsible Ministry, the Conservatives—who, above all, hold fast to the old privileges of the nobility—insist that no responsible Ministry with extensive powers should be allowed; for their leaders, Counts Esterhazy and Apponyi, know well that, even if their party first came into power in such a Cabinet, the Liberals would soon be in a position to turn them out of their Ministerial posts. They are therefore not indisposed to send delegates from the Hungarian diets to Vienna, in order to come to an understanding there with the representatives of the other Crown territories. More advanced than the Deakists is the so-called revolutionist party, under Koloman Ghiczy, which openly declares in its organ, the *Hon*, that Hungary is self-sufficing, requires no bond of union with the other Crown territories, and must reject every compromise, which, like all former ones, would be departed from at Vienna on the first opportunity.

So much for the Hungarian parties. As regards the Germans, there is among them a fraction, known as that of the so-called Autonomists, which stands nearest to the Deakists. Although, however, they agree on this one point, that the greatest possible amount of self-government should be given to each of the Crown territories, they are quite undecided on all other points. Sometimes they go with the liberal Magyars, sometimes with the embittered Czechs, then with the Viennese Centralists, and in some matters even with the old imperial Conservatives. The party which is most strenuously opposed to the Autonomists is that of the Centralists. These take the February patent for their standpoint, and wish to adhere to it as rigorously as the Deakists to the Hungarian constitution of 1848. Their programme is therefore defined with all desirable clearness, but unfortunately they have not the power necessary for carrying it out. If they were too weak for this before the war, how much more so must they be now, when the whole of the centralised machine of German administration has proved such a terrible failure, and each nationality boldly comes forward with its separate claims! They have already themselves perceived that their position is that of a forlorn hope, and many of their most remarkable leaders are already prepared to make concessions to the Autonomists. A fusion of the two parties is, however, hardly to be looked for as yet.

We will add a word about the Federalists. The nucleus of this party is represented by the Czech party, properly so called, which is recruited from the Czechs, Poles, Slovenes, and a portion of the Croats, another section of whom hold with the Hungarians. These Federalists will not hear of a central parliament, and they demand the entire autonomy of the crown territories under common ministries. Their organs in Bohemia are the *Narodny Listy* and the German paper *Politik*, of Prague. The editor of the latter, Shrejschofsky, passes as the leader of this fraction. Opposed to him are the former heroes of Czechdom, Rieger and Palaczky, who lost a great deal of their influence during

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the last Polish revolution, through their excessive zeal in favour of the panslavist designs of Russia. They have now renounced so much of their democratic past that they even show a certain leaning to the Bohemian feudalists.

Besides these four principal parties—the dualists, autonomists, centralists, and federalists—there is, of course, a party of absolutists and clericals, who are supported in the most friendly manner by the court and military parties. For men of these opinions the lessons of history are useless. They stand or fall by the Concordat. Count Leo Thun is their most prominent representative.

These are the parties which struggle against each other in Austria. Instead of the *viribus unitis*, we see only a helpless chaos. Who will dare to say how it will all end? Is Herr von Beust, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Imperial Household, the man to put together again what since 1848 has been thoughtlessly and foolishly torn asunder? In Austria itself the Germans hardly give him credit for ability to perform such a task, and if he possessed it he would certainly deserve to rank in the first class of political geniuses. Still less do the other nationalities trust him; they rather fear him as a secret adversary of their separatist tendencies. His circular despatch affords no indication whatever of his real policy. He says in it only what he is obliged to say—namely, that the state will pursue a peaceful policy abroad, notwithstanding which, judging by what we know of him, he has by no means given up the idea of opposing by every means at his command the extension of the power of Prussia in Germany, if not in the north, where the power of Prussia will be consolidated before Austria can have recovered herself after the blows she has received, at least in the south, which von Beust looks upon as far from being lost. His fundamental idea is, so far as we know, that Austria, after having been strengthened within, will be again looked upon by Southern Germany as its most powerful defender against the annexionist designs of Prussia, and that she therefore need not yet despair of establishing under her direction a South-German confederation, which would be equal to the North-German under Prussia. With this object he strives to form alliances with France and Italy, and hastens to bring about a reconciliation with Hungary. He thinks he is sure of the assistance of France, whose conceit has been wounded in the most sensitive place by the military prestige of Prussia, while he holds out to the Italian statesmen the prospect of obtaining Southern Tyrol and Friuli as the price of future friendly services. These, however, are combinations which at the best can only bear fruit after many years, while it must be decided in a very few months how far the plans of internal reorganisation are realisable or not. Herr von Beust is, beyond doubt, a man of talent, and that he has hitherto not been successful should not blind our judgment on his abilites. What, however, he decidedly wants is the profound, practical insight into what is possible at the imperial court, and an appreciation of the opposition which each of the crown territories is determined to make to any attempt at centralisation, however well meant. With regard to the Hungarians, for instance, he seems to have made a great mistake in supposing that he can conciliate them by the mere promise of a responsible ministry. A year ago, when Venetia and the battle of Königgrätz had not been yet lost, the Emperor had gone as far as this; while now the Magyars are quite convinced that the prosperity of the Empire depends more than ever on their good-will, and that their *non possumus* has far

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more significance for Austria than that of the Pope for Italy and the Catholic world. The Hungarians are far from being satisfied with the mere promise of a responsible Ministry. It is the "detailed application" of this measure which is in question; and this is barely alluded to, still less defined, in the imperial rescript of the 19th. Herr von Beust is perfectly conscious that abroad he is powerless, or, to use his own words, that "he must leave behind him all his former plans" so long as the Emperor is not at peace with the eastern half of his subjects; but this was known to the Magyars long before he knew it, and the greater the impression at Vienna of the importance of his foreign policy (in regard to Prussia) the stronger is their conviction that by passive resistance they will be in a position to extort from the Government every imaginable concession. It is a desperate race, which will not be won by those who run the fastest, but by those who hold out the longest. The tragical part of the matter is that both horse and rider, Hungary and the whole monarchy, may fall to the ground from sheer exhaustion.

Meanwhile in PRUSSIA the Chamber has resumed its sittings, though in so tame a spirit that Count Bismarck, if his stay in the country is beneficial to his health, need not hurry himself on its account to return to Berlin. From that Chamber he has no further dangerous opposition to fear, either in regard to his home or his foreign policy. So yielding have many—we do not say all—become, who had formerly sat in the front ranks of the opposition, that he does not require even to feign that his home policy is about to assume a liberal tendency. "We must for the present be satisfied with the moderate amount of freedom that we possess, in order not to hinder the Government in its action in other matters;" such is now the programme of the majority of the Liberal party, and when the majority openly makes such a profession of faith, every ministry is left unrestricted freedom of action. Moreover, Count Bismarck will soon himself again appear on the stage, from which many say that he has absented himself so long in order to give an opportunity to the king and his *entourage* to dissolve certain connections which his Minister had formed in days gone by, and to make new ones.

In the newly-annexed provinces (Schleswig alone excepted) the Prussian authorities behave with tact and moderation. As for the hostile demonstrations which still continue to be made in Hanover and Frankfort, they are of little importance. Frankfort will exist as before, although a Rothschild has renounced his civic rights there; and Hanover will, in time, become as Prussian as Silesia, notwithstanding the opposition of the tradesmen of the late court. It is true that the Lombards and Venetians have caused anxiety to Austria by petty demonstrations before now, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the same will apply to the Hanoverians and Frankforters in their relations with Prussia.

Since our last notice the policy of FRANCE has undergone no change, either at home or abroad. The Emperor, who was really very ill before he went to Biarritz, and whose illness gave rise to the usual exaggerated reports, is now in better health than he has enjoyed for many years, and his attention is almost entirely absorbed by the important question of the reorganisation of the French army. As the time approaches for the meeting of the Cham-

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bers, the old question of abolishing the debate on the Address has been revived; but we doubt whether any change will be made in this respect. That the debate on the Address is a most cumbrous expedient for giving the members an opportunity of expressing their opinions on the general policy of the Government no one doubts; but the question is, whether the Government would be disposed to go the length of substituting for this system that of permitting members to originate motions as in other constitutional countries. It would undoubtedly be a most impolitic thing, on the one hand, to do away with the debate on the Address altogether, without at the same time giving the deputies a vent for the expression of their political opinions; but, on the other, it is very doubtful whether the Emperor will consent to have his actions criticised with the freedom of a Parliament like that of England, or even of Prussia. The first would be a reactionary measure; the second a very liberal one; and there is no reason, in the present temper of the French Government and nation, to anticipate that the Government will take either one or the other. Nor is this the time for any important changes in the home policy of France. Although every attempt is made by the authorities to suppress any manifestation of discontent on the part of the French people, there exists, both at court and among the nation at large, a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety such as has not been experienced in France for many years. Frenchmen are beginning to admit that Napoleon is fast losing that predominant influence in Continental affairs which before the war in Germany he had possessed without a rival, and that France is no longer secure from any Continental combination that might be attempted against her. We had occasion to point out during the war the singular vacillations of the Imperial policy, and the impression is now gaining ground that it was from beginning to end a mistake; that, in a word, Napoleon was outwitted by Bismarck. It is a significant symptom of this state of public feeling that the report of a Russo-Prussian alliance, which a year ago would have produced but little sensation, has now been greedily taken up by the French public, and has given rise to numberless comments and speculations in the French press. We do not believe that there is any foundation for this report; but on the other hand, we do not agree with those who rest their disbelief of it on its improbability. It was just because the French perceived the event to be so probable that they were filled with alarm at its presumable consequences, without stopping to consider whether it had actually occurred. Nothing is more simple or likely than that Russia, who has designs in the East, and none in Germany, should seek an alliance with Prussia, who has designs in Germany, but not in the East. There is no reason why the interests of the two Powers, under present circumstances, should clash, for Prussia dreams as little of seizing the Baltic provinces from Russia as she does of seizing Alsatia from France, or as Russia does of seizing Posen from Prussia. It is true that Prince Charles of Roumania, with whose ambitious projects a movement on the part of Russia towards Constantinople would probably interfere, is a relative of the King of Prussia; but we have yet to learn, with the experience of the Danish and German wars fresh in our memories, that the ties of kindred between sovereigns prevent their opposing each other when such a course is commended by their interest or ambition. We think, therefore, that a Russo-Prussian alliance, although it has probably not been actually concluded, is quite within the range

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of possibility; and believing this, we cannot but acknowledge that the alarm of the French press was only natural. It is quite certain, in the present temper of the nation, that France would oppose any further aggrandisement of Prussia, even at the cost of a war; while Prussia, if strengthened by the support of Russia, might afford to face such a contingency without fear.

Another point, which creates even more profound, if not such general, discontent in France is the policy of the Emperor in the Roman question. People —and especially official people—are never tired of declaring that both Italy and France will fulfil the September Convention to the letter, forgetting that it is at present a secret known to very few persons what that Convention really is. Every one knows that it binds the Emperor to withdraw his troops from Rome by the 15th of December, and that it binds Italy to prevent any revolutionary expeditions from being organised on her territory with the object of overthrowing the Papal power; but many believe that it goes farther than this; that it contains stipulations in view of certain eventualities which it is easy to foresee. What will happen after the departure of the French troops? Will the Pope reconcile himself with Italy, or, in other words, give up the temporal sovereignty which he has always declared it is not in his power to alienate? Will there be a successful revolution at Rome, and if so, what will the Pope do? Will he remain in the holy city, thereby yielding to violence what he has hitherto refused to peaceful negotiation, or will he seek a refuge abroad, and protest against the unrightful seizure of the succession of St. Peter? It is impossible to answer these questions so long as we are uncertain about the conduct in these contingencies of the French and Italian Governments. As regards the latter, however, there can be little doubt. It will do its utmost, in the first place, to bring about a reconciliation with the Pope, which is by far the best and most convenient solution of the question for the Government at Florence, whose sympathies are naturally with those who desire the overthrow of the Papal power, while its engagements to France forbid its sanctioning any attempt to attain that object—and, failing in this, it will remain a passive observer of events in the Papal territories until the Pope's sovereignty has been overthrown by his own subjects, when it will naturally lapse to Victor Emmanuel. It is highly improbable that there are any stipulations in the convention which could bind Italy to pursue any other course. It would certainly not compel her to assist the Romans, and if there are any provisions binding the Italian Government to support the Pope against his subjects, we may be assured that there would be a revolution in Italy if it attempted to carry them out. With regard to France, the case is not so clear. We have already mentioned the discontent which prevails in certain very influential sections of the French population on account of the supposed determination of the Emperor to withdraw his protection permanently from the Holy Father. This discontent has manifested itself in a very prominent manner, not only in the pastorals of some of the French Archbishops, but even in the councils of the Emperor, where the Empress and M. de Lavalette are known to be using every effort so to shape the French policy in regard to Rome as to secure the maintenance of the temporal power. What are the combinations which they strive to produce with this object is not accurately known, but it is not forgotten that in the famous circular which was issued shortly after the withdrawal of M. Drouyn de Lhuys from the Foreign

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Office, such an object was plainly hinted at as one of the aims of the foreign policy of France, and many believe that the French troops will leave Rome only to return to it after the first disturbance that occurs in the holy city, If some step of this kind has been provided for in the September Convention, it can only be inferred that the Emperor wishes to evade the engagement into which he entered two years ago, and that the clerical party at court therefore move heaven and earth to hold him to it. This is of course only speculation; but so is everything connected with the Roman question, which is far from being so simple as some of our optimist politicians are endeavouring to make it appear. The only fact which is at present certainly known in connection with it is that the French will leave Rome on the 15th of December. Beyond this all is darkness. They may not go farther than Civita Vecchia, which France has spent so much money to fortify; they may go to France, and return soon after; such a step may force the Italian Government, acting under the pressure of an irresistible national will, to oppose the continuance of the French occupation, and thereby expose Europe to a war of which it is impossible to see the end. We will hope that none of these things will come to pass, but it is idle to deny that the question is beset with difficulties of a most formidable kind, and that there is very little chance of its being settled amicably between the Pope and Victor Emmanuel, for the indispensable prelude to such a settlement is the renunciation by his Holiness of that *non possumus* principle to which he adheres with the obstinate earnestness of a religious conviction.

In Mexico, if there is still much uncertainty as to the future of the country, the task of the French Government is now simple and comparatively easy. The Emperor Napoleon has for some time perceived the mistake he has made in endeavouring to establish, in spite of the unwillingness of his subjects, a French protectorate in the new world, and his withdrawal from a position which had become untenable has been greatly facilitated by the abdication of Maximilian. Nothing now remains for France but to remove her troops, and the transports destined for that purpose are already being fitted out in the French ports. The protectorate of Mexico will now be assumed by America, which is beyond a doubt the Power that is most fitted to exercise that very necessary office. The crisis through which they are now passing will, we think, have no permanent effect on the future of the United States; and, so long as they remain united, there need be no fear of a renewal of the attempt to establish European influence in Mexico.

Nov. 28.

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FAREWELL CAUSERIE.

As this is the last number of the REVIEW which will appear under my editorship, I wish, in saying farewell to friendly readers who have shown much sympathy with a novel and difficult undertaking, to thank the many and admirable contributors, for the most part strangers to me, whose labours have given the REVIEW its eminent position, That we have been enabled to bring together men so various in opinion and so distinguished in power, has been mainly owing to the principle adopted of allowing each writer perfect freedom; which could only have been allowed under the condition of personal responsibility. The question of signing articles had long been debated; it has now been tested. The arguments in favour of it were mainly of a moral order; the arguments against it, while admitting the morality, mainly asserted its inexpediency. The question of expediency has, I venture to say, been materially enlightened by the success of the REVIEW. Some few writers have been unwilling to aid us, because unwilling to sign their contributions; but many and valuable contributions have been secured which would never have been secured except under this condition of isolated responsibility. Had the REVIEW done nothing else than give a practical illustration of the perfect feasibility of a plan which literary morality demanded, it would have amply repaid the labour and anxiety of establishing it; and I am expressing the views of many serious minds who look on periodical literature as a great civilising influence very much in need of vigilant control, especially in the direction of earnestness and responsibility, when I say that the first condition of all writing is sincerity, and that one means of securing sincerity is to insist on personal responsibility. Unhappily neither that nor any other condition will prevent men writing what they do not think, pretending to believe what they really disbelieve, pretending to know what they are secretly conscious of not knowing. But it is a check.

Although it is not my intention here to argue this often-mooted question of expediency, I cannot refrain from pointing to the fact that this resistance to the avowal of authorship in periodicals, is accompanied by an insistance on the right of the public to know the authorship of Books, which is to say the least somewhat contradictory. Men who aver that if journalists were to avow their contributions all effective journalism would be at an end, men who claim anonymity as a right and a protection, no sooner have their interest aroused by a Book than they treat the writer's desire for anonymity as a preposterous claim. With a reckless indelicacy, which is seldom recognised as an indelicacy, these anonymous writers, who protest against not being permitted to wear a mask, will allow no author to wear a mask—beyond the pale of journalism. With persistent curiosity they seek to discover the secret, and having discovered it, they are eager to disclose it; so eager, that they will not even wait to ascertain whether their discovery is true or imaginary, but will publish a rumour as confidently as a fact.

As a matter of right, privacy should be sacred, unless where moral considerations intervene. Whatever may be the reasons, whether of prudence or personal

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reserve, which make a writer disinclined to avow his authorship, or to blazon his real name on a title-page, readers have clearly no right to trespass on his privacy, to penetrate the secrecy so obviously desired, and to shout their discovery—or their suspicion—from the house-tops; unless the name and position of the writer are in some way directly implicated in the matter of the work: as for example in personal statements, or in criticism. If a man attacks another man, or praises him, if he attacks or eulogises a government, or a party, it may make a considerable difference in the effect of his words when we know that he is a rival, a tool, a discharged servant, or a favoured servant. But if he writes a novel, a play, a work of science or of philosophy, his personal position is in nowise implicated; and we have no right to call upon him to avow his authorship, since the avowal can only gratify our curiosity, it cannot alter the value of his conceptions. When *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette* were signed "Currer Bell," they were just as true and as effective as if they had been signed Charlotte Brontë. For reasons of her own, Miss Brontë chose to be known only as "Currer Bell." This privacy was denied her by men who were daily, weekly, and monthly shielding themselves under the anonymous. She persisted in signing her books "Currer Bell;" they persisted in speaking of her as Miss Brontë; and no one protested against the indelicacy. It was the same with the "Vestiges." It has recently been the same with "Ecce Homo." Although the theological and philosophical uproar excited by the "Vestiges" proved that it would have been personally injurious to its author to be known; and although to some extent the author of "Ecce Homo" might desire to avoid the *odium theologicum* likely to fall on the writer of the "vilest work ever vomited from hell," yet journalists not only disregarded such obvious considerations, they recklessly published mere rumours and suspicions as if these were facts, and told their readers with triumph that the authorship had been *traced* to ———first one, and then the other innocent person.

I wonder whether those who are so careless of the feelings of others would be patient under similar treatment. It is probable that if B had written some bitter criticism on an author, or some fierce diatribe against a politician, and that if all the journals of the kingdom were to publish the fact of his being the writer, B would feel deeply aggrieved by this disregard of etiquette. It is also probable that if B's article were publicly attributed to A, the wrath of A would overflow in indignant letters to the editor. Yet B has no scruple in disclosing the authorship of an anonymous work; A has none in disclosing a rumour as to this authorship. If Johnson wishes to be known to the public only as *Publicola*, B insists on calling *Publicola* Johnson, while A informs us that he has "confidently traced" *Publicola* to Smith. Meanwhile A and B are to have their own privacy respected.

Students of History well know the difficulty of fixing on a date which shall mark a new epoch. The evolutions are so silent, stealthy, and continuous that the movements of the great horologe of Time are inferred, not seen. The hours are marked, but the continuity has been undisturbed. Hence it is that contemporaries seldom recognise the significance of events. The noisiest currents are not the deepest and broadest, but they attract most attention by reason of their noise. A study of history will, however, disclose to the philosophic eye certain characteristics which give significance to phenomena seemingly unim-

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portant; and this study will enable us to see something eminently significant in one of the events of 1866,—not noisy at all, not discussed in newspapers and public meetings, but certain to be one day referred to as the starting-point of a new epoch. What is this? Ask the press what have been the great topics of this year of noises. They have been the cattle-plague, the panic, the disclosures of railway mismanagement, the agitation for Reform, the Fenians, the conflict of the President with Congress, the Seven Days' War, ending in the expulsion of Austria from Germany, and the freedom of Italy from a foreign yoke. These are, some of them at least, events of importance, but the philosophic student will probably see far more significance in an event which was neither imposing in outward aspect, nor suggestive in its prophecies to the ordinary mind: that event is the Congress of Workmen at Geneva.

You hear it mentioned, perhaps now for the first time, so little noise has it made in our noisy world. Yet look closely into it, and you will see that only two events in modern history are comparable to it; and these are the rise of the Communes in the twelfth century, and the Meeting of the States' General in 1789. The first marks the emergence of the Third Estate into political existence; the second was the opening of the revolutionary era in which the democratic Idea became European. No one in the twelfth or eighteenth century divined the significance of the event. But we may easily divine the significance of the Workmen's Congress, because it is avowedly intended to bring to an issue the long struggle between Capital and Labour, which is the deepest problem of our time. The Third Estate was formed when citizens began to combine. The artisans are now beginning to combine, and their enormous power, were it only the power of brute force, will soon be felt if it be directed by an organisation. Gradually they have prepared themselves for this. They have formed Trade Unions, and have learned to enforce their conditions by means of Strikes. Now a vaster scheme is conceived. From having formed local combinations, they learned to form general combinations, and now aim at universal combinations. From the union of each trade into a General Union, they have begun the coalition of all trades in all Europe, so that the *International Association of Workmen* will have the industry of Europe in its power. Already this Association counts 160,000 members in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Belgium, and has its regular and active organisation, by means of which a constant communication is kept up between the countries. In the *Revue Contemporaine*, Oct. 15, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1, will be found two articles giving an account of the Association and of the meeting of the Congress at Geneva. I cannot here find space to reproduce the details, but content myself with pointing to the seriousness of the scheme. The English plan is nothing less than that of making Strikes universal; the French plan is nothing less than that of removing Industry from its present conditions of Capital and Labour, and substituting universal co-operation. That neither plan could be at present carried out is obvious enough; but nothing is more clear to the prophetic eye than that if once the workmen of Europe combine, they will ultimately adopt one or both of these plans; and that what they resolve on must be realised.

Novels and plays often begin with great spirit, and seem to promise rare delight, which promise grows fainter and fainter as the development goes on,

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until at last we begin to marvel at the falling off, never reflecting that it is comparatively an easy thing to state a problem, to present a situation, or to sketch a character, but a very difficult thing to solve the problem, develop the situation, and make the character live. It is in this latter part of his task that the author is a real creator; in the former part he is simply a describer. Now creation is excessively difficult; and even where the power exists, it is apt to flag before the work comes to an end. We see this remarkably illustrated in Shakespeare. He is seldom equal to himself in his fifth act. He seems to get tired of the labour, and anxious to bring it to a close, not much caring how. Besides the flagging, there is a want of genuine Sincerity and Vision, which often betray a writer midway in his work, to quit the track he has chosen and to pass into the beaten track which fallaciously promises to lead him to easy success, because it has before led others to success. The Stage and the Library exercise a fatal fascination over the writer who is not resolute to see for himself, and to set down sincerely what he sees; the phantom-forms of old successes hover before his eyes, and solicit him to copy them; the old situations that have awakened interest, the old characters and old language crowd upon a memory not occupied with images of real experience; and the writer yields to the temptation—perhaps mistakes these memories for creations,—at any rate, ceases to work out the material he began upon; and then is surprised that the public will not think his work a *chef d'œuvre.*

An example of this disappointing reliance on old material after a promise of something new, is the last work of Alex. Dumas the younger, "L'Affaire Clémenceau." The opening chapters are unusually interesting; the writing is simple, graphic, direct, and delicate; the situations are deeply suggestive; but having roused our interest, no sooner does the real drama begin than the author flags, draws on the repertory of French fiction for incidents, motives, and speeches, and ends by being cynical and wearisome. Another example is in the first work of a writer who will live, I hope, to see the error of her ways, and give us, what she might give us, a genuine work of original fiction. "Aunt Margaret's Troubles" (Chapman and Hall) is as charming in its earlier chapters, as it is commonplace and, consequently, uninteresting in the incidents and language—echoes from the circulating library—which succeed. There is real invention and delicate power in the representation of the childhood of the heroine; and it impresses the reader with a sense of reality. But no sooner does the drama begin with its hackneyed motives of misunderstandings and suppression of letters, and its stagey language of passion, than the power and the spell vanish, we no longer feel ourselves to be following a real history, we know ourselves to be listening to blended murmurs from the stage and library.

No doubt that the change from invention to reproduction is, in many cases, due to the false belief writers have in the necessity for some "striking incidents;" and as the natural evolution of their story does not furnish any such, they disturb the natural order of evolution, and thrust in some incident drawn from a very different set of conditions. Now it should be borne in mind that "striking incidents" are only useful as regards the reader because they interest him, and as regards Art, because they serve to bring into a focus the diffused rays of character and emotion. If the reader can be interested by any other means, the end is attained so far as he is concerned. If the incidents do

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not bring the rays into a focus, but produce a sense of artifice and intrusion, their employment has been an artistic error. Let the author of "Aunt Margaret's Troubles" diligently inquire among her readers, and she will find, I believe, that the pages which have most amused them were the pages for which she was not indebted to the library, pages in which there were no striking incidents at all. Could she have resolutely developed her story with the same creative sincerity, she would have found her readers follow her quiet, orderly movement with far greater interest than they now follow the "exciting" story—which they have often read before. Sensation novels of course depend on "exciting" situations, and breathless rapidity of movement; whether the movement be absurd or not matters little, the essential thing is to keep moving; *non ragioniam di lor.*

That we are living in a transition period as regards things intellectual, no less than things political and social, is very obvious to every contemplative mind. Old creeds are rapidly decaying, or passing into transformations which obliterate all trace of their ancient form. Our physical theories, which seemed so secure, are visibly tottering at the base. Gravitation, which held the proud position of an ultimate fact, an inexplicable datum, is in serious danger of turning out to be no ultimate fact at all, but the product of ether-pressure, ranging beside so many other products of the great dynamis called Vibration. Instead therefore of conceiving gravitation as "inherent" in matter, as an occult "property" admitting of no explanation, we shall, it appears, have to conceive it as a case of Motion. How the phenomena of Light, Heat, Electricity, and Chemical Affinity—once supposed to be distinct Forces—have been reduced to one common term, and shown to be Modes of Motion, every reader is aware; but every reader is not aware of the latent revolution of all our physical theories which this reduction heralds. Meanwhile the most pressing business for the thoughtful student is to master at least one group of the phenomena thus reduced to Motion; and an excellent opportunity is offered him by the publication of Dr. Balfour Stewart's "Elementary Treatise on Heat" (Macmillan and Co.), which forms the latest issue of the admirable scheme known under the name of the "Clarendon Press Series." This compact little treatise is commendable both as an elementary exposition of the chief phenomena of heat, and their practical applications, and also as a brief exposition of the philosophical theories which have recently given a new interest to the phenomena. The structure of the work is also excellent: the first part, wholly disengaged from theory, describes the various phenomena of heat, as affecting bodies; the second part establishes the laws which regulate the distribution of heat through space; the third part is theoretical, and considers what Heat is and what are its relations to other properties of matter. I observe in the first part that Dr. Stewart gives the velocity of radiant Heat at 190,000 miles per second; but the recent correction of the velocity of Light, which gives 186,300 miles per second, must be carried over to Heat. In the third part, also, I observe a passing over of Mayer's claims, which is far from just; at any rate, Mayer should be named among those to whom we are indebted for the new views, even if Dr. Balfour Stewart considers that too much is claimed for him. It is part of the piety of Science to be ever mindful of the claims of real pioneers.

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Apropos of elementary works, let me direct attention to the "Lessons in Elementary Physiology" (Macmillan and Co.), which a master of the science, Professor Huxley, has just issued for teachers and learners in boys' and girls' schools, and in which "any person who desires to become acquainted with the principles of Human Physiology may learn, with a fair prospect of having but little to unlearn as our knowledge widens." Teachers may read it with profit, to learn from it the art of popular exposition.

It was in 1839 that Schwann put forth that famous cell-theory which has changed the face of the science of Life, and has given an impulse to the use of the Microcsope, now become not simply an indispensable instrument of research, but a delightful object for amateurs. Those whose student days were in the pre-Schwannian period will remember how great was the scorn for microscopic investigations, and how rarely a microscopist was met with in the flesh. Now "every one" possesses a microscope, and, what is more, uses it. "Every one" will therefore be thankful for some very serviceable indications contained in a little work just published by Messrs. Longman and Co., entitled "Histological Demonstrations," by George Harley, M.D., edited by George Brown, M.R.C.V.S.; because, although specially intended for medical and veterinary students, it gives useful hints as to the mode of preparation and observation of animal tissues, with numerous woodcut illustrations (for the most part old friends) which will greatly interest the amateur microscopist. There is nothing in the book for the advanced student; but the directions are so plain, and are so obviously inspired by the desire to assist beginners, that the book will be very welcome to young students.

Illustrations of a very different order, and for a very different purpose will be found in the "Gift Book" which Messrs. Longman and Co. this year make of Miss Ingelow's poems. It is useless contending against a custom so vigorous as that of making Christmas a pretext for issuing books one is almost afraid to handle. The prejudice exists that a "Gift Book" should cost a guinea, and be very resplendent in externals; it must be something to "look at," and its main object would appear to be that, as "a present," its value should be ascertainable at a glance. Now Miss Ingelow's poems, in sober duodecimo, would fill many a mind with delicate delight; but then of course they would require to be read, and this would take time; whereas Miss Ingelow on toned paper, in sumptuous binding, and escorted by numerous pictures, at once extorts an exclamation of delight from the person receiving the present, and thus the guinea's worth of gratitude is paid forthwith. Be it so. Miss Ingelow's gentle muse is capable of diffusing so much healthy feeling for nature, that one cannot but applaud every means of making her poems more widely known; and many will read her poems in this "Gift Book" who might never see them elsewhere. Let me add that the illustrations are, on the whole, very good, as book illustrations —not very original, indeed, but who expects originality in such a place?—nor, on the other hand, are they carelessly conventional. One recognises the influence of Doré, Leys, and the pre-Raphaelites here and there; and in Wolf's birds there is a master hand.

It is a subject of frequent regret that men who have achieved great reputations in Literature or Art cannot rest contented with the work they have done,

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but must continue under failing powers to solicit the applause once so fairly earned. How to sink gracefully into old age, and relinquish claims to personal fascination when personal charm has disappeared, is, we all know, very trying to man and woman; still more trying does it seem to relinquish intellectual display. In the solitude which deepens round old age, men are haunted by the echoes of plaudits which thrilled their prime. The old singer forgets that his voice trembles, the old painter forgets that his hand no longer obeys its ancient cunning, the old writer is unaware of his inability to learn new truths and to form new combinations; and that which makes this impotence pathetic is the presence of the young man's desire in conjunction with the old man's weakness. Few who are acquainted with the historical works of M. Guizot will be tempted to criticise severely the volumes he has of late been unwise enough to publish; but every one must regret that a solid reputation should thus run the risk of being dragged through the mire of contempt by feeble and flaccid writings, products of decrepitude. In his latest volume, "Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the Attacks which are now being made on it," (Murray), he pretends to answer Darwinism, Rationalism, and Positivism, and his refutation consists in simple assertions, which betray a strange want of elementary acquaintance with the subjects. One needs to re-open the "Essais sur l'Histoire de France" or the "Civilisation en Europe" to restore the author to his old place in our respect; and having read a chapter of these works, we may again think of M. Guizot as one of the teachers of this age.

Philosophy was never his forte; and his latest attempts in this direction recall to my mind a ludicrous incident. One of the confident, but by no means competent, French Socialists who descended upon London like a flock of crows, after the *coup d'état*, was favouring me with his views of French statesmen and publicists; on my interposing a word for M. Guizot, I was suddenly checked by a peremptory verdict: "He's a charlatan!" Not being prepared to let this verdict pass unchallenged, I enumerated the claims of the historian to respect, whereupon my peremptory friend declared that he admitted M. Guizot to have a talent of style, but denied him all philosophy: "Whereas I, monsieur, I am nothing but a philosopher, my career has been wholly philosophic—*tandis que moi, monsieur, je ne suis que ça: ma carrière a été toute philosophique!*" Whatever my appreciation of the *carrière toute philosophique,* thus thrust unprovoked on my notice, I assented to his assertion that Philosophy is not the forte of the author of "Méditations Chrétiennes."

I have only had time to dip into the long-promised volumes of Mr. Dallas on the "Gay Science" (Chapman and Hall), but have seen enough to be assured that it is a work which will greatly interest all who delight in æsthetical discussions, and which will excite definite thought on questions hitherto suffered to hover very vaguely before the mind. When health and leisure permit, I propose to discuss several of the questions Mr. Dallas raises, with a fulness which their importance demands.

EDITOR.

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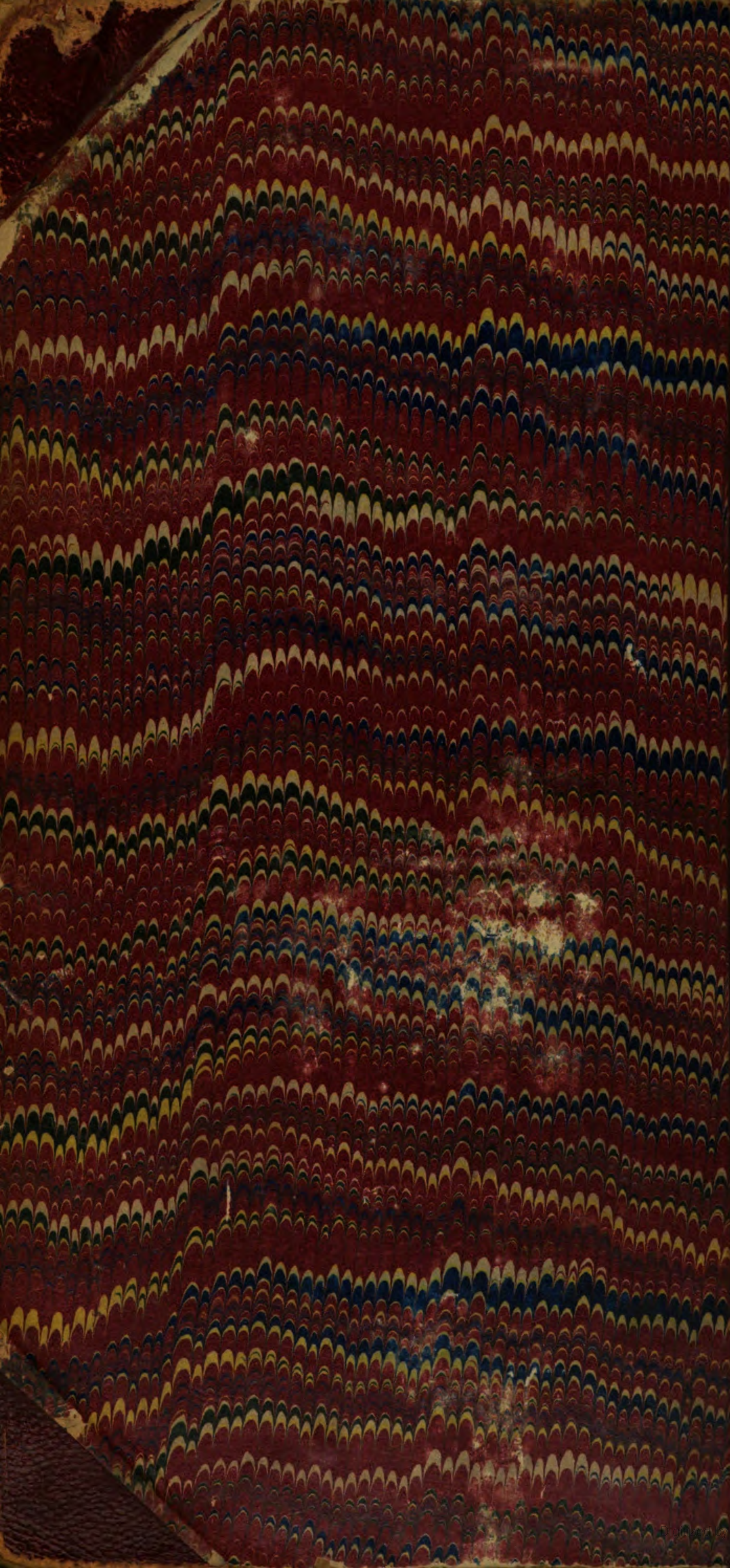

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