THE

WESTMINSTER

REVIEW.

JANUARY AND APRIL,

1883.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."
SHAKSPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.
GÖTHE.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. LXIII.

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.
MDCCCLXXXIII.

OS 2 ...
4c. . 117 (11.3.58)

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO., EDINBURGH
CHANDOS STREET, LONDON

Uttarpara Jaikrishna Public Library
Acc. No. 7833 Date

THE

WESTMINSTER

AND

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1883.

ART. I.—SHELLEY: HIS FRIENDS AND CRITICS.

1. *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author.* By EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY. London: Basil Montague Pickering. 1878.
2. *Aspects of Poetry; being Lectures delivered at Oxford.* By JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D., Professor of Poetry, Oxford; Principal of the United College, St. Andrews. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

AMONG the papers of the late Mr. Edward Trelawny relating to Percy Bysshe Shelley and his English and Italian friends are some letters, hitherto unpublished, which it has been our privilege to peruse. To rescue from oblivion some fragments of this unreported correspondence, and to qualify, question, or reverse the verdict of certain contemporary critics, is the object of the present article. Into the details of the story of the poet's life we do not propose to enter.

The letters so long treasured by Mr. Trelawny were written, more than half a century ago, by Mrs. Shelley, Godwin, Lieutenant Williams, Mr. Gisborne, Captain Medwin, and Leigh Hunt, and, though of secondary importance to those included in "The Records," contain biographical reminiscences which are not without their appropriate interest.

Next to Byron, perhaps the most commanding figure in the "Percy Circle" at Pisa is the author of "The Records," and the faithful friend and constant correspondent of Mrs. Shelley. A

man of dauntless courage and infinite resolution and resource, Edward John Trelawny had had strange experiences by land and sea before he became personally acquainted with the poet and his wife. In an idealized form we may conjecture these experiences to be reflected in the "Adventures of a Younger Son," a fictitious autobiography which we read in our undergraduate days with genuine admiration and delight, and which, after a recent perusal, we still think deserves to be commemorated for defiant vigour of composition, scenical outline and colouring, romantic situation and poetical circumstance. The fire and energy which characterized Trelawny in his youth followed him even into old age. In a graphic notice contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 26, 1881, the companion of Byron in Greece is vividly portrayed for us, as he appeared in his eighty-ninth year, when the flame of life was burning low. He had but lately given up the habit of bathing in the sea in all seasons. His visitor found him sitting in a shrunken attitude, with his hands on his knees. "He wore an embroidered red cap of the unbecoming shape in use in Byron's day; nevertheless in the . . . . rough grey hair and beard, the hard clear, aquiline profile, and the strong masterful scowling grey eye, there were traces of something both more distinguished and more formidable than is seen in Mr. Millais' likeness of him in the 'North-west.'" Though speaking little at first, "by-and-by he began to rouse himself, and then his conversation became, at least at intervals, curiously impressive. . . . . From time to time the old man would rise, almost bound up, in his chair, with his eyes fastened on yours like a vice, and in tones of incredible power would roar what he had to say into your face." Just sixty years before, he had crossed the Alps with Williams to make the acquaintance of the poet, the spell of whose genius had attracted him to Pisa, and whose outward and inward characteristics he has described in words stamped with perennial vitality. "Trelawny," writes Mrs. Shelley, "is a kind of half-Arab Englishman, whose life has been as changeful as that of Anastasius, and who recounts the adventures of his youth as eloquently and well as the imagined Greek. He is six feet high; raven black hair, which curls thickly and shortly like a Moor's, dark grey expressive eyes, overhanging brows, upturned lips, and a smile which expresses good-nature and kind-heartedness." Both Shelley and his wife, discerning a native generosity and nobleness in their visitor, liked him from the first. It was Trelawny who suggested and superintended the classic obsequies of the poet; Trelawny who supported Mrs. Shelley through the hours of agony which followed her husband's death; Trelawny who arranged for the conveyance of the ashes of the dead friend, near whom he now sleeps,

to their final resting place in the Roman Cemetery. A fragmentary letter, written not long after Shelley's death, confirms the truth of Leigh Hunt's words: "He worked with the meanest and felt with the best." The unconventional address seems a matter of course with the members of the Percy circle.

"Roma.

"Dear Mary,—I have received a letter here, which is your second. My first object was to ascertain what had been done in regard to that which is nearest.

"My first object in Rome was to view my noble friend's ashes. I proceeded to what is called the heretic's burying ground, only separated from the old one by a wall, but yet far enough to entirely change the scene; the former the most beautifully interesting in the world, the latter as devoid of interest. It is very recently completed. In the centre of this space there were four or five graves confusedly mingled, hurly-burly, together, with nothing to separate or distinguish them, except one stone, over an English lord's butler, with an execrable epitaph; and I was exceedingly indignant at seeing—

"'His brave dust mingled with stinking rogues
That rot in winding sheets, surfeit slain fools
The common dung of the soil.'

"There was one, and but one, spot interesting and secluded from the rest of the ground. I pointed this out to Severn and Roberts,* and they agreed in lamenting he had not been there buried. I then wrote to the men in office, overcame their scruples by money, procured fifteen or sixteen men, and in five hours removed him from his loose, confined, and shallow unmarked grave to the deeply interesting situation in which he now rests aloof, placed on a recess formed by an old and picturesque Roman aqueduct, the case resting against the foundation, with a space of many yards with projecting wings. This lovely spot, of which the enclosed is a rough draft, I am about enclosing from wing to wing, and planting the recess with laurel and cypress. I have purchased the ground. There is space for many graves. I have marked one for myself. I have fixed the plain stone you wished on it two days ago, and am about further ornamenting it with a beautiful basso-relievo, for which purpose several artists of Severn's acquaintance are designing models. Indeed, dear Mary, I do not find any one so deeply interested in this business as myself, for all that others have done has not argued their love. It has relieved my mind of a heavy weight, thus completing, to the satisfaction of all those that loved him, the last sad duties. My heart is in the cause. None near, none near! so I pardon their neglect. Dear Mary, do not let this detail renew your grief. We shall visit this mournful scene together, and you will thank me, and all his friends."

* Severn, the well-known artist and friend of Keats: Captain Roberts, the son of the celebrated Roberts who commanded one of Captain Cook's ships in his voyage round the world.

For the writer of this letter, so earnest in her service, so loyal to the memory of his friend, Mrs. Shelley cherished an affectionate gratitude and enduring esteem. Not long after her husband's death we find a record of her sentiment in a letter, vaguely dated Saturday, but undoubtedly written soon after her removal to Genoa, where we find her just arrived about the 17th of September.

From Mrs. Shelley.

"My dear Trelawny,—I called on you yesterday, but was too late for you. I was much pained to see you so out of spirits the other night. I can in no way make you better, I fear, but I should be glad to see you. Will you dine with me on Monday after your ride. If Hunt rides, as he threatens, with Lord Byron, he will also dine late, and make one of our party. Remember, you will also do Hunt good by this, who pines in this solitude.

"You say that I know so little of the world, that I am afraid I may be mistaken in imagining that you have a friendship for me, especially after what you said of Jane the other night; but, besides the many other causes I have to esteem you, I can never remember without the liveliest gratitude all you said that night of agony when you returned to Lerici. Your praises of my lost Shelley were the only balm I could endure, and he also always joined with me in liking you from the first moment he saw you.—Adieu, your attached friend,

"M. W. S."

"*Saturday.*

"Have you got my books on shore from the *Bolivar*. If you have, pray let me have them, for many of them are odd volumes, and I wish to see if they are too much destroyed to rank with those I have."

As Mrs. Shelley drew for us the portrait of Trelawny, let Trelawny sketch for us the likeness of Mrs. Shelley. "The most striking feature in her face was her calm grey eyes; she was rather under the English standard of woman's height, very fair and light-haired, witty, social and animated in the society of friends, though mournful in solitude; like Shelley she had the power of expressing her thoughts in varied and appropriate words, derived from familiarity with the works of our vigorous old writers." Her eyes, Shelley—differing here from Trelawny—tells us were *brown*, bright and clear; her voice he thought the sweetest ever heard, and her high intelligent brow recalled to him some vision of Italian heaven. Mr. Trelawny is of opinion that "the marriage of true minds in the case of Shelley and his second wife was incomplete." He tells us that she did not share in her husband's creed, political or religious; and Mrs. Shelley says herself that she was not a person of opinions, not very enthusiastic in the cause of freedom, and knowledge, and the rights of woman, &c. On the other hand, it is difficult to

realize the orthodoxy of the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. Her Christianity, if Christian she was, was rather a Christianity of the heart than of the head. She undoubtedly believed in the existence of a Creative Intelligence, and in the immortality of the soul. In one of her letters to Trelawny she describes herself as looking forward to the day when she should rejoin the angelical spirit of her husband. Mr. Trelawny seems to be perfectly right in attributing to Shelley's influence while he was living, the higher energy of thought and feeling which are observable in her earlier productions. There is little in the novels written after his death which will bear comparison with the original and powerful conception of "Frankenstein," or the imaginative force of "Valperga." In writing to his daughter in February, 1823, Godwin praises highly her Italian novel. "Beatrice is the jewel of the book; not but that I greatly admire Euthanasia, the characters of Pepi, Binda, and the witch—decisive efforts of original genius." The character of Euthanasia Shelley pronounced a masterpiece, adding: "the key-stone of the drama, which is built up with admirable art, is the conflict between these passions and these principles;" the passions and principles, that is, severally represented by Castruccio, the enemy of Florence and Italy, and by his betrothed bride, Euthanasia, the enthusiastic supporter of the Florentine Republic and Italian liberty. Of the character of Beatrice he says: "I know nothing in Walter Scott's novels which at all approaches to the beauty and sublimity of this creation, I may almost say, for it is perfectly original." Whatever abatements we may have to make from the high estimate of her father and husband, "Valperga," if we may trust our earliest impression, is assuredly a remarkable novel. Accomplished, naturally clever, sympathetic and attractive in society, Mary Shelley holds a high place among memorable Englishwomen, both in her own right and as the wife of Shelley. Her great want, she complains, was a want of "eagle-winged resolution," as well of the intellectual as of the moral nature. The little habits of temper, and possibly of a refined and exacting coquettishness, which Mr. Thornton Hunt surmised might have prevented Shelley from acquiring as full a knowledge of her as she had of him, may be admitted without any essential disparagement of the woman. A somewhat humorous account of the teasing girl-tyrant's pretty ways, which does her no harm, and reflects honour on Shelley's sweet-tempered toleration of them, appeared many years ago, in a critical journal, and while it confirms in some degree the impressions of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Trelawny, may interest and amuse the indulgent reader.

"Mr. Browning, in his 'Memorabilia,' sings:—

> "'Ah! did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> And did you speak to him again,
> How strange it seems and new.'

"One who had often seen the young face of the poet, and heard him speak, has lately* lain down his life, after a long and honoured course of usefulness. In 1817, the late Mr. G. F. Furnivall, of Egham, attended Shelley's wife in her confinement at Great Marlow, and was called up to London to see her again in 1819, on her return from the Continent. We have often heard Mr. Furnivall speak of Shelley's visits before and after his wife's confinement, to report progress, as the saying is. The poet would walk or row across to Egham—some eighteen miles—jump up on the surgery counter, tell his wife's state, and chat away, refusing always to take anything for refreshment but a bowl of milk after his long walk or pull, and looking, as the doctor said, more like a boy just from school than a married man. Of opposite principles in theology and politics, these two talkers had a good many fights, and the doctor used to flatter himself that he once cleverly stopped a discussion among Shelley and his friends at Marlow, on the justifiableness of suicide, by producing his case of dissecting knives, and saying, 'Well, gentlemen, if any of you want to put your theory into practice, there are the tools in good order; set to work.' The subject was forthwith changed. Another matter on which poet and doctor could not agree was the treatment of Shelley by his wife. Mrs. Shelley used to order her husband about worse than if he had been her footman; and so bullied him that the doctor more than once remonstrated with him for standing it. But the poet always quietly put the matter aside, and only laughed heartily at the doctor's advice to divide the house between him and his wife on the Irishman's plan—'Be Jasus, I'd give her the outside and kape the inside to meself.'"

The date thus assigned to Mr. Furnivall's second attendance (in this vivid portrait of the poet and his young wife), 1819, is incorrect, as the Shelleys left England in March, 1818, never again to return. At this time Mrs. Shelley had not attained her twentieth year, and the pretty termagancy which the doctor would have punished by an Hibernian division of the house, "with the reciprocity all on one side," was perhaps but a piquante pleasantry, and was evidently accepted as such by the tolerant poet.

We must now transport ourselves from Marlow to Pisa. In 1820, Shelley's cousin and schoolfellow (Captain) Medwin, then returning from India, was invited by him to his house at the Bagni di Pisa. When Trelawny first met him, he was, like his friend Williams, a lieutenant on half-pay. He had known

---

* Now about eighteen years ago.

Shelley from childhood, and at that time he talked "of nothing but the inspired boy, his virtues and his sufferings." His "Shelley Papers" are introduced by a brief memoir of the poet. The more pretentious "Life of Shelley," though disfigured by gross inaccuracies, contains passages of singular interest. Medwin, like his friend Williams, was not "wanting in the accomplishment of verse." The first three cantos of the "Wandering Jew" he claims as almost entirely his own. In the manufacture of his poetical effusions Shelley used to render him occasional assistance. "My friend Captain Medwin," he writes to Mrs. Ollier, "is with me, and has shown me a poem on Indian hunting, which he has sent you to publish. It is certainly a very elegant and classical composition, and even if it does not belong to the highest style of poetry, I should be surprised if it did not succeed." As Medwin was not at Pisa when the encounter between the Byron riding-party and the mounted dragoon occurred, it fell to Mrs. Shelley's lot to give him some account of the incident and its sequel. We may premise that the Taaffe, so complimentarily designated in her letter, was a member of Lord Byron's Pistol Club at Pisa; that Tita, one of the most good-natured fellows Shelley ever saw, but who nevertheless had contrived to stab two or three people, was his lordship's valet; and that the younger poet, who happened to be mounted on the fleetest horse, and who, with his customary fearlessness, had crossed and stopped the insolent soldier, was struck on the head with the hilt of the sword, and knocked off his horse, while warding the blow from the sharp part of the sabre. Other details in the transaction are narrated in Mrs. Shelley's letter.

"DEAR MEDWIN,—Excuse me that I write instead of Shelley, who you know is a very bad correspondent. At Lord Byron's desire I send you the copies of some of the documents concerning the row that took place a fortnight ago. You see what a goose Taaffe makes of himself. Lord B. says that the words he (Taaffe?) used were: 'Shall we endure this man's insolence?' Lord B. replied, 'No, we will bring him to an account.' Masi, after having been in great danger, is now recovering, and is to be removed from Pisa, as he vows deadly revenge. The police here have imprisoned Tita, and the Countess Guiccioli's servant, as suspected of having wounded the serjeant. They have been there a fortnight, and no one can guess when they will be let out. They are both perfectly innocent. It so happened that Madam Guiccioli and I were in the carriage ten paces behind and saw the whole Zuffa, and, as you may suppose, were not a little frightened. No measures have been taken except with these two men; no other person, more particularly none of the gentlemen, have been in any degree molested, but have ridden out as usual every day since. I say this, because I hear that various reports have been circulated at Rome concerning the arrest of Lord B., all utterly devoid

of foundation. You cannot conceive the part Taaffe played: as you may guess from his affidavit, and as I saw with my own eyes, he kept at a safe distance, but fearing to be sent out of Tuscany, he wrote at first such a report as embroiled him with Lord Byron, and what between insolence and dastard humility (a combination by no means uncommon in real life) kept himself in hot water when in fact he had nothing to fear.

"You have of course heard that Mrs. Beauclerk* has removed to Florence; Pisa is fast emptying of strangers. Lord B. will, I believe, pass the summer in the vicinity of Livorno, but in all probability the Williams' and we shall be at Spezzia. During the last week we have suffered greatly from the cold; winter returned upon us, doubly disagreeable from our having fostered the agreeable hope that we had said a last *rivederla*. The country is, however, quite green; the blossoms are fading from the fruit trees, and if the wind change we shall feel summer at last.

"Shelley has received "Hellas" from England. It is well-printed, and with not many faults. Lord B. seems pleased with it. His lordship has had out from England a volume of poems entitled, "Dramas of the Ancient World;" and by a strange coincidence the author, one David Lindsay, has chosen those subjects treated by Lord Byron—*Cain*, the *Deluge*, and *Sardanapalus*. The two first are treated quite differently. Cain begins after the death of Abel, and is entitled "The Destiny and Death of Cain." I mention them because they are works of considerable talent and strength of poetry and expression, although, of course, in comparison with Lord Byron, as unlike as short life and immortality. This is all the literary news I have for you.

"I am afraid you will be frightened at the *immensity* of the packets I send, but the papers were consigned to us by Lord B., and his name must be our excuse. The affidavits being in Italian will be an excuse for you, especially Taaffe's, who has used, I think, all the many adverbs with which the Italian language is enriched withal. I could not prevail on myself to undertake the task of translating and transcribing such a rigmarole, especially as I am heartily tired of the whole subject. It flooded us at first, but the tide has now made its reflux, leaving the shingles of the mind as dry as ever, with the exception of some anxiety on the score of the two prisoners.

"Edward is quite well. Jane, I fancy, will soon write to you. Our little Percy is as blooming as ever. I hope we shall be favoured with a visit on your return northward. Shelley desires his best remembrances.—Truly yours,

"MARY W. SHELLEY.

"Pisa, April 12, 1822."

The gentleman whose health is so satisfactorily reported on in this letter was the well-known friend of Shelley, and perished

---

* Mrs. Beauclerk, a neighbour of Shelley's family in Sussex, daughter of the Duchess of Leinster by a second marriage and half-sister of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—an accomplished woman.—MEDWIN.

with him and the boy Vivian in the sea tragedy off Viareggio, Lieutenant Edward Elleker Williams. A sailor at eleven years of age, but detesting the tyranny practised on board men-of-war, he quitted the navy, afterwards entered the 8th Dragoons, and was sent to India. Defrauded of a portion of his inheritance, he sold his commission, married, and resided with his wife in a charming villa on the Lake of Geneva till, as Mr. Trelawny with amiable sarcasm informs us, satiated with felicity, they resolved to leave it and see how long they could exist in privation and discomfort. In the spring of 1821 they crossed the Alps, and went direct to the Shelleys' house, the Tre Palazzi, at Pisa. Williams was not of the riding party when the *Zuffa* took place, but on his arrival soon after at the Tre Palazzi he records the sequel: "Trelawny had finished his story when Byron came in, the Countess fainting on his arm, Shelley sick from the blow, Lord Byron and the young Count (Gamba) foaming with rage, Mrs. Shelley looking philosophically on this interesting scene, and Jane and I wondering what the devil was to come next. Taaffe, after having given his deposition, returned with a long face, saying that the dragoon could not possibly live out the night." Trelawny and Shelley carried arms in self-defence. Byron shortly after left Pisa, and the dragoon, who had been speared by a servant of Byron's, or the Gambas, with a pitchfork, happily recovered from the effects of his wound.

Williams's most important letters have already been given to the world, but here is one to Captain Medwin which carries us back to scenes that Shelley loved in the days when he sang—

> "Our boat is asleep in Serchio's stream,
> Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream."

"Villa Poschi Pugnano,
"Sunday, June 3d [1821.]

"MY DEAR MEDWIN,

. . . .

"Day after day we have been expecting you, and Jane runs to the window whenever the noise of any carriage announces its approach. The house we have got into belongs to one Marchese Poschi of Pisa, from which it is situated about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ from the baths where the Shelleys are. The air from the sea is delightfully cooling during the day, and the olive and chestnut groves that grow above our heads, up the mountain side, form a refreshing lounge and shady retirement for the evening. It is considered the healthiest spot in Italy, and this we have every reason to believe is the case. Your room is ready, or rather there is one which I wish to Heaven you would come and occupy. . . . . I have got a letter for you, directed with a lady's crow-quill. . . . . Then there is the clean and beautiful river Serchio flowing within a mile of us, where we will bathe and troll

now and then. And then there is a canal about five miles' walk, where Shelley has got a small boat, in which I start with Jane to dine there to-day, and shall from thence send this letter for to-morrow's post. In short, you will be delighted with Pugnano. From the gardens, Jane's Paradise of Roses, the gate opens into a vineyard, and that slopes from the mountain. The walk continues to an olive-grove, and upward to the broad-leaved luxuriant chestnut wood, where I hope to have many an hour's retreat with you. Come at once.' . . . . The boy tells me that the boat is ready, and there is a little breeze getting up that I must not lose. Jane's affectionate remembrances and love. She is laughing at your melancholy epistles, and says she has a right to do so from the good spirits in which you write, for all the bilious attack.—Adieu.

"E. ELL. WILLIAMS."

Williams, like Medwin, courted the Muses, and Shelley aided him, as he did Medwin, with his advice. Williams had "excellent natural ability," and Shelley's mental activity "kept his brain in constant action." The sanguine tutor thought his friend would succeed as a dramatic writer. During the spring, says Medwin, he had written a play taken from the interweaving of two stories of Boccaccio, and Shelley had assisted him with an epithalamium for music, "Night with all thine eyes look down." The poet delighted to see the seeds he had sown germinating, pleasantly comparing himself to the sparrow educating the young of the cuckoo. The five-act play which was the product of his friend's vernal labours, he praises as "one of the most manly-spirited and natural pieces of writing he ever met with, full of observation, and abounding in theatrical effect and interest." If Shelley admired the husband for his talent, his enthusiasm and unselfishness, he had an equal admiration for the graces and accomplishments of the wife. "I hardly know," he writes to Medwin, "which I like best, but Jane is your favourite." In the end, however, Jane became Shelley's, no less than Medwin's, favourite. It was Jane to whom Shelley proposed, when floating with her and her babies on the beautiful bay of Spezzia, to solve the great mystery, by the simple but not altogether unexceptionable process of upsetting the boat in which they were seated. "Solve the great mystery," cried the lady, rescued by her own address from a watery grave, "why he is the greatest of all mysteries! Who can predict what he will do? He is seeking after what we all avoid—Death!" Between Mrs. Williams and Shelley a tender and pure friendship grew up, and in her society he found pleasure and consolation. "Williams" (he writes to Leigh Hunt, in 1822) "is one of the best fellows in the world, and Jane his wife a most delightful person, who, we all agree, is the exact autotype of the lady I described

in 'The Sensitive Plant," though this must have been *a pure unanticipated cognition*, as it was written a year before I knew her." "The Sensitive Plant," which was thus recognized as the beautiful shadow of which Mrs. Williams was the substance, may be read as a fanciful fairy poem, while yet expressing, to borrow Mrs. Shelley's language, the almost impossible idea that those who rise above the ordinary nature of man fade from before our imperfect organs, remaining, in their love, beauty and delight, in a world congenial to them, whereas we, clogged by error, ignorance and strife, see them not till we are fitted by purification and improvement for their higher state. Here is the ideal portrait of the poet's friend :—

> "There was a power in this sweet place,
> An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
> Which to the flowers did they waken or dream,
> Was as God is to the starry scheme.
>
> "A lady, the wonder of her kind,
> Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
> Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
> Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,
>
> "Tended the garden from morn to even:
> And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
> Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
> Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the earth !
>
> "She had no companion of mortal race,
> But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
> Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
> That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise.
>
> "As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
> Had deserted heaven, while the stars were awake,
> As if yet around her he lingering were,
> Tho' the veil of the daylight concealed him from her
>
> "Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest;
> You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
> That the coming and going of the wind
> Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.
>
> "And wherever her airy footstep trod,
> Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
> Erased its light vestige with shadowy sweep,
> Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.
>
> "I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
> Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
> I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
> From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame."

This exquisite poem, half fancy, half philosophy, was an unconscious celebration of the discovered antitype. Subsequently many other of the beautiful offspring of the genius of Shelley were dedicated to the "Eve" of the Rose Garden, near Pisa. It was for Jane and Williams alone to see that Shelley sent the quaint little poem, "The Magnetic Lady to her Patient." She was the Miranda, to whom Ariel gave "The Slave of Music," with words worthy of Ariel. For her he wrote "The Invitation," "The Recollection," and "The Ariette," with its fresh and dainty structure of verse, and the lovely devotional close, with the marginal note too characteristic to be omitted here, though already cited by his accomplished biographer and editor, Mr. W. M. Rossetti. "I sat down," he sighs, "to write some words for an Ariette which might be profane, but it was in vain to struggle with the ruling spirit who compelled me to speak of things sacred to your and Wilhelm Meister's indulgence. I commend them to your secrecy and your mercy, and will try to do better next time."

> "As the moon's soft splendour
> O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
> Is thrown,
> So your voice most tender
> To the strings without soul had then given
> Its own.
>
> "The stars will awaken,
> Tho' the moon sleep a full hour later
> To-night;
> No leaf will be shaken
> While the dews of your melody scatter
> Delight.
>
> "Tho' the sound overpowers,
> Sing again, with your dear voice revealing,
> A tone
> Of some world far from ours,
> Where music and moonlight and feeling
> Are one."

For about two months after the catastrophe at Viareggio, Mrs. Williams lived with her sorrowing friend at Pisa and Genoa. "They had," says Mrs. Shelley, "one purse, and joined in misery, were for the present joined in life." About the middle of September, 1822, Mrs. Williams left her friend to return to England, to be followed in the autumn of the following year by her fellow-mourner with her fatherless son. The happier fortune which, at a later period, she predicted for the friend whom she had rejoined is announced in a letter to Mr. Trelawny, in which the College Pylades of Shelley, Mr. Jefferson Hogg, a

humorist, a scholar, and a thinker, but the very "antipodes" of the poet whom, in his paradoxical photograph of a "Life," he at once represents and misrepresents, is placed before us, in a strong light, but not unpleasing colours.

"Kentish Town, Easter Sunday, 1827.

"Will this letter find you in your summer isle, my dear Trelawny. Yes! And again and again, I fear my missives will find you there, while you defer from spring to autumn, and autumn to spring, your long-promised visit.

"Your last letter was so truly sad that I long to hear from you again in such a mood as a summer sun may inspire. I never wonder at any melancholy in winter time. During the long drear winter we have endured I could well have streaked sheet after sheet with woe-begone reflections. In summer we feel at least that Nature is kind to us, and the affection she excites makes us happy in spite of care and sorrow. This is to be an eventful summer to us, and I regard with much anxiety, yet with great hope, the changes it will witness. Jane is writing to you and will tell her own tale best. The person to whom she unites herself is one of my oldest friends, the early friend of my own Shelley. It was he who chose to share the honour, as he generously termed it, of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford. And yet he is unlike what you may conceive to be the ideal of the best friend of Shelley. He is a man of talent—of wit; he has sensibility, and even romance in his disposition, but his exterior is composed, and at a superficial glance cold. He has loved Jane devotedly and ardently ever since she first arrived in England, almost five years ago. At first she was too faithfully attached to the memory of Edward, nor was he exactly the being to satisfy her imagination, but his sincere and long-tried love has at last gained the day. He is by profession a barrister, and thus she will continue to live in England. He has a private fortune, which is now somewhat embarrassed by paying the fortunes of his younger brother and sisters on his father's death, but in time it will be considerable, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing her freed from pecuniary cares and difficulties, able to display her taste and elegance in the way she best likes, creating an abode replete with every graceful adornment. Nor will I fear for her in the risk she must run when she confides her future happiness to another's constancy and good principles. He is a man of honour; he longs for a home, for domestic life, and he well knows that none could make such so happy as Jane. He is liberal in his opinions; constant in his attachments; if she is happy with him now, she will be always, for he appreciates her merits, and in everybody's opinion is much improved, softened, and humanized by his intercourse with her. . . . We shall remove from here in the summer, for of course we shall still continue near each other, and I as ever must derive my only pleasure and solace from her society. . . . . Shelley's only brother, a young man about twenty-one, has lately married, in Ireland. I am to see him when he comes to London, but have small expectations of reaping good from his visit.

"The writing to which dear Hunt alluded, is a mention of you in an article in a magazine some time ago. I have not space here to copy it, but in it he says—'The writer of this article had a sudden and short intimacy with Mr. Trelawny before he went to Greece, but under such circumstances which [as] cram the feelings of many years into one, and make a brief acquaintance look old. No man could play a nobler or manlier part than Mr. Trelawny did under those circumstances, and when the writer heard of his alleged defection from the cause of liberty he laughed it to scorn.'

"Poor darling Hunt! my heart bleeds for him, and I dare not look forward with regard to him, but I must not make uncertain ill-news travel so far. He deserves all possible good, but this is a hard world, and he is treated ill on all sides in every way by God and man; and alas! all can I do is to watch and weep over the progress of the evil. The papers to-day said that Lord Cochrane had arrived in Greece, which I trust will save it. The steam-vessel built here has burst and is destroyed, so much for many thousands of Greek debt. The state of public affairs is in the highest degree interesting. Canning, by a coup-de-main, got himself named Prime Minister, on which the high Tories resigned, and to-day we have news that Canning and the moderate Whigs have coalesced. This I think is good news for Greece, for they are all liberal, and Brougham I am sure is favourable to their cause. A contradiction appears to-day concerning the Greek vessel. They say she sails remarkably well."

Leigh Hunt, of whom Mrs. Shelley speaks in such affectionate terms, was one whose ardent sympathy with the cause of human amelioration had endeared him to Shelley. When the bitter philippic, against the Prince Regent, in the *Examiner* newspaper was avenged by the prosecution and condemnation of the editor and his brother John to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000, Shelley, boiling with indignation at the horrible injustice and tyranny of the sentence, advised that a subscription should at once be made. During Leigh Hunt's subsequent residence at Hampstead, Shelley often came to see him, occasionally staying several days at his house, delighting in the natural broken ground and fresh air, swimming his paper boats on the pond in the Vale of Health, and playing at "frightful creatures" with his son Thornton. Shelley's practical liberality to the author of "Rimini" and "The Legend of Florence," is well known; and his high appreciation of the man whom he regarded as gentle, honourable, innocent, and brave, above all whom he had entered in his list of friends, is recorded in the dedication to the "Cenci." Among the Trelawny Relics we find three letters written by Leigh Hunt. The first attests the generous disposition of Mr. Trelawny, and the creditable hesitation of his correspondent; the second comments on the then

vol. 119 (N. S. 63)

recent death of Lord Byron, and is addressed to Mr. Trelawny. We give extracts only:

"On board the *Hercules*.* Genoa.

"I. "Albano, July 14, 1823.

"THANKS, many thanks, for your kind offer which Mary was too good-natured to conceal from me. But I cannot accept it. No. I will take the money when I feel it in justice due to me, but I will not take it from a generous man who has already but too little to spare." . . . .

"II. "Florence, May 12, 1824.

. . . . "All I can tell you is that our legitimate queen, the Countess of Albany, is dead, and that nine hundred persons are said to have been nipped off in Florence in one month this last winter, owing to the severity of the season. Have you had anything strange in Greece? Yes, one, the death of Lord Byron. Strange as it was, I could not hear of it without emotion. I often fancy the meeting between him and dear Shelley in the next world, and how the latter has enlightened him on a variety of matters, of which his frank and his spoiled nature kept him ignorant. . . . . Little Henry very often imitates you to the life as you stalk out of a room, saying before he goes, 'I'm Mr. Lawny!' . . . . I used to wonder when I saw the yellow [?] Italian indolence, how it was that the old Romans conquered the world, till I found that olives were not brought into Italy but two hundred years after Rome was a State. . . . . I have derived much pleasure from reading *Anastasius*. I was inclined to joke on him, and cut him up in the first and second volumes, but in the third he cut me up and made me cry."

The story, which Leigh Hunt here tells us drew tears from his eyes, is twice noticed by Shelley. He pronounced it in a letter written to his wife from Rimini, a very powerful and entertaining novel, and fancied that Byron might have taken his idea of some of the cantos of Don Juan from a story which was once at least a faithful picture of the manners of the Greeks.

The death of Lord Byron, on which Leigh Hunt touches in this letter, took place at Missolonghi, on the afternoon of the 19th of April, 1824. On the 2nd of May his remains, temporarily deposited in the Church of St. Nicholas in that "dismal swamp," were transferred to Zante, and thence in the brig *Florida* to England. After lying two days in State in the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Great George Street, Westminster, they were conveyed to Nottingham to find their last resting place in the village church of Hucknell. The funeral procession set out on Monday, 12th of July. "Leaving West-

* A vessel chartered by Byron, and which conveyed him and Trelawny to Cephalonia.

Uttarpara Jaikrishna Public Library, Acc. No. 7833 Date 31.7.75

minster," says his friend and biographer, Thomas Moore, "at eleven o'clock in the morning, attended by most of his lordship's personal friends, and by the carriages of several persons of rank, it proceeded through various streets of the metropolis towards the North Road. At Pancras Church the ceremonial of the procession being at an end the carriages returned; and the hearse continued its way by slow stages to Nottingham." It was in the churchyard of St. Pancras that, ten years before, Godwin's daughter, Mary, then a girl of sixteen, had listened, by her mother's grave, to the eloquent and persuasive words of Shelley. Now a widow of twenty-four, she watched the hearse that bore the body of Byron, as it passed her window, going up Highgate Hill. Her husband had recognized in Byron's last volume finer poetry than had appeared in England since the publication of "Paradise Regained," and had, in "Adonais," saluted the poet as "The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame over his living head like heaven is bent." The sight of the hearse recalled the old companionship and the old kindness, after Shelley's death, of one whom yet she could scarcely call a friend. A few days after she had witnessed this melancholy spectacle, we find her reviving, in a letter to Trelawny, the many memories which the incident had evoked.

"July 28th, 1824, Kentish Town.

"So, dear Trelawny, you remember still poor Mary Shelley—thank you for your remembrance, and a thousand thanks for your kind letter. It is as delightful to feel that absence does not diminish your affection, excellent warm-hearted friend, remnant of our happy days, of my vagabond life in beloved Italy, our companion in prosperity, our comforter in sorrow. You will not wonder that the late loss of Lord B. makes me cling with greater zeal to those dear friends who remain to me. He could hardly be called a friend, but connected with him in a thousand ways, admiring his talents, and with all his faults feeling affection for him, it went to my heart when the other day the hearse that contained his lifeless form, a form of beauty, which in life I often delighted to behold, passed my window going up Highgate Hill, on his last journey to the last seat of his ancestors. Your account of his last moments was infinitely interesting to me."

After six years' residence in the divine climate of Italy, Mrs. Shelley felt painfully the gloom and depressing influence of our ungenial English weather. In the following letter to Mr. Trelawny, then in the Ionian Islands, dated the 20th March, 1826, she writes:—

. . . . I wish I were with you at Cephalonia! I wish I was under the blue Ionian sky! Since I have been in England we have not been tormented by any immense cold, but the damp, and rain, and chill,

have been sufficient to imprison me more than my Italian habits can bear with any patience. Hunt is delighted with fogs, and has already learnt to call it a fine day when it does not rain; a lesson I have hardly got by head and by no means by heart yet. He lives at Highgate Hill, some two miles off. I do not see him very often, because he has his own circle nearer him than I am. As yet the sharer of all my wanderings and mishaps is Jane, and Jane only. I wonder if you will make one of us, easing half our pains, merely by your presence, as we, frightened hares, take to our earths, after a nightly visit, a rare visit, to a theatre. I wonder if you will assist to dissipate the melancholy spell that at present holds me in its dreary grasp. . . . ."

Three years after the date of this letter to Trelawny we find Mrs. Shelley turning her thoughts to the preparation of a life of her husband, but postponing the actual execution of the undertaking. Of all the friends of Shelley she was undoubtedly the best qualified for the task. Unfortunately only a few fragments of "The Life" were left, embodied in the graphic, but distorting, narrative of his ingenious biographer, Mr. Jefferson Hogg. A sentence in her letter indicates that Mr. Trelawny then meditated a record of the strange and "moving incidents" of his own life, fancifully pictured in the "fascinating" "Adventures of a Younger Son."

"London, April, 1829.

"My dear Trelawny,—(Then at Florence)—Your letter reminded me of my misdeed of omission, and of not writing to you as I ought, and it assured me of your kind thoughts in that happy land, where as angels in heaven, you can afford pity to us Arctic islanders. It is too bad, is it not, that when such a paradise does exist as fair Italy, one should be chained here. Without the infliction of much absolutely cold weather, I have suffered a most ungenial winter; winter it is still. A cold east wind has prevailed for the last six weeks, making exercise in the open air a positive punishment. This is truly English! Half a page about the weather! But here this subject has every importance. Is it fine, you guess I am happy, and enjoying myself. Is it, as it always is, you know that one is fighting against a domestic enemy which saps the very foundation of pleasure.

"I am glad that you are occupying yourself, and hope that your two friends will not cease urging you till you really put to paper the strange wild adventures you recount so well. With regard to the other subject—you may guess, my dear friend, that I have often thought, often done more than think, on the subject. There is nothing I shrink from more fearfully than publicity. I have too much of it, and, what is worse, I am forced by my hard situation to meet it in a thousand ways. Could you write my husband's life, without naming me, it were something, but even then I should be terrified at rousing the slumbering voice of the public. Each critique,

each mention of your book, might drag me forward. Nor indeed is it possible to write Shelley's life in that way. Many men have his opinions. None fearlessly and conscientiously act on them as he did. It is his act that marks him, and that (unfinished in MS.) you know me or you do not, in which case I will tell you what I am—a silly goose—who far from wishing to stand forward to assert myself in any way, now that I am alone in the world, have but the desire to wrap night and the obscurity of insignificance around me. This is weakness, but I cannot help it. To be in print, the subject of *men's* observations, of the bitter hard world's commentaries, to be attacked or defended; this ill becomes one who knows how little she possesses worthy to attract attention, and whose chief merit, if it is one, is a love of that privacy which no woman can emerge from without regret. Shelley's life must be written. I hope one day to do it myself, but it must not be published now. There are too many concerned, to speak against him. It is still too sore a subject. Your tribute of praise, in a way that cannot do harm, can be introduced into your own life. But, remember, I pray for omission, for it is not that you will not be too kind, too eager to do me more than justice. But I only seek to be forgotten."

"Claire has written to you.* She is about to return to Germany. She will, I suppose, explain to you the inconveniences that make her return to the lady she was before with not desirable. She will go to Carlsbad, and the baths will be of great service to her. Her health is improved, though very far from restored. For myself I am as usual well in health, occupied and longing for summer, when I may enjoy the peace that alone is left me. I am another person under the genial influence of the sun. I can live unrepining, with no other enjoyment but the country, made bright and cheerful by its beams. Till then I languish. Percy is quite well; he grows very fast and looks very healthy.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear from you, dear friend; so write often. I have now answered your letter, though I can hardly call this one, so you may very soon expect another. Take care of yourself. How are your dogs? Have you given up all idea of shooting? I hear Medwin is a great man at Florence, so Pisa and economy are at an end.—Yours, M. S.

"Edward John Trelawny, Esq.,
Ferma in Posta, Firenze."

Laying aside the letters of Mrs. Shelley, Trelawny and Leigh Hunt, we take up one from the pen of Mr. John Gisborne. The Shelleys had made the acquaintance of the Gisbornes at Leghorn

* Miss Clairmont, the daughter of Godwin's second wife, the half-sister of Mary Shelley, and the mother of Byron's Allegra. Claire was accomplished and of "brilliant appearance, though not regularly handsome:"—a brunette, with dark hair and eyes. We find her with Mrs. Shelley at Spezzia in April, 1822, being ther about twenty-eight years of age. She died, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, not very long ago.

in 1818. The lady had been a favourite with Godwin in her younger days. Shelley discovered in her a woman of profound accomplishments and refined taste, but the antipodes of enthusiasm. With Mrs. Gisborne he read Spanish, and he tells us of the delight which he derived while inhabiting the "divine bay," in reading the starry dramas of Calderon, as well as that which he felt while listening to the most enchanting music. Of his correspondent, Mr. Gisborne, he thought less favourably. "Mr. Gisborne," he whispers to Peacock, "is a man who knows I cannot tell how many languages, and has read almost all the books you can think of; but all that they contain seems to be to his mind what water is to a sieve. His liberal opinions are altogether the reflection of Mrs. Gisborne's. Do not let him know that I think him stupid. Indeed, perhaps, I do him an injustice." The clever and witty author of "Maid Marian" and "Headlong Hall," thought Shelley's misgiving justified. He found the master of many languages and many books an agreeable and well-informed man.

In 1820, during their absence in England, the Shelleys tenanted the Gisbornes' house in Leghorn, the poet converting the workshop of Henry Revely, the son of Mrs. Gisborne by a former marriage, into a study. It was from this house that Shelley addressed to her the poetical epistle with which we are all familiar; and it was in its neighbourhood, "while wandering among the lanes whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies," that he listened to the carolling of the skylark, to reproduce it in one of his immortal melodies. At this period, and later still, his new friends were not prospering, and Shelley, delighted at the idea of introducing steam navigation into the Gulf of Lyons, started the project of a boat to ply between Marseilles and Leghorn. The construction of the boat was entrusted to young Revely, "a most amiable person, with great talents as a mechanic and engineer," on the generous understanding that the pecuniary profit possibly accruing from the enterprise was to be enjoyed by him alone. Disappointed as he was at the abandonment of the project, when a new policy led them to quit Italy, Shelley bore with perfect serenity the frustration of his hope and the loss of his money, exhibiting the most generous forbearance towards his defaulting friends. On their return to England he continued to take the greatest interest in their welfare. He reminded them in his letter of April, 1822, of the fall in the value of funded property, counselling them not to confide and invite a second blow, but to invest in English land, and reside on it. To this advice Mr. Gisborne alludes. Frankfort, whose anti-sacerdotal antipathies he commemorates, was a workman in Revely's employ. The Greek words occurring at the commencement of the letter form

part of the hopeful motto of the Hellas—"I am the prophet of prosperous contests," and are taken from a chorus of the "Œdipus Coloneus" of Sophocles. Shelley appears to have had a great liking for the motto, for he begged Peacock to get him two seals engraved, having a dove with outspread wings for a device, and around it the words in the original Greek, of which we have given a literal translation. We have omitted from Mr. Gisborne's letter a long description of a picture by Mulready, who had seen the poet and declared it was simply impossible to paint his portrait—he was so beautiful! The picture which excited Mr. Gisborne's enthusiastic admiration was entitled the "Convalescent"—a wounded soldier. In it, says the correspondent of Shelley, the pencil of the painter seems to have effected what the pen of Shakespeare alone was capable of.

"London, 31 May, 1822.

"My dear Shelley,—I congratulate you on the departure of the Hunts, and I hope they will reach their destination without the hindrance of any further disaster.* Hogg foretold that they would not sail again, but he has proved a false prophet. I begin to find that he is more inclined and more ready to prophesy evil than good, μαντέυς† κακῶν. I must declare, however, in favour of this evil prophet, that he is the only person we now see in whose company I take delight. Whenever he is with us his wit affords us continual amusement. He is the most intensely irreligious person I ever knew. Henry had a workman (you, perhaps, remember Frankfort) who had an equal hatred of the priesthood, and the effects of his hatred was his banishment from France, for on asking him why he did not return to that country to settle his affairs, he replied "Ah, mon Dieu! c'est parceque j'ai'tué un prêtre." Hogg often expresses a desire to kill some of these holy men, but as he is a philosopher, the weapon he would use is his contemptuous scorn, which he thinks no angry, high-fed churchman could resist for more than a few weeks.

"The beginning of the Hellas is extremely beautiful in its throbbing alternations of love and liberty. The part where Ahasuerus is introduced is novel and impressive, but the poem in general is thought to be too long in proportion to the interest which it contains. It excited me strongly on the first reading, and had I written my sentiments to you upon it at that moment, I should have had much more to say than I have at present, for the din and confusion of London, and various circumstances which tend to deaden my feelings and stupify my understanding, are all of a nature to obliterate too speedily the lovely images which your poetry awakens. I am very sorry that I cannot see your translations from Faust. Why will you not at once resolve to translate the whole? It depends upon you alone to transfer the soul of

* See "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," ch. xvii., for the account of his voyage to Italy.

† So in the original.

that wonderful and unique production into our language. Coleridge is now become incapable of the undertaking, nor would he, indeed, ever have had courage enough to give it entire to the world. Are those which you have the original German etchings? Coleridge had seen both, and he assured us that the originals were beyond comparison more beautiful and perfect than the English copies. I shall endeavour to procure the "Magico Prodigioso," which, till you mentioned it, I had never heard of. I read "Adonais" again and again, and always with strange delight. I am also a great admirer of the "Epipsychidion" from its extraordinary passion and fervour. What are you at present engaged in? And how are your works to be published in future? Ollier will print them, and whenever he can be compelled to be explicit will send you a bill for the expenses. This is the beginning and end of all transactions with them, for I have every reason to suspect that, as matters now stand, they are rather inclined to suppress your works than to circulate them. Something must be done. I cannot procure your account, though during the last three months, whenever I have seen either of them, they have promised to send it to me the same day. The "Memoirs of Lord Byron," published by Colbourne & Co., have been out a few days. I hope it is too bad and too rascally a work to do any harm. The Pisa circle is treated outrageously. You, the Pylades of the noble lord, are said, after a public profession of atheism in Switzerland, to be at this time circulating works which you dare not publish, and which no bookseller would have the hardihood publicly to sell. This latter scandal arises, no doubt, from the manner of publishing, and afterwards withdrawing the "Epipsychidion" and from your recent publication known to have been printed, and which has never been publicly announced. Sir W. Scott's new novel is out, but I have not yet had time to look at it.

"Varley predicts that Lord Byron is on the eve of many turmoils, and that the period of his disquietude will be of some duration. He regrets that he does not know the precise hour of his birth, which would enable him to predict to the minutest details everything which will befall him. We perfectly agree with you as to the inexpediency of keeping money in the funds. . . . .

"Henry is just returned from Cornwall, and is in raptures with that country. He sees many prospects of employment in the neighbourhood of the mines, and the great works which are being carried on throughout that most active district. His wish is that we should transfer ourselves thither, which we are much inclined to do. . . . . A small grass farm, the learned tell us, inexperienced as we are, we could easily manage, and by personal interference derive therefrom reasonable interest for our money. . . . . Some amusement and occupation would accrue from the management of our little concerns; and as an endless resource against *ennui*, I am provided with some very efficient Greek folios which the din of London and various annoyances of a nature to make the mind wither scarcely allow me the consolation to look into. Tell me what you think of our project, and suggest any better and safer mode of saving our property and ourselves from the ruin which

threatens us. On Wednesday last Henry received his silver medal from the hands of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who said some obliging things to him in presenting it. The managers of Drury Lane gave up the theatre to the Society on the occasion, and it was brilliantly illuminated at mid-day. The concourse was numerous, and every part of the theatre overflowing. The weather has been hot during the spring, indeed both winter and spring have been nearly equal to those seasons in Italy, both for warmth and sunshine. Our affectionate regards to Mrs. Shelley, and kindest remembrances to the Williamses.* J. G."

The last available letter preserved in the time-honoured reliquary of Mr. Trelawny was addressed to the poet by his father-in-law sixty-five years ago. In his recent biography of Mr. James Mill, Dr. Alexander Bain observes: "Among the advocates of progress, at the epoch under review, a distinguished place must be assigned to William Godwin. His great work, 'Political Justice,' came out in 1793. It was a splendid ideal or political romance, and may fitly be compared to the 'Republic' of Plato. It set people thinking, made them dissatisfied with the present state of things. It was the basis of Shelley's creed." The philosopher, finding that the young poet, on his introduction to Mary, was much more disposed to talk with the daughter than with the father, interrupted their earnest converse with no very gracious comments on the poems which Shelley had submitted to his judgment. "What it portended," exclaimed the irritated critic, "I could not discover, except that poetry is not your vocation. You should write prose—prose is your *forte*." A letter expressing similar sentiments was given by Mrs. Shelley to a truer appreciator of Shelley's muse—Trelawny himself. Godwin, it seems, had suggested that Shelley should "antedate his inheritance by raising money in *post-obit* bonds, and satisfied him entirely as to the expediency of the measure. "The poet," adds Trelawny, "always prepared for martyrdom, assented, and Godwin found the ready means of executing the project." This information helps us to understand the money negotiations referred to in the letter. The Longdill, who is mentioned in it, was Shelley's legal adviser at the time of Lord Eldon's decree depriving him of his children, on account of "the alleged depravity of the religious and moral opinions in which he designed bringing them up." The reference to Shelley's health was occasioned by a statement in a letter which he had written to his father-in-law. He had an idea that he was suffering from a decisive pulmonary attack; and, even if he erred in

* The letter bears on the outside the postmark Sarzana, and is addressed, Percy B. Shelley, Esq., Villa Magni, Lerici.

his diagnosis, there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his conviction. Hogg, while declaring his general health was good, allows that he suffered occasionally from certain painful infirmities. Medwin, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley all testify to the reality of his sufferings. In the critique which Shelley had written on "Mandeville," he pronounced Godwin's "Political Justice" the first moral system explicitly founded on the negativeness of Rights and the positiveness of Duties. "Mandeville" itself is said to embody the genuine doctrines of this system, "presented in one perspicacious and impressive river,* and clothed in such enchanting melody of language," as to recall the lines of Milton on the charm and music of divine philosophy. Godwin was so delighted with the panegyric of his young admirer, that he lost no time in communicating it to the world.

"Skinner Street, Dec. 9, 1817.

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,—I was greatly interested by your letter of Sunday, which is much the kindest I ever received from you. I was particularly gratified by the critique it contained of Mandeville. You will, perhaps, be surprised to see it in print in the *Morning Chronicle*, but I thought it much too good to be lost. With many men I should have judged it incumbent upon me not to have put a private letter in print without their consent, but you know so little terror of the ordeal of the press that I ventured to consider the ceremony of a previous consent an unnecessary ceremony. Forgive me!

"I am extremely anxious to hear further about your health. I hope that by this time you have had reason to think that you have been too much alarmed. To-day is a fine day; the temperature is still mild, and for my part I see little reason in that respect to covet Italian breezes and Italian skies.

"I have, agreeably to your direction, signified to Richardson my willingness that he should proceed. I believe that his client has the money ready, but whether any obstacle of a fatal cast will arise in the course of the negotiation, I will not take upon me to pronounce. I conceive, therefore, that we must not drop either Evans or Longdill; I am wholly unable to divine what Longdill is about; his advance of money from his own friends has all the air of seriousness. I should recommend you, if he gives you no answer, to press him with letter upon letter till he does.

"I have read a considerable portion of "Laon and Cythna," and I am sorry to say that my feeling is that I do not understand it. Yet when you condescend to discard the language of the gods, and to talk the language of men, nobody expresses himself better. Your critique of "Mandeville" is admirable. Your paper to the Lord Chancellor on the subject of matrimony is a masterpiece. The great mistake you fall into is supposing that you can enter on the sublimest of all occu-

---

* Evidently a misprint. See Shelley's works. Chatto & Windus.

pations, the instruction of your species, without an apprenticeship. Descend from your clouds; write vigorously as to logic, to analogies, to the most perspicuous schemes of phraseology. One of your great strongholds is taste; write a fresh volume of criticism upon some eminent poetical production or productions. This is not much; this is logical matter. But it will serve to break your Pegasus of his dangerous curvettings and *rouades* and endeavours to leap six planets at once. Be sober, be clear, be perspicuous. Your "Laon and Cythna" is like a tremendous thunderstorm, in the dimmest night; the flashes of lightning are perfectly dazzling to the reader; he thinks he sees something, but upon reflection finds he sees nothing and can give no account of it. Forgive me for this harshness and plain dealing. After all I may be wrong, but I can only relate to you my own sensations and my own impressions.

"P. B. Shelley, Esq., Marlow, Bucks."

Happily for us, Shelley's quiet confidence in his own powers did not depend on the verdict of his correspondent. His patient strength and force of will made him proof against all discouragement. Even Godwin could not turn him from his purpose, nor did he feel any resentment at the unfavourable criticism of his poetry or the extraordinary demands on his estate. The esteem and admiration he felt for the author of "Political Justice," continued to the last, though, as appears from the restored reading in the "Letter to Maria Gisborne," he had detected in his guide, philosopher, and friend evidence of declining worth or power. You will see, he says to his accomplished friend in London:—

> "That which was Godwin, greater none than he
> Tho' fall'n on evil times. Yet will he stand
> Among the spirits of our age and land
> Before the great Tribunal of To-come,
> The foremost, while Rebuke stands pale and dumb."

If Shelley over-rated the talent of Godwin, Godwin grossly under-rated the genius of his son-in-law. Godwin could appreciate the *clean tablecloth* poetry, very admirable in its way, of the century in which he was born; for the poetry of the new century, with its tumultuous enthusiasm, its fiery passion, its pantheistic adoration, its metrical and rhythmical peculiarities, he had no appreciative faculty. The "Revolt of Islam," which he criticized with so little sympathy and discrimination, originally called "Laon and Cythna, or the Revolution of the Golden City," is no doubt intrinsically faulty. It is incoherent, unreal, wanting in concentration, in directness of purpose, in intellectual grasp, and, above all, in human interest. Godwin's criticism has truth in it, but truth so distorted that it looks very unlike truth. This gorgeous and troubled vision of "The Nineteenth Century"

is an ideal representation of the disturbing movement of the age, a bright yet blurred picture of the new life that had come into a bewildered world, a somewhat wild protest against the social and political injustice, against cruel and blinding superstition, against world-old prejudice and theological bigotry. It is a poet's proclamation of a noble destiny for mankind: an attempt to assert human rights and affirm human duties, to open a path to a higher life, to sweeter manners and fairer laws. While listening with deference and self-suspicion to Godwin's censure of his poem, Shelley modestly indicated his conviction of its merits. It is, he says, a genuine picture for his own mind, much of it written with the same feeling, as real although not so prophetic as the communications of a dying man. He is conscious, however, of the imperfections of his work. There is, he concedes, an absence of that tranquillity which is the source and sign of real power. But with this and every other critical deduction the "Revolt of Islam" remains a memorable achievement. The moral grace of the dedicatory lines; the magnificent description of the combat between the Serpent and the Eagle, the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil, in the first canto; the lovely picture of Cythna, in her infantine beauty, and of the enthusiasm which afterwards animated her to join her efforts with Laon for the deliverance of mankind; the prevision of that later conception of the loftier position and the indispensableness of her co-operation with man in all movements towards a higher life, the bursts of exalted poetic rapture as in the passage of the "Return of the Meteor," in the sixth book; effusions of fine thought and tender feeling as at the close of the ninth; calm description, as of the old man with the boat, the shadowy type of Shelley's Eton friend Dr. Lind in the fourth canto, or as of the voyage, at the conclusion of the poem, of Laon and Cythna and the plumed seraph-child, to the mysterious land past the ocean which girds the pole where the illustrious dead are congregated in the temple of the Spirit of good; the many exquisite settings of fancy and sentiment scattered through the poem—all this magic of delineation, all this intense utterance of lofty thought and feeling, clothed in words which reveal a wonderful mastery of language, and throb with rhythmical pulsation, and vibrate with melodious resonance—the assured credentials of a born singer; all this prodigality of beauty, music, and power—should have convinced Godwin that he had before him, in spite of the too luxuriant diction, and dreamy conception of the work, not merely the promise but the performance, however incomplete, of a genuine and royal poet.

With all its imperfections of thought and structure, the "Revolt of Islam" must be considered as a great advance on

its portentous predecessor "Queen Mab." This iconoclastic production, the offspring of Shelley's precocious genius* is a vehement assault on conventional morality and traditional belief. A protest against the established religion, it is nevertheless an intensely religious poem. If it recognizes no extramundane creative power, it affirms the beneficent activity of a universal spirit in Nature; it teaches devotion to human welfare, reverence for human worth, and picturing the independence of the soul on the bodily organism, it sees in death a gate "which leads to azure isles and beaming skies and happy regions of eternal hope." If it attacks Christianity, it is not its ethical element but its superstitious dogma which is the object of its assault. The poet's really unjust treatment of the Christian Faith consists in an ignorant disregard of its historical, ethical, and æsthetic influence. For the rest, though immature in theory, indiscriminate in censure, declamatory in tone and, sometimes conventional in diction, it contains many fine passages and some just and acute thoughts. Were its literary merit inferior to what we conceive it to be, and we think that both the author and his recent critics undervalue it, it would still be welcome to us as the inaugural poem of a series in which Shelley appears clad no less in the prophet's garb than in the poet's singing robe. In "Queen Mab," as in "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas," there is the same distinctive unity of purpose, the same inspiring sense of a lofty mission, as of a poetic Socrates, the same daring assertion of human right, the same unquenchable belief in human progress.

To characterize all Shelley's poems is no part of our present task. Recent criticism, however, provokes and justifies vindication and comment, and our purpose will be sufficiently fulfilled if we limit objection or remonstrance to three of Shelley's poems —the "Prometheus," the "Cenci" and the "Epipsychidion."

The "Prometheus Unbound," completed in the spring of 1819, was written in great part "on the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees." So written, it has in it all the vigorous waking of the spring, all the luxuriance and radiance of the life of the soul which had its external counterpart in the new life of Nature, "drenching with it the spirits even to intoxication." Its conception, its language, its execution—all bear traces of the voluptuous vitality of the season.

"Averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind," Shelley remoulded the old fable, so as to sustain the moral interest. The ingenuity

* Commenced July, 1812. Shelley was born August, 1792.

with which he compasses his end is elaborate. In part he adheres to the requirements of the traditional narrative. He retains Hercules as the mechanical agent of the release; he recognizes Thetis as the throned wife of Jupiter, but invests her only with a mystical existence as "the bright image of eternity," and he solves the enigma of the legend and effects the deliverance of Prometheus, in a daringly original way. The Spirit of Eternity, a primæval indeterminate Power, has, in accordance with classical precedent, a mysterious realm from whose mighty portal the oracular vapour issues, which men call by the various names of truth, virtue, love, genius, and joy. Through this portal Panthea and Asia descend to the song of spirits, drawn downward by the enchanted eddies of sweet sound to the cave of the dread Demogorgon. A veiled form is seen sitting on the ebon throne under which lies curled up the snake-like doom of Jupiter. It has neither limb nor outline, yet it possesses a potential vitality. It is a mighty darkness, yet we feel that it is alive. As the indefinable image of Eternity it exists in the Underworld, where dwell the shadows of all forms that think and live, and notably that of Demogorgon, "a tremendous gloom," and of Jupiter, the supreme tyrant, on his throne of burning gold. In the third act this inorganic being, this indeterminate darkness, is invested with living limbs. He owes his existence to Jupiter, who welcomes in him the awful spirit that shall trample out the spark of that unextinguished fire, the soul of man. Jupiter explains that on his union with Thetis "two mighty spirits mingling made a third mightier than either, as yet unrevealed but ever awaiting its incarnation." At this moment the destined hour arrives, and the chariot which bears this dreadful Might, now clothed with ever-living limbs, is heard thundering up Olympus. Demogorgon descends, and declaring "I am thy child as thou wert Saturnus' child, mightier than thee," bids Jupiter—the supreme of living things, the personal God of the popular religion—follow him down the abyss; and, without pity, without release, without respite, sinks down with the deposed monarch to the darkness in which they must henceforth live for ever. Thus, with sublime audacity, Shelley solves the legendary enigma, and condemns the arbitrary rule of egotistic will; for ever obliterating the old traditions whether political or theological, and thus predicting the doom of all *absolute* sovereignty whether human or divine. With the accomplishment of this miraculous dethronement, the mysterious agent of the deposition does not terminate his poetical existence. In the fourth act Demogorgon again appears, rising up out of the earth and with a universal sound, like words, giving a final sanction to the universal triumph of idealized Nature, in

majestic sympathy with the great Titan and glorified Humanity and in attestation of the fact that the secret forces of the world are with the hope that creates, the wisdom and virtue that conceive and operate for man.

Demogorgon, the primal revolutionary Power, thus siding with the Republic of the Future, is a favourite with the poets. Boiardo makes him supreme over Fate; Spenser reproves the bold bad man that dared to call great Gorgon Prince of Darkness and Dead Night; and Milton whispers his dreaded name.* But the immediate source on which Shelley drew is undoubtedly the "Pharsalia" of Lucan, from which he selected the motto for his "Demon of the World."

Demogorgon, the primæval Energy that creates and destroys; Panthea, the spirit of universal Beauty; Ione, the younger sister of the Sea; Asia, the incarnation of love and the devoted wife of the great Titan; are all unsubstantial forms, visionary splendours and potencies. The one imperial conception of the drama is Prometheus himself. In Prometheus the moral sublime attains its highest development. The champion, the deliverer of the human race, he bears willingly all the agonies which the most powerful and inventive malice can inflict, never flinching, never quailing, never yielding. Inspired with a transcendent charity, he forgives all injuries, while maintaining unbroken his native inflexibility of spirit, not in cynical defiance, but in the calm serenity of a love which overpowers hate. Filled with this majestic charity, he even revokes his former curse on the tyrant who has tortured him, confessing that

> "Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine;
> I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

The "Prometheus" is the great dramatic evangel of all who accept the religion of humanity, whether Positivist or Secularist. Prometheus himself is Man—"one harmonious soul of many a soul." The poem is the glorification of Man, the triumph of the life of Man. Of all modern English poems it is the greatest—greatest through its high moral purpose, greatest for its marvellous inventiveness, greatest for its magnificence of expression, greatest for its wonderful interwoven intricacies of harmonious sound and musical mystery of sweet rising and falling cadence. In concrete human interest, in structural power, it is undoubtedly

* See Lucan's "Pharsalia," vi. 744; Statius' "Thebaid," iv. 514; Boiardo's "Orlando Inamorato," Part ii. canto xiii. 27, 28, 29; Tasso's "G. L." xiii. 10; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," I. i. 37, I. v. 22, iv. 11, 47; Milton's "P. L." II. In his Latin works, p. 340, Milton writes, "Apud vetustissimos itaque mythologiæ scriptores datum reperio Demogorgonem deorum omnium atavum quem eundem et Chaos ab antiquis," &c. See "Pharsalia," ix. 764–784, in explanation of Shelley's "Numidian Seps."

deficient. But the poetry of the "Prometheus," like that of Shelley in general, must not be judged by the canons of realistic art. Shelley's poetry is the poetry of ideal creation. His ideality is often exaggerated, but hardly so in the case of the "Prometheus." This great drama, with some little reservation, may be vindicated as necessarily and justifiably ideal. It is, in the poet's own language, "the mirror of the gigantic shadow which Futurity casts upon the Present;" it is the prediction of a brighter day for humanity; it is a kind of cryptical revelation of the great secrets of the world; it is an imaginative attempt to penetrate through the veil and bar of things, which seem and are down to the steps of the remotest throne of the Mystic Power which is the strength and source of all existence, to image forth the un known possibilities of the transcendent Nature which, probably, has created in the past, and will create in the future, forms of loveliness and grandeur beyond anything that we can definitely conceive. By such ideal workmanship Shelley becomes our Prometheus, freeing us from the limitations and restrictions of our habitual life, and opening to us an endless perspective of infinite wonder and delight. If we cannot appreciate such representations, we can turn to those of other poets, who will satisfy our craving for the recognized realities and punctual observances of this visible diurnal sphere; but we must not estimate it by irrelevant standards, nor look for the thews and muscles of tangible manhood in the ideal shapes of a world not yet realized.

From Shelley's ideal drama we pass now to the drama in which his æthereal imagination took the flesh and blood of human action and passion. "The Cenci" is a decisive contrast to the Prometheus. "In writing 'The Cenci,'" says the poet, "my object was to see how I could succeed in describing passions I have never felt, and to tell the most dreadful story in pure and refined language." The success attained, if not complete, was remarkable. The author of "The Cenci" has written the most dramatic play that English art has produced since the age of Shakespeare; he has portrayed exultant wickedness, almost maniacal in its unrestrained self-assertion, in "Cenci," as he has given us in "Beatrice" a marvellously beautiful conception, distinguished by latent depths of feeling, a character at once energetic and gentle, with intellectual force combined with tenderness and moral strength, patient under suffering, till kindled into action by inexplicable wrong, and the rooted conviction of the necessity of that action. The quiet concentration manifest in the language of subdued passion which marks much of her utterance; the poet's own subordination of diction and imagery to the dominant conception of the tragedy, the delicate and impressive treatment of the subject, indicating the majestic self-con-

fidence of the elder dramatists; the whole progress of the tragic tale, excluding all superfluities of reflection and description, and moving on with unimpeded course to its sorrowful end, give it a place in the permanent literature of the world, far above any work which Byron, or Keats, or Wordsworth, admirable as are some of theirs, have bequeathed us. The subsidiary characters in "The Cenci," though not failures, fall short of dramatic purpose and efficiency. The play, satisfying in its unity, is rich in fine thought and great sentiment. No drama ever opened with words more fitted to arrest attention and create a breathless expectation than "The Cenci"—

"That matter of the murder is hushed up"—

or closed with words more expressive of that divine patience and resignation which are higher than all stoical heroism, because they are the expression of absolute self-surrender, of voluntary self-reconciliation with the mysterious order of the universe, which show that even in defeat man is the master of his fate:—

"Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another? Now
We shall not do it any more. My lord
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well."

Of the "Prometheus Unbound" Shelley said: "If that is not durable poetry, tried by the severest test, I do not know what is." His friend Williams considered "The Cenci" as the finest of Shelley's productions; while Trelawny surprised the poet by the preference which he expressed for the "Epipsychidion." This mystical embodiment of harmonious thought in language as harmonious, was intended only for the initiated. In an essay by the late lamented J. S. Mill, there is a beautiful expression, which shows that this great intellectual spirit had a correspondingly fine emotional nature. Bentham, he complains, had no conception of the more complex forms of the feeling of sympathy, the love of loving, the need of a sympathizing support, or of objects of admiration and reverence. Now, this love of loving, this want of an object of admiration, this need of sympathizing support, was a distinctive property of Shelley's nature. There is, he says, something within us which from the instant we live more and more thirsts after its own likeness. It is the miniature of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of everything excellent or lovely which we are capable of conceiving as belonging

to the nature of man. "Some of us," he writes to Mr. Gisborne, referring to the sublime drama of Sophocles, "have in a prior existence been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal." This ideal passion is the main argument of the "Alastor," and recurs in the Italian "Favola." The love which Shelley loved was the love which Plato has celebrated in his Banquet, so beautifully translated by him, the love which Dante portrays in the "Vita Nuova," "the love which makes the Paradise an everlasting hymn, the love by which the great Florentine feigns himself to have ascended to the throne of the Supreme Cause." In Shelley's view they who do not make the universe a fountain whence they may draw new life and love, know nothing of one or the other.* This is the mystical passion which Shelley has sung in tones of transcendent melody in the song, whose reasoning has found so few fitly to conceive it. The very name Epipsychidion is difficult to interpret. The Greek-formed word is a diminutive of Psyche, meaning *Little Soul,* and the preposition attached to it appears to imply an additional or antitypal soul, an over-soul as the desired correspondent of the type, the reality of Shelley's "Soul within our soul." The idealized "miniature of the entire self" in the citation just made was a Being whom in visioned wanderings the poet had often met "upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn." This abstract loveliness must, he argued, have a dwelling in Reality. Accordingly, he tells us that "in many a mortal form he rashly sought a shadow of that idol of his thought." Various types of feminine loveliness pass before him, one a deadly enchantress, whose touch was as electric poison; one who was "true—oh, why not true to me?" and one, celebrated as "the cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles who makes all beautiful on which she smiles;" and, lastly, the veiled vision of many years, distinctly named as Emily. Shelley himself has helped us to interpret the poem. "If you are curious," he says to a friend, "to hear what I am and have been, it will tell you something thereof. It is an idealized history of my life and feelings." It is not very easy to identify the forms which passed before the poet's eyes. We agree, however, with Mr. Thornton Hunt in recognizing Mary Shelley in the Queen of Heaven's bright isles, and his first wife Harriet Westbrook in the one that was true, in a certain indefinite sense, yet untrue in a definite personal reference, without however, countenancing the grosser imputation which some have, as Mr. Hunt tells us, attached to the words. With Mr. Hunt's, as with Captain Medwin's identification with the lady of the

* Medwin.

nightshade bowers we disagree absolutely. We refuse to recognize in her, with the latter, the first wife of Shelley; and we think the "college experiences" to which Mr. Hunt points wholly precluded by the narrative of his Oxford residence, as given by Jefferson Hogg, and the interpretation which he offers of the description of the hair grown grey on a young brow, unnatural and discordant with the context. In the summer of 1809, at the age of seventeen, Shelley fell passionately in love with his young cousin, Harriet Grove. She was, Medwin says, like one of Shakespeare's women, like some Madonna of Raphael. On his expulsion from Oxford, the lady's parents, in a panic of orthodoxy, broke off the intimacy with the heretical lover. The poet, who had believed his passion reciprocated and his overtures sanctioned, felt this final separation profoundly. His letters to Hogg, both before and after the irrevocable decision, teem with extravagant accounts of his mental condition. As early as January, 1811, we find him inveighing against intolerance, and "this last, this severest of the persecutions of Bigotry. She is no longer mine," he exclaims. "She abhors me as a sceptic, as what she was before. Is suicide wrong? I slept with a loaded pistol and some poison last night, but did not die." If we refuse to see in Miss Harriet Grove the earliest "idol of his thought," it is useless to attempt to identify her.

In the lines of "Epipsychidion," which speak of the extinction of "The Planet of the Hour," of the death of ice into which "the moving billows of his Being fell, the white moon smiling all the while on it," there seems to be a concealed allusion to the appalling tragedy of his own life. We can scarcely help recalling, as we read these lines, the sad fate of the ill-starred Harriet Westbrook, and the consolation which the love of Mary Godwin afforded him, in that tempest of agony, which rendered him almost frantic for a time, and left a dark ghastly remembrance, for ever after haunting his memory.

"The Emilia of the Epipsychidion is," says Medwin, "a mere creature of the imagination, Love idealized; the feeling toward the Psyche purely Platonic." There is no doubt, indeed, that Shelley was deeply interested in Emilia,* and had conceived for her a very tender affection; associated her with the beloved companion of his life, as two beams of one eternity, in a sister's bond of unearthly love. But however rapturous the language of the poem may be, there is in it nothing of unworthy passion or desecrating licence. The invitation to the Elysian Isle is a mere poetic imagination. The words "to whatsoever of dull mortality is mine remain a vestal sister still, united only to the

* Emilia Viviani; for whose history see Medwin's "Life of Shelley."

intense, the deep, the imperishable Me," indicate that the union was no more than the marriage of two souls, though the spirit of hyperbole, once at least, revels, as in Oriental poems of mystical devotion, in sensuous metaphor. Into the metaphysics of the question of the origin, character, or justification of this religious ideal we cannot enter. Has such devotion its fitting object in some far-off world to which we are mysteriously related? Or, when the golden age which Shelley predicted arrives, will our happier descendants recognize the reality of which "the worship the heart lifts above" is now the promise, as Mr. Spencer suggests that "those vague feelings of inexperienced felicity which music arouses, those indefinite impressions of an unknown ideal life, may be considered a prophecy to the fulfilment of which music is itself partly instrumental?"

The peril of indulging this ardent desire for "the light that never was on sea or land," is its tendency to exaggeration, to waste of emotion, to illusion and disappointment. Thus we learn from Shelley's own confession that the person whom he celebrates was a cloud and not a Juno. He could not, he tells us, look at Epipsychidion two years after its composition, and poor Ixion, he complains, started from the Centaur, who was the offspring of his own embrace. He seems thus to have apprehended the illusiveness of his method of attempting to connect his vision of intellectual love and beauty with any of the concrete realities which symbolize it. "I think" he says, "one is always in love with something or other." The error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal. The Emilia of the poem was, as Mr. Thornton Hunt* explains, "a creature like Raphael's Galatea, copied from no living mould, but from *una certa idea*, a thing originally created by himself, and suggested only by the living portrait." "The Epipsychidion is a mystery," wrote Shelley himself to Mr. Gisborne. "It is to be published simply," he instructs Mr. Ollier, "for the esoteric few, and I make its author a secret, to avoid the malignity of those who turn sweet food into poison; transforming all they touch into the corruption of their own natures." In the poem called "The Zucca," written shortly before his death, Shelley still cherished this dream of the being of his visioned wanderings, and acknowledged in verse what he had foreboded in his prose letter, the vanity of seeking this idol of the thought in any mortal mixture of earth's mould—

> "I loved. O no, I mean not one of ye
> Or any earthly one, though ye are dear

* *Atlantic Monthly*, 1863.

> As human heart to human heart may be.
> I loved I know not what—but this low sphere
> And all that it contains, contains not thee
> Thou whom seen nowhere I feel everywhere."

We have thus inadequately appreciated some of Shelley's most characteristic poems. The same love of liberty, the same aspiration after ideal excellence, the same inextinguishable hope for human improvement which we have found in Shelley's early poems—in "Queen Mab," the "Prometheus Unbound," the "Epipsychidion"—are visible in the Hellas, which in a crowd of lovely lyrical images embodies some curious pantheistic speculations, probably suggested by a recent study of Spinoza; in the *Adonais,* that immortal monument to the memory of a brother poet, worthy of such commemoration, and in the Julian and Maddalo, an exquisite bit of workmanship, a poetic mirror in which we see reflected the forms of himself, of Byron, and of Byron's daughter Allegra, and in which the familiar is made beautiful through love and genius.

"The poetry of Shelley," writes Lord Macaulay, "seems not to have been an art but an inspiration," and he expresses a doubt whether any modern poet possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. Contrasted with the two principal contemporary poets of England, Byron and Wordsworth, Shelley gains rather than loses by the comparison. Byron had a fiery force and precision of aim which are wanting in Shelley; he brings more men and women of secondary interest on the stage of life than Shelley; while in humour, wit, and satire the younger poet must rank far below Byron. Byron, on the other hand, is inferior to Shelley in language, harmonious composition, profound and various thought, and self-concentration. He has not a single creation to compare with Cenci or Beatrice, and the best of his lyrical poems cannot be classed with the best of Shelley's. Wordsworth, again, has a repose, a refined tenderness, a certain natural grace and homely beauty, and occasionally a sustained loftiness and majestic aspiration in his song which we do not find in Shelley or Byron. But, with all this sublimity and beauty, Wordsworth is often tedious, prosaic and trivial. Sweet as are his Ruths and Lucies, they are not as poetic creations comparable with Shelley's Beatrice. The 'Witch of Atlas,' the 'Spirit of Beauty and of Dream,' makes Peter Bell a 'scaramouch' indeed."

If some of Shelley's narrative or dramatic compositions are imperfect in conception and execution alike, the same charge cannot be brought against his principal lyrical poems. For exquisite workmanship, for musical utterance, for magical charm, for lovely efflorescence of feeling, fancy, and language, vivifying

imagination, illuminating beauty, or grandeur of expression, the minor poems of Shelley,—the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," the Odes to "Naples," to "Liberty," to "Heaven," to the "West-wind; the "Cloud," the "Skylark," &c.; the "Sensitive Plant," the Hymns of "Apollo" and "Pan," "Night," "Arethusa," &c., glowing with the holy spirit and fiery splendour of lyrical inspiration, are as golden fruit from the garden of the Hesperides.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, who places both Wordsworth and Byron above Shelley, has struck one note rightly when he says of our poet, "he is a beautiful and enchanting spirit, whose vision when we call it up has far more loveliness, more charm, for our soul than the 'Vision' of Byron."

The charm that is felt in the verse is felt also in the prose of Shelley. We rejoice that Mr. Arnold has recognized this merit in our poet. "His delightful essays and letters," he remarks, "deserve to be far more read than they are. Rich in wise and subtle observation, of exquisite thought and forcible imagery, with glimpses of practical wisdom, and paragraphs of cogent reasoning, expressed in words of flowing eloquence, or bewitching grace, these essays and letters, immature and fragmentary as they are, convince us that their author was not only a poet but a fine prose writer and subtle thinker." "The Defence of Poetry," the "Address to the Irish People," the "Refutation of Deism," the "Essay of Christianity," the "Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote," the "Fragments on various Moral Subjects," the "Letters addressed to Friends in England and Italy," and some of the "Notes to Queen Mab," all give evidence of Shelley's very remarkable faculty of thought. Of the acute and penetrative character of his intellect, his college friend, Mr. Jefferson Hogg, was so assured that he considers that had he devoted his powers to law instead of poetry, he would have been a great benefactor to the world, for he had the most acute intellect of any man he ever knew.* As an evidence of this intellectual penetration we should instance Shelley's discernment at an early age of the cardinal social fact, that the old order of Thought and Life was undergoing a radical change. The break-up of this order, to use an expression of Mr. Arnold's, had been noted by contemporary men of genius, by Wordsworth and Coleridge, among others, but they lacked the moral courage or the penetrating force of intellect, which were the inheritance of the younger poet, and whilst he "went on till he was stopped—and he never was stopped"—they were arrested by all manner of ghostly apprehensions and mental fogs, and went back to their old traditional

* "Trelawny," vol. i. p. xi.

creeds or took up with half-hearted compromises and unworthy compliances. The Duke of Norfolk and other Whig oligarchs would have been pleased enough, if they could have smothered the convictions of the young enthusiast, and enrolled him in the self-applauding party of safe courses and moderate reforms, but, son of Sir Timothy Shelley though he was, he steadfastly refused that equivocal honour—

> *Not* "for a handful of silver he left us."
> *Not* "for a riband to stick in his coat."

The primary symptom of the break-up of the old order lay in the growing decay of religious faith. Shelley rejected absolutely the claims of the established creed. "Infinity within, he thought, infinity without belie creation."* But while he denied the existence of the old Mosaic God, the "extra-mundane *magnus homo* of Coleridge,"† he affirmed that of a pervading Principle of beauty and love, not prior to the universe but coæval with it. "There is," he says, in the "Essay on Christianity," "a power by which we are surrounded like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended which visits with its breath our silent chords at will." In January, 1811, we find him at once protesting against the use of the word God, yet interpreting it "the soul of the universe, the intelligent and necessarily beneficent actuating principle, the vast intellect animating infinity in which it is impossible not to believe." From this belief he then derived his strongest argument in behalf of a future estate. At this time, too, he was orthodox enough to see in the immortality of the *immoral* soul, in its incapacity for death, the most credible form of future punishment. When, a year or two later, he wrote "Queen Mab," he still cherished a belief in our continued existence after death. To Trelawny's question, towards the close of his life, "Do you believe in the immortality of the spirit," he replied, "Certainly not; we have no evidence." About the same time we find him writing "the destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded that he was born to die;" and in the note on a splendid conception of the Chorus in "Hellas," he speculates on the possibility of a progressive state of more or less exalted existence after death, while emphatically refusing to dogmatize upon a subject concerning which all men are equally ignorant. Thus Shelley appears to have believed in a universal Spirit, to which he, at one time at least, ascribed intelligence, which he regarded as the sustaining power of the world, and which in moments of strong emotion he invested with the attributes of personality. Whether with conscious and deliberate purpose

---

* "Queen Mab," vii.

† In his letter to Lord Liverpool, 1817.

he so delineated it in his poems, it is difficult to determine. In any case he did not consider this Spirit, which was at best an animating intelligence, coæval with the world and not its absolute causal antecedent, to be God. Trelawny declares that from the earliest stage of his career to the last days of his life he was an atheist. Strange as it may seem to some, this disbelief or pantheistic scepticism was not incompatible with a kind of natural piety, with the instinctive "worship the heart lifts above, with the devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow;" and if the serious impressions awakened in us by the contemplation of the loveliness and majesty of all this unintelligible world may be called religion, Shelley must be pronounced an intensely religious man. The public, however, was not of this opinion, and that it should have thought the votary of such a creed impious would scarcely be surprising, even had he not lived in the days when Sir Walter Scott, as Messrs. Ballantyne informed Shelley, was accused of having propagated atheistical opinions in "The Lady of the Lake."

Direct and uncompromising as was the poet's attack on the popular creed in "Queen Mab," he was not an indiscriminate assailant, for he distinguished between "the sublime human character of Jesus Christ" and that character "as deformed by the accretions of an artificial theory." The God in whom Jesus believed, according to Shelley and Goethe,* was the mirror of his own fair fancy, "the Power which models as they pass all the elements of this mixed Universe to the finest and most perfect shape which it belongs to their nature to assume." The future state, according to Shelley, in which Jesus believed, was one in which all evil and pain have ceased, and the glories and happiness of Paradise await us. Had the Church taught a theism, or a doctrine of a future life in any way corresponding to the conceptions which Shelley attributed—not quite correctly, to the founder of the Christian religion—the young reformer most probably would never have quarrelled with the creed of his country. Did the Church even now teach the doctrine of a conscious, creative intelligence, the reality of the ideal of our reason and that of a posthumous existence, in which a corrective discipline should elevate and purify our nature, and the immortality of the soul bring with it endless progress in goodness and wisdom, and not the satisfaction of an ignoble greed for more, we might be well content that men should cherish the hope of the blessed life and beatific vision, though we cannot share the beautiful illusion. But this is not the theology of the Church in our own day, nor was it the theology of the Church

* Eckermann's "Conversations."

in Shelley's day. The theology of the Church, the theology of the Bible, the theology of Jesus Christ (if his words are rightly reported), bears a close resemblance to the theology denounced in "Queen Mab":—

> From an eternity of idleness
> I, God, awoke: in seven (?) days' toil made earth
> From nothing; rested, and created man.
> I placed him in a Paradise, and there
> Planted the tree of evil; so that he
> Might eat and perish; and my soul procure
> Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,
> Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,
> All misery to my fame. The race of men,
> Chosen to my honour, with impunity
> May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.
> . . . . Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe
> Shall be the doom of their eternal souls,
> With every soul on this ungrateful earth,
> Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong—even all
> Shall perish to fulfil the blind revenge
> (Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.
> . . . . One way remains.
> I will beget a Son, and he shall bear
> The sins of all the world. He shall arise
> In an unnoticed corner of the earth,
> And there shall die upon a cross and purge
> The universal crime: so that the few
> On whom my grace descends, those who are marked
> As vessels to the honour of their God,
> May credit this strange sacrifice, and save
> Their souls alive. Millions shall live and die,
> Who ne'er shall call upon their Saviour's name;
> But, unredeemed, go to the gaping grave.
> Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale,
> Such as the nurses frighten babes withal.
> These, in a gulf of anguish and of flame,
> Shall curse their reprobation endlessly;
> Yet tenfold pangs shall force them to avow,
> Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,
> My honour and the justice of their doom.

This, though a very inadequate, is, as far as it goes, an essentially correct representation of the theology of the Church of England, of Geneva, of Rome, and of the Lutheran creeds and confessions. Eminent ecclesiastics affirm the doctrine of eternal punishment. In our own time it has been emphatically proclaimed by Cardinal Newman, Dr. Pusey, and Bishop Wilberforce. Augustine and Tertullian taught it. Calvin accepted what he boldly called the *decretum horribile*. Bull and

Pearson, authoritative episcopal personages, insist that impenitent sinners are after death immediately consigned to a place and state of irreversible misery. Not many years ago, when Lord Westbury was wittily said to have taken away from the members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation, it was judicially asserted that the doctrine of an endless punishment for all men dying in unrepented sin was the undoubted doctrine of the Church of England.

The avowed creed of Christendom then, when Shelley wrote Queen Mab, was to all intents and purposes the creed which he has condemned in the extracts which we have given. The dogmas which it stigmatizes are in the main those of the churches in our own day. But Shelley no longer stands unsupported on his solitary pedestal. We have had eminent men among us, arrayed in priestly robes, themselves repudiating traditional dogmas. Thus we have seen a Bishop* maintaining the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch, and leaving Moses only a mere legendary existence; a Dean following, though with less decision, in his wake, and declaring that "the early chapters of Genesis contain two narratives of the Creation side by side, differing from each other in almost every particular of time and place and order," and contemptuously rejecting the various efforts to twist the statements of Genesis into apparent agreement with the last results of geology; an Arnold, a Rowland Williams, a Desprez, treating the prophecies of Daniel as a Maccabæan fabrication; the first of this Triumvirate not hesitating to say that the account of Noah's Deluge was evidently mythical, and the history of Joseph a beautiful poem; the second melting down the imaginary metal of Messianic prophecy in the crucible of searching inquiry; the third denying the authenticity and genuineness of the most spiritual of the Gospels, that of St. John; while the clerical author of more than one serious romance† questions at least some of the miracles of the New Testament, and admits, within limits, the growth of Evangelical myths as early as the date of the composition of St. Matthew's Gospel. The Biblical chronology, the Biblical geology, the doctrine of everlasting torment, have been abandoned by many of the official defenders of the Faith.

In some very important aspects then of the theological question, the "tyrants of the Golden City" have accepted the once audacious criticism of the Laon, whom their representatives excommunicated with metaphorical bell, book, and candle. Shelley was right after all. There is, says the Neo-Christian School,

---

* See the works of Colenso, Stanley, &c.

† "Philochristus," "Onesimus."

no everlasting hell, though the Athanasian creed sentences its impugners to eternal fire, and though Jesus taught the old Palestinian theology of an irrevocable destiny of woe, in language which only perverse prepossession can explain away. In "Queen Mab" the God of the popular religion is denied as emphatically as the hell which he is supposed to have made. He had laid hold of the Christian creed by its right end. He thought, as Mr. James Mill thought, that a Being who could create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge,* and therefore with the intention that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment, symbolized the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness, and this *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he, like Mr. Mill, considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity. Shelley was well aware that there was another side to Christianity, but, whatever else it might be, it was everlasting torture for the majority of the human race; and therefore he denounced and rejected it.

But Shelley was a social as well as religious reformer. He was of opinion, as Mr. Trelawny puts it, that the sexes should not be held together when their minds become thoroughly estranged. Mr. Trelawny himself, while admitting that in five or ten thousand years the theory may be practicable, considers it quite impracticable now. Ten or even five thousand years is a long time, and the provisions of the new French Divorce Bill will, if it passes, tend greatly to abridge the period of postponed practicability. The desirableness of the permanency of the social ties, particularly that of matrimony, may be accepted as an ethical commonplace. The business of life could with difficulty be transacted if we could not reckon with reasonable confidence on the action of those with whom we have contracted such ties. Even where an abstract right may exist to dissolve those ties, it may sometimes be inexpedient to exercise it. On the other hand, no rule is absolute; no institution is more than an arrangement, which, though it usually secures, sometimes fails of its end. An entire union of interests and feelings, of enjoyments and hopes, is the ideal of the marriage union; but where no approach to this ideal is attained, where the conditions, essential, we will not say to this complete union, but to any tolerable approximation to it are wanting, is the Liberty of Divorce which Bentham, Milton, Shelley advocated, to be denounced and refused? Assuming that all prior claims are satisfied, that all precautions against transitory caprice are taken, that the desire for separation is deliberate and permanent, that the estrangement of mind which

* "Autobiography," by J. S. Mill, p. 41.

Shelley regarded as justifying separation is complete, is it not better to separate with the right of re-marriage than to insist on a legally-enforced companionship, the coerced conjunction of two alienated and irreconcilable natures? Milton, whose faith and morals the exemplary Wordsworth gloried in holding, was of opinion that it is a less breach of wedlock to part with wise and quiet consent betimes, than still to foil and profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadness and a perpetual distemper; for it is not the outward continuing of marriage that keeps whole that covenant, but whatsoever does most according to peace and love, whether in marriage or in divorce, he it is that breaks marriage least; it being so often written that "love only is the fulfilling of every commandment."*

That Shelley's first marriage terminated in estrangement on his part is certain. Leigh Hunt, in a memoir published in 1828, stated that the wedded pair separated by mutual consent, a statement that has been repeated by Medwin (1847) and others. Harriet, according to Mr. Peacock, denied that there was any consent on her part, and Mr. Rossetti believes that there are extant letters of hers which prove that Shelley disappeared from her cognizance without making any arrangement or giving any notice. It would seem that his "disappearance" took place about June 17, 1814; that Shelley did not quit England in company with Miss Godwin until July 28; that if he left Harriet abruptly, he wrote to her about a fortnight after that event; that he corresponded with her during his absence; that he visited her frequently after his return to England; that so late as December 14 he continued to advise her, and endeavoured to promote her welfare; that he gave instructions that a deed should be prepared and a settlement executed for her benefit previous to his departure from England: and finally, in 1815, set apart money for her benefit.

We think these facts should have been recalled and appreciated by Principal Shairp before he permitted himself to talk of the time when Shelley "was abandoning poor Harriet Westbrook," because although (as Mr. Rossetti remarks) the charge, in a sense, may be true, the accusation without any statement of the circumstances which occasioned that abandonment, and the arrangements which modify its character, carries with it the suggestion of conduct more censurable than the reality warrants. If the wife's good name previous to the separation is respected, as it undoubtedly deserves to be, some charitable construction may be admissible of the abrupt departure and subsequent procedure of the husband; and the more so, as Mary Shelley warns us

* "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," c. vi.

that no account of those events had ever been given at all approaching to reality in their details, either as regards himself or others.

Mr. R. H. Hutton admits that Mr. Garnett's reply* to Mr. Peacock's reflections on Shelley's conduct is a convincing argument for an arrest of judgment, and the Oxford Professor of Poetry would have done well if he had followed that gentleman's lead in treating of this painful complication, as he has avowedly done in discussing the characteristics of Shelley's genius.

Not satisfied with suggesting the most adverse interpretation of his conduct, Dr. Shairp proceeds to educe a kind of *à priori* evidence of innate mental possibilities of evil from the sensuous symbolism of the poet's verse. Quoting from the mystical poem of "Epipsychidion," the couplet,

> "The fountains of our deepest life shall be
> Confused in passion's golden purity,"

his comment is "however fine the language in which such feelings may clothe themselves, in truth they are wholly vile; there is no horror of shamelessness which they may not generate." It is possible that this may be the case with certain men, but we refuse to believe that the possibility applies to Shelley. His object in employing sensuous imagery was to elevate and intensify human love. Here as elsewhere he exalts individual love by associating it with divine and universal love, and the earnestness and innocent unconsciousness with which he does this, sublimates the passion into the golden purity with which he invests it.

But not content with anathematizing the feelings which he identifies with this transfigured passion, Principal Shairp next insinuates against Shelley a charge of impurity generally; somewhat cavalierly rejecting the positive testimony which is adducible in the poet's favour under this moral aspect. It is, beyond all doubt, that of the licence or gallantry in which men so commonly indulge there is no trace whatever in the life of Shelley. The testimony of those who were best acquainted with him is emphatically confirmatory of the spotless character of the poet. The evidence of Leigh Hunt, of Mrs. Shelley, of Trelawny, of Hogg, of Medwin, all tend to establish this view of the blameless self-denying life of the man of whom Professor Shairp charitably writes "his nature must have been traversed by some strange deep flaw, marred by some radical inward defect." In contravention of this extraordinary verdict we may refer to Leigh Hunt's vindication of Shelley in the *Examiner*, to Medwin's statement in his life of the poet that he was "an enemy to all sensuality, his diet that of a hermit, his

* See "Relics of Shelley," edited by Richard Garnett (Moxon); and Mr. Hutton's article, "Shelley's Poetical Mysticism," in *National Review*, Jan. 1863.

converse as chaste as his morals; his abhorrence of all coarse and indelicate jests undisguised;" to Hogg's more detailed delineation of his friend's character: "Bysshe was serious, thoughtful, enthusiastic, melancholy, even with a poet's sadness; he loved to discourse gravely on matters of importance and deep concernment. In behaviour modest, in conversation chaste, like some pure-minded young maiden, the coarse and revolting indecency of an immoral wit wounded his sensitive nature."*

Another charge against Shelley which the Oxford Professor appears to adopt is, that he was almost entirely without conscience. Mr. Hutton, his critical pioneer, we are happy to say, does not share in this extreme opinion. On the contrary, he thinks "his conscience showed the finest feminine qualities and faithfulness in the sense of mere endurance;" and considering the determination with which Shelley carried his principles into action at Oxford, in England generally, in Ireland, and in Italy, we think Mr. Hutton might have qualified the sequel of his sentence, "he recoiled from all aggressive exploits." Not only did Shelley show his high sense of moral obligation in his generous interpretation of the claims of justice and charity, in his continued self-denial and his unremitting care of the sick and poor, but in his support of Miss Clairmont at the Pension in Florence; in his acknowledgment of the duty which devolved on him of paying the salary of Miss Hitchener, who was, he confesses, "deprived by our misjudging haste of a situation where she was going on smoothly;" and in the help which he constantly extended to others, not without injury to himself, he exhibited that promptness to respond to the call of social duty which may be accepted as an indication of the activity of conscience. That his doctrine of moral obligation was the basis of his practice is evident from more than one passage in his writings. In his unfinished "Essay on Christianity," he commends those "who conceal no thought, no tendencies of thought, from their own conscience; who are faithful and sincere witnesses, before the tribunal of their own judgments, of all that passes within them."

Shelley, again, is said to have recognized no law, to have been a child of impulse only. In his writings, however, we find him affirming the necessity of restraining the passions, noting the pangs of outraged conscience, condemning selfishness and sensuality, and animadverting on the cynical rage that confounds the good and the bad in existing opinions. If he inveighs bitterly against blinding custom and antique power, he expresses his respect for the old laws of England—"they whose reverent heads with years are grey." If he dwells emphatically on the

* Hogg's "Life of Shelley," vol. vi. p. 114.

duty of loving all mankind, he precludes possible misconstruction by adding, "You ought not to love the individuals of your domestic circle less, but to love those who exist beyond it more."

Shelley is further accused of having no affectional adhesiveness. Well; he was still young when he died, and the strength of attachment depends on the cementing force of time. It could hardly be expected of him that he would dwell fondly on a home from which his father had driven him, or on the college or university which had expelled him, and at which he had only resided a few months. He had, too, an immense reticence, and we cannot penetrate into the sanctuary of silent thought. Yet there are scattered reminiscences of early days to be found in his poems. The name of his favourite sister Helen is embalmed in his verse; in "The Boat on the Serchio," Eton is recalled; in the "Cenci" he makes Giacomo touchingly exclaim:—

> "I ask not happy years; nor memories
> Of tranquil childhood; nor home-sheltered love."

And of his own home he says:—

> "Dear home, the scene of earliest hopes and fears,
> The least of which wronged memory can make
> Bitterer than all thine unremembered years."

His friendship with Byron, Leigh Hunt, Peacock, the Gisbornes, Revely, argue the truth and tenderness of his nature and his capacity for strong and abiding attachments. Of his natural affectionateness there can be no doubt. "It was not without manifest joy," says Hogg, "that he received a letter from his mother or his sister." The love he bore his children, often pathetically illustrated in his verses, has never, we believe, been questioned. His loving devotion to his second wife is recorded in the dedication to the "Revolt of Islam," and in other poetical tributes in her honour. In one of his touching letters to her he says, "Tell me, dear Mary, do you ever cry?" And in another he writes of the picture with which she had presented him, "I will wear for your sake upon my heart this image, which is ever present in my mind."

The spirit of love which animated Shelley habitually took the form of practical beneficence. "We forbear," says Leigh Hunt, "out of regard for the very bloom of their beauty, to touch upon numberless other charities and generosities which we have known him exercise." "The princeliness of his disposition" is attested by the same witness in his "Autobiography," "who is proud to relate that, with money raised by an effort, Shelley once made him a present of fourteen hundred pounds." Another man of letters, Mr. Peacock, was allowed by him a pension of £100

a-year. Godwin, Finnerty, Lawless, would seem all to have participated in his bounty. When he published his "Proposals for putting Reform to the Vote," he offered to give the tenth part of a year's income towards the furtherance of the project; and for the reconstruction of the embankment at Tre-Madoc he solicited subscriptions in Wales and Sussex, himself heading the list with a donation of £500. In the hope of benefiting his fellow-creatures, he acquired in early life some knowledge of hospital practice—in Italy, as in England, visiting and assisting the poor and suffering. "He was the best and most benevolent, the least worldly of men," cries Byron. "The gross and sensual passions and feelings which link other men together had no hold upon him; in benevolence and friendship none could excel him," says Trelawny. "The excitement he craved was of a highly distilled intellectual kind, a stimulant for the finest sensibilities, never for the senses," echoes Mr. Hutton.

While thus repelling by anticipation the objectionable insinuations of the Oxford Professor, Mr. Hutton points with rhetorical emphasis to what he conceives to be the cardinal defect in Shelley's mental constitution, his apparent irreverence, his daring curiosity, his restless yearning to solve the mystery of the universe. That Shelley did desire to lift the veil is undeniable; but does not Mr. Hutton's theosophical Christianity lead him to exaggerate the poet's intellectual audacity? In Shelley's attitude in the presence of the "Awful Loveliness" which was the object of his adoration, he misses the "bending of the humiliated spirit before a free Power from whom it craves much, from whom it can compel nothing, that expresses to our minds the essence of awe. The Loveliness which he called awful was one which he hoped to unveil and take by storm." Is not this language, we may ask, a little inconsistent in a Christian who believes that he shall know even as he is known, who thinks that he will one day see God face to face, and behold Him as He is? In the hymn which Shelley consecrates to the celebration of his Holy Ideal, he distinctly recognizes "the awful shadow of some unseen Power," floating, though unseen among us, and Mr. Hutton, with his theological prepossessions is dissatisfied with the absence from this conception of that element of awe which belongs to the spirit of self-abasement. The awful loveliness of the poet is certainly not the "consuming fire" of the theologian, but we cannot read the opening words of that fine "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," without feeling that they carry with them a sense of awe as profound as that which is enshrined in the rapturous semi-pantheism of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." Nor is the sense of awe the only religious feeling recognized in the hymn. It tells us also of a grace dear in itself and yet dearer

for its mystery. In another outpouring of lyrical enthusiasm, the glorious "Ode to Liberty," the poet gives expression to the longing desire that human thoughts, untrammelled by sacerdotal terrors, might kneel only

> "Each before the judgment throne
> Of its own awless soul, or of the power unknown,"

words in which we may find something of Shelley's natural reverence and Mr. Hutton's regretted humility. "Men do well," says the poet, in sedater prose, "to mourn for the dead; it proves that we love something besides ourselves." "To lament for those who have benefited the State is," he continues, "a habit of piety, yet more favourable to the cultivation of our best affections." These sentiments, with the eloquent suggestion of "a nation mourning for the wresting of old and venerable laws,"* evince that in the midst of his most daring speculations he could still contemplate with sympathy the sanctities of the past. The evidence thus supplied by the poet's writings is corroborated by the testimony of those who knew him best. In Shelley's moral expression Mr. Jefferson Hogg recognized "softness, delicacy, gentleness, and especially that air of profound religious veneration that characterized the best works of the great masters of Florence and Rome." "I never knew any one so prone to admire," he remarks, "in whom the principle of veneration was so strong." "His head," says Medwin, "was half-bent in reverence and humility before some vast vision seen by his eye alone."

Shelley was not only a religious and social, but an ardent political, reformer. He thought a pure republic to be that system of social order the fittest to produce the happiness and promote the genuine eminence of man; but he deprecated the adoption of universal suffrage as a measure, in the unprepared state of public knowledge and feeling, likely to imperil the national security. Before the regal and aristocratical branches of our Constitution could be safely abolished, the public mind, he was persuaded, had to pass through many preparatory gradations of improvement. The excellence, he observes, and most wisely observes, of the Constitution of Great Britain appears to me to be "its indefiniteness and versatility, whereby it may unresistingly be accommodated to the progression of wisdom and virtue." "Before the restraints of Government are lessened, it is fit," he writes, "that we should lessen the necessity for them. Before Government is done away with, we must reform ourselves." Shelley was very far from thinking that national or individual well-being was capable of being effected by external and mechanical agencies alone. His plan of amendment and

* Address on the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

regeneration extended to the moral and intellectual state of society. He exerted his eloquence, and Shelley had a real gift for oratory * in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and even, as we regretfully discover, in favour of the Repeal of the Union. But he instructed his excitable audience in Dublin, that force makes the side that employs it directly wrong; he dwelt on the advantage and necessity of being thoughtful, sober, and regular. Self-improvement was the work which he most earnestly wished to recommend to them. "O, Irishmen," he entreats, "REFORM YOURSELVES!"

With strong predilection for the theory of political equality and the democratic ideal of government, Shelley was of too lofty a nature to be content with a low degree of intelligence in the representative body, or to tolerate the indiscriminate invective of ignorant partisanship. Thus, as Hogg declares, "the unbleached web of transatlantic freedom and the inconsiderate vehemence of such of our domestic patriots as would demonstrate their devotion to the good cause, by treating with irreverence whatever is most venerable, were equally repugnant to his sensitive and reverential spirit." With a magnificent standard of political right before him, he was always willing to spare the time-hallowed symbols of our childhood, and to accept such instalments of natural amelioration as were offered. "You know," he writes to Leigh Hunt, "my principles incite me to take all the good I can in politics, for ever aspiring to something more. I am one of those whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who are ready to be partially satisfied in all that is practicable."

Mr. Hutton's indictment of Shelley for irreverence is founded partly on his want of filial respect, and although in one of his letters to Godwin he speaks becomingly of the filial relation, and of his wish to add to the happiness of his father, we are not able to pronounce him wholly blameless in this aspect of his conduct. But Mr. Hutton's charge is grounded principally on the absence of reverence for the secrets and sanctities, the alleged inviolable mysteries of natural and supernatural existence. Notwithstanding his poet's mind "of imagination all compact," Shelley had a just appreciation of the power and promise of science; and the audacity of scientific investigation, directed to all spheres of life and thought, is distasteful to the theosophical intellect. The attempt to penetrate beyond the established barriers is deemed irreverent by those who denounce the magnanimous daring of the undaunted Lucretius. In the

---

* Trelawny's "Records," vol. ii. p. 7; and F. MacCarthy's "Early Life of Shelley."

"Prometheus Unbound," Shelley tells us "Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven," and in his lyrical chant of the final regeneration in the same drama, he proclaims the supremacy of man, and makes all things confess his strength.

> "The lightning is his slave: heaven's utmost deep
> Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
> They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on.
> The tempest is his steed, he strides the air;
> And the abyss shouts, from her depth laid bare,
> Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I have none."

This enthronement of man, this preference of the revelations of science to the revelations of a supernatural authority, are necessarily repulsive to the theological mind. Shelley's general prevision of the magic efficacy of science has not hitherto been adequately recognized. While we can prefer no claim for him to scientific training or attainment, though he had busied himself with chemical experiments, we must yet assert our conviction that Shelley had an intense sympathy with the splendid promise and actual performance of science. In a letter to Godwin, we find him recounting his reasons for doubting the efficacy of classical learning as a means of forwarding the interests of the human race. "I should think that natural philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and, above all, history, would be sufficient employments for immaturity." Latin, valuable as a key to the European languages, he considered as an affair of minor importance, "inasmuch as the science of things is superior to the science of words." This investigation, he explains to Hogg, was to be effected through the physical sciences, and especially through chemistry and chemical analyses. He was a reader of Buffon's "Théorie de la Terre," of Bacon's "Novum Organon," &c. In 1813 he writes: "I am now studying Laplace's 'Système du Monde,' and am determined not to relax until I have attained considerable proficiency in the physical sciences." "Science has done something," said Shelley, conversing with Trelawny, "and will do more; astronomy is working above and geology below, and chemistry is seeking truths. In another century or two we shall make a beginning; at present we are playing the game of blind-man's-buff, struggling to clutch truth."

This last deliverance shows that Shelley, still hoping for the realization of the dream of his youth, looked to the revelations of science, and not to those of theology or metaphysics, for the knowledge that is coincident with power, and that will furnish us with the most effective instruments for ameliorating "our rude mortal lot." It shows also that the speaker was less extravagant in his expectation of the progress of this amelioration. "In another century or two we shall make a beginning."

Shelley undoubtedly looked forward to a political and social regeneration so intense and comprehensive in its character, so magnificent in its results, that he has been regarded as a visionary, even when in simple prose he gives expression to his boundless hope. But philosophers and logicians in our own day have countenanced the poet in his dream. Thus, about thirty years after Shelley had sung "The World's great age begins anew," Mr. H. Spencer philosophized :—"The modifications mankind have undergone, and are still undergoing, result from a law underlying the whole organic creation; and, provided the human race continues and the constitution of things remains the same, these modifications must end in completeness." "Evil and immorality," he concludes, "will disappear; man must become perfect." Similarly, Mr. Mill announces that most of the great positive evils of the world are in themselves removable, and the splendid intellect to which we are indebted for our most profound biological generalization argues that "as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress, towards perfection."* If, within half a century of Shelley's death, grave philosophers predict that such a future, though not perhaps till millenniums have passed away, will yet arrive, was it a folly in Shelley to believe in "a happy earth reality of heaven?" Was it an unpardonable error, if, as dim forebodings of its loveliness visited the heart in its waking dream, he embodied in his verse visions of transcendent beauty and divine excellence, which somewhat violate the boundaries of common sense?

His poetry, glorious as it is, is imperfect. His character, beautiful as it is in its toleration, its patience, its charity, its self-abnegation, beautiful even with something of saintliness, is imperfect, too. Habitually gentle, he was occasionally violent; serene and imperturbable in temper, he was impulsive and impetuous in action; his fearlessness and resolution made him rash; he was imprudent, not looking sufficiently before or after; lavishing money on others when no "well-defined object" justified expenditure; he did not sufficiently consider times or circumstances or characters. His first marriage was ennobled by the chivalrous feeling which actuated him, but not approvable in reason and conscience. In choosing a wife, who was to share the perils which he was only too ready in his youthful ardour to encounter, he should have paused before selecting one wholly incapable of bearing the strain of the experiment, and his separation from that wife, even if justifiable in principle, was in its inception at least precipitate and censurable. This appears

* Darwin, "Origin of Species." 6th ed., p. 428.

to be the only case in which he required from another the sacrifice which practical fidelity to his theories constantly demanded from himself. Among Shelley's culpabilities must be included his disregard of his own health. According to Trelawny, and we believe Hogg, too, Shelley tampered with opiates. "This habit of taking laudanum accounts," says the former, "for all his visions and occasional delusions, but startled his wife and friends, and was one cause of the pains he had in his side."

But whatever the derelictions, whatever the aberrations, whatever the defects or deficiencies of Shelley, his character, on the whole, stands out in bright and beautiful colours. He was essentially and naturally a good man, "pious towards Nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest." "When fronting and looking at you attentively," says an admiring autobiographer, "his aspect had a certain seraphical character;" and this is the generic expression of his life, as it is of his poetry. Through all the defiant rejection of the superannuated sanctities against which he protested in his verse, the breath and light of a spirit of religious emotion are sensibly diffused. Though he did not recognize an extra-mundane God, he felt himself as it were compelled to serve the Power, which he regarded as the source of "the collective energy of the moral and material world," and to which he offered the adoration the heart lifts above, under the poetic symbols of Intellectual Beauty, of the Light whose smile kindles the universe, of the sustaining Love which inspires Nature, of the plastic Spirit which compels "all new successions to the forms they wear."

"The strong imagination of Shelley" [we again quote Lord Macaulay] "made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold, dark, metaphysical system, he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful majestic and life-like forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology, rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias or the Virgin Saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and colour. They were no longer mere words, but 'intelligible forms,' fair humanities; objects of love, of adoration, or of fear."

Whether such a conception as that of a Spirit of Beauty or Love—can be made to live in the faith of reason, as well as in the glow of the poet's verse, may well be doubted.

Thus interpreted, we do not hesitate to pronounce Shelley a master mind, a typical intellect in his generation, not as representing the current opinions and superficial tendencies then existing, but as embodying under certain aspects the highest

truth then attainable. The popular tradition, sanctioned, not by the ignorant multitude, but by educated men, then inculcated, and in the main inculcates still, the creed which Shelley repudiated—Doctrinal Christianity. In opposition to the prevailing opinion, supported by the powerful and erudite champions of society, and enforced by all the pains and penalties of the law, this young man, of acute intellect, soaring imagination, high culture, and indomitable courage, denounced the entire system of sacerdotal dogma, rejected the impossible deity of the traditionary creed, proclaimed the futility of the so-called evidences of Christianity, and boldly insisted that the boasted revelation of two thousand years was no revelation at all—that the religion of the country did not emanate from an infallible intelligence, but was the natural result of the imperfect moral and intellectual development of man, the reflection of his own limited but aspiring and progressive mind. He had all England against him then; but could he have lived to our day, he would have found that, after all the resources of subterfuge, compromise, and accommodation have been exhausted, thousands of cultivated men are disposed to accept many of his critical conclusions as to the Mosaic chronology, the everlasting Tartarus, and supernatural prediction. Many of the clergy have abandoned the religion of fear for the religion of charity, which he was not unwilling to accept. Shelley was the one emphatically fearless spirit, who to native valour united high intellectual endowment, who saw the irrevocable decay of the old order, the assured growth of the new, and dared to divulge what he saw. Our hereditary teachers did not see it then, and few of them see it now.

The essential consistency of Shelley's career is as remarkable as his courage of conviction. In a recent article in the least exceptionable of our journals, this position is, as it were by anticipation, impugned. "Those," we are told, "who persist in troubling themselves about the burthen of Shelley's message, and so forth, are confronted with the fact, that just when he might have been supposed to be qualified to deliver it, the tenour of the message suddenly changed." We have been familiar with Shelley's writings for nearly half a century, and are acquainted with various biographical narratives professing to tell the story of his life, and we are wholly at a loss to know on what data this statement is based. With obvious allowances for mental development, Shelley appears to us to have held the same creed—political, social, and religious—in the year of his death as in that of the publication of "Queen Mab." We have Mr. Trelawny's testimony to the fact, that from the earliest stage of his career to the last day of his life Shelley ignored all religions as superstitions, professing himself to be an atheist, or

disbeliever in a Creative Deity. Then as to the momentous social question on which he held extreme views in youth, his subsequent writings unmistakably indicate that his opinions on the subject of matrimony had undergone no change. Equally unchanged were his sentiments as regards political liberty and national independence. His preface and notes to the "Hellas," and Mrs. Shelley's own notes on that drama, attest the deep interest he took in the progress of political affairs. He regarded the struggles in Spain and Italy as decisive of the destinies of the world. "He heard of the revolt of Genoa with transports of emotion." His whole heart and soul were in the triumph of the cause, and well-informed Italians were accustomed to seek for sympathy in their hopes from Shelley. "He was a Republican," writes Mrs. Shelley, "and loved a democracy. He looked on all human beings as inheriting an equal right to possess the dearest privileges of our nature. His warmest sympathies were for the people." Some qualification there may have been in particular opinions, and some modification in his theory of the practical application of his principles; but "by those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind." We cannot see any warrant for the assertion that the message changed. On the contrary, we meet it with the counter-assertion: the message never changed.*

The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, like other students or readers of Shelley, appears disposed to merge the man in the poet. We agree with him that Shelley was pre-eminently a poet. He was born in the poetic purple, and, as our critic rightly asserts, sang in the upper heaven of poetry. Yet, except in his lyrical poems, and not always in them, he seldom leaves "philosophies, politics, social theories and faiths, below and behind him." Even in his great "Ode to Naples," the "enthusiasm excited by the proclamation of a constitutional government" lends inspiration to his verse, and his religious ideal, the Spirit of Beauty, sits throned in the western star. In his larger poems his "theories" are always present, usually predominant, and, except in the "Prometheus," are but imperfectly subordinated to the divine and universal genius of poetry. Had Shelley lived to

* According to the *Academy*, August 19, 1882, Mr. Cotterill, in "The Introduction to the Study of Poetry," has the hardihood to declare that Shelley, late in life, "saw the beauty of true Christianity and accepted the Gospel of Christ as the one true gospel." The two letters of April 11 and June 29, 1822, written by Shelley just before his death, on the delusions, "the gross and preposterous errors of the existing religion," of "Christianity," sufficiently refute this statement.

complete his "Otho," his "Tasso," his "Charles I.," his "Triumph of Life," he would not only have shown his ability to sympathize with humanities diverse from his own, but he would have rightly modulated his oracular voice, and, without excluding faiths and philosophies from the region of his song, he would have given them only due place and proportion, and woven them into the web of his catholic verse, as Nature moulds all forms, even those of an anomalous life, into one impressive and majestic Whole. All great poets catch and reflect the image of their time—eminently Dante, Milton, and Shelley, none of them with complete success, and Shelley the least successfully of the three. His misfortune lay in the immaturity of his powers, his fault in the imperfection of his art. In nearly all that he wrote, however, the theories so dear to him are affirmed and repeated, and we cannot consent to regard as accidental what we believe was essential and paramount. All poetry presupposes some background of belief, some crowning conception, some philosophical basis; and that of Shelley is conspicuously founded on his religious, political, and social creed. He was, before all, a poet, but he was a subtle and various thinker; and we protest against smothering the thinking, acting man under the splendid weight of his own magic mantle.

As science advances, as art is diffused, as life becomes nobler, sweeter, and more reasonable, the significance of Shelley's poetry will make itself increasingly felt. In proportion as men become wiser and more virtuous, as the course of human development proceeds, its character will be better understood and appreciated. The fall of the old Gods may be long postponed; but their doom is certain. The creeds of the theist and of the ontological speculator will pass away. A philosophy such as Shelley dimly divined, and Comte and Spencer have more clearly suggested, and in part prepared, a philosophy which shall have a scientific basis, and shall carry into moral science the method of physical science, will supersede these futile and exhausted forms of faith and abstract thought. The social regeneration of Shelley, divested of all poetical extravagance, will sooner or later be realized. Man will be placed on the throne of the world. Prometheus will arise "henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world."

Through the awakening enchantment of his lyrical poems, through the concentrated passion of his fearful and beautiful drama, through the moral grandeur, the spiritual loveliness and inspiring vision of his "Prometheus," Shelley's genius will live and operate. Our judgment reverses the judgment of many critics. We place Byron before Wordsworth, Shelley before Byron. In Wordsworth we recognize the tender and majestic consoler; in Byron the dauntless soldier who waged fierce battle

against the conservatism of the old impossible world, who died through his devotion to Greek independence, and stirred our hearts with his visions of gloom and glory, of defiant and dolorous denunciation, with his poetic creations, "swift and fair as the creations of God." In Shelley we acknowledge the martyr spirit, the victim in part of his own self-will, but suffering with surpassing sweetness and courage; the noble, loving man, the prophetic intelligence that saw with unclouded eyes the coming fall of the old princedoms and dominations, the assertor of strong convictions, ever ready to translate those convictions into action, and the master of a lyre of deeper tone, of wider sweep, of loftier and more magical music than that of Byron or of Wordsworth. With Mr. Arnold, we will call our poet "a beautiful archangel," but we cannot bring ourselves to think with him, that the archangel beat his luminous wings in vain.

ART. II.—THE EMPLOYERS LIABILITY ACT, 1880: ACCIDENTS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE.

1. *Employers' Liability Act,* 43 & 44 *Vic., cap.* 42.
2. *Reports on Accidents.* By Dr. FARR, late Registrar-General.
3. *Journal of the Statistical Society.* September, 1881. Number of Deaths from Accident, Negligence, Violence and Misadventure in the United Kingdom. By CORNELIUS WALFORD, F.S.A., F.S.S.
4. *Liability Assurance.* By the Employers Liability Assurance Companies. 1881.
5. *Insurance Register,* 1802. By WILLIAM WHITE, F.S.S.

THE Employers Liability Act which came into force on the 1st of January, 1881, and has now been in operation for two years, demands a special notice from us. The object of the Act is to provide compensation from employers for all workmen for injuries from accident while at their work under certain specified conditions.

It had previously been the custom with many employers to make a limited allowance to their workmen in the event of accident by paying them one-half, two-thirds, or even more of their weekly wages, for a few weeks, without any particular regard or question as to the cause of the accident. Now, however, by the new New Act of Parliament the amount of compensation payable to a workman by his employer in the event of accident is fixed, as well as the nature and conditions of the liability of the employer to pay the claim.

The importance and serious character of the Act cannot be overstated. It entirely alters the relation between employer and employed in regard to any accident that may happen to a man while at his work. The compensation to be paid is no longer optional with the employer. He is now compelled to pay, if liable, and the workman would receive the money as a right, and not as a favour.

The amount of compensation recoverable is settled by the 3rd Section of the Act, which enacts that it "shall not exceed such sum as may be found to be equivalent to the estimated earnings during the three years preceding the injury of a person in the same grade, employed during those years in the like employment, and in the district in which the workman is employed during those years in the like employment, and in the district in which the workman is employed at the time of the injury."

Three years' wages may be recovered by a workman for an injury, but this is the maximum allowed by the Act, and no additional sum can be recovered even in the event of death. This appears to be a great fault in the Act, and unfair both to the employers and the workman; for, as three years' wages can only be recovered in the event of death, surely the employer should not be liable to pay three years' wages for an injury merely, or, on the other hand, the workman's representatives should be entitled to receive more than three years' wages in the event of death as the result of an accident.

Several cases have been already decided in various County Courts, where these actions for a compensation have the privilege of being brought, which appear rather hard upon the employers, and it could scarcely have been intended by the promoters and framers of the Act that the workman should recover the full three years' wages for a slight accident from which he may recover in a few weeks. Such, however, has been allowed in several cases that have been before our courts. An action for damages under the Employers Liability Act was tried in the City of London Court in October last, the plaintiff being engaged as a labourer in the Whitecross Street Goods Depôt of the Midland Railway. Owing to a mistake of a responsible servant of the company, the plaintiff was severely injured and his left leg was fractured. Mr. Commissioner Kerr, considering that he made out his case, awarded him £156 and costs, the full three years' wages at £1 per week.

We do not say a word against a workman having a fair and full compensation for any injuries he might receive; but suppose a fellow-workman had been killed by the same accident, he would have only recovered the same amount of £156, three years' wages. The man who is killed should have more, or the man who is not killed should have less.

It would be better and more equitable to both parties, to pay for an accident according to the degree and amount of injury caused, by weekly instalments, similar to the plan adopted by all the Accident Assurance Companies. The full wages and cost of medical attendance should be paid until the workman is recovered, and for any period, provided the sum payable in the whole does not exceed three years' wages; but, if the workman is killed, the three years' wages to be paid immediately in one sum.

This plan would avoid a great deal of the disputes and litigation which now occur, for the employer would readily pay the full claim at death, if liable; but a claim for three years' wages, for an injury only, a fractured leg, is sure to be contested.

There is a great difference of opinion amongst all parties interested in this question as to the liability of the employer under the Act. It contains thirty sections, sub-sections, and clauses, to explain it. The employer himself says: "I am not liable for any accidents to my men unless it arises from my own, or my superintendent's neglect, or from faulty machinery, of which I was not aware, and if the workman knew of any fault in the machinery from which an accident happens, and did not tell me of it, the Act clearly states that I am not liable." The workman has a very different opinion. He reads the title of the Act, "Employers Liability," and concludes at once that his employer is liable for all accidents that may happen to him, except those which may arise from his own fault.

There are *five* causes of accidents distinctly set forth in the five sub-sections of the first section of the Act fixing the employers liability, but there are three sub-sections to the second section which exempt the employer from this liability, under certain conditions.

To understand the liability fully, the exemptions to that liability should have followed the clauses enforcing it.

The Act says:—

"Compensation shall be paid by an employer if personal injury is caused to a workman

"1stly. By reason of any defects in the condition of the ways, works, machinery, or plant connected with or used in the business of the employer. (Section 1, Sub-section 1.) UNLESS the defect therein mentioned arose from or had not been discovered or remedied owing to the negligence of the employer or of some person in the service of the employer and entrusted by him with the duty of seeing that the ways, works, and machinery, or plant were in proper condition. (Section 2, Sub-section 1.)

"2ndly. By reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer who has any superintendence intrusted to him whilst in the exercise of such superintendence. (Section 1, Sub-section 2.)

"3rdly. By reason of the negligence of any person in the service of

the employer to whose orders or directions the workman at the time of the injury was bound to conform, and did conform, where such injury resulted from his having so conformed. (Section 1, Sub-section 3.)

"4thly. By reason of the act or omission of any person in the service of the employer done or made in obedience to the rules or bye-laws of the employer or in obedience to particular instructions given by any persons delegated with the authority of the employer in that behalf. (Section 1, Sub-section 4.) UNLESS the injury resulted from impropriety in the rules, bye-laws, or instructions therein mentioned, provided that where a rule has been approved of by the Board of Trade or by one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State it shall not be an improper rule. (Section 2, Sub-section 2.)

"5thly. By reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer who has the charge or control of any signal, points, locomotive engine, or train upon a railway." (Section 1, Sub-section 5.)

Then we have a special exemption:

"A workman shall not be entitled to any right of compensation or remedy against the employers,

"In any case where the workman knew of the defect or negligences which caused his injury and failed within a reasonable time to give information thereof to the employer or some person superior to himself in the service of the employer. Unless he was aware that the employer or such superior already knew of the said defect or negligence." (Section 2, Sub-section 3.)

These are the Sections and Sub-sections in full, which we think can be better understood by placing the exemptions after the liability as we have done, although the precise meaning is still very difficult to comprehend.

The Act in the Title says: "It is to extend and regulate the liability of employers to make compensation for personal injuries suffered by workmen in their service;" how then is the liability extended, and how is the liability regulated by this special Act?

By Sub-section 1 of Section 1 the liability of the employer is extended to any accident that may happen. "By reason of any defect in the plant, machinery," &c.; but it is nullified by Sub-section 1 of Section 2, which enacts that there is no liability, "unless it can be proved that the defect arose, or had not been discovered, or remedied, from the negligence of the employer," which it will be almost impossible to prove, and if the workman cannot prove that the defect arose from the negligence of his employer, or that it had not been discovered, or remedied, by him, he will receive no compensation.

The Sub-sections 2 and 3 of Section 1 extends the liability of the employer to the neglect of any one in his service to which there is no exemption.

The exemption made by Sub-section 2 of Section 2 to the liability under Sub-section 4 of Section 1 contradicts other Sections. The employer is made liable:—"By reason of the act of any person in the service of the employer whether superintendent or not, *made in obedience to the rules, or bye-laws* of the employer. Unless the injury resulted from impropriety, or default in the rules." The liability under the other sections is made to rest entirely on any defect or fault in the machinery; but by this section, if it can be proved that the rules are defective, the employer is free from liability, although they are his own rules and made by himself. If, however, any rules have been approved of by the Secretary of State, they cannot then be deemed defective.

There is not so much as is supposed by many in the exemption of Sub-section 3 of Section 2, which enacts that:—"In any case where workmen know of the defect which caused the injury, and failed to give information, he shall not be entitled to any right of compensation," because it will be very difficult to prove that a workman knew of a defect in the machinery, and neglected to give information within a reasonable time. That knowledge, if acquired by a workman, must be in his own mind only, and, in the event of accident, he will be sure to keep it to himself. In most large establishments, this sub-section of the Act, is posted around on the walls of the workshops and manufactory as a warning to the workmen, and seems to imply that the employers expect to obtain considerable relief from this saving clause. The feeling of a workman, however, seems just the reverse. He says, "If I knew of a defect in the machinery or plant I should of course tell my employer, or superintendent about it to save my own life, but, if I did not tell them, how could they say and prove that I knew of it, especially if I were killed?

The extent and regulation of the liability of the employer and the compensation to the workman may be summarized thus:—

Employers shall be liable to make compensation for personal injury suffered by any workman in their service, if it occur from any of the following causes:—

By reason of any defect in the plant or machinery, if the defect arose from the negligence of the employer, or had not been discovered, or remedied by him. By reason of the negligence of any superintendent or of any person to whose orders the workmen are bound to conform. By reason of the act or omission of any person in obedience to any rules or bye-laws or in obedience to any instructions given by any person delegated with authority, unless ,the injury resulted from some impropriety or defect in the rules. By reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer who has the charge or control of any

signal, points, locomotive engine, or train upon a railway, unless the workman knew of the defect or negligence which caused his injury, and failed to give notice thereof in reasonable time. The amount of compensation recoverable for personal injury, without regard to the cause or extent of the injury, shall not exceed three years' wages, and no further sum shall be recoverable under this Act in the event of death.

There is no provision for compensation to the workman from many different kinds of accidents, which happen to him from other causes than defect in machinery or negligence of the employer or superintendent, which it is impossible to enumerate or classify. For instance, is it intended that the workman shall have compensation from his employer if a piece of wood, or a brick, fall from a scaffold and severely injures him while engaged on another part of the building? In such a case there could be no negligence of the employer, or superintendent, nor would the accident arise from any impropriety, or defect in the rules. For such an accident the workman would have no claim. It might or might not have been caused from the carelessness of another workman; but that gives no claim, because the workman injured under such circumstances was not working under the instructions of his fellow-workman who caused the accident, neither had he any authority. In no case can a workman obtain any compensation from his employer for an accident which happens from his own fault, say a fall from a scaffold, or ladder, unless they broke from being rotten.

A case has recently been decided in a Superior Court on appeal from the judgment of a County Court, on a workman who was severely injured by the falling of a pail upon him, through the neglect and carelessness of a fellow-workman employed with him in hoisting the pail. The claim was allowed by the County Court judge, but set aside and disallowed by the Superior Court, the judge saying, that the employers would never know the extent of their liability if such claims were allowed, it must be clearly proved that the accident arose from defect in the machinery, or negligence of the employer, or superintendent. This accident arose from the negligence of a fellow-workman who gives no instructions, and to which, if given, the other workman was not bound to conform. The employer is therefore not liable in such cases, and they are the most frequent cause of accidents. Since this decision, in a claim for £200 against the same employer, the plaintiff, who was injured by the fall of a brick upon him, which fell from a barrow that was being hoisted up, the verdict by a jury in a County Court was for the defendant employer.

Another case was tried in the Bow County Court, in March

last: A workman was employed, with several others, in loading a vessel at the Docks. A superintendent ordered him to go up a ladder from the lower to the upper deck, while doing so he met with an accident, through the carelessness of a fellow-workman, who lowered a bale of goods and knocked him off the ladder. He sued his employer for £200. Two years' wages, at £2 per week, for this slight accident. The jury, under the instructions of the judge, decided that the employer was not liable, although in this case the man was ascending the ladder by the order of the superintendent. But walking up the ladder did not cause the accident. It was caused by another workman who knocked him down.

The evident intention of the Act is to benefit the workman by extending the liability of the employer; but the exemptions and conditions so modify that liability that the employer may be relieved from the great anxiety and fear expressed by so many that the Act would be ruinous to them; that accidents would become more frequent when it was laid down that the damage was to be borne by the employer, and the losses thus entailed would be so great that a good many important industries would be given up; that there would be an end to good feeling between the employer and his workmen; that profits would be swallowed up in meeting exorbitant claims for compensation which the men would be encouraged to make; that accidents under the new law would be welcome rather than otherwise. No wages it was clear could be paid, and no industry prosecuted under such terms as these.

In the twenty-four months that the Act has now been in operation these fears have not been realized. The workman, even under the Act, has only a strictly limited claim on the employer for accidents. By far the majority, at least two-thirds, of the accidents to which he is liable still rest on his own shoulders, and must be provided against by himself, if he would be protected as he ought to be. Indeed, the employer is now free from any claim that may be made upon him for assistance when an accident happens to any of his men, not included in the Act. The employer now says to his workmen, "if I am liable I will pay, if not liable, I cannot afford to give you any compensation. Before the Act passed I always made you some allowance for all accidents, the best I could afford; but now you must provide for yourselves against those accidents for which I am not liable." It may cost some employers less under the Act than it did before.

Several large employers have contracted themselves out of the Act by arrangement with the workmen, the men agreeing, under certain conditions, to forego any claim which they may have on

their employers for accident, as is allowed by the Act. For this purpose the Directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company contributed £5,000 to the Railway General Insurance Fund; only one hundred and twenty men have refused their consent to the arrangement, the others, some fifty thousand in all, have adopted the terms offered to them.

Another method adopted by some firms is to agree with the men to contribute a certain sum to a common fund, to which the workmen also contribute, to secure a certain sum as compensation for all accidents, whether the employer be liable or not, under the Act, but also including that liability, whatever it may be. This method is not contracting out of the Act by either party.

The Trades Union Congress, meeting in London on the 14th of September last, passed a resolution on this question: "That this Congress is of opinion that the working classes are deprived of the advantages arising from the Employers Liability Act 1880, by reason of its permissive nature, which enables employers to contract themselves out of the Act, which this Congress condemns, and instructs the Parliamentary Committee to urge the introduction of the Bill to amend the Act of 1880 to remedy this grievance."

Accident assurance is the best, and, indeed, the only plan for both the employer and the workmen to adopt, not to contract themselves out of the Act, but to provide against all accidents, including those under the Act, the employers' liability, and those arising from the men's own fault, or from any other cause whatever for which the employer is not liable.

A good result from the passing of the Act has been to call especial attention to the advantage of accidents assurance and to the principles on which Accident Assurance Companies are founded, and, to make it apply to the present case, to insure the employers' liability. The Employers Liability Assurance Corporation was established in London in the early part of last year to insure against this special risk. It must have been very difficult to undertake, because the risk was quite new and but ill-defined in the Act.

The Registration Acts, from which all modern statistics of death by accident are taken, were first enacted for England and Wales, in 1836, for Scotland, in 1854, and for Ireland, in 1863. No return of violent deaths, which includes all accidents, and death from all causes other than natural, was compiled earlier than 1838. From then down to 1842 they were given with regularity, then came a hiatus of four years, 1843–46, but the returns were resumed in 1848, and have since remained continuous.

To prepare tables of rates of premium for this unknown risk, a careful examination of these returns was necessary, and

especially to note the number of the accidents that had happened to workmen while engaged in their work, whether on the railways, or in the mines, in the shop, the factory, or the mill. To find out what accidents had happened to engineers, carpenters, builders, shipwrights, wheelwrights, smiths, labourers, &c., that each trade might be classified according to the risk.

Some extracts from these returns, which have been issued from the Registration Office, as prepared by Dr. Farr, late Registrar General for about forty years, will be found very interesting, and are of great importance, showing as they do the large number of persons who lose their lives every year from accident. The report for 1879 says there were 17,635 violent deaths in England and Wales, being one in twenty-eight to the general mortality. Out of every 100,000 males living, 106 met with a violent death. In the metropolis the number is 66 out of 100,000, and more than half, 36, were caused by mechanical or chemical injuries. The principal causes of deaths are :—Mechanical and chemical injuries, 9,004 ; mines, 1,116 ; railways, 1,029 ; other causes, 6,486=17,635. In London the number of violent deaths from all causes, which includes suicides, was 2,087 ; from mechanical and chemical injuries, 1,019 ; railways, 120 ; mines, *nil* ; other causes, including street accidents, 948.

In 1856, Dr. Farr said in his report that 1,107 persons are killed annually by horses and horse conveyances, more than double the number killed by railways, and in the report for 1866 he says :—

"The causes of the greatest number of violent deaths escape public notice, great explosions in coal mines, or formidable collisions on railways, attract great attention ; but in mines the fall of a stone and of other materials, which knock the men in the head one by one at intervals, are much more fatal."

In 1878, the number killed in coal mines was 998 ; by explosion of fire-damp 313 ; by fall of coal, stones &c., 420 ; other causes, 265=998, not one-third being caused by explosions.

The rate of fatal accidents amongst miners and railway servants is very high, and is estimated by Mr. G. F. P. Neison at 23 per 10,000 per annum. He says :—

"Some ten or fifteen years ago it was as high as 36 out of 10,000 ; but each year since the rate has been reduced. As to railways, taking first the passenger line, in the course of the year some 25 out of every 10,000 employées met with fatal accidents. On large goods traffic lines the rate runs up to 35. As to non-fatal accidents, taking the country as a whole, about one-fifth, twenty per cent., of the men employed in and about mines met with an accident of greater or less intensity every year. In some mines the rate ran up to half of those employed."

The causes of fatal accidents from mechanical injuries arise principally from falls as in mines. The total fatal accidents to men in this trade or occupation was 4,797. From falls, 1,806; machinery in factory, 255; explosions of steam-boiler and retorts, 11; accidents from horses, 270; from horse conveyances, 1,000; other causes various, 1,315.

The returns of *non*-fatal accidents are to be gathered only from the reports of the Accidental Insurance Companies, and not from the reports of the Registrar General, which only contain an account of deaths from accidents. In the thirty-first report of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, the oldest and most extensive of the Accident Assurance Offices, it is stated, for 1880, that 8,808 new policies were issued against accidents, generally producing a net revenue of £25,300, which is nearly £3 per annum for each policy. The total annual premium was £214,154, which, taken at £3 for each policy, a fair average, gives the number of members at, say, 70,000. Out of this number the claims for *fatal* accidents were 53; for *non*-fatal accidents, 5,775.

This will give to us the exact percentage of fatal and non-fatal accidents out of a certain number, 70,000, and the relation they bear to each other. By this return one person is killed every year out of 1,320, and 104 out of 1,320—that is, one in twelve—have an accident, more or less serious, that is not fatal. This also shows and proves that there are 101 non-fatal accidents to one fatal accident. As near as possible, the general accidents, non-fatal, are eight out of every 100, and the fatal accidents, eight out of every 10,000, every year.

These are the calculations of accidents suffered by persons assured, who are to some extent selected. The working classes are not at present assured against accident in any large numbers. The ratio and percentage of accidents, including all classes, are, therefore, higher than the above, though not to a large extent.

The paper read before the Statistical Society, on the 15th of February, 1881, by Mr. Cornelius Walford, a great authority on general accidents and accident assurance, having given the subject his special study for many years, is, as he says, the first attempt yet made to deal in a comprehensive manner with the returns from death by accidents, negligence, violence and misadventure in the kingdom, or in either division thereof. The paper gives evidence of the highest talent and greatest research with a determination to tell all that is possible to be known and found out. It is certainly the most comprehensive paper that any man could write.

It commences with a reference to the first bills of mortality recorded by the parish clerks. The descendants of the Guild of

St. Nicholas, incorporated in 1253, by Charter, 17 Henry III. The first bill wherein the causes of death were recorded seems to have been issued in 1829. Mr. Walford gives forty tables of accidental death which he has proposed, illustrating and explaining it in every way. Tables for England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, a few counties and London. It would occupy the space of a whole article to give even an epitome of this very interesting and voluminous document. The number of violent deaths from all causes are classified, and the percentage of accidental deaths in relation to other deaths and the population are given. The causes of violent deaths in six classes, remarkable cases of violent deaths in ordinary life, effects of intemperance on violent deaths, and many others.

We can only quote a short extract from the net results that will serve to illustrate and explain our purpose. We want to show that there appears to be sufficient statistics collected of accidents from all causes to warrant and encourage accidental assurances on a basis as safe and profitable as life and fire assurance.

"The ratio of violent deaths to the population has ranged for many years at about eight to the 10,000, just under one to the thousand, including women, children, and domestic servants, who incur no occupation hazard. The death-rate from the more hazardous occupations, taken alone, reaches to more than threefold of this percentage. Taking the average violent deaths of the population to be one per thousand, there are ninety nine non-fatal injuries for that one, and these come to be claims upon a company, fatal and non-fatal combined, a ratio of ten per cent. per annum. One in ten of all persons meets with an accidental injury, slight or serious, up to fatal, every year. Some years ago the proportion was only one in twelve. There is an advance equal to 15 per cent. upon the rate which persisted within the last twenty years.

"In the United States, about one in eight meets with an accidental injury every year. In the United Kingdom, one person in ten of all classes of persons heretofore insured make a claim every year, or, in other words, a person, not engaged in an occupation regarded as hazardous, will have an accidental injury once in every ten years. A total of one million two hundred thousand fatal and non-fatal accidents in the United Kingdom every year."

From statistics such as these the rates of premium for the assurance of the employers' liability are made out. The risk is divided by the Employers Liability Assurance Corporation into six classes according to the trades and occupations of the men. The rates are from 2*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per cent. per annum on the *wages paid* to the workmen, and not on the *sum assured* as for assurance against general accidents. The question the employer has to answer in the form for assurance is, "What is the average

amount of your weekly wages paid? and not for what sum will you assure?

The following Table is a good example of the rate of premium charged to include the various trades in each class. Those mentioned must be taken as examples, for it would be impossible to put down every trade in a small prospectus.

Rates to Cover all Employers' Risks under the Employers Liability Act, 1880, for every £100 per annum paid in Wages.

2*s.*	3*s.*	4*s.*
CLASS I.		
In Textile and similar Manufactures; in the service of Professional and Mercantile Classes (unless otherwise specified); Merchants' Porters.	In general Engineering Works; in Gas and Water service; in trades where Machinery is not used (unless otherwise specified); and the following:—Printer and Manufacturing Stationer, Brickmaker, Gardener, Farm Bailiff, Agricultural Labourer and Farm Servant, Warehouseman's Porter.	In Ship-building trades; in trades where Machinery is used (unless otherwise specified), but including Blacksmith, Brewer, Butcher, Cabman, Chemist (manufacturing), Drayman, Wheelwright.

	6*s.*	7*s.* 6*d.* And upwards.
	CLASS V.	
In Dock, Barge, and Harbour service; in Manufacture of Earthenware, Glass, Steel, and Iron, and Puddler, Coal-heaver, Cutler.	In the Building trades generally, in Metal Mines, in Quarries, and in charge of and attendance on Horses.	In Railway service, Coal Mines, and other hazardous occupations.

Taking the average rate at 4s. per cent. per annum and the wages paid by a firm at £100 per week, £5,200 per annum, the premium is £10 8s., which insures the employer against all risk and liability under the Act for injury to the men in his employ, without regard to the number of men, whether 50, at £2 per week, or 100 at £1 per week, all are included.

No specified sum is assured, or named, in the policy issued by the company, that could not be done, for the liability is three years' wages for each man. By the policy the insurance company agrees to pay to the employer all sums which such employer shall become liable for under and by virtue of the Employers Liability Act, 1880, as for compensation for personal injuries

caused to any workman in his service while engaged in the employer's work "and" if any proceedings be taken to enforce any claim the corporation shall have the absolute conduct and control of the same throughout in the name and on behalf of the employer and shall in any event indemnify the employer against all costs and expenses of and incident upon any such proceedings.

This appears to be a very satisfactory arrangement, especially for the employer, for while the risk of the company is three years' wages, the premium charged is only on one year's wages. In the example given above the wages are taken at £5,200 per annum; the risk, however, is for three times that amount, £15,600, for which the premium is only £10 8*s*. per annum.

On this special point it is well worth quoting from an article from the *Times* in September last. They say:—"Our readers will see with some surprise how extremely low the terms of assurance are made. Each master can be insured compensation in case of accident to his workmen during the whole year for a premium of a few shillings on every hundred pounds paid in wages. By the addition of a scarcely appreciable sum to each man's wages the Act may be disarmed of all its terrors. The London and North-western Railway Company appear to have been needlessly generous in the bribe it has offered to its working hands to surrender the benefits of the Act. A smaller sum than £5,000 is the probable yearly loss which the Act would be capable of causing. The danger from the Act was that it might press hardly on some small employers. The majority of these might escape altogether. The few sufferers might be received. This is provided against by the scheme of insurance which has been started in one form and another."

The insurance scheme has also been extended to insure the workmen themselves against any accident which may happen to them from their own fault or misadventure, or from the faults of a fellow workman for which the employer is not liable under the Act.

For the workman's own risk the rate and premium charged is also on the wages paid by the employer, but with this important difference that a fixed sum is assured to be paid in the event of accident—namely, two-thirds of a week's wages for a period not exceeding 26 weeks, if totally disabled from following his occupation and a full year's wages if killed.

The premium charged to a workman under the various classes of risks as given in the above employer's table is for Class 1, 2*s*. per cent. on the wages received; Class 2, 5*s*.; Class 3, 6*s*.; Class 4, 7*s*. 6*d*.; Class 5, 9*s*.; Class 6, 12*s*. 6*d*. The rate for the workman's own risk is much higher than the employer's. The employer is liable for about one accident out of three, the workman for two.

The main consideration and difference is, that the employer's liability is uncertain, whereas the workman's own risk is sure and certain, and can be better estimated, as he must bear the loss of all accidents for which the employer is not liable.

Joint policies are issued by some of the insurance companies covering both the employer's and workman's risk on the following terms:

JOINT POLICIES against all ACCIDENTS during employment, covering all Employer's Risks under the Act, and, in the event of accidents for which the Employer is not liable, giving Compensation to the Workman, as under:

In case of Death ...	One Year's Wages.
In case of Total Disablement.	Two-thirds of a Week's Wages, for a period not exceeding 26 weeks. For every £100 per annum paid in Wages.

1s. CLASS I	8s. CLASS II.	10s. CLASS III
12s. 6*d*. CLASS IV.	15s. CLASS V.	20s. And upwards. CLASS VI.

The special object of this Table is to enable the employer to assure himself and his workmen, paying the premium in advance, as required by the company, and collecting the workman's portion of the premium by weekly deductions from his wages. Taking Class 3 for example, rate 10*s*. (workman's proportion 6*s*.) per £100 in wages, if he receive £75 a year and not £100, the premium would be 4*s*. 6*d*. per annum and not 6*s*. This amounts just to a penny per week only for the workman to pay. How remarkably low this appears for the risk and the benefits given. Surely there is no workman who would not pay one penny per week, or gladly allow it to be deducted from his wages by his master to insure himself jointly with his employer against all accidents while at work.

This is the plan above all others that we think should be adopted: let the employer himself pay 3*s*. 6*d*. and collect a penny a week from each man and on the average of wages paid, about £75 a year, it would cover the premium of 10*s*. per cent. for both risks and insure compensation from the insurance company for all accidents. Under this plan, when an accident happens, if the employer is liable, he will receive the money to pay his men, and if the employer is not liable, the workman will receive the money to pay himself.

Under this arrangement, when an accident happens, the question will never arise, whose fault is it? There must be mutual confidence and assistance between both parties to secure the real advantages of the Act. Disputes must, if possible, be avoided. A trial between a workman and his master, backed by a powerful trade organization and a large firm, supported by other leading houses, would be fought out in the Superior Courts at a frightful cost to both parties. The points likely to be in dispute—the exact amount of care and supervision given and necessary—the limit of authority delegated to a subordinate and such like, may be the cause of many different trials, in several Courts, by all the various trades, and vast sums are sure to be wasted.

Great loss must eventually fall upon an employer, should he ever win an action, because he would not be able to recover costs from his workman he could not pay. In a case tried recently in London the workman did not succeed in establishing his claim, and the verdict was given for the defendant employer, with costs, it was stated that the employer, an eminent firm in London, generally gave up to their men their costs in the action to their own loss. The expenses of the insurance appears to us so small that it would pay the employer to assure, if he only saved the costs of an action and all the trouble which is undertaken by the insurance company.

The passage of the Employers Liability Act has naturally drawn the attention of the public to accidents generally, and has given quite an impetus to all accident assurance business. During the past year four new companies have been established especially to insure employers against this liability under the Act, 1880. Two in London, the "Employers Liability Assurance Corporation, Limited," and the "Builders Mutual Accident Assurance Association, Limited," one in Manchester, the "Mutual Accident Assurance Association," and one in Birmingham, the "Employers and Workmens Provident Assurance Company." Besides these, most of the General Accident Assurance Companies have undertaken the same business.

The rates of premium are much higher, and the classification of risks is very different in the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company than in the Employers Liability Assurance Corporation. Some trades are rated three times higher. There are only three classes of risks. The rates in the old companies are, 4*s.*, 7*s.*, and 9*s.* to 15*s.*; and 2*s.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.*, 5*s.*, 6*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* in the new companies. Besides this, the rates in the old companies are quoted for *each man* and not per £100 on the wages, which increases the rates still more. For example, the premium for carpenters, bricklayers, and agricultural labourers is 7*s.* for each man, against 3*s.* per cent. on the wages. For brewers, blacksmiths and ship-

wrights, 9*s.* against 4*s.* Engineers are classified under the highest risk, No. 3 in the old ocmpany premium, 9*s.* per each man, and in the new company they are classified under No. 2 risk, the lowest but one premium, 3*s.* per cent. This great difference in the rate of premium is inexplicable, for one company must be charging too high, or the other company is charging too low.

Still further the higher rate quoted being for "each adult," and not on the wages paid, increases the cost about 25 per cent. as the average rate of wages, which also includes labourers, does not exceed £75 a year. If the rate of both companies were quoted on each adult, instead of on the wages, the rate must be taken on £75 a year wages for each man—viz., 2*s.* 3*d.* against 7*s.* When £100 per week are paid by any firm as wages and the premium is charged on the amount of wages paid, 65 men would be assured for an annual premium of £7 16*s.* at 3*s.* per cent., but when the rate is charged for each adult, only 50 men would be assured at an annual premium of £17 10*s.*, the rate being 7*s.* for each man.

In conclusion, we are able to state that the insurance scheme has been taken up and adopted by a large number of employers in the short time it has been in operation. We are informed that already upwards of 4,000 employers have assured in one company, "The Employers Liability Assurance Corporation," on about £15,000,000 of wages paid annually, the premium exceeding £35,000. Taking the assurance as on £15,000,000 of wages, it covers a risk to the employer of £45,000,000, three years' wages, which is allowed for compensation to the workmen in the event of accident, and for which the employer is liable.

This is very strong evidence of a desire on the part of the employers to provide for the risk. We repeat that to assure is not to contract out of the Act nor an attempt to avoid the responsibility. It is the very reverse, and is done to make sure and certain the payment of any compensation that might be due to a workman in the event of an accident. A case might arise to a small employer of labour in which he could not himself provide the funds to pay a large claim, for it too frequently happens that a single accident injures several men. Five men might be thrown at once from a scaffold, or a boiler might burst injuring a like number, and the claims for compensation would be likely to average £200 each, £1,000, to pay for only one accident. With such a serious risk and responsibility no workman should look with suspicion on his employer because he seeks to protect himself, supposing that his claim might be prejudiced thereby. That is not at all likely to be the case, he is rather more certain to have his claim paid.

It is not many years that accident assurance has been known

in our country. The first accident company was established in 1849, and then it was for railway passengers only. Another company was formed in 1850. Eight others during the succeeding thirty years, and four were established last year. Besides these, three Life Assurance Companies combine accident assurance in their Tables, or also transact accidental business which together make seventeen accident assurance companies of all kinds.

Most of these are at present of small dimensions. The business done by one company, the first established—which has a premium income of £219,000 per annum—far exceeds, indeed is double the premium income of all the other companies. It is estimated, as far as can be ascertained by the published reports, that the number of persons assured against general accidents is one hundred and thirty five thousand, and the annual premium paid £400,000. It might have been expected that the business was much more extensive and that a larger number was assured. There is evidently ample room for a large increase, which is very likely to result from the operations of the Employers Liability Act.

That the business is fairly profitable may be gathered from the following statement of the premiums received and claims *paid in 1881 by six of the companies*—

When Established.	Name of Company.	Premiums Received.	Claims Paid.
1849	Railway Passengers . . .	219,006	121,732
1850	Accident Insurance. . . .	54,997	35,282
1875	Imperial Union	27,091	8,621
1871	Ocean, Railway, and General	20,032	13,434
1876	Scottish Accident	15,927	8,070
1877	Lancashire and Yorkshire .	12,970	4,797
	Total	350,023	191,936

The claims absorb only a little more than half of the premiums, $54\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. This gives a large margin for expenses and profits to the shareholders. The shares of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, 30*s*. paid, with bonus additions, are now quoted in the share list of insurance companies at £8, an increase of value of 260 per cent., and the last dividend paid was 8*s*. per share, equal to $27\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. If the bonus paid on the shares is 10*s*. each, the dividend on the original sum of 20*s*. paid up is 40 per cent. The shares of the "Scottish Accident," 20*s*. paid up, are quoted at £28 each 2,800 per cent. increase in the price of the shares.

The sum of £191,936 paid in claims by the six companies mentioned above must have been a great advantage to the public. From further particulars in the reports of one of the companies we gather that the average sum paid to each assurer was £600 at death by accident and £14 12*s.* 2*d.* for accidents not fatal.

Why, then, should not the working-man insure against general accidents as well as others, against accidents which may happen to him anywhere and at any time. In the streets, or at home, in the church, or at a place of amusement, in a steamboat, or on the railway as well as when at work. Some of the companies have issued special tables for an industrial accident assurance. For example, Class 2, engineers, brickmakers, gardeners, agricultural labourers, &c., the premium is 10*s.* 6*d.* a year, 2½*d.* per week, to insure £1 per week for 26 weeks for total disablement from accidents of all kinds—general accidents—including accidents while at work—and £100 at death. For shipbuilders, blacksmiths, brewers, cabmen, draymen, wheelwrights, Class 3, 12*s.* a year, 3*d.* per week.

With all the faults of the Employers Liability Act and the many objections raised against it, if accident insurance should thereby become more general in our country, both with the employers and the workmen, a great advantage will be secured and large benefits will be conferred on the public. From the establishment of so many Accident Assurance Companies since the passing of the Act such a result is likely to follow.

Art. III.—Shaftesbury as a Moral Philosopher.

IN one sense it is true to say that the subject-matter with which Moral Philosophy deals is always the same: from another point of view, no less real, we may assert that its problems change from age to age. Human nature, its springs of action and its potentialities of good or evil, are now substantially the same as when Socrates first brought down philosophy from heaven to earth, recalling the awakening speculation of the Greeks from their abstract theories as to the source of all that is, to the more practical inquiry, what is virtue, and who is the good citizen? But while the facts of human nature remain the same, the external circumstances with which it is brought into contact continually vary. Virtue, it is true, is in its own essence an attribute of the former, and if a true Moral Philosophy be possible, is one and the same in principle, however multifarious its manifestations in action. The discovery, however, of

this principle is in reality but one-half of the science of ethics. Granted that virtue as a state may be abstracted from particular virtuous acts, and that its discovery is far from demanding an exhaustive examination of external conditions, there still remains the process of verification; not, indeed, a necessary part of speculation, but almost inevitable in a science connected even remotely with practice; while in order to verify a principle it must be brought into contact with at least the most prominent of the facts.

Moral Philosophy, then, has two sides, a pure or formal side, and a practical or material one, and it is in the former of these —*i.e.*, in the inquiry what that state of human nature is which we call virtuous, that we find a subject-matter which is constant. If this were its only problem, though there would most assuredly be no lack of variety in the solutions proposed, we should perhaps expect to find some sort of unity amid the difference, some principle of classification, clear and distinct, in accordance with which we might divide conflicting schools. This we do no doubt find to a certain extent, because every moral system must include more or less perceptibly this formal side; but we cannot always apply our principle with perfect consistency when gained, because differences on the material or practical side will sometimes create the appearance of a cross-division, or at least disguise the essential question.

The facts of human nature on which the speculative side of ethics must be grounded are the respective functions of sense and reason, or rather their corresponding motives, sensitive desire, and rational affection. Side by side with, and depending on, this examination there must be a consideration of the various passions, the adjustment of their relationship to reason, and, as the outcome of all, the inquiry, what that relation is which holds the balance in this composite nature, the maintenance of which is natural and productive of virtue, and its destruction the reverse. By analyzing these problems into their most essential form, it is possible to arrive at a principle of division in accordance with which most moral systems, both ancient and modern, may be classified, and which also corresponds with a distinction prevalent in a wider department of philosophy. The functions of sense and reason, feeling and thought, are the essential points to be determined, and therefore in the two opposing schools of thought, Sensationalism and Idealism, must in the last resort be sought the basis of a classification. Virtue is from the first point of view a quality, either developed by habit and association out of an original desire for pleasure, or immediately apprehended by some sense, or depending upon the due subordination of the passions to some end, to which the means may be apprehended

by reason, but which is in itself prior to reason, and instinctive in the nature of man. On the second view virtue is the conscious realization of an end given by reason independently of sense, and in spite of the frequent interference of partial ends suggested by the passions. In the one case reason is merely a faculty of means, in the other it is that which, by the addition of its own immanent end, raises man above particular external motives, and makes him a law to himself. The extreme of the former view is found in Hume's assertion that reason is and ought to be the slave of the passions; that of the latter, in Kant's maxim, that virtue consists in a good will willing itself.

But while every moral system derives its essential character from its standpoint with regard to this fundamental question, they do not all carry on the surface the distinct recognition of the point at issue. On the contrary, with few exceptions, the surface characteristics of the several schools are rather owing to some particular circumstances of a more or less transient nature. Some practical difficulty, it may be, some apparent paradox, some partial question may be the occasion of the speculation, and may determine its method and range, although it is true that, if it deserve the name of Philosophy at all, it must go back from this and connect it with what we have seen to be the fundamental question. The fact, then, that Moral Philosophy may, in one sense, be said to vary from age to age, is due to this, that, besides being an abstract speculation, it is also an explanation and interpretation of particular phenomena, and the phenomena in which the need of interpretation will be most felt will obviously not always be the same.

In determining, therefore, the position of any particular moralist, it is not enough to classify him in accordance with the general test; his relation must also be explained to the particular problems of his own age, which in most cases will give its peculiar character to his system. Following this course with regard to Shaftesbury, we have on the one hand to show his connection with that fundamental question as to the nature of virtue in itself, and on the other to inquire what were the particular problems of his time which most especially seemed to demand solution, and in which we should expect to find the external characteristics of his system. The latter will most conveniently come first.

English speculation in the latter half of the seventeenth and earlier part of the eighteenth century was almost entirely dominated by the results of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," itself an application of Bacon's "Novum Organum" to mental and moral phenomena. The foundations on which the inquiry rested were—(1.) That there are no

such things as innate ideas or principles; and (2.) That the fountain of all our knowledge is experience, or "observation employed either about external sensible objects or about the internal operations of our minds, and that we have no ideas except those derived from external or internal sense." Into these elements, by a method of thorough-going analysis, were resolved "our whole stock of ideas," compounded as they may be with infinite variety, and enlarged by the understanding.

Among the ideas capable of this composition and enlargement were those of good and evil, which in their simple form have only reference to pleasure and pain, or what tends to procure these. "Moral good and evil is only the conformity or disagreement of our voluntary actions to some law whereby good or evil is drawn on to us from the will and power of the law-maker;" or, in other words, moral good and evil only differ from other kinds of good and evil in that they are not the natural results of the actions, but artificial results superinduced by a law. This law is threefold—the law of God, the law of the State, and the law of opinion. Disobedience to the first is sin, to the second crime, to the third vice; from which it would appear that the law of opinion is that with which morals are most concerned: but what is to guide that opinion is left undefined, except where it is vaguely stated, "that it will correspond in a great measure with the unchangeable rule of right and wrong which the law of God hath established," while it is at the same time intimated that obedience to this law of God will secure and advance the general good of mankind. Locke, therefore, did not develop any system of Moral Philosophy. He neither defines what virtue is as a state of mind, but only in accordance with his general principles posits its ultimate analysis into sensation or desire for pleasure; nor does he find any definite standard for virtuous actions, though, if he had developed a system, he would probably have fixed it in the good of mankind. At the same time, the desire for pleasure, or, as he usually expresses it, of happiness, is loosely and without analysis made to include those higher objects and interests of life, which, if they are indeed a development out of the sensitive nature, must have a definite course and history, which the Moral Philosopher is bound to trace.

Locke, however, though the most important, was not the only exponent of this sensationalistic view. Before the "Essay" was published Hobbes had already written his "Leviathan," from which the same results are deducible, stated in a manner most likely to excite repugnance and produce a reaction. With him, "whatever is the object of any man's appetite or desire, that is it which he for his part calleth good, and the object of his hate and aversion, evil;" and again, "the appearance and sense of good

is pleasure." "Moral Philosophy is nothing but the science of what is good and evil in the conversation and society of mankind." "Good and evil are names which signify our appetites and aversions, which in different tempers, customs, and doctrines of men are different." "So long as man is in a condition of mere nature (which is a condition of war) his private appetite is the measure of good and evil, and consequently all men agree in this, that peace is good, and therefore also the ways or means of peace, which are justice, gratitude, modesty, equity, &c., and the rest of the moral virtues . . . . which are praised as the means of peaceable, sociable and comfortable living." "The object, therefore, of the voluntary acts of every man is some good to himself, of which, if he shall be frustrated, there will be no beginning of benevolence," or, in other words, the so-called social virtues—benevolence, justice and equity—are mere instruments of obtaining the greatest practicable amount of good for oneself, without which a directly selfish plan of life would be continually liable to be driven from the attainment of its object by similar but more successful endeavours on the part of stronger rivals. Desire for pleasure being taken as the only ultimate motive for voluntary action, it logically followed that this pleasure must be our own and not that of others, and therefore that such a feeling as that of benevolence—the existence of which could not be denied—must be analyzable into an original selfishness or self-love.

Further, "The felicity of this life, sought by these means, consisteth not in the repose of a mind satisfied; it is a continual progress of the desire from one object to another, the attainment of the former being still but the way to the latter . . . . the object of man being to assure for ever the way of his future desire." The result of this is that there is a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death, because we cannot assure the power and means to live well without the acquisition of more. This power is also defined as man's present means to obtain some future apparent good; and benevolence being one of these means, as explained above, he defines it, much to the indignation of the excellent Bishop Butler, as one form of the love of power."*

We have now looked into the antecedents of Shaftesbury as a Moral Philosopher sufficiently to see that the general tendency of his age, and in fact we may say its almost universally recognized psychology, was to analyze all our ideas into sensa-

* It may be noticed here that Butler misunderstood this definition, and bases his criticism on the supposition that Hobbes meant a delight in the exercise of power for its own sake, instead of merely as a means to apparent good.

tion, and all our morality into some form of desire for pleasure. Whether Shaftesbury, "as a child of his time," was utterly unable, as Professor Green thinks, to get beyond this, and whether anything which seems to show that he actually did get beyond it, is to be put down as a mere inconsistency, it will be one object of our examination to decide. With regard to those mere surface characteristics which we have spoken of, there is less room for hesitation. Opposition to the so-called selfish theory of Hobbes, and the elevation of benevolence, as distinct from, and in its own nature superior to self-love, are the features which mark his treatise throughout. The nature of his own speculations and those of Hobbes necessitated a reference and appeal to the first principles of morals in order to arrive at a solution of this question.

The fundamental idea upon which Shaftesbury's Moral treatise depends, and with which he at once begins, is that of a frame or constitution, the complete account of a particular part of which requires a knowledge of the whole. This idea will bear a double interpretation, objective and subjective. Thus, on the one hand there is a universal system to which every inferior one must subserve, the human system being one of these, relative indeed as regards the whole, but sufficiently important to be the subject of a separate science by itself. On the other hand (and the two ideas run side by side throughout Shaftesbury's writings) there is an internal system of the mind, which has its own end or harmony, as the outward system has—and the attainment of which end is each creature's good.

Thus, " each creature has a good or interest of his own . . . . a right or a wrong state . . . . a certain end to which everything in his constitution must naturally refer." Any passion or affection contrary to this end must be ill in him with regard to himself, while affections injurious to those of his kind are ill to them. What the connection is between this illness to himself and that to his kind is postponed to a later stage, and Shaftesbury goes on to ask at once what that quality is, called goodness or virtue.

Now the answer to this question is implicitly contained in the fundamental idea of a system. Negatively, we may say at once that if there is a system of which any creature is a part, he cannot be good, if he make to the harm of the system rather than to the good. Good and ill, therefore, are relative terms. To prove that a thing is absolutely good would involve a knowledge of its connection with the universal system, while, on the other hand, to prove it absolutely ill would show that the system of the universe is imperfect. Moral good and ill are therefore in respect only to the system of mankind.

But beyond this it is clear, Shaftesbury continues, that good and ill are so not only in their results: they must be done through some affection (we should rather say some motive).

"In a sensible creature that which is not done through any affection at all makes neither good nor ill in the nature of that creature, who then only is supposed good, when the good or ill of the system to which he has relation is the immediate object of some passion or affection moving him."

Goodness, therefore, can never exist without good affections, which again are natural affections—*i.e.*, the affections proper to a creature whose function is relative to the system of which he is a part. On these two Stoic ideas that the good is natural, and that the natural is that in accordance with the system, partial or universal, all the peculiar features of Shaftesbury's philosophy depend.

Goodness, therefore, depending on the natural affections, it is necessary to inquire what these are. We are told that "an affection inconsistent with the public good, and yet in its natural degree conducing to private interest, would be vicious in itself;" while "an affection which becomes inconsistent with the public good only by immoderate indulgence is only vicious, or as it would then be called selfish, when it is so immoderate. On the other hand, if there be an affection for private good which not only contributes also to public good, but is such as to be indispensable to the good of the species, it then must be a necessary constituent of goodness in a creature, since its absence would be unnatural, or in other words inappropriate to the creature considered as part of a whole or system. Affection therefore towards self-good may be a good affection, if the good of the species is a necessary result of it, though no affection can be so, if it happen merely by accident to produce this general good; while in any case a creature is still vicious, when a passion towards self-good, though ever so moderate, is the real motive for doing that to which a natural affection for his kind ought by right to have inclined him. It is clear that we have some ambiguity here. No private affection can by Shaftesbury's definition of goodness as affection for the public good, be more than neutral in a moral point of view, and Shaftesbury, in describing that kind of self-love which is necessary to the well-being of the species as itself good, confuses a necessary condition of goodness with goodness itself. His real doctrine no doubt is that motive alone is the criterion of the good and natural, that motive being desire for the good of the system. Acts good in result, but proceeding from self-love, are neutral, though in some cases they may nearly approach to goodness, while in others—viz., those in which the

motive ought to have been the good of the species, they approach the vicious character. "A good creature," then, "is such a one as by the natural temper or bent of his affections is carried primarily and immediately, not secondarily or accidentally, to good and against ill." Even this, however, is somewhat ambiguous, because what are we to say of the case in which the affection is good and natural—*i.e.*, aims at the public good, but, by being immoderate, fails to produce it? Shaftesbury's answer is that they are vicious. "Kindness and love of the most natural sort (such as that of any creature for its offspring) if it be immoderate and beyond a certain degree, is undoubtedly vicious. For thus over-great tenderness destroys the effect of love, and excessive pity renders us incapable of giving succour." Now here there is evidently an inconsistency with what Shaftesbury had said before about the affection being the criterion apart from its result. But leaving that for the moment, we have to remark on this passage that it is a specimen of the want of accurate analysis which marked Shaftesbury in common with Hutcheson and Butler. To class love of offspring as a natural affection with those affections which have the good of the public as their end is manifestly as absurd as Butler's classification of benevolence with hunger, as one of those particular appetites which rest in their object as an end. So also pity is a sympathetic impulse or instinct, not indeed altogether uninfluenced by reflection, but certainly not directed to any such conceived object as the public good.

What is in point of fact wanted to reconcile these inconsistencies is some consideration of the function of reason in morals, the agency of which is indeed implied in the constitution of the public good as an object to be aimed. at, but up to this point is not in any way explained. A fresh departure, therefore, is made in Section III.

> "In a creature capable of forming general notions of things, not only the outward beings which offer themselves to the sense are the objects of the affection; but the very actions themselves, and the affections of pity, kindness, gratitude and their contraries being brought into the mind by reflection become objects. So that by means of this reflected sense there arises another kind of affection towards those very affections themselves."

Shaftesbury then proceeds to describe this process as the discernment of beauty and deformity by the eye of the mind, which finds a foul and a fair, a harmonious and a dissonant here as truly as in musical numbers. "There is, therefore, a natural sense of the sublime and beautiful in things, and when characters or pictures of manners are figured or presented to the mind, the

heart cannot possibly remain neutral, but in all disinterested cases must approve in some measure that which is natural and honest, and disapprove its reverse." Or this relation between thought and feeling in morals is in somewhat similar language expressed by saying that "the behaviour of creatures being in several views or perspectives represented to the mind which readily discerns the good and ill towards the species or public, there arises a new trial or exercise of the heart, which must either *rightly* and *soundly* affect what is just and right, or corruptly affect what is ill." If we ask, Why rightly and soundly, Shaftesbury's answer would be: because in accordance with reflection, which again is decided by a view of the system or nature. "Man has been constituted by means of his rational part to be conscious of his own immediate relation to the universal system."

The sum, therefore, of Shaftesbury's moral argument seems to be somewhat to this effect:—What is natural is good, and to consult the system is natural. This accordingly is the object of the natural affections, which in their turn depend for their proper exercise on reflection, by which alone can the public good be made the conscious object of the affections, and so—

"a creature can only be virtuous when it has the notion of the public interests," and "if a creature be generous, kind, constant, compassionate, yet if he cannot reflect on what he himself does or sees others do, so as to take notice of what is worthy or honest, and make that notice or conception of worth and honesty to be an object of his affection, he has not the character of being virtuous, for thus and no otherwise he is capable of having a sense of right and wrong."

But in order to complete this sketch of the moral system in man, Shaftesbury sees that it is necessary to ask where does responsibility rest for wrong. Does it lie in sense, or sensible affections? No, for if they are depraved, moral objects may be falsely conveyed or misrepresented, and then, since the failure is not in the principal or leading part, the creature cannot in himself be esteemed iniquitous or unjust. If not in sense, it must lie in opinion, belief, judgment, or, in other words, in that by which the object is constituted for the affections. Thus, whatever causes a misapprehension or misconception of the worth or value of any object, so as to diminish a due, or raise any undue, irregular or unsocial affection, must necessarily be the occasion of wrong. "A mistake of right, not a mistake of fact, is the cause of unjust affection, and so the cause of vicious action in every intelligent and rational being."

Worth and virtue, it thus appears, depend on a knowledge of right and wrong, and on a use of reason sufficient to secure a right application of the affections, or, as it is elsewhere expressed, a proportionable affection. If the principle is wrong, whether

perverted by custom or religion, there is no virtue, since no custom or religion can alter the eternal measures or immutable, independent nature of worth and virtue, which, on the other hand, should the sensible affections stand ever so much amiss, yet if they prevail not because of those other rational affections spoken of, "'tis evident the temper still holds good in the main."

Virtue, then, according to Shaftesbury's definition of it, would result when the rational affections prevail over the merely sensible affections. This however must not happen merely on particular occasions but habitually, so that what is advantageous to society may be ever and in the same manner prosecuted and affected; or, in other words, it is what is done on principle as opposed to mere impulse, and hence it is that we praise those who are virtuous in spite of strong ill passions, not because ill passions can really contribute to virtue, but because by their coercion we get a proof of the strength of the virtuous principle. Finally, this just affection, this uniform and steady will, this virtuous principle, can only be constituted by a well-established reason.

At this point in his inquiry Shaftesbury declares that he has considered what virtue is in itself, and we may therefore pause to inquire whether we have now the data for determining on which side Shaftesbury ought to be placed in a classification of moralists founded on the distinction we have noted above between those whose starting-point is sense, and those who demand a constitutive reason. Since good and evil are according to the Stoic idea made relative to a system or constitution —viz., that of mankind as a whole, and since virtue consists in a reflective or rational affection for this good, or in other words in an affection for those affections which produce it, and since further vice consists in the failure of this principle rather than in particular excesses of the affections or passions, it is necessary to place Shaftesbury on the rational side. Whether this position could be maintained by him consistently with his psychology, and whether he avoided the appearance of relinquishing it in other parts of his Moral speculations, it will remain to examine in the sequel. But so far his position is clear. Virtue depends on a rational affection, the object of which is affections tending to the public good. Consistent benevolence, therefore, or the exercise of what he afterwards calls the natural affections, is the outward manifestation of the virtuous character.

But here almost immediately a difficulty arises. If virtue consists in benevolence, are all those actions which are the result of self-love vicious? At first Shaftesbury seems to incline to that view, but it is manifestly an untenable one, as he could not fail to see. May they then be virtuous? If so, it would be when self-love is moderate, and its result good to the species. But the

admission of a virtue arising thus is inconsistent with the assertion that virtue is the conscious pursuit of the public good, and so Shaftesbury is unable to give a satisfactory answer to the question as to the moral value of self-love; and the most definite statement that we can elicit from him is that an action done from self-love, the motive of which ought to have been natural affection, is vicious, and also the repeated declaration that self-love and natural affection are not inconsistent in their results.

We have in fact here the key to Shaftesbury's strength and weakness. His strength lies in making the object of moral pursuit to be constituted by reason, not compounded out of sense and desire for pleasure. His weakness lies in not distinctly seeing that self-love has a lower and a higher form, and that in its higher form it is an enlightened self-consciousness, by which the satisfaction of self is identified with the realization of such objects as philanthropy and benevolence. With his dualism, if not opposition, between self-love and the natural affections, he can hardly with consistency place virtue in the latter alone; and the difficulty in which he thus finds himself, reduces him to the necessity of relinquishing motive as the criterion of virtue, and finding it often in result, a tendency which, if developed and systematized, must lead to utilitarianism. From another point of view the complete severance of self-love and benevolence makes it somewhat hard to maintain the essential connection between reason and the latter, which Shaftesbury's system demands; and the result is that what he begins by describing as a rational affection is too often represented as a merely intuitive perception of the beauty or proportion of certain actions; or in other words, as what is generally known as the moral sense. To class Shaftesbury himself among the Moral Sense School, would, in our opinion, be a mistake; but a development of one side of his system led to the Moral Sense of Hutcheson, which is as instinctive as hunger, and led also to the strange spectacle of Butler placing benevolence among the particular affections or passions as opposed to a calm or reflective tendency.

The cause of this inconsistency in Shaftesbury is the desire to make benevolence absolutely disinterested, to escape from the selfish theory of Hobbes; but to do this by creating a dualism between self-love and the social affections is destructive of a consistently rational theory. The true way out of the difficulty is one of which Shaftesbury sometimes has glimpses, but which he never distinctly puts forward. It is to distinguish between the lower and the higher self, between a self that is to be pleased, and a self which can only be satisfied with the higher interests of life. In this higher sense of self-love, or as it should be rather termed, this rational consciousness of that in which our true self

consists, is not so much the origin of benevolence, as the state of mind which includes it with the other virtues. If Shaftesbury had grasped this idea he would have seen that virtue cannot be made identical with benevolence, though this may be its most obvious constituent, because it is a higher state to identify oneself with the universal system than it is to make the public good or good of the species our end. Here again Shaftesbury had a glimpse of the true view, but as in the case of the higher self, he does not make it a prominent part of his system.

The consistent maintenance of the view by which alone the moral value of benevolence can be maintained as against Hobbes, depends upon (1) the constitution of the objects of moral desire by reason and not by sense, and as the corollary of this the assertion that desire for pleasure is not our sole ultimate motive; (2) that there is a lower and a higher self, the satisfaction of the lower being selfishness, that of the higher moral virtue; (3) that the good of the species, as the object of virtuous affection, though it may in point of time be prior, is in its ground and moral value posterior to the identification of self as a part of the universal system.

Let us see, therefore, how far Shaftesbury had actually and definitely arrived at these ideas.

1. With regard to the first point Shaftesbury has been placed by Professor Green, in his admirable Introduction to Hume, in the same category of moral philosophers with Hutcheson and Butler—*i.e.*, as followers of Locke, and therefore as unable to escape from the Lockian principle—that all desire is for pleasure; and although he admits that Shaftesbury starts with a doctrine distinct from this, maintains that his principles prevented him from following it out consistently, and made him place virtue in the result and not in the motive. He says (vol. ii. p. 25):

"His way out of the difficulty is, as we have seen, in violation of his own principle to find the characteristic of selfishness not in the motive of any affection but in its result; not in the fact that a man's desire has his own good for its object . . . . nor in the fact that it has pleasure for its object, which Shaftesbury, as the child of his age, could scarcely help thinking was the case with every desire, but in the fact that it is stronger than is consistent with the interest of the species or public."

With regard to the wavering between motive and result as the moral criterion, no defender of Shaftesbury can avoid the confession that the charge is well grounded.

We differ from Professor Green as to the cause of the inconsistency. He places it in the fact that Shaftesbury was a disciple of Locke, and therefore could only make reason a faculty of

means, and desire for pleasure the only ultimate end. We maintain, on the contrary, that in spite of the psychology of his time, and indeed owing to a reaction against it, as manifested in Hobbes, he did make reason to constitute the object of moral affection, and that his inconsistency is caused by the somewhat arbitrary connection which he posits between reason and benevolence, and the dualism between benevolence and self-love, which prevents him from maintaining the doctrine of rational affection.

As to the function of reason, we have already quoted passages to show what Shaftesbury's conception of it was. Professor Green himself allows that he did start with this idea, however he came by it. Let us therefore see what he has to say about pleasure being the ultimate motive. In his Dialogue, "The Moralists," Part I. sec. i., after mentioning the current notion of good as pleasure, he goes on :—

"If only they would inform us which or what sort . . . . such as must constantly remain the same, and equally eligible at all times, I should then perhaps be better satisfied. But when will and pleasure are synonymous, when anything which pleases us is called pleasure, and we never choose and prefer, but as we please, 'tis trifling to say, pleasure is our good. For this has as little meaning as to say, We choose that which we think eligible; we are pleased with what pleases us. The question is whether we are rightly pleased, and choose what we should do. We ought then to appeal against the immediate feeling and experience of one who is pleased and satisfied with what he enjoys."

And again—

"This only I know, that either all pleasure is good or only some. If all, then every kind of sensuality must be precious and desirable. If some only, then we are to seek what kind, and to discover, if we can, what it is which distinguishes between our pleasure and another . . . . and by this stamp, this character, if there be any such, we must define good, and not by pleasure itself."

Other passages are almost equally explicit, but space forbids their quotation. It is quite clear that Shaftesbury perceived that the qualitative distinction between pleasures depends on something higher than mere sense or sensitive desire. That this something was reason, appears as well from passages already quoted as from the following :—

"To bring the satisfaction of the mind, and the enjoyment of reason and judgment under the denomination of pleasure is only a collusion and a plain receding from the common notion of the word."

2. With regard to the distinction between a lower and higher self, Shaftesbury is less explicit. Though he does in places

recognize such a distinction, he does not place it in a prominent position, nor does he use it to bridge over benevolence and self-love, except by reference to results. Thus, in the "Miscellaneous Reflections," No. 4, p. 190, he says :—

"Our knowledge" (*i.e.*, of morals) "depends on the question—What we are ourselves. That there is something which thinks, our doubt itself and scrupulous thought evinces. But the question is—What constitutes the we or I? : . . . If it be certain that I am, 'tis certain and demonstrable who and what I ought to be even on my own account, and for the sake of my own private happiness and success."

Here Shaftesbury does in effect recognize the moral value of self-consciousness, or the realization of that in which our higher self consists, but the only kind of criterion which he mentions is that of private happiness or success.

Again, in "Advice to an Author," Part III. sec. i., he says :—

"Such is the natural affection of all mankind towards moral beauty and perfection, that they never fail in making this presumption on behalf of themselves, that by nature they have something estimable and worthy in respect of others of their kind, and that their genuine, true and natural self is, as it ought to be, of real value in society, and justly honourable for the sake of its merit. Thus is every one convinced of the reality of a better self. . . . The misfortune is that we are seldom taught to comprehend this self, by placing it in a different view from its representation or counterpart." And again, "'tis the main province of philosophy to teach us ourselves."

3. This insufficient conception of self in its relation to morality must necessarily prevent Shaftesbury from a consistent recognition of what must really be the first principle of morals—viz., that the self must be identified as part of the universal system, and not merely of the partial system of mankind. Even on this point, however, there are one or two very striking passages which show that there is in Shaftesbury's system an adumbration of the true view. Thus, he ever and again talks of a state of "resignation," as being the proper state of every subordinate being in relation to the whole. In the "Moralists"—

"In the several orders of terrestrial forms a resignation is required, a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another . . . . and if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world?"

Still more forcibly on p. 358 :—

"Being convinced that this self of mine is a real self, drawn out and copied from another principal and original self (the great one of

the world), I endeavour to be really one with it, and conformable to it as far as I am able. I consider that as there is in one general mass one body of the whole, so to this body there is an order and mind, that to this general mind, each particular one must have relation, as being of like substance, alike active upon body, original to motion and order . . . . and still more like, if it co-operate with it to general good, and strives to will according to the best of wills. So that it cannot surely but seem natural that the particular mind should seek its happiness in conformity with the general one."

From this point of view thus for the moment attained by Shaftesbury, the virtuous man is he who according to the Stoic conception lives agreeably to Nature; or, in other words, identifies his reason with the Divine reason of which it is a part; or who in accordance with the Kantian formula so wills that his will may be universal law; or, once more, if we adopt the phraseology of the objective or scientific school, who in all his acts shows himself completely adapted to the conditions of his existence.

That Shaftesbury did not consistently carry out this idea, we have already confessed, but that he was the slave of the psychology of his time, and that we are to regard his system as merely an illogical superstructure on the foundation of pleasure being the only good, we hope that the passages quoted will be sufficient to disprove, and also to show that we are dealing with an author to whom the greatest injustice would be done in classing him with Hutcheson, or even with Butler.

Now Shaftesbury is generally placed with the former in the so-called Moral Sense School, but, we venture to think, without sufficient grounds. It is true that his expressions are sometimes ambiguous; that he does use the phrase—sense of right and wrong; that he speaks of this faculty as a taste or relish, and that in one passage he applies the term instinct to it. But it is impossible to compare these isolated passages with his account of the rational or reflex affection, and not to see that the inconsistency is one more of words than of idea.

As we have seen, the rational affection was that which by reflection approved those affections the end of which was the good of the species, or, in other words, what Shaftesbury calls the natural affections. "Man has been constituted by means of his rational part to be conscious of his own immediate relation to the universal system." The term "natural," as applied to these affections, had a double reference; they were natural in relation to the system of mankind, natural also to the inner system or fabric of the mind. Thus, in the "Moralists," he says:—

"You who are skilled in other fabrics and compositions both of art and Nature, have you considered of the fabric of the mind, the constitution of the soul, the connection and frame of all its passions and

affections, to know accordingly the order and symmetry of the part, and how it either improves or suffers? Till this be well examined and understood, how shall we judge either of the force of virtue or power of vice?" Again: "Whoever is the least versed in this moral kind of architecture will find the universal fabric so adjusted, and the whole so nicely built, that the bare extending of a single passion a little too far, or the continuance of it too long, is able to bring irrecoverable ruin and misery."

We here then have the idea of the mind as a nicely adjusted system, the proportion of which has to be kept unviolated, a result which can only follow from the supremacy of the natural or social affections. It appears from this point of view that moral virtue is a love of proportion, symmetry, harmony or beauty.

"The admiration and love of order, harmony and proportion in whatever kind is naturally improving to the temper, advantageous to social affection and highly assistant to virtue, which is in itself no other than the love of order and beauty in society." "A rational creature must find a beauty and deformity as well in actions, minds and tempers as in figures, sounds and colours." Again: "Symmetry and proportion is founded still in Nature. . . . . Virtue has the same fixed standard. The same numbers, harmony and proportion will have place in morals and art discoverable in the character and affections of mankind." "The numbers of the heart and beauty of the affections form the manners and conduct of a truly social life."

Passages showing the same conception might be multiplied, and also those in which morals are described as "the art of inward numbers and proportions." Now this idea it is of a moral virtue or beauty, which gives occasion for the continual description of the reflex affection as a taste or relish or sense, analogous to that of the artist.

"The sense of inward numbers, the knowledge and practice of the social virtues, and the favour of the moral graces, are essential to the character of the deserving artist. Thus are the arts and virtues mutually friends." So: "A sense of right and wrong is an original affection of earliest rise in the soul or affectionate part, and nothing except contrary affection can check it."

Now from these and other similar expressions it has sometimes, as we have already said, been asserted that Shaftesbury held the theory of a moral sense or instinctive taste for virtue and virtuous conduct, which make the same immediate impression on the mind as a beautiful picture or a harmonious sound. Now a moral sense of this kind, described also in similar terms as aperception of beauty in actions, was undoubtedly the basis of Hutcheson's system, who also explicitly confined reason to the consideration of means; but in the case of Shaftesbury we are able to produce

passages which conclusively show that he held no such theory, that the identification of virtue with beauty was metaphorical, and that this taste or sense was never regarded by him as unrelated to reason. Thus in one passage he asks :—

"Is beauty the object of sense? Say how? which way? For otherwise the help of sense is nothing in the case. If body be of itself incapable, and sense no power to help it to apprehend or enjoy beauty, there remains only the mind which is capable to apprehend or to enjoy." "Beauty," again, "is most divine, and has no principle or existence except in mind or reason, and is alone discovered and acquired by this diviner part, when it inspects itself, the only object worthy of itself."

Nor is this taste to be considered to be ready-made, or full-grown from the first. No one can have it "without being beholden to philosophy." "A legitimate and just taste can neither be begotten, made, conceived nor produced, without the antecedent labour and pains of criticism." It must be formed, educated, cultivated by ourselves: and how? "By recalling fancy from the power of fashion and education to that of reason."

It turns out, therefore, after all, that this taste or relish though the language used concerning it may sometimes be ambiguous, is not inconsistent in itself with the doctrine of rational affection, the object of which is the conceived good of the species. In either case the good is the natural, and in either case the natural is the rational. From the objective point of view reason apprehends the good of the system of which man by nature is a part. From the subjective point of view the taste or sense of right and wrong, which after all is only a manifestation of reason, perceives the harmony and beauty of actions, which, corresponding to the inner fabric of the mind, enlarge the social affections, and so in their result promote the good of the system which is their end.

Now we have already seen that though the virtue of the natural affections should by Shaftesbury's system depend upon their motive being the good of the species, he often seems to recede from this position, and to make the result the criterion, and in some cases even to use language which might be interpreted to mean that these natural affections must have free play for the sake of the personal happiness which they produce. His real position with regard to this needs some closer examination.

In the Second Book, at the beginning, he asks the question, What obligation is there to Virtue, or what reason to embrace it? In other words, the question may be put in this way. Virtue consists in the exercise of the natural affections,

or those for the good of the species, which are, as it were, set on or directed to this end by rational affection or reflection. Why then does reflection set them on that end rather than on their own good? The obligation which will satisfy a rational system of morals, as Shaftesbury saw quite well, cannot be placed in any such external sanction as obedience to the will of God; because that obedience may either be the result of fear or slavish submission, in which case Shaftesbury's comparison of a chained animal might be applied; or it will be a love of virtue for itself, the reason of which would be still to seek.

The answer to Shaftesbury's question is in point of fact already implied in the word *natural* affection, just as we have seen that the essential character of virtue was implied in the idea of a system. For putting the command of a superior altogether out of the question, as we must, it is evident that the only obligation to virtue can be that inward monitor which always tells us when we have by any action violated our nature, either by the admission of something unnatural, or by putting in a superior place what in the economy or fabric of the mind ought to be subordinate to a higher principle. In other words, self-consciousness carries its own obligation with it, as Butler said of conscience. If we are once conscious of that in which our true self consists, it is perfectly clear that any violation of this self—*i.e.*, any partial satisfaction of it, must produce the feeling of what we may describe as want of harmony, violation of nature, partial affection and vice, and the result of this must be remorse. We feel that we have done wrong, have done what we ought not to have done. Why? Not because we have offended a Deity, or broken a moral code, but because we have broken our own nature as revealed in consciousness, and in this sense it is that vice, as Socrates used to say, is more unnatural than tortures and death.

If now we ask whether this was the answer which Shaftesbury gave, we must say, No and Yes. He is an unsystematic writer, and often digresses from his point before we are able to gather from his vague and wordy style of writing the definite clue we are seeking. Still there are passages which seem to point to the view of moral obligation referred to above.

> "No one will deny," he says, "that this affection of a creature towards the good of the species or common nature is as proper and natural to him, as it is to any organ, part, or member of an animal body, or mere vegetable, to work in its known course and regular way of growth."

The natural affections, however, are not the only part of man's nature; he has also self-affections of various degrees of

moral worth, as we have seen. Now on the one hand we must allow that the latter are to be cultivated to a certain extent, if only as necessary conditions of the former; but on the other hand, our position as parts of a system points to the subordination of these latter, while the nature composed of these two elements could scarcely be symmetrical if the two parts of it did not coincide, at least to a great extent. From this it results that the state to be aimed at by the would-be virtuous man is a balance of the two sides of his nature—*i.e.*, a state in which no passion shall be strained too far or relaxed too far. Now it is evident that from this point of view virtue is the result of the due recognition of what our nature demands as a whole, any violation of which is at once attended by unhappiness and misery, a state of dissolution; an unhappiness which, if it meant only external results, would be a utilitarian obligation (and against this Shaftesbury is not sufficiently on his guard), but which may also be the consciousness of a violated nature or self; and this no doubt Shaftesbury must have intended when he wrote the following passage:—

> "Now if the fabric of the mind or temper appeared such to us as it really is; if we saw it impossible to remove hence any one good or orderly affection, or introduce any ill or disorderly one without drawing on *in some degree* that dissolute state which at its height is confessed to be so miserable, 'twould then undoubtedly be owned that, since no ill, immoral or unjust action would be committed without either a new inroad and breach on the temper and passions, or a farther advancing of that execution already begun, whoever did ill, or acted in prejudice of his integrity . . . . would of necessity act with greater cruelty towards himself, than he who scrupled not to swallow what was poisonous, or who with his own hands should voluntarily mangle or wound his outward form or constitution, natural limbs or body."

And again:

> "In every different creature there is a different and distinct order, set or suit of passions, proportionable to the different order of life, the different functions and capacities assigned to each. As the operations and effects are different, so are the springs and causes in each system. The inside work is fitted to the outward action and performance, so that where actions or affections are dislodged, misplaced or changed . . . . there must of necessity be confusion and disturbance within."

But while the real obligation to virtue is thus subjective and internal, and depends upon the essential harmony of a consciously rational nature, Shaftesbury does not consistently keep to this view. In point of fact he could not do so. Like the Stoics, from whom he derived the idea, he represents the system or constitution of human nature as consisting in part of elements

which can have no lot or portion in the moral life. Necessary though they may be to the good of the species, as they do not aim at this, they cannot make a man virtuous. This deficiency of Shaftesbury's view and the cause of it we have already seen, but the excluded self-affections will reappear in one way or another; and since Shaftesbury refused to accept the thorough-going asceticism of the Stoics, and to say that the self-passions existed only to be resigned or expelled, and since it was alien from his character to admit the Stoic paradox that the virtuous man is happy in the midst of external pain and misery, he finds it necessary, as he says, to remove all prejudices against virtue, and to create a fair reception for it by making it apparently the interest of every one. And so it comes about that almost the whole of Book II., which commences with the question—What is our obligation to virtue? is taken up with the proof that the natural affections alone cause true happiness, and so that virtue and interest coincide. A reader who confined his attention to Book II. would be justified in coming to the conclusion that the interest or resulting happiness was the obligation in Shaftesbury's opinion for the natural affections, and yet that certainly would not have been his answer, had the question been put to him in that form. The ambiguity of his position is caused by a false idea of that in which the harmony of human nature was to consist. It is not the natural affections which are virtuous by themselves, the other parts having to fit in as best they can, but the nature as a whole which is virtuous when guided by self-consciousness and reason. In other words the self-affections, when under proper control, may be as real exemplifications of virtue as the social, and so the harmony of Nature is saved, without the necessity of finding what is comparatively an artificial harmony, or pre-established agreement between virtue and interest. This latter, however, is in effect rather the view which Shaftesbury puts before us in Book II. Having expressly limited virtue to the result of the social affections, to which he also confines the term "natural;" and having made the self-affections not indeed necessarily vicious, but neutral, he proceeds, after having inquired what is the obligation to these natural affections, to show how they produce the greatest amount of self-enjoyment, how virtue and interest coincide, and thus while one side only of our nature is to be consciously followed, the other is yet satisfied, and therefore no real violation is produced of anything in our nature; in other words, its harmony is vindicated. Yet by how artificial a method! Two different sides of our nature have two different objects, and yet both of these are secured by following out only one side. But apart from this, where interest and virtue so evidently coincide, as Shaftesbury's

eloquent periods make them appear to do, what virtue is there in being virtuous? Does not virtue imply self-abnegation? So of course Shaftesbury himself would declare. But on the one hand, by his one-sided view of self and self-affection he makes this self-abnegation too absolute; while on the other, to make his scheme practicable, he represents the effects of this self-abnegation to be the highest enjoyment. Such self-abnegation is really the abnegation or government of the lower self by the higher, the result of which is an inner harmony and satisfaction, which though it may be described by the somewhat vague term happiness, can hardly be represented as furnishing a motive for action. Now, the satisfaction which Shaftesbury attaches to the natural affections is different from this :—

"Thus the charm of kind affection is superior to all other pleasure. . . . . Wherever it presents itself with any advantage it silences and appeases every other motion of pleasure. No joy merely of sense can be a match for it. Whoever is judge of both the pleasures, will ever give the preference to the former. But to be able to judge of both, it is necessary to have a sense of each. The honest man can judge indeed of sensual pleasure, and know its utmost force . . . . but the immoral and profligate man can by no means be allowed a good judge of social pleasure to which he is so mere a stranger by his nature."

The effects of kind affection are further described as an "enjoyment of good by communication, and receiving it as it were by reflection, or by way of participation in the good of others, and a pleasing consciousness of the actual love, merited esteem, or approbation of others."

This natural affection is, as we have already seen, acted upon and directed to its object by reflection or reason. One of the results of this relation is that the natural affections carry with them their own obligation, quite apart from any consequences which may attend them, whether of happiness or the reverse. There is, however, another consequence on which Shaftesbury lays much stress. These feelings are not mere irrational affections of which we can give no account to ourselves, which in their turn are predominant in our nature, and then give way to others. The very essence of reason is its universality, or as Shaftesbury generally prefers to say, its equableness. The object of these natural affections as given by reason is the good of the whole as the whole, not the good of any particular part of it. Desire for the latter would be partial, unequal affection, uncertain and fluctuating, implying in itself an absolute contradiction.

"As it has no foundation or establishment in *reason*, so it must be easily removable, and subject to alteration *without reason*. On the

other hand entire affection is equal, constant, accountable to itself, ever satisfactory and pleasing. We may say of it with justice that it carries with it a consciousness of merited love and approbation from all society, from all intelligent creatures, and from whatever is original to all other intelligence. And if there be in Nature any such original, we may add that the satisfaction which attends entire affection is full and noble in proportion to its final object, which contains all perfection. . . . . And to have this 'entire affection' or integrity of mind is to live according to Nature."

We have now seen (1) what virtue is in its own nature. To this question Shaftesbury's answer was that it consists in a rational or reflex affection for those affections which tend to the good of the public or system to which man belongs, the moral value of the self-affections being left vague and indeterminate, though their necessity as conditions is of course allowed. (2.) The outward manifestation of virtue has been seen to be an active and continuous benevolence, which it is one of Shaftesbury's chief objects to maintain is reasonable and disinterested, not to be resolved into any manifestation of self-affection; though in at least apparent inconsistency with this we have noticed the stress which he lays on the enjoyable results of these natural affections. It remains to inquire more particularly into Shaftesbury's conception of vice, its causes and its manifestations.

In Book I. he says :—

"If there can possibly be supposed in a creature such an affection toward self-love as is actually in its natural degree conducing to his private interest, and at the same time inconsistent with the public good, this may indeed be called still a vicious affection. And on this supposition a creature cannot really be good and natural in respect of his society and public without being ill and unnatural towards himself. But if the affections be then only injurious to the society, when it is immoderate, and not so when it is moderate, duly tempered and allayed, then is the immoderate degree of the affection truly vicious, but not the moderate. And thus if there be found in any creature a more than ordinary self-concernment, as regards to private good, which is inconsistent with the interest of the species or public, this must in every respect be esteemed an ill and vicious affection. And this is what we commonly call selfishness."

And again :—

"Let a creature in any particular act ever so well: if at the bottom it be that selfish affection alone which moves him, he is in himself still vicious. Nor can any creature be considered otherwise, when the passion towards self-good, though ever so moderate, is the real motive in the doing that to which a natural affection for his kind ought to have inclined him."

We have here then to a certain extent vice identified with

selfishness, the latter being understood to mean either an immoderate amount of self-affection, or self-affection of any sort out of its right place. But in the same way as particular virtuous actions do not make a man virtuous—as virtuous acts must arise from a virtuous principle, which if it really exists will guarantee a virtuous habit of life—so vicious acts are not detached and particular violations, but those which arise from the absence of the principle or its corruption. Vice, therefore, is produced only by what takes away the natural and just sense of right and wrong, or creates a wrong sense of it, or causes the right sense to be opposed by contrary affections. Now we must bear in mind that the sense of right and wrong here spoken of is the same as the taste or relish for the beautiful and harmonious in action, which Shaftesbury has elsewhere told us must depend on reason. Therefore, when this sense or this principle is said to be wanting, we are to understand that something is wanting on the rational side of the nature. It cannot mean, however, that the rational apprehension of the good or ill of the species is absent. That every rational creature has. But "when we say of a creature that he has wholly lost the sense of right and wrong, we must suppose that being able to discern the good and ill of the species, he has at the same time no concern for either, nor any sense of excellency or baseness in any moral action relating to one or the other." In other words, reason may be present and the natural affections may be present, but the absence of any connection between the two would imply that though the good of the system may be perceived by the reason, it is not made by the reason an object to the affections, and will therefore not be sought equably and entirely, but by chance and accident. But how comes this sense of right and wrong to be lost? For a soul may as well be without sense or without admiration in the things of which it has any knowledge. Shaftesbury's answer is that this being a first principle in our constitution and make, there is no speculative opinion, persuasion or belief which is capable immediately or directly to exclude or destroy it. "That which is of original and pure nature, nothing beside contrary habit and custom (a second nature) is able to displace. And this affection being an original one, of earliest rise in the soul or affectionate part, nothing beside contrary affection by frequent check or control can operate upon it so as either to diminish it in part or destroy it in the whole."

Similarly, a false sense of right and wrong can only be produced by the force of custom and education in opposition to nature. This language about the destruction or depravation of the moral principle gives us a clue to one part of Shaftesbury's system, which is elsewhere only vaguely stated. We find much

said about affection and its moral value, but generally little about action; and yet there can be no doubt, that, leaving out of account those cases where a virtuous intention is counteracted in action by some mistake or accident, a man must be judged by his actions as the outcome and criterion of his character. Now in this account of the moral sense being lost through habit we have an implicit recognition of this. What may be lost by ill habits must be maintained by good habits, and so we find in other passages that the moral sense is susceptible of education, that it must be trained and formed by ourselves, and how? not by theory in the first instance, but by the formation of good habits, the habituation depending, however, on reason, for habit *quâ* habit has no moral value.

So far, vice has been looked at in relation only to the moral principle, but it has another aspect as the opposite of virtue, considered as the harmony or balance of the mind's fabric. From this point of view it is the displacement or overstraining of any part of the mind.

"The plainer or more essential part of vice, and which alone deserves to be considered as such, is (1) when either the public affections are weak or deficient; or (2) when the private or self-affections are too strong; or (3) when such affections arise as are neither of these, nor in any degree tending to the support of the public or private system."

This, however, it is clear is only another way of representing in somewhat more detail the various modes of corruption to which the moral principle is liable. A word or two is necessary, before we conclude this account of Shaftesbury's moral system, as to the relation conceived by him to exist between morality and religion. On the question whether morality depends upon or receives its sanction from religion, Shaftesbury is decided and explicit. He says:—

"Whoever thinks there is a God and pretends formally to believe that He is just and good, must suppose that there is independently such a thing as justice and injustice, truth and falsehood, right and wrong, according to which he pronounces that God is just, righteous and true. If the mere will, decree or law of God be said absolutely to constitute right and wrong, then are these latter words of no significance at all."

Morality, then, does not depend on the external command of God, considered merely as the Lord of the universe. On this most moralists, including even Butler, are agreed. But there is another point of view to be regarded before we can assert that morality is entirely independent of religion. We have to consider whether there is no archetype of the perfect goodness which we can conceive but are unable to attain, whether the yearnings

after what is good are not in reality an uplifting of the good within us to the eternal and perfect goodness which is their source; whether, lastly, when we identify ourselves in consciousness as parts of the universe as a whole, bound to assimilate ourselves to, and to regulate ourselves by, its universal course, we are not being conformed to that which is His finite manifestation containing the imprint of His nature and the outcome of His creative will. If this is so in any degree, then to become virtuous is to become like to God, to be conscious of our relationship to Him, to cultivate the divine part within us, the *θεῖον τι*, the enlargement of which makes man almost divine, and its abasement, worse, because more guiltily responsible, than the bestial nature. From an ultimate connection of some such a nature as this between our finite virtue and the divine nature it is impossible to escape, unless we banish from the sphere of thought all theistic conceptions whatever; and even then the kernel of the truth remains hardened into the crust of scientific phraseology—viz., that perfect virtue consists in a perfect adaptation of man to the general laws of the universe, or the conditions of his existence. That Shaftesbury did perceive the necessity of a connection of this kind between morality and religion we have already quoted one remarkable passage to show; but it was an idea which it was foreign both to his own nature and to the tendency of his times to bring out prominently or systematically. As to the subordinate question, what the effect of various forms of religion, or of the belief in future rewards and punishments generally is on conduct, he is more explicit. Immediately and directly no speculative belief, whether theistical or atheistical, has any power to operate in such a case, but only through the intervention of opposite or of favourable affections casually excited by any such belief.

"As the ill character of a God does injury to the affections of men, and disturbs and impairs the natural sense of right and wrong, so on the other hand nothing can more highly contribute to the fixing of right apprehensions and sound judgment, or sense of right and wrong, than to believe a God who is ever and on all accounts represented such as to be actually a true model and example of the most exact justice and highest goodness and worth."

To the expectation of future rewards and punishments Shaftesbury assigns a definite, though a subordinate, value. The fear or hope of them can never be called a good affection—*i.e.*, an affection giving rise to truly good actions, nor can they be consistent with virtue or goodness, if they stand as essential to any moral performance, or as a considerable motive to any act, of which some better affection ought *alone* to have been a sufficient cause. On the

other hand, there may be in certain cases a real good affection towards the species or society; which may however be frequently overcome by contrary passions, and the reflection that in addition to the immediate consequence of the actions future rewards and punishments await them, may often give the requisite strength to the good affection and enable it to overcome the bad. In this way virtue may be made apparently the interest of every one, all prejudices against it be removed, and a fair reception created for it, while the semi-virtuous conduct produced by these considerations may, if the habit be kept up, at last become really virtuous. By which we are to understand, not that virtue may be arrived at by mere habit, but that by the absence of the bad affections, caused by good habits, the moral principle may have power to assert itself, the good habits being therefore merely the protection or shield, without which the as yet imperfect sense of right and wrong would be unable to develop to its full strength.

We have now examined the system of Shaftesbury from all its points of view. We have seen how it arose from a reaction against the selfish theory of Hobbes, which again was in strict consistency with the principles underlying Locke's "Essay." In opposition to this, Shaftesbury maintains that virtue consists in benevolence, and that benevolence is disinterested—*i.e.*, is not to be resolved into any form of self-affection. Further than this, he contradicts what is the foundation of any system of morals based on Locke's philosophy—the assertion that all desire is for pleasure—meaning by pleasure that which in the last resort appeals to the senses. In place of this sense-constituted object, if indeed sense can constitute an object at all, he puts forward a constitutive reason, a reason which by rationalizing the object of the natural affections makes their exercise to be virtuous and their neglect to be vicious. Following then the Stoic conception of a system with parts duly adjusted to the object of the whole, he makes that virtuous which promotes the public good, arriving at the utilitarian result on anti-utilitarian grounds; anti-utilitarian, because the motive is elevated into the criterion, not the result. From the same standpoint of a system of the universe or Nature he arrives at the conception that virtue consists in following Nature, which again, as in the case of the Stoics, has a double meaning. It may mean that man lives in obedience to the universal reason of which his own forms a part, and conforms his finite nature to the great original; or again, it may mean that his mind or mental constitution being also a system or fabric, he maintains its various parts in their due relation to one another, neither placing the lower above the higher, nor straining any too far. From this point of view it is that virtue is harmony, pro-

portion, beauty, and that the faculty in man which approves it and loves it, is now the heart, now a taste or relish. Or again, as the virtuous man is he whose higher or true self is supreme, so the vicious man is he who is governed by what is not his true self, by his lower passions. But a man in such a case is a slave, a slave to his lower self, to his unreal self, while the virtuous man is free, "free from passion and low interest, reconciled to the goodly order of the universe, harmonious with Nature, joined in friendship both with God and man." Lastly, he only who so lives is truly happy: mental pleasures are higher than bodily, and the joy of the social affections better and more lasting and more equable than any others.

We have fulfilled our task. Our object has been to make Shaftesbury more than a name without much individuality in the history of moral philosophy. The course and method of reading prescribed for the philosophical examination at Oxford is so comprehensive that its students are tempted to pass over individual moralists somewhat hastily, or roughly to class them with others more popular or more generally known. This has to a great extent happened in the case of Shaftesbury. He is put down with the Moral Sense School, and is comprehended in the ordinary criticism which is considered sufficient to dispose of that unfortunately named school, while Butler is usually chosen of the three writers, who are usually classed together in this respect, for special study and examination. In our opinion there is more that is profound and suggestive in the man of letters than in the theologian, whom we may examine in a future article.

ART. IV.—THE DIAMOND.

1. *The Great Diamonds of the World: their History and Romance.* By EDWIN W. STREETER, F.R.G.S., Author of "Precious Stones and Gems." George Bell & Sons. 1882.
2. *Mani-Mala.* A Treatise on Gems. By RAJA SOURENDRO MOHUN TAGORE, Mus. Doc., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. I. C. Bose, Stanhope Press, Calcutta. 1881.
3. *Economic Geology of India.* Chapter I. "The Diamond." By V. BALL, M.A., F.G.S., Officiating Deputy Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India: Office of the Geological Survey, Calcutta, &c. Trübner: London. 1881.

IT may very probably be thought by some of those who are acquainted with the extensive literature which treats of the diamond, that all that is or can be *known* regarding the history

of the famous historical diamonds and the sources from whence they were obtained, was published many years ago. Others who have carefully studied the question themselves have doubtless realized how imperfect and contradictory the best available accounts manifestly were. Conscious, perhaps, that sources of information, to them inaccessible, did actually exist, they could scarcely have realized the extent and magnitude of the light which these sources were capable of throwing on the subject.

The general public, on the other hand, or rather those of them who ever gave a thought to the subject, have complacently rested with confidence on the belief that, should occasion require, it was only necessary for them to turn to the article "Diamond" in a cyclopædia in order to obtain as full a sketch of all the accurate and trustworthy information as could possibly be desired by any one.

In this article it is proposed to give a concise statement of the most important additions to our knowledge which are contained in the works whose titles are given above. Of very different characters, and treating the subject from almost wholly distinct points of view, they may be said to supplement one another, and where they overlap each other's respective territories they react as most efficient checks. The diamond merchant to his knowledge of the lore of the trade has superadded the results of many years' personal and literary inquiry. The Indian Raja has taken for his text the Oriental classics which bear upon the subject, and has availed himself of many other and varied sources of information; and, lastly, the geologist gives us the results of the examination of the geological structure by his colleagues and himself, of all the localities where diamonds are known to have been found in India, the knowledge so acquired having enabled him to fix on modern maps the positions of localities of which only the names, in hitherto obscure archaic garb, have been handed down for many centuries.

That the fictions and blunders so abundant in the accounts which have been heretofore published, will, in future textbooks, be given up and replaced by the important facts set forth in these volumes, especially the first and third, is perhaps too much to hope for. Those behind the scenes, so to speak, can alone realize how tenacious of life, or in other words of publication, some fictions are. From one textbook to another, and from one encyclopædia to those which plagiarise from it, such misrepresentations of fact can alas too often be easily traced. A specialist in a particular subject may protest at the repetition of an error, but he may not survive to see it finally removed from the works which are the accepted guides of the public.

To give an example, the writer had once occasion to trace back a particular statement which found a place in many text-books, but which he had reason for believing was incorrect. Its earliest mention was found to be in a work, published in French, the author of which while quoting (or rather misquoting) from a somewhat rare English book had obviously failed to comprehend the passage. The subsequent writers had quoted first from this French work and then from one another, none of them having gone beyond it to the original source of information.

The diamond industry of India is the branch of our subject about which, owing to its antiquity, most has already been written, and regarding which much elucidation was required. In other countries where the diamond occurs, Borneo being excepted, the industry is of comparatively modern origin, and the facts are therefore more readily within reach; but even with regard to them, although they are less affected by the halo of fable and love of the miraculous connected with most oriental subjects, still a tendency to exaggerate and distort facts is more or less apparent in some of the accounts which have been published. Contemporary descriptions free from these blemishes, therefore, will be of great value hereafter, and may be made pleasant and instructive reading for us now.

The most important contributions to our knowledge contained in these volumes, then, refer to India, and to these more particularly, but not exclusively, it is intended to direct attention in this article. In making this announcement the writer feels bound to add that, should he fail to impress upon his readers how substantial and conclusive these newly-acquired facts and deductions are, he will have grievously failed to accomplish the task which he has undertaken.

About half a century ago, Karl Ritter's marvellous compilation* gave a nearly complete *résumé* of the information regarding Indian diamonds, which was available in his time. Not a few of the statements which he quoted were fictitious, and some of his ingenious deductions we now know to be incorrect; but authors up to the time of the publication of these volumes have, with few exceptions, quoted and requoted from Karl Ritter, generally without acknowledgment and without any attempt to check his account by reference to the numerous official and other publications on the subject which have appeared in India.

Read in the light of our most recently-acquired knowledge of the geography and geology the accounts by early travellers of the diamond industry, as well as of many other subjects, bear a

* "Erdkunde Asien," vol. vi.

totally different complexion from what they have when studied without such aid. The places mentioned can be traced and identified, and the facts recorded can be fitted together, thus affording by themselves alone, skeleton histories of the localities which were visited.

Let us, before noticing the contents of the volumes which form our text, consider briefly the characteristics of the information which the early travellers to India afford us. As none of our authors give the information exactly in this form, it may not be an unacceptable contribution to the subject if we enumerate who the principal writers on the subject were up to the close of the eighteenth century.

Dionysius Perigetes, who wrote B C. 30, gives a rough indication of the region from whence the diamonds, which at that early period found their way to Europe, were obtained. It may be perhaps questioned whether the *adamas*, which he mentions, was really the diamond, together with other precious stones it was, he says, obtained beyond the Hindu Kush and Ariana. That it was the diamond, however, is probable from the fact that Manilius, writing shortly after, alluded to the *adamas* in such a way as to leave no doubt that he was speaking of the diamond. So also Pliny, in his "Historia Naturalis" (A.D. 77), mentions the *adamas*, and states that it was found in the Ganges and Acsesines (or Chenab) rivers, probably because they were the two principal Indian rivers known to him, as it is more than doubtful that either of them ever produced diamonds. Ptolemy (A.D. 140 to 160) mentions an *adamas* river which may have been either the Mahanadi or Kistna, most probably the former. In it he tells us diamonds occurred in abundance. Several Sanscrit works of uncertain dates, to which reference will be made hereafter, give lists of localities in India where diamonds were found. Mahomed-ben-Mansur, in the tenth century, records that the diamond was obtained in a valley in India inhabited by serpents. In the thirteenth century Marco Polo visited Southern India, and gives an account of the fabulous method of obtaining diamonds through the agency of birds, as also does the next authority we shall mention—namely, Nicolo Conti, who travelled in India in the fifteenth century. The probable origin of this widely spread fable will be discussed on a future page.

Passing now to the sixteenth century, there are accounts of visits to the diamond-bearing regions by several intelligent travellers, and by them no reference is made to the old fable, whose latest advocate appears to have been Nicolo Conti. The first of these was a Roman gentleman named Lewes Urtomannus. He says diamonds were obtained in the kingdoms of Deccan and Narsinga, and he was quite familiar with white

sapphires, &c., which he calls false diamonds; they were found then as now in Ceylon.

In 1565 a physician resident at Goa, named Garcias ab Horto, produced a work on drugs in which he mentions several localities as producing diamonds, and alludes to certain large stones then in the possession of natives. One of them, it has been suggested, may have been the Great Mogul diamond which was a century afterwards described by Tavernier. So far as we know, attention has never been drawn to one remarkable statement made by this author. He alludes to a Jesuit father named François de Farnara, who had stated that diamonds occur in Brazil, but treats him as unworthy of credence, because he put faith in the fable above alluded to. This must have been fully one hundred and sixty years before 1728, when the diamond was first regularly sought for in Brazil.

In 1567 a traveller named Cæsar Frederick mentions localities in Southern India, one of them perhaps identical with Tavernier's Raolconda, and also in Borneo, as producing diamonds, and he describes the manner in which the search was prosecuted. A few years later (1583) the Englishmen Fitch and Newberry published in the account of their travels some remarks about the Indian trade in precious stones and the production of stones in Borneo. Our next authority is the Emperor Jahangir, who, in his diary, gives an account of the production of diamonds in Chutia Nagpur —the ancient Kokrah, which his generals had recently conquered. Following him comes the English trader William Methold (1622), who describes a visit to a mine in the Kistna Valley, probably Kollur (Tavernier's Gani Coulour).

A curious pamphlet by Henry Lord, a clergyman on the establishment in Western India, which is dated 1630, bears the title, "Discovery of the Banian Religion." In it we are given the native view as to the first discovery of diamonds, which is attributed to Sudra, or the progenitor of the lowest castes of the Hindus. Curiously enough, the diamond searchers to this day are either Sudras or aboriginal outcasts. Often-quoted writers are De Boot and De Laet, but all that they have to say on the subject is quoted from the already-mentioned writers. Neither of them ever visited India.

The next authority was the famous jeweller Tavernier, who made several visits to India about the year 1665. His facts will frequently be quoted in the course of the following pages.

Captain Hamilton, who traded to the East Indies between the years 1688 and 1728, describes briefly the diamond mines nearest to Madras. He also refers to the circumstances under which Mr. Pitt acquired the diamond now known as the Regent. What he says on the subject is not favourable to Mr. Pitt; it appears to have been overlooked by all who have entered into the controversy.

Mr. Streeter's new work has a more restricted sphere than his previously published volume on "Precious Stones." It treats of diamonds only, but it treats of their histories in a fuller and more complete manner than has ever been attempted, or, perhaps, we should say, accomplished before. The histories now presented to us are in many cases very different from those hitherto published; they have been built up step by step from materials derived at first-hand from original authorities, and some of them have received important elucidation and illustration from the author's technical examination of the original stones, or of accurate models of them.

About seventy diamonds known to fame have special chapters devoted to their histories in this volume—none of these weigh less than thirty carats; but what the weight of the largest diamond ever discovered may be cannot now be stated, since the list is headed by a stone regarding which there are grave doubts.

"If genuine, the Braganza is by far the largest diamond, not only in existence, but of which there is any record." The stone weighs, it is said, 1,680 carats, and is of the size of a goose's egg; but is it a diamond? On this point we have no certain knowledge; it is believed to be hidden away in the Portuguese treasury, the Government being anxious that it should continue (whatever its real value) to be regarded as a diamond by the public. It has been suggested that it is only a white topaz. If it be a diamond of good quality, its nominal value, calculated as are the values of other diamonds, must be enormous, though probably falling far short of the sum mentioned by Romé Delisle, who fixed it at 300 millions sterling. Murray rejecting this estimate as preposterous, considers that, according to the method of calculation by Jeffries, its value, in its present form, would be £5,644,800, between this and the two or three pounds, which would be a liberal value for it, if a topaz, there is a sufficiently wide interval.

The question may naturally suggest itself to some readers, how is the value of a diamond ascertained? To this several answers might be given. Like other commodities diamonds vary in value with the supply and demand.

In Mr. Streeter's work on "Precious Stones" information will be found on this subject, but, of course, it requires an expert to avail of the information with reference to cut brilliants, and much more so with reference to rough stones. A layman cannot say whether a diamond should be classed as "good" or "fine," and the range in price per carat of stones not exceeding five carats in these classes alone, varies, we are told, from £10 to £50. Larger and exceptional stones command exceptional prices.

Tavernier's method was to refer the diamond whose value

was to be estimated to a scale of one carat diamonds of different values. Having, so to speak, matched it, he squared the number of carats and multiplied the product by the value of the one carat stone. By this method a fraction of a carat in the weight of a large stone was of great importance. As he illustrated by the case of the Great Mogul, which weighed 279 $\frac{9}{16}$ carats, this gave a value of 11,723,278 livres 14 sols and 3 liards. If it had only weighed 279 carats, its value would have been 11,676,150 livres, the difference, or 47,128 livres 14 sols 3 liards, represented the value in that case of the $\frac{9}{16}$ths of a carat.

Regarding the diamond which ranks next in size to the Braganza, there is also a considerable degree of uncertainty. It is known as the Matan, and belongs to the Sultan of Borneo. Its weight is said to be 367 carats, and its estimated value in its uncut state amounts to £369,378. It is regarded as the last emblem of royalty remaining in the family of the Sultan, and, as miraculous healing powers are attributed to the stone, no inducement offered by the Dutch Government has been sufficient to make its owners agree to dispose of it.

The Nizam diamond, at present in the possession of the Nizam of Hyderabad, is yet another jealously-guarded stone, which, if genuine, as it probably is, must be, from its large size, among the most valuable ever found. There have been several accounts of this stone which are not quoted by Mr. Streeter; but as they do not agree with one another, nor with the one now published, it is useless to attempt any reconciliation until information can be obtained from the Court of the Nizam.

By many writers the Great Mogul and *Koh-i-nur* diamonds are regarded as being identical, and this opinion having been accepted as proved, the histories of the two have become so entangled that writers who hold the opinion now argued with much force by Mr. Streeter (namely, that these were two distinct stones), have not succeeded in completely separating the facts which refer to each respectively.

Whichever view be adopted, there are undoubtedly still slight flaws or inconsistencies which make one hope that some native manuscript may be hereafter discovered in India capable of removing them.

We make no apology for entering upon this subject in some detail, since the treatment of it from very different points of view occupies several pages in each of the volumes at the head of this article. The features which are uncertain may be thus stated as queries. Do the two histories converge at a point? and, if not, do they exist coterminously as parallel lines which in their extension overlap one another?

The Great Mogul diamond was seen by Tavernier in the Treasury of the Emperor Aurungzeb, on the 2nd of November,

1665, and in his travels he four times makes mention of it. Owing to carelessness in the writer there are several discrepancies. In one passage Mirgimola (Emir Jemla) is said to have presented the stone originally to Shah Jehan, the father; while in another he is said to have presented it to Aurungzeb the son; the independent testimony of Bernier is to the effect that Shah Jehan was the recipient. The stone had been found originally at a mine called Gani, or Coulour, the identity of which with Kollur, or the lower Kistna, we shall discuss on a future page.

This mine had been opened some hundred years previously, but the date of the discovery of this stone is uncertain. Mr. Streeter is inclined to fix it somewhere between 1630 and 1650, and the date of its being presented to Shah Jehan as 1655, but the reasons for the former conclusion seem to be less substantial than for the latter. When seen by Tavernier ten years later, it was already in Aurungzeb's possession, although Shah Jehan, then in prison, had been allowed to retain the greater part of his jewels for his lifetime. And the fact of its having come into the former's possession has been ingeniously accounted for by King, who supposes it had been placed in the hands of Hortensio Borgio to be cut, the operation not having been completed until after Shah Jehan had been imprisoned.

Among the discrepancies alluded to as occurring in Tavernier's several accounts are the weights which he mentions. Thus we are told in one passage that the rough stone weighed 900 carats, in another 900 ratis (or $787\frac{1}{2}$ carats), and in yet another 907 ratis (or $793\frac{5}{8}$ carats). The first was evidently due to a slip of the pen, the others probably arose from some similar cause; but as they refer to the hearsay reports of the stone, before it was cut, they are not of much importance. There is, too, a slight discrepancy in the weight of the cut stone which Tavernier actually handled. In one place it is given as $319\frac{1}{2}$ ratis (or 280 carats), and in another $319\frac{1}{2}$ ratis (or $279\frac{9}{16}$). The context in which these occur effectually disprove the suggestion sometimes made that Tavernier saw two distinct stones. The figure given by Tavernier and the description of the form of the Great Mogul, "rose cut round and very high on one side," together with the statement that it was of the purest water, with but one little flaw, are considered by Mr. Streeter to be alone sufficient to dispose of the possibility of its being identical with the Koh-i-nur, which, when first known to us, was an irregular ellipse, very flat, dull, and full of flaws. The author of the Economic Geology has suggested (p. 19) that these differences, and the difference in weight amounting to 100 carats, might be accounted for by the Great Mogul having been cleaved and otherwise mutilated, subsequent to its examination by Tavernier.

Another theory, purely fanciful and gratuitous in its conception, is characterized by Mr. Streeter as "wild." According to it, "Borgio by cleavage obtained three stones from the one entrusted to him—the Mogul, the Koh-i-nur, and a third which afterwards disappeared. On this it is sufficient to remark that the Koh-i-nur, though not then known by this name, came into the hands of the Mogul Emperors in 1526, or over one hundred and thirty years before Borgio reached India."

It is this last-mentioned point that justifies the conclusion that if any faith is to be put in Tavernier's account, the two stones cannot be identical. All we know of the Great Mogul is derived from Bernier and Tavernier. Whether after the latter had seen it, it was broken up, lost, or hidden away never to be rediscovered, we cannot say, but this for the first time has been made clear by Mr. Streeter's new work, that its history, and, therefore, its identity, are distinct, and are not to be confounded with that of any other known diamond. It may appear again on the scene. The well-known histories of precious stones record many cases where gems lost to view for long periods have again been brought to light. In the meantime, it is useless to speculate on the chances of its being hidden away among the treasures of some Indian or Persian potentate.

So far for the Great Mogul. We must now go back a little in order to place the already partially-indicated history of the Koh-i-nur in a fuller and more independent light.

The legendary history of the Koh-i-nur goes back perhaps five thousand years, but with this we need not concern ourselves. The first distinct reference to it is to be found in the Memoirs of Sultan Baber, the founder of the Mogul Empire. Writing on May 4, 1526, he describes how, after the battle of Paniput, the family of Bikermajit, Rajah of Gwalior, offered to Humaiun Baber's own son and ultimate successor a quantity of jewels and precious stones:—

"Among these was one famous diamond which had been acquired by Sultan Ala-ed-din. It is so valuable that a judge of diamonds valued it at half of the daily expenses of the whole world. It is about eight *mishkels*. On my arrival Humaiun presented it to me as a *peshkesh*, and I gave it back to him as a present. . . . . Ala-ed-din had obtained possession of the famous diamond in the year 1304 when he defeated the Rajah of Malwa, in whose family it had been as an heirloom from time out of mind."

Tradition carries it back to Bikermajit's namesake and predecessor Vikramaditya, who flourished in 57 B.C., but this may simply have been suggested by the identity of the names.

We learn for certain, then, which is all that is required for our present purpose, that the stone which belonged to Ala-ed-din in

1304, when it first became the property of the Moguls in 1526, weighed about 8 *mishkels*, or 187 carats, and it may be pointed out that this was almost exactly the weight ($186\frac{1}{16}$ carats) of the Koh-i-nur when brought to England. Although "famous" already according to Baber, it did not receive its name, which signifies "Mountain of Light," till it passed into the hands of Nadir Shah, when he seized Delhi from Mohamed Shah in 1739.

Now, it may be asked, if it was at Delhi when Tavernier was there, how was it that he did not see it? The simple reply to which is that, unlike the Great Mogul, it was probably not then in Aurungzeb's possession, but was with the other precious stones which Shah Jehan retained with himself in prison at Agra.

We are even told that Aurungzeb wanted to borrow some of these stones from his father, in order that he might display them at his coronation, which request threw Shah Jehan into a paroxysm of rage.

"In the excess of his anger he asked several times for a mortar and pestle, saying that he wanted to pound all his gems and pearls so that Arungzeb might never have any of them. But his eldest daughter, Begum Saheb, who never forsook him, throwing herself at his feet, prevented him from coming to this extremity, and . . . . appeased Shah Jehan, more in order to preserve the jewels for herself than to please her brother."

On the death of Shah Jehan, a few months after the date of Tavernier's visit, the precious stones which he had kept with him were handed to Aurungzeb in a gold basin by the Begum Saheb, Jehanira, and although specific mention is not made of Baber's diamond on this occasion, it was probably among them. Be that as it may, it continued in the possession of the Mogul Emperors as already mentioned up to the time of Nadir Shah.

From Nadir's family it passed to the Durani Afghans, afterwards to the Lion of the Punjab, Rangit Singh. These and the subsequent stages of its history leading up to its confiscation by the East India Company, and presentation to the Queen, are too well known to need repetition here, but those who desire a pleasant and readable statement of the whole history cannot do better than refer to Mr. Streeter's book. We may confidently dismiss this part of the subject, as enough has already been said to convince our readers that the Koh-i-nur is not the survivor of Tavernier's Great Mogul, always provided that what he said of the latter was true.

In the list of diamonds given in the appendix to Mr. Streeter's book, the weight of the Koh-i-nur, in the rough, is stated to be 193, and when first cut 168, carats. The latter is an obvious but unfortunate misprint for 186, and for the former there is, we venture to suggest, not a vestige of authority; the figure seems

to have crept into the list by some mistake. The Koh-i-nur being regarded as distinct from the Great Mogul, we have no knowledge whatever of it in the rough.

Passing over several other Indian diamonds of less importance, and reserving those found in Africa for separate mention, the next historical diamond of note is the Orloff, which now adorns the Imperial sceptre of Russia. It is much larger, but less lustrous than the Pitt or Regent, as in its present state it weighs 193, or nearly double the 106 carats of the Koh-i-nur. Mr. Streeter's analysis of the various conflicting stories about this stone, which are much entangled with those properly pertaining to another, named the Moon of Mountains, is a fair example of his method. He concludes that it was *not* one of the stones which ornamented the Peacock throne at Delhi, but that it was one of the eyes of an idol in a temple at Scirangam, near Trichinopoli, from whence it was stolen by a French deserter. The price paid by Prince Orloff to the merchant from whom he purchased it is said to have been £90,000, and an annuity of £4,000. By means of it he secured to himself the favour of the Czarina Catherine II., under whose displeasure he had fallen.

The Pitt or Regent diamond is one which has a history o. greater interest than that connected with the Orloff. It has often been told, and has acquired so many phases in the telling that there is an especial difficulty in clearing it of these additions and variations. As to the source of the stone, one account states that it was found at Partial, on the Kistna, while others present an extraordinary jumble about Malacca. Mr. Streeter tells us that this last took its rise in some casual remark about the mineral malachite in connection with this diamond: malachite became Malacca, and some accounts even represent Mr. Pitt as a merchant living in that country. This confusion of ideas has a parallel in another somewhat similar in its nature. A writer, in speaking of the diamonds of the Panna region, quotes a fanciful story from a Mr. Cullinger. It will hardly be believed that there was no such person, and that the name *must* have originated from some jumble about the fort of Kalinjar, where diamonds do occur.

Mr. Pitt, Governor of Madras, *acquired* the diamond which bears his name in return for a consideration in money; but the righteousness of the transaction has often been called in question, and Mr. Pitt found it necessary to prepare a document giving his account. As already mentioned on a previous page, Captain Hamilton, a contemporary writer, gives another version, to which we would direct Mr. Streeter's attention.

The Regent lost heavily in the cutting, having been reduced from 410 carats to 136⅞ carats. Its estimated value is £480,000.

It is at present among the unused crown jewels of France. Partly from the feeling that it would not be creditable to France to dispose of it, and partly because, though valued at nearly half a million, it might not fetch more than £25,000, it is still retained among the treasures of the Republic.

Its history since it became French property we shall not attempt to trace, merely here pointing to the remarkable fact that it is not a continuous one; there are gaps during which it appears to have disappeared only to reappear again without satisfactory explanation.

Surely one would think that it ought to be known whether as a matter of fact it was or was not found in the Emperor's carriage by the Prussians after the battle of Waterloo, yet on this point there is much controversy. If such matters are uncertain here in Europe, what must be said of those Oriental stories that we have already quoted? Sir Walter Raleigh's treatment of *his* history rises to our mind. We cannot now obliterate these histories of famous diamonds, they will be repeated again and again; all we can do is to try to make them as consistent with facts as possible.

Mr. Streeter's chapter on the "Tavernier Blue" is of interest, not only on account of the ingenious way in which the history of this most remarkable and beautiful stone has been traced out, but also because it affords information as to the fate of the oft-mentioned jeweller Tavernier himself, and before giving this last in Mr. Streeter's words we would suggest to some enterprising publisher that a new edition of Tavernier's works, carefully edited, is a *desideratum* It would possess an attraction for a large number of readers besides those for whom precious stones have a special interest. There is a vast amount of information upon a variety of subjects scarcely inferior perhaps to that contained in Marco Polo's work, which has been so successfully produced under Col. Yules' learned editorship. The book is so rare, whether in the French or English editions, that comparatively few persons, even among those who make India their study, have ever seen it.

The same might be said of some other travels of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Together they would form a series of Indian Classics of far greater value than many of those republications of Oriental manuscripts which seem to be for the benefit of philologists merely, the facts they yield to historians being in the majority of instances few and unimportant.

Tavernier, we are told,

"on his last return from the East sold twenty-five large diamonds to Louis le Grand Monarque, 1668. But this violet blue stood at the head of the list. . . . . The sums of money given to Tavernier by Louis XIV. for this blue diamond and the other stones purchased by

the Grand Monarque, so enriched the merchant that he purchased a great estate, to which he retired to spend in peace his remaining years with his loved and trusted son. His sovereign, besides enriching Tavernier with above £100,000, added the honour of nobility. Alas! The ill-luck which is said to pursue the merchants in these gems from India, seems to have attached itself to this famous traveller. The son involved his aged father in such unfortunate speculations, that he was compelled to sell his estate to pay his debts, and at the age of eighty-four to venture out once more to the East. On his journey he was attacked by fever and perished. It is very noteworthy that Mir Jumla died after the miscarriage of his son in a similar manner."

This blue diamond was, it is believed, after coming into the possession of the French king reduced by cutting to 67½ carats. It was stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792 and all trace of it lost. In 1830 a blue brilliant without a history was "in the hands" of Mr. Daniel Eliason and subsequently it was purchased by Mr. Hope; its weight was 44¼ carats, and Mr. Streeter concluded that by cleavage a triangular fragment had been removed.

In 1874 a stone known as the "blue drop," belonging to the Duke of Brunswick, came into the market. In colour and quality Mr. Streeter found it identical with the Hope, and a third small stone too, which turned up in France, presented the same characters; the sum of the weights of all three amounts to 59¼ carats, the difference between which and the 67½ of what is believed to have been the original stone is not more than what would be lost in cutting and polishing new facets, after the stone had been cleaved into three pieces.

The Hope Blue has been valued at £30,000, owing to its absolutely unique character, faultless texture, and exquisite form. Besides these three fragments of the one original stone there are at present only three diamonds known in Europe that can justly be termed blue, and these all differ from the Hope, and from each other in colour. We would suggest to Mr. Streeter to inquire into the authenticity of the locality for the discovery of this stone, which he quotes, as it does not appear to be one of the recognized sources of Indian diamonds.

We now turn to the better known histories of some of the more famous diamonds which have been produced from African mines during the past few years. There is an opinion current that African diamonds generally are inferior in lustre and purity to those which are known to the trade as Golconda stones. Such is the case with some in which a straw-coloured tinge is often present, but white diamonds of good quality equal to the best obtained anywhere are now, we learn, coming to England from African mines. It has been estimated that 20 per cent. of the Cape stones are of the finest quality, 15 of the second and 20 of the third, the remainder being what is technically called "bort."

The African stones occur, when in what is supposed to be their

original matrix, in a rock of igneous origin, which has been erupted through what are known as the Karoo strata; they were therefore, if this supposition be correct, formed at a period much less remote, geologically speaking, than were those which have been found elsewhere.

The most famous African diamonds hitherto discovered with their respective weights in carats, are as follows: Stewart, 288⅜; Star of the South, 254; Du Toit I., 244 (when cut); Jagensfontein, 209¼; Porter Rhodes, 150; Du Toit II., 124 (when cut); African yellow, 112 (when cut). Each of these has already a history which is related by Mr. Streeter in a pleasant anecdotal manner, and we can recommend them to the reader, confident that he will derive much pleasure and interest from their perusal.

We shall now endeavour to describe the contents of the second work upon which this article is founded. The "Mani-Mala," if not in other respects, is at least original in design. It is printed in alternating groups of paragraphs in English, Bengali, Hindi, and Sanskrit, and is obviously the outcome of a very considerable amount of laborious work. Founded primarily on the "Puranas" and other ancient Sanskrit classics, there are appended, accounts in English, of each class of gems which have been derived from various European authorities.

The author or compiler, Raja Sourendro Mohun Tagore, has written works of somewhat similar character on several other subjects, notably on Indian music, and for his contributions on this last-named subject he has become the recipient of so many honours and decorations that his title-page is scarce large enough for the enumeration of the crowned heads and musical and other societies from which they have been derived.

That a compiler of many different subjects should have produced a work on any one of them in which special knowledge and the art of the expert appears to be wanting is only to be expected. It is therefore without surprise that we note in these volumes, whatever other merits they may possess, an absence of judicious criticism and an apparent inability to separate the true from the false.

Taking, however, the translated portion for what it is, the doings of Krishna and other aimless fables, it will soon be realized by those who attempt its perusal that in so far as our present subject is concerned it is almost barren. We may, it is true, read of the genders of jewels, of their good and bad influences, and other matters which may have an interest for the curious, but no amount of search will reveal a single tangible new fact. Reading these old Hindu classics has often appeared to our perhaps too material nature to be as unsatisfying as hearing the "revelations" of the Spiritualists, neither the one nor the other seem to add an iota to our knowledge derived from other sources.

Owing to the defective nature of Hindu chronology we can form no certain estimate as to the period when precious stones were first esteemed as such in India. We know, however, that at a very remote period nine precious gems were in use by the inhabitants of Hindustan; and in both of the great Indian epics, the "Ramayana" and the "Mahabhrata," frequent mention is made of stones and pearls with which the people of the period used to adorn their persons, while some of the oldest stone carvings in cave temples give indications of the same.

In the general accounts of gems, chiefly derived from European authorities, which occur in the "Mani-Mala," independently of the translations, there is a quaint mingling of historical fact with absurd and grotesque fables. There are, as is well known, many such fables, from different sources, which connect precious stones with snakes or other reptiles. At one time the stones are supposed to be produced in the brain, at another in the eye of the serpent. A full and complete explanation of the genesis of these myths may perhaps not be attainable; but as possibly being connected with them we may, in anticipation of a fuller account given below, allude to the widely prevalent idea that the mines where precious stones were obtained were under the custody of evil spirits, and these evil spirits are typified by the serpents. There propitiation involved a ceremony preceding the actual mining, just as the shark doctor's incantations were regarded as so essential to the successful operations of the divers for pearl oysters, that the English Government in Ceylon formerly, if not still, was in the habit of entertaining the services of one of these functionaries in order to instil confidence and a comfortable assurance of safety into the minds of the divers.

The diamond, we learn from ancient Sanskrit works of 2,000 years ago, more or less, was found in the following regions, each of which was credited with producing particular varieties of stones. With a caution as to the probability of some of the coloured stones which are mentioned not having been true diamonds, we give the following list:—

Haima	(Himalayas)	Slightly copper coloured.
Matanga	(Kistna and Godavari or Golconda)	Yellowish.
Surashtra	(Surat)	Copper coloured.
Paunda	(Chutia Nagpur?)	Sable.
Kalinga	(Between Orissa and Godavari)	Dart golden rays.
Kosala	(Berar)	Yellow.
Vena Ganga	(Weingunga)	Lustrous like the Moon.
Saubira	(Tract between Sarhind and Indus)	White Lotus or Silvery Cl

We cannot pass from these volumes without giving a few

examples illustrative of the views held by the Hindus as to the origin of the diamond, and the results to be derived from the wearing of different varieties of stones.*

"The diamonds in which earthy matter forms the base are thick, while those in which water preponderates are dense, smooth, cool and transparent.

"Diamonds mainly composed of sky are exceedingly flawless, clean, and sharp-ridged; those having for their base energy are almost always blood-red, and those preponderated (*sic*) by the air are exceedingly light, sharp-pointed and rough.

"The wearing of earthy diamonds leads to universal dominion, and the watery kind brings contentment, riches, fame, and renown.

"The airy sort give heart and gracefulness, and the skyey diamonds bring about the possession of all kinds of wealth. The use of energy preponderated diamonds adds to puissance, heroism and hope, &c.

Following on a lengthened description in this strain of the good points in diamonds, there is an account of their defects and the evil effects which follow from the wearing of such stones, to which is added an enumeration of their therapeutic virtues and the methods of preparation according to the ancient Indian pharmacopœia.

Arab and Persian authors (quoted on page 857) assert that it is "simply an error" on the part of European writers on jewellery, to say that the use of stones externally or internally has no practical influence over the human mind or body.

It is only fair to point out, however, that such superstitions are by no means limited to the atmosphere of the Oriental Zenana and its surroundings; for is it not a well-known fact that among the best educated and most civilized people in the West there are many who connect evil fortune with the possession of an opal?

Some useful information is contained as to large stones, which are at present in possession of the native nobility in India—a few of them being gems with known histories.

While willing to accord to the author of the Mani-Mala all the credit possible for his industry in the collection of so varied an amount of information on precious stones, we do not feel so well disposed to his work as we should have done, had he adopted the course which lay open to him as a native of India. If instead of giving us plagiarisms from writers in Europe as to the condition past and present of the mines and industry in India he had obtained some fresh and authentic local information, he would have accomplished a useful work. By telling again these oft-told tales he has, however, done injury to the

* "Mani-Mala," p. 95.

cause of truth. In spite of the research displayed in the preparation of his list of authorities on the subject he seems to have altogether overlooked or ignored the number of important original papers which have been published in India. In his eyes the speculations of a book-maker in London or Berlin are of more importance than the observations on the spot of an explorer. It is for this reason his book can never attain the position it might otherwise have done.

A pamphlet by another native author lies before us, and it serves, still further, to illustrate the prevalence of the practice of servile plagiarism common among Indian writers. The author of this "Essay on Diamonds,"* named Gulal Chand, is a jeweller by caste, and though he promises in his preface information from local sources, anything of the kind besides the mere native names of gems is conspicuously absent in the eighteen pages which follow. There is such originality, however, in the following passage, both as regards its matter and the manner of communicating it, that we are tempted to quote it for the benefit of our readers:—

> "Diamond is believed to be a lump of earth undergoing a change by Nature, but other views exist in regard to its origin; some consider it to be derived from the organic matter, some as a metallic substance, while others suppose it to be a mere secretion of some vegetable substance.
>
> "It is believed that diamond is formed in the same manner as sulphur; but the philosopher Newton, who first gave us the law of the centre of gravity, by a series of experiments proved it to be of pure carbon," &c.

The chapter on diamonds in the "Economic Geology of India," by Mr. Ball, extends over fifty pages, and the information which it conveys is almost entirely drawn from original sources of information—that is to say, from descriptions of the various localities which have been written by different observers and published in official documents, and the proceedings of different learned societies. These papers amount to a goodly number, as will be seen by reference to the lists given at the end of the volume. The geological formations from whence the diamonds are derived, and their precise mode of occurrence in each of the regions of India where they have been found, are given in this volume in detail, and woven in with these, to the general reader somewhat dry materials, are identifications of the localities mentioned in ancient Sanskrit documents, the works by Mogul historians, and the writings of Ptolemy and Pliny, of Marco Polo and Tavernier, besides many others.

* Church Mission Press, Lucknow. 1881.

Except in the case of the great Mogul and its supposed *avatar* the Koh-i-nur, there is no attempt here to grapple with the conflicting histories of the great diamonds—that branch of the subject in short with which Mr. Streeter's volume deals so successfully.

In this volume we meet with perhaps the first rational explanation of the origin of the myth regarding precious stones, which is of such extreme antiquity that it is found in some of the earliest writings of which we have any knowledge. In various languages, with various modifications as to details, this myth, which everyone knows who has read the travels of "Sindbad the Sailor," has come down to us. Not only was it believed in the thirteenth century when Marco Polo visited the diamond regions of Southern Indian, but another Italian traveller in the East, Nicolo Conti, in the fifteenth century, describes it as being a method which was then employed for procuring the best kinds of diamonds. Subsequent travellers have either ignored it or, as previously mentioned, like Garcias ab Horto, have treated it as an absurd fable.

Nicolo Conti's account is that at a locality called Al' Benigaras there is a mountain which produces diamonds; being infested with serpents it is inaccessible, but is commanded by another mountain somewhat higher.

"Here, at a certain period of the year, men bring oxen, which they drive to the top, and having cut them into pieces, cast the warm and bleeding fragments upon the summit by means of machines which they construct for the purpose. The diamonds stick to these pieces of flesh. Then come vultures and eagles flying to the spot, which, seizing the meat for their food, fly away to places where they may be safe from the serpents. To these places the men afterwards come and collect the diamonds which have fallen from the flesh."

He then goes on to give an account of how other less precious stones are found, this part of his description being that of ordinary Indian diamond mining.

Among the miners who, it would seem, universally belong to the non-Aryan or aboriginal tribes, the mines are regarded as being under the special protection of *Lakshmi*, whose hostile nature requires much propitiation; bloody meat-offerings being most acceptable. Such are, even to the present day, offered up in some parts of India, no matter what be the nature of the mine which is about to be opened. In a case which is quoted in illustration, two buffaloes were offered up to appease evil spirits, and parts of the meat together with cooked rice were placed on a lofty bamboo scaffolding for the use of the spirits.

It is suggested that Nicolo Conti, and other travellers before him, may have witnessed such a preliminary sacrifice, and con-

nected with it the old fable which was probably current at the time. Possibly the story may have originated with the Hindus, who to this day give the aboriginals the credit of being vested with magical powers.

The confusion as to the geological age of the diamond-bearing strata in the different regions of India in which they occur, and which is so apparent in the descriptions quoted by Karl Ritter, and of course those who have followed him, has been now replaced by an orderly correlation for which we are indebted to the labours of the Geological Survey of India. While one set of observers described the recent beds of diluvial origin, others were referring to the original stratum belonging to an early geological period; but since the former was principally made up of the débris of the latter, the descriptions were supposed to refer to the same identical beds, notwithstanding certain incongruities thereby involved.

The oldest stratum in India in which diamonds are positively known to occur is a band of conglomerate occurring in a series of beds of palæozoic age which, in the absence of fossils, can only doubtfully be referred to the period known as the Silurian in Europe. This conglomerate, which is sometimes only a few inches thick, is made up of pebbles of jasper and other siliceous rocks, all of which were derived from pre-existing formations. So far as anything is certainly known to the contrary, the diamonds found in this conglomerate are not in their original matrix, but are derived pebbles just as much as are those of jasper. Nothing as yet discovered in India has thrown any light upon the much disputed and still unsettled question as to the precise circumstances under which the diamond has been formed. To this subject we shall refer again presently.

In every case in India where diamonds are found in alluvial washings, rocks of the above described characters appear to occur close by. The geographical distribution of the diamond-bearing rocks is as follows:—The most southern tract occupies a wide area in the Madras Presidency, which spreads from the Cuddapah and Karnul districts, north-eastwards, down the valley of the Kistna into the neighbourhood of Masulipatam. This area includes many of the most famous localities described by the early travellers, especially those which belonged to the king of Golconda, a name which, though it is so familiar in Europe, is almost forgotten in India, being merely conserved in connection with a ruined fort of the ancient capital.

At this capital the diamonds brought from the mines in the valley of the Kistna were bought and sold, and sometimes cut and polished. Here was one of the marts to which the early

traders found their way, and thus it was that the stones carried to Europe were known as Golconda diamonds.

In the bed of the Godavari river an old account asserts that diamonds used to be found near Bhadrachellum. Proceeding northwards we next come upon an area in the Central Provinces, situated in the valley of the Weinganga and Mahanadi rivers, wherein, in two neighbourhoods, diamonds were certainly obtained from a very early period indeed, up to a time to be measured from the present by but a few years. Wairagarh and Sambulpur were the centres round which the washings were conducted. It seems probable that the *Adamas* river of Ptolemy may have been identical with the modern Mahanadi. Some large diamonds of good quality are known to have been found near Sambulpur; but the search has ceased in that locality since the district became British, though it was conducted for many years by the late Raja and his predecessors when they were already our tributaries.

In the province next adjoining, namely, Chutia Nagpur, which includes a number of States and districts in the hilly portion of Western Bengal, to the south of the Ganges, there are at least two localities where diamonds were found, as is proved by Mogul historians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by the visit of Tavernier to one of them, and by somewhat vague local traditions. The Soumelpour on the Gouel river of Tavernier, which has often been incorrectly identified with Sambulpur, it is now proved was on the Koel river in the district of Palamow. The Emperor Jahangir in 1616 directed his general Ibrahim Khan to take possession of the country, and it would appear from his "Memoirs" that some valuable diamonds were obtained, including a blue one looking like a sapphire. Fifty years later, when Tavernier visited the locality, mining was in abeyance in consequence of the local Raja having revolted and thrown off the yoke of Jehangir's son and successor, Shah Jehan. There appears to be no record of any diamonds having been found in this region during the present century.

The last great tract in India to be mentioned is situated to the north-westward in, and in the neighbourhood of the native State of, Panna in Bundelcund. Here, perhaps, more than in any of the southern localities, mining and washing appear to exist at present as a recognized industry, though the profits derived therefrom are inconsiderable, and but few Panna diamonds find their way into the general market, being all, or nearly all, disposed of in the towns of the Ganges valley. An illustration of the method adopted in the deep mines of this region represents a wild-looking party of almost nude miners working under a guard of the Raja's sepoys. The

mud and stones which are excavated, on reaching the surface are spread out to dry and are then carefully examined; but for complete details of the methods adopted we must refer our readers to the account given in the "Economic Geology."

In the identification of diamond mines known to the ancients and which are mentioned either by name or indicated by their geographical position in the records of early European travellers to India a considerable degree of success has been attained.

This task has often been lightly entered upon by modern writers, and had with more care, but no greater success, occupied the attention of the geographer, Rennell, at the end of last century, and of Karl Ritter in 1836. It is a task which an investigator possessing local knowledge and having access to modern geographical and geological maps could alone accomplish in a manner calculated to carry conclusive conviction, we need therefore not be surprised that the author of the "Economic Geology" has for the first time cleared up the question in a satisfactory manner.

Tavernier tells us that he visited three mines, namely, Gani or Coulour, Raolconda in the Carnatic, and Soumelpour in Bengal. From Golconda to Coulour he gives the stages of his marches and the distances between them in *goss* (equal to about eight miles). In spite of the fact that he states that Coulour was situated eastwards (*au levant de soleil*) from Golconda, the ancient capital of Hyderabad, several authorities have located it to the westwards, on the Bhima River, and so it will be found on some of the early maps which were constructed not from actual surveys but from routes roughly plotted from data supplied by different travellers, of whom Tavernier was one. It is now proved for us beyond question of doubt that Tavernier's Coulour may be identified with a locality on the Kistna River, which is called Kollur on modern maps, and where, according to a map still in manuscript which was prepared by Col. Colin Mackenzie in the year 1798, a diamond mine did then actually exist. The geological structure, as now known, also favours the idea of its being a diamond-bearing locality. This mine was opened, according to Tavernier, about one hundred years before his visit, by which we must understand a *long* period. At it, as we have already stated, the "Great Mogul" diamond was found.

As for the alternative name, Gani, mentioned by Tavernier, and which is referred to in many books in connection with the Koh-i-nur, it was, it seems probable, not truly a name, but simply a prefix, signifying "mine of" (*Kan-i*). It is used by several writers of the early part of this century in connection with the name of another mine, Partial, which is situated to the east of Kollur.

Tavernier's Raolconda, "in the Carnatic," has by those who have attempted the task been commonly referred to a position on the Bhima river, but by remembering that the term Carnatic used to be applied to a region *above* the Ghâts, not as it is now to a tract of country *below* the Ghâts, and by tracing out Tavernier's stages on a modern map, it may be distinctly identified with Ramulkota in Karnul, a locality where there are to this day extensive traces of diamond-mining operations, which bear silent testimony to the facts recorded by the old French jeweller.

In order to point its distinction from Sambalpur, the identification of Tavernier's Soumelpour "on the Gouel" has already been described.

In Ferishta's "History" (1425) and in Abdul Fazl's "Ain-i-Akbari" (1590), reference is made to a diamond mine, named Beiragurh in the latter, which there cannot be the least doubt was identical with Wairagarh, a locality situated on a tributary of the Weingunga river in the Chanda district of the Central Provinces, where there are excavations to which local tradition still attaches the name of diamond mines.

Many writers suppose that the Panassa of Ptolemy, where diamonds were said to occur, may be identified with Panna in Bundelcund. It seems more probable that the modern Panassa in the valley of the Narbada was the place to which he referred, and that the stones produced there were agates or carnelian. It is noteworthy, however, that Fitch and Newberry allude to the occurrence of the diamond in Western India. That they ever have been obtained there, however, cannot be sustained apparently by any other kind of evidence.

The question as to whether it would not pay to work some of these mines by European methods is one which naturally arises, and is to a certain extent anticipated and answered by Mr. Ball. So far from there having been any actual exhaustion of the deposits, it would seem that the geological examination of most of the areas shows that they have a wider extension than the native miners ever suspected. Attempts have been made by Europeans in each of the three areas to carry on mining, but these were perhaps on too petty a scale to ensure success, and may have failed from want of capital or merely from incompetency in those who superintended the operations.

Difficulties from peculation would be sure to arise, without it being possible to have resort to the summary methods adopted formerly by the Rajas. Under the existing system, if it can be so called, the actual miners are bound hand and foot by advances to the farmers of the mines whose expenditure of capital is but trifling.

It is much to be desired that an earnest attempt should be

made to test the matter. In the territories of the Nizam, or of the Raja of Panna, the former including some of the famous localities on the lower Kistna, arrangements would have to be made with native chieftains; but the mines of Cuddapah, Karnul, Sambalpur, and Chutia Nagpur are all in British districts, though it does not, therefore, follow that the Indian Government would take upon itself to grant mining leases, or to offer any facilities to a company formed for the purpose of acquiring mining rights. In the special case of the gold fields of Southern India, the Government has intervened to some extent, and local mining laws have been enacted; but as regards the rest of India nobody seems to know in whom the mining rights are vested, since the paramount authority in its various land settlements has ignored the existence of minerals altogether. What now generally occurs is, that the holder of the surface right, the Zemindar, or whatever may happen to be his local designation, claims royalties on all minerals, and this, too, at such a high rate as, in most cases, to effectually prevent the profitable working of mines.

Tedious litigation, coupled with herculean efforts, to get the Indian Government to declare its policy, appear in almost every instance to be the prospect before each individual set of promoters who may desire to embark in any scheme for the development of the mineral resources of India. Till these obstructions are removed by the enactment of liberally conceived and suitably applied mining laws, there will be no serious attempt on the part of capitalists to risk their money.

The present time, when Africa is sending diamonds in such abundance into the market, is certainly not the most opportune for the reopening of Indian mines on a large scale. But should it ever be undertaken, the details and the carefully drawn maps regarding all the localities which are contained in the "Economic Geology of India" will serve as an invaluable guide to the localities where operations should be commenced.

Any account of diamonds to be complete in itself should, of course, enter into the question of their origin, and the subject, though not overlooked in these volumes, does not in them receive any very special treatment or elucidation. In the majority of instances (to which the African diamonds are, however, a notable exception) the stones are obtained in conglomerates of various ages, the materials of which mainly consist of the detritus of old crystalline or metamorphic rocks.

As regards the diamond in Brazil an important paper recently published by Mr. O. A. Derby indicates that the original matrix of the stones which occur in that country in conglomerates of various ages had at last been discovered. It is believed to be

a quartz vein of Cambrian age. Such a position for the original matrix appears to be not an unlikely one, when it is remembered that graphite is known to occur in veins in palæozoic rocks. The occurrence of both in veins suggests that the source of the carbon in each case was a hydrocarbonaceous substance produced by the condensation of a volatile hydrocarbon which had found its way into the veins by distillation from lower levels. By the gradual evolution of some of the lighter hydrocarbons a concentration of purified carbon may have taken place, producing on the one hand graphite, and under perhaps slightly different conditions, in which time was an important element, diamond.

Under special circumstaces diamonds may have been formed by precipitation from the carbon sulphide, but there seems to be less probability of their having been derived from the decomposition of an inorganic rather than an organic compound.

We cannot now enter into any account of the various laboratory experiments culminating in those by Mr. Hannay of Glasgow, whereby artificial diamonds of microscopic size have been obtained. Had it been possible to prolong these experiments for periods comparable to those occupied by operations in nature's great laboratory, larger crystals might not improbably have been produced. There appears to be no near prospect of the rapid production of diamonds by artificial means, though with the march of scientific discoveries we must always recognize the possibility of such an event. In the meantime we may look confidently to nature to supply our requirements. New fields may be discovered and old fields may be again brought under contribution, but whatever fate may betide the industry the volumes we have here reviewed will remain among the most important authorities ever written on the subject.

ART. V.—THE BROTHERS HENRY AND THOMAS ERSKINE.

The Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland, with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time, compiled from Family Papers and other Sources of Information. By Lieut.-Col. ALEX. FERGUSON, late of the Staff of Her Majesty's Indian Army. William Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1882.

TO publish with any expectation of attracting attention or reviving interest a memoir of any one who has been sixty-five years in his grave deserves to be reckoned among the ventures of faith. Nor is the hopefulness of the task increased when

its subject was a lawyer, the very head it is true both by merit and official position of his profession, but practising in a provincial capital, and beyond that narrow sphere but little known; and although a member of Parliament, yet entering the House of Commons late, and continuing there but for a brief space, filled so inconspicuous a place that we find a careful and generally accurate writer asserting that he never opened his mouth in Parliament.

Nevertheless, to such a venture Colonel Ferguson has committed himself, and there is so much of interest connected with the career of the distinguished man whose memory he seeks to revive, that we will endeavour from the materials with which he supplies us to give our readers a brief account of Henry Erskine and compare his career with that of his younger and more distinguished brother.

In the case of many of our readers it will be neither superfluous nor impertinent to remind them that Henry Erskine was an elder brother of Thomas Erskine, the glory of the English, as was Henry of the Scottish Bar. At the Bars of which they were respectively members, each brother attained and long held a position never before or since attained or held by any other member.

Henry was the second son and Thomas the third son* of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan in the peerage of Scotland, of whom, according to our author, it was the general opinion that though he was "a man of infinite good nature and pleasing manners, his abilities were not much above the average."† He is also said to have been "a zealously religious man, strong in his anti-Roman convictions."‡

The Erskines were of the true "noblesse de la robe." The pedigree given in the appendix to the Memoir is "a curious display of great names. Visconti, Della Scala, and Doria, Bourbon, Lenox, Mar, and Royal Stewarts, Stair, Fairfax, and (not the least honourable) Sir Thomas Browne." Colonel Ferguson, therefore, does not agree with Charles Kingsley, "That the school from which the 'Religio Medici' issued was not 'likely to make bad men good or any foolish men wise.'"§

We are told "that a very learned professor of our own time," whose name is not given, but who is described "as endowed with a considerable measure of genius and poetic fire," remarked on looking at this pedigree that "if there be any faith to be

---

* Henry Erskine born 1746, died 1817. Thomas Erskine born 1749, died 1823.

† "Henry Erskine," p. 43. ‡ Ibid. p. 46.

§ Charles Kingsley's "Historical Lectures and Essays," p. 102. Edition 1880.

placed in the theory of the inheritance of mental qualities, especially through the female line, we should expect to find true genius or great eccentricity, perhaps both." *

This combination of qualities was in some degree to be found in Henry, and in so much greater a degree in Thomas Erskine that Sir Walter Scott pronounced him to be "positively mad." Allowance must be made, however, for Sir Walter's prejudice against any and every man who was a Whig. On the mother's side the Erskines were descended from great lawyers. Her grandfather was that Sir James Stewart who was Lord Advocate in the reigns of William and Mary and of Anne, and than whom no one occupied a more prominent place in the public affairs of Scotland. He is condemned by a recent Tory writer † "as a thorough-paced traitor." "He was," says Macaulay, "so often a Whig and so often a Jacobite that it is difficult to keep an account of his apostacies." ‡ Wodrow, the Scottish ecclesiastical historian, cannot find language fitly to describe his character. "It would," he writes, "take a man equal to himself to draw it, and I dare not attempt it. He was wonderful in prayer and mighty in the Scriptures, and wonderfully seen in them beyond any man I ever conversed with." He certainly seems to have been partly the author of some specimens of Covenanting literature which can hardly be surpassed for "ferocity and absurdity."§ On the other hand a contemporary wrote of him,|| "Tu qui colens Christum coelum nec Tartara credes."

Lady Buchan's father was Sir James Stewart of Coltness. He was Solicitor-General for Scotland, and is known to students of Scottish history as "Solicitor-General Coltness." Her mother was the daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple, President of the Court of Session, a man of mark in his time. Their father's character and the memory of their maternal great-grandfather had an influence of a religious tendency on both Henry and Thomas, which was increased by the fact that Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine were collaterally related to the Buchan Erskines. Ralph and Ebenezer were the leaders and founders of one of the numerous churches which have seceded from the Scottish Establishment. Ralph Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets" still form part of the psalmody of Scottish Churches, and some of them have found their way into English hymnbooks.

Of the two brothers, Henry and Thomas, the younger surpassed the elder in rank and dignity. Henry became as Dean of Faculty the official head of the Scottish Bar. Twice each time

---

* P. 42. † The late Mark Napier in his "Memorials of Dundee."
‡ "Macaulay's History," vol. iv. 782. § "Henry Erskine," p. 45.
|| Ibid. p. 45.

for a short period he was Lord Advocate.* Thomas Erskine was Attorney-General to George IV. when he was Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall.

The career of each brother supplies a memorable illustration of Guicciardini's saying, that "The liberties of a nation may be judged by the position of the Bar; where this is high and independent the country possesses free institutions. Where this is low and servile the country is enslaved." "The independence of the Scottish Bar" is fitly and justly placed as the motto on the title-page of this memoir of Henry Erskine. He ably vindicated that independence as did his brother the independence of the English Bar. During Thomas Erskine's Attorney-Generalship to the Prince he gave a remarkable proof of that "indomitable courage" attributed to him by Lord Brougham himself in that and all respects Erskine's worthy follower. "However hard pressed," said Lord Brougham, "Erskine was not the man to fear either the Court or King or the King's judges, but he did his duty to his client in spite of all that power held out to intimidate or tempt him, and in spite of all opposition even in those courts of which he was the ornament and pride." In 1792 the second part of Paine's "Rights of Man" was published. It contained some offensive expressions in reference to George III. and other members of the Royal Family and to monarchical government generally. By direction of Mr. Pitt's Government the King's Attorney-General filed an ex-officio information against Paine for publishing a seditious libel. The case was necessarily to be tried in the King's Bench, the Court in which Erskine habitually practised. A retainer for the defendant was left at Erskine's chambers. It was an embarrassing position for any member of the Bar—more especially for one connected as was Erskine with the heir-apparent, not only by official relations, but by intimate personal friendship. Moreover he naturally aspired to, and was entitled to expect, office under the Crown, an expectation which was pretty certain to be disappointed in the case of one who exposed himself to the wrath of the malignant and unforgiving George III. Erskine considered that his duty as an advocate left him no choice but to act on the retainer and do his best for Paine as he

* Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate 1783–4 under the "Coalition Ministry," Dean of Faculty from 1785 to 1796, Lord Advocate 1806—under "All the Talents." Thomas Erskine, Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales 1783 to 1793, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall 1805, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, 1806.

† Speech at the dinner given by the Bar to M. Berryer, "Oratorical Year-book" for 1865, p. 416.

always did for any and every client. Against all advice, and in spite of messages from the Prince of Wales, he adhered to his conviction of duty. He defended Paine with all his accustomed ability and vigour, and with all his usual fearlessness, but he conducted the defence in the spirit of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's qualification and restriction on Lord Brougham's well-known over-statement of the duties of an advocate.* "He wielded the arms of the warrior not of the assassin ; he strove to accomplish the interests of his client *per fas* and *not per nefas*, and sought to reconcile the interest he was bound to maintain, and the duty it was incumbent upon him to discharge with the stern and immutable interests of truth and justice."†

Though Erskine did not succeed in obtaining Paine's acquittal his defence had the effect of mitigating the sentence. For conduct so offensive to those in high places he either—it is not clear which—was removed from, or, to avoid removal, resigned his office. He himself attributed his loss of office less to his defence of Paine than to his association with Fox and Grey in the "Society of the Friends of the People," and his avowed attachment to the cause of Parliamentary Reform. Undeterred by his removal from, or enforced resignation of, office, Erskine in 1797 supported Grey's Reform motion, insisting with Grey on the growing danger of the excessive predominance of the Crown and on the not less danger of a growing disaffection among the people. Paine's case was not the only occasion in which Erskine encountered the Prince's intolerance. When the clergyman of the parish in which stands "Spa Fields Chapel," the Cathedral of the "Countess of Huntingdon's Connection," prosecuted Lady Huntingdon in the Ecclesiastical Court for without his consent opening the chapel as a place of worship, connected with the Establishment, which as a peeress of the realm she mistakenly considered she had a right to do, Lady Anne, the sister of Henry and Thomas Erskine, induced the venerable Head of the Connection to consult Thomas Erskine, who told her the Toleration Act did not give her the right she imagined she possessed. "What shall I do," said she, looking at her shabby dress, "I who have spent all for the promotion of the Gospel? What shall I do who have reduced myself to this?" Erskine advised her to take the protection afforded by the Conventicle Act, which she did. He was rewarded by his client with "an inkstand of pure gold," and by that "most religious and gracious" Prince his master, with the pious remonstrance, God d—n it, Tom, you are the wickedest

* In his speech in the "Queen's Case" Works, vol. ix. p. 83. Edition 1873.

† "Oratorical Yearbook" for 1865, p. 418.

fellow in existence. I wonder God Almighty suffers you to live." A companion remark to this is that made by the Prince's friend Best,* whom he most improperly made a judge. Best presided at the trial of some one for publishing a blasphemous libel. The defendant acted as his own counsel, and in his speech to the jury indulged himself in such freedom of speech, that the judge remarked to a colleague, "I am d—d if I will allow him to speak so disrespectfully of the Christian religion." "To abuse Erskine for encouraging sectarians" was, as he told Sir John Bowring, "a common usage of the Prince." And now, he added, "the present King is a Methodist himself."† We doubt whether His Majesty would ever have been admitted a member of any Methodist Society.

Thomas Erskine's vindication of the independence alike of the Bar and of members of the House of Commons met with a well-deserved but unexpected reward. In 1805 he was sent for by the Prince and offered the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Cornwall, which office had lain dormant since the reign of James the First, when Bacon held it under Henry Prince of Wales. In 1806, on the formation of the Fox-Grenville Ministry, "All the Talents," as it was called, Erskine was offered the Chancellorship, and following the precedent set by his immediate and illustrious predecessor, exchanged the Great Seal of the Duchy for that of the Kingdom. With the Chancellorship came a peerage. The Prince—as his manner was—insisted with profane oaths that Erskine should take his title from the Duchy of which he had been Chancellor. He therefore, though he possessed not a rood of land in (to quote Carew) "the farthest shire of England westward," in which, indeed, so far as we can find, he never set foot, became Baron Erskine of Restormel in the County of Cornwall —one of whose glories it is to be thus associated with the name and fame of England's greatest advocate.‡ Restormel, Carew§ tells us, "was sometime the Duke's principal house." The massive and venerable ruins of the Castle are seen by the traveller on the Cornwall Railway—as he approaches Lostwithiel —in old times the county town. The barony is an existing

* Afterwards Lord Wynford.

† This was said *circa* 1822, 332:—"The present King being George IV." *Vide* Bowring's "Autobiographical Recollections," p. 401. Conf. "Henry Erskine," p. 175.

‡ The particulars of Lord Erskine's removal from office, and his subsequent appointment as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, are given in Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi. p. 455 *et seq.*; and see the Letter of Lord Erskine to Howell, editor of the "State Trials," at p. 459. Conf. "Memoir of Henry Erskine," p. 345 and note.

§ In his "Survey of Cornwall."

peerage. Within the last twelve months a great-grandson of the Chancellor took his seat as fifth Baron. He resembles his illustrious ancestor if in no other respect than this, that he exchanged the uniform of a military officer for a barrister's gown.

Thomas Erskine, more fortunate than his brother, has had his biography long since given to the world. Lord Brougham, in his "Statesmen of the Reign of George III.," gives a sketch of him which is in fact an *éloge*. It is fully corroborated by another sketch drawn by Lord Abinger, who also knew him well.*

The ties of the Scottish origin common to both Erskine and Campbell were too powerful for even Campbell's cynicism and love of depreciating others, and of all his "Lives of the Chancellors" that of Erskine† is the fairest and most candid and most appreciative.

Little fresh information as to Thomas Erskine is given by Col. Ferguson. One well-known story of him that of his having preached while he still wore an ensign's uniform is proved; he at least on one occasion preached to the men of his (the 1st Royal) regiment‡ a sermon which was printed.§ It is in no way remarkable, and savours rather of the School of Blair than of the Evangelical School, whose tenets his family held. Had it come to the notice of his "far-away cousins," Ralph and Ebenezer, they would have condemned it as "cauld rife morality" and a "legal testimony." In later life Thomas Erskine probably regarded this youthful production as did Bishop Thirlwall his premature "Primitiæ."‖ Lord Brougham agrees with Lord Abinger that Thomas Erskine was a man of "ill-regulated passions." Lord Kenyon, we are told, was wont to call these imperfections spots in the sun. It must with sorrow be added, "that as the lustre of the luminary became more dim the spots did not contract in their dimensions."¶ Erskine was besides addicted, after the fashion of his day, especially among lawyers,** to the use of profane oaths; nevertheless, Lord Brougham attributes to him "an habitually religious disposition of mind," certain is it that in the novel "Armata," published towards the

* See "Memoir of Lord Abinger," p. 64.

† Vol. vi. p. 367 *et seq.* ‡ At St. Helier's, Jersey, Dec. 31, 1769.

§ *Vide* "Henry Erskine," p. 104, and the Extracts from the Sermon, Appendix, No. III. p. 539.

‖ Thirlwall's "Letters to a Friend," pp. 155, 156.

¶ Brougham's Erskine *ubi supra* "Memoir of Lord Abinger," 64

** The profanity of Thurlow, Eldon, Wynford, and other lawyers of the time of George III. and the Regency is known to every one.

close of his life, there is an argument for the immortality of the soul, pronounced by Lord Campbell to be "beautiful."*

Sir John Bowring, who at that time saw much of him, relates that—

"there was then but little left of that fine and fiery eloquence which characterized his youth. Once only—he adds—do I remember anything particularly striking in his conversation . . . . he began to talk of the evidences of Christianity. He became greatly excited, his mind expanded more and more, and at last he burst into such a stream of oratory as I never heard. His eye flashed with light and he spoke as if inspired, the tones of his voice, too, being singularly beautiful."†

This eloquent outburst was probably a *rechauffé* of his speech for the prosecution in the case of Williams, tried and convicted for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason."‡

At the time of Henry Erskine's birth Lord Buchan lived in his family house at the head of Gray's Close, Edinburgh, a modest, if not humble, dwelling—in fact the family were at this time in reduced circumstances, but their house was the resort of the best Edinburgh society of the day, including the leaders of the Bar and of the General Assembly. Lady Buchan was a woman of great intellectual power, which she had assiduously cultivated. She had, a rare thing for a woman of that time, studied mathematics under Colin Mackenzie, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and she educated her boys until they were of an age to require more systematic instruction. The family removed about 1760 to St. Andrews, where also their house was frequented by the best society of the University town. Sixty years later Lord Campbell, when a student at St. Andrews, was shown a cave, then still called Lady Buchan's Cave, where she had been used to drink tea, and made her toilet when she bathed. On February 25, 1760, Henry matriculated as a student of the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard. Towards the end of 1763 the family removed to Bath, Henry going to Glasgow University. The motive for this change of residence was the reputation "Bath" enjoyed as a "highly favoured city," where the Gospel was preached by Whitfield with "affectionate simplicity, earnestness and power," under the auspices of the venerable person to whom we have already alluded, whom her adherents delighted to honour as "The Elect Lady Selina, Countess of Huntingdon;" but whom Cardinal

* It is given in the "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi. p. 625.

† Bowring's "Autobiographical Recollections," p. 399.

‡ In the King's Bench, June 26, 1800. The speech is the most declamatory of all Thomas Erskine's speeches.

Newman has named "Selina Episcopa," and who perhaps would be more accurately described as "The Pope Joan of Calvinistic Methodism."

The earl's sister, Frances, was the widow of that Colonel Gardiner, the circumstances of whose death at Prestonpans are known to every reader of Waverley. She had been for years a correspondent of Lady Huntingdon. It was at the instance of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine that Whitfield first crossed the Tweed to preach the Gospel to "the lifeless, lukewarm and up-sitten Scotch." Whitfield's unsound views on patronage—that ever crucial question in Scotland—were regarded by his inviters as "a diabolical delusion," and they resorted by fasting and "humiliation" "in atonement for the fond reception" given him. Lord Buchan and his family, though in their own country considered "excellent God-fearing people," were looked on by English Calvinistic Methodists as little better than unconverted heathen, but after their introduction to Lady Huntingdon and the junior members of the Hawkstone family,* they received in their integrity "those great and momentous truths" which are, or were, the characteristic tenets of the Connection of Selina Countess of Huntingdon. Lord Buchan died at Bath. He did not experience the fate which Sydney Smith described as being "preached to death by wild curates," but the leaders of the Connection sought to "improve the occasion" of the death of so eminent a member," and Whitfield preached in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel no less than eight funeral sermons over the corpse.† On the death of the "Elect Lady," Anne Agnes Erskine, the sister to whom we have before referred, was raised to the vacant Episcopal or Papal Throne.

Henry Erskine, during the time of his family's residence at Bath, was pursuing his studies first at Glasgow and afterwards at the sister University of Edinburgh, where he took up Civil Law, Rhetoric, and Moral Philosophy in the classes of Professors Wallace, Hugh Blair, and Adam Ferguson, having for fellow-students in the last-named class William Adam,‡ Adam Ferguson,§ and Gilbert Eliot,‖ with all of whom he was afterwards in different ways connected. He also became a member of the "Forum Debating Society;" in the debates of that body he laid

* *i.e.*, "The Hills." For an account of them see "Lord Teignmouth's Reminiscences," vol. i. p. 94 *et seq.* The well-known Sir Richard Hill and his brother the better known Rev. Rowland Hill were members of this family.

† The funeral ceremonies are described in a well-known letter of Whitfield, which is reprinted in "Henry Erskine," p. 87.

‡ Who succeeded Thomas Erskine as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall and became Lord Commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland.

§ Afterwards General Sir Adam Ferguson.

‖ Afterwards first Earl Minto.

the foundation of that power of extempore speaking which afterwards made him the greatest advocate Scotland has ever known.

He did not enjoy the opportunities of spiritual illumination enjoyed by his parents and others of his family during their sojourn at Bath. Once only during his father's life he visited "The Queen of the West." He was not present at his father's death and the rhetorical obsequies which followed, but once again he visited the city then, as ever, distinguished alike for its natural aperient and its awakening ministry, to escort his mother on her return to Edinburgh, where she ended her life.

We learn on his son's authority* that his earnest wish was to enter the ministry of the English Church, and that he very reluctantly determined to follow the legal profession, but this statement is inconsistent with the attachment not only to the Presbyterian form of Church government, but to the Calvinistic theology for which his family as well as himself were remarkable. Be that as it may he determined to make the law his profession, and passed as advocate in 1768. There were some obstacles to his success; he possessed, what has been fatal to many an aspirant to legal honours, a fortune, small indeed, but sufficient to enable him to live as a private gentleman according to the simpler habits of those times. Lord Campbell relates that the elder brother, the eleventh earl, used to boast that both Henry and Thomas owed everything to him, because by his refusal to make them the allowances usual to younger sons of peers† he compelled them to work for their living, but the earl's statements were ofttimes random, and Colonel Ferguson is in possession of information not in Lord Campbell's possession.

In person Henry Erskine was considered to be handsome in no common degree; he was singularly good-natured. His manners were polished, and he had a captivating address. He was always considered the ideal of a Scottish gentleman. In this respect he was a strong contrast to his brother Thomas, who by all accounts talked in society in a gauche and foolish way. Madame D'Arblay's description of him is well known, but if it stood alone it could not be trusted. She had dwelt too long in the backstairs of Kew and Windsor to see in one who was the friend alike of the Heir-apparent and of Fox and Grey, and a member of the Society of the Friends of the People anything but what was objectionable; her testimony, however, is corroborated by that of Sheridan and by the traditions of Holland House.‡

---

* The twelfth Earl of Buchan, *vide* "Henry Erskine," p. 95.

† "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi. p. 794.

‡ See "Madame D'Arblay's Diary," vol. v. pp. 319 *et seq.* as to Sheridan. See "Memoir of Lord Abinger," p. 65; and as to Holland House, see Sir Charles Lyell's Letter to his Sister, "Life of Lyell," vol. ii. p. 8; but contra,

It is needless to add that Henry Erskine's society was eagerly sought after. Lord Eldon used to say "that he knew no other way for a young man to get on at the Bar but to live like a hermit and work like a horse;" but Erskine overcame the conjoint obstacles of a small fortune and social popularity. From his first appearing at the Bar he began to rise to professional eminence; his superiority was soon established and never questioned. Not only in social but also in professional qualifications there were great contrasts between the brothers. Henry brought to the Bar a scholastic training uncommon at that date, not only among members of the Scottish Bar, but among Scottish gentlemen of all ranks. Thomas was a student of St. Andrews, and yet after his brief periods of naval and military service matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge*—according to Lord Brougham—he had "hardly any access to the beauties of Attic eloquence, whether in prose or verse." Lord Campbell, indeed, goes further, and says, "he learned little of Greek beyond the alphabet." According to the traditions of Holland House, "when he first came to the Bar he spoke very broad Scotch, he had never read more than the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton; and in three years he spoke eloquent English, and was quite a gentleman in manners." Lord Brougham adds that "Shakespeare he was more familiar with than almost any man of his age, and Milton he nearly had by heart, nor can it be denied that the study of the speeches in 'Paradise Lost' is as good a substitute as can be found for the immortal originals in the Greek models, upon which those great productions have manifestly been formed."† With Dryden and Pope he was also well acquainted. He was celebrated for his *vers de société*, and was a frequent pamphleteer on diversified subjects. His first pamphlet, published while he was yet an ensign, was on "Army Abuses." His last, published in the same year in which he died, was on "Agricultural Distress."

Not long before that time he published his political romance, "Armata," which received the warm approbation of Dr. Parr, ever his friend and enthusiastic admirer. If Lord Campbell's judgment may be trusted, it resembled partly More's "Utopia," and partly "Gulliver's Travels."‡

---

see Brougham's "Statesmen of George III.," title "Erskine," but he refers to Erskine's later years. With regard to Madame d'Arblay, the authority of her narratives generally is powerfully attacked in "The Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany," New Series, vol. iii. p. 360 *et seq.*

* *Vide* "Henry Erskine," p. 64 note.

† Brougham's "Statesmen of George III.," title Erskine. Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi., and the Letter of Sir Charles Lyell *ubi supra*.

‡ Specimens of Lord Erskine's *vers de société* are given in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi. p. 686. As to his pamphlets, see pp. 380, 502, 671, as to "Armata," p. 621.

Henry Erskine possessed, if not the divine gift of poetry, yet a power of versification, in which he indulged throughout his life. Specimens of his versified effusions abound throughout this volume, but we confess not even a sense of our duty as reviewers can compel us to read them. He enjoyed the benefit of a school of training as a public speaker which was denied to his younger brother. *Pari passu* with his advance at the Bar, he was gaining a position in the General Assembly, then thought to be "the best theatre for deliberative eloquence in Scotland." He became a ruling elder in the Kirk, and as such sat as a member of the Assembly. Wedderburn,* and Erskine's great and successful rival, Henry Dundas, also became elders for the purpose of advancing their success at the Bar. The qualifications for the Assembly of Wedderburn and Dundas were analogous to that which, according to some, make Gibbon the best ecclesiastical historian, and according to others, would make an Atheist the best judge to administer "The Public Worship Regulation Act." Erskine, like Councillor Crossmyloof in "The Heart of Midlothian," was "weel kend for a round spun Presbyterian." "He was known," says Colonel Ferguson, "to be possessed of a large share of the deep religious feeling which was a marked peculiarity of his family, and to be zealously attached to the Presbyterian faith, the tenets and discipline of which he was at all times ready to uphold."†

We presume the gallant author meant to say "zealously attached to the tenets of the Calvinistic faith and to Presbyterian discipline." Presbyterianism is not a faith, but a form of Church government. The tenets of the Erskines were Calvinistic, or, in more modern phrase, evangelical. In the Church Courts Erskine was invariably listened to with deference. The General Assembly was an *arena* of free and open debate where the speaker was untrammelled by the formal manner and traditional customs of the Bar, and could "indulge his hearers and his own natural bent with speeches argumentative, humorous, or declamatory, as occasion might require."‡ In his earlier days, therefore, Henry Erskine's power of speaking had a wider scope and freer course than his brother's. The want of similar opportunities alone prevented Thomas Erskine from taking a place in Parliament equal to that which he held at the Bar. But if regarded as advocates there were points of difference between the brothers. The points of resemblance were more and greater. In the case of each brother the speaker's eloquence was enhanced by a handsome and

* Afterwards Lord Loughborough and Earl Rosslyn.
† "Henry Erskine," p. 97. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 97-8.

commanding presence, by a graceful and high bred manner and by all the charms of a fascinating delivery. The very sound of Thomas's voice, invited you to listen,* while of Henry's it was said as of Hortensius "vox Canora et suavis." Each brother was distinguished by a gaiety of manner and by the genial courtesy with which he treated and spoke of his opponents. The intellect of each was rather rapid and acute than deep or forcible. They were equal in the almost infallible sagacity which they displayed in the management of a cause. In a comparative estimate of the two brothers regard must be had to the different circumstances at that time of the Bars of England and of Scotland. North of the Tweed justice was administered by the fifteen Lords of Session and the five Lords of Justiciary according to the forms described in "Redgauntlet" and "The Heart of Midlothian," and before the alterations in Scottish legal procedure initiated by Henry Erskine himself. When he passed as advocate civil cases were never tried by a jury, and the pleadings in the Court of Session were more commonly carried on in writing† than *viva voce;* the language used at the Bar was little better than an imperfect dialect of English without its strength and precision, and at the same time lacking the quaint graphic power of the Scottish tongue when spoken in its purity. Custom required advocates to address the judges according to certain antiquated forms and in a whining tone of which even the exact cadence was prescribed in unctuous style. The elocution of the Bar closely resembled that of Donald Cargill and George Whitfield. As Henry Erskine rose at the Bar he gradually threw aside these antiquated shackles. He left untried no rhetorical art by which to secure his object, the winning of the cause. He gave free scope to his imagination. Clothing his ideas in language of the utmost grace and purity of style, so that it might be said of his diction, as Byron said of his brother's, "You would not change a word." The effect of his delivery was enhanced by his having divested himself of all trace of provincial accent.‡

The smaller amount of business in the Scottish compared with the English Courts led to the Scottish Bar being more discursive and more diffuse in speech than their English brethren. Illus-

---

* Lord Abinger's "Memoir," p. 65. Conf. Brougham's Statesmen, title Erskine. "H. Erskine," p. 518 note.

† A specimen of such written pleadings in the case of Marsport *v.* Lackland will be found in "The Heart of Midlothian," chap. 12. Boswell tells us that one of the Lords of Session said to him, "Give yourself no trouble in the composition of the papers you send us; for indeed it is casting pearls before swine."—"Life of Johnson," chap. xix.

‡ "Henry Erskine," p. 428.

strations of the leisurely proceedings of the Scottish Courts are given in the volume before us.

On one occasion a person who was present at the sitting of the Court of Session, returning late in the afternoon, found the same case still on, and the same advocate still bestowing on the Court, to adopt Lord Denman's description of Sir Frederick Pollock, "tediousness in a spirit of lavish prodigality."* He remarked to Lord Cockburn, "Surely —— is wasting a great deal of time." "Time!" was the reply, "lang ago he has exhaustit time and has encroach't upon eternity."† On another occasion Henry Erskine intimated that it was not necessary for him long to occupy the attention of the Court, when one of their Lordships, by way of protest, burst out, "Hoot, Maister Harry, dinna be brief—dinna be brief."‡

Lord Brougham, who from his earliest days was intimate with both Henry and Thomas Erskine, has left it on record that the two brothers agreed in esteeming it to be the first duty of an advocate to sacrifice everything to the cause in hand, to indulge in no topic, nor any illustration, nor any comment, not even a phrase or a word, that did not directly and manifestly in some material particular contribute to win the judgment of the Court or the verdict of the jury.§

Parenthetically we may observe that we are lost in amazement at the opinion expressed by Mr. Hayward, himself a member of the Bar, that Thomas Erskine "was quite as discursive as Curran, and even more egotistical. Witness the introduction of the savage with the bundle of sticks in the speech for Stockdale."‖ The slightest attention to the method of that speech will show the bearing on the argument, and the force of that celebrated passage of which Lord Brougham truly says, "There are no finer things in modern and few finer in ancient eloquence."

It was said by one of the judges of the Queen's Bench that a day at Nisi Prius was very dull unless Thomas Erskine appeared, as he always made it entertaining by his wit and imagination, and the Lords of Session always expected "to be made gay" when Henry Erskine appeared before them. He also was a master of the art—"*Ridendi dicere verum.*"

> "Erskine, who, whene'er he spoke,
> Made law seem lightsome by his mirthful joke;

---

* "Life of Lord Denman," vol. ii. p. xi.

† "Henry Erskine," p. 426 note. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 103.

§ *Vide* "Henry Erskine," p. 427. Conf. Brougham's "Statesmen of George III. title Erskine; his Autobiography," vol. i. p. 235.

‖ "Hayward's Essays," Third Series, p. 368.

Even stern-faced Newton could not gravely sit,
But shook his wig at Harry's playful wit."*

As in the case of the late Charles Buller, Henry Erskine's reputation for wit and humour somewhat overshadowed his higher and graver qualities. "Notwithstanding the fascination it threw around him he had better (in the opinion of Lord Cockburn) have been without it. It established obstructing associations of cheerfulness whenever he appeared in the public mind."† He might have said of himself as did Archbishop Whateley, that he ought to have carried on his back a notice, "Rubbish shot here," for as in Dublin so in Edinburgh, there was no story too ridiculous, no jest however broad, the paternity of which was not by common rumour attributed in one case to the head of the Church, in the other to the head of the Bar. But

"a very great mistake [says Lord Brougham] was committed by bystanders, or generally by those who either heard, or heard of, Henry Erskine's speeches and fancied they were all joke—all to amuse the crowd, or at best to turn his adversary and his arguments into ridicule. He was a most argumentative speaker; and if he sometimes did more than was necessary he never for an instant lost sight of the point to be pressed on his audience by all the means he could employ, and which really were every weapon of eloquence except declamation and appeals to the tender feelings. Of course a great cause placed him more under restraint, and more called forth his exertions; yet it was singular how much he would sometimes labour even in the most ordinary matters. However, if I were to name the most consummate exhibition of forensic talent that I ever witnessed, whether in the skilful conduct of the argument, the felicity of the copious illustrations, the cogency of the reasoning, or the dexterous appeal to the prejudices of the Court, I should, without hesitation, at at once point to his address (*hearing in presence*) in Maitland's case; and were my friend Lauderdale alive to him I should appeal, for he heard it with me, and came away declaring that his brother Thomas never surpassed—nay, he thought never equalled it."‡

Lord Jeffrey also testifies that Henry Erskine "was not only distinguished for the peculiar brilliancy of his wit and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but equally by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. . . . . All his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning."§

---

* From "November Twelfth," a Contemporary Poem quoted in "Henry Erskine," p. 422.
† "Henry Erskine," pp. 100–101.
‡ "Lord Brougham's Autobiography," vol. i. pp. 230–1.
§ Quoted in "Henry Erskine," p. 101.

Among the disadvantages of Henry's position as compared with that of his younger brother, one was that Henry's practice was almost entirely confined to the Scottish Courts, though, of course, he occasionally appeared in the Commune Forum of the kingdom, the House of Lords. On one of these occasions, Lord Campbell tells us that "All the Courts in Westminster Hall were deserted from a curiosity to compare the two brothers, and full justice was done to the elder."* Moreover, as a rule the cases in which he was engaged, though of the utmost importance to those concerned, were of little public or general interest. "What," to borrow Lord Cockburn's words, "preserves the forensic glory of Thomas Erskine, except the State Trials, which gave subjects of permanent dignity to his genius, and which thus sustained, made his genius immortal."† Henry Erskine's memory also suffers from this disadvantage, that while Thomas Erskine's speeches are preserved to us with a care and correctness which those only of Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham among the speakers of his day enjoy, and were revised by himself, mostly at the several times of their first publication. Of Henry Erskine's speeches we have no such collection, and the scanty extracts from them given in this memoir are not sufficient to enable us to form any accurate judgment of their merits or a comparison between his efforts and those of his brother.

Of the wit and humour for which Henry Erskine was so renowned, Col. Ferguson gives but few specimens, but they are authentic; he has well sifted the rubbish attributed to the distinguished subject of this memoir. He tells Erskine's well-known reply to Dundas in a more pointed form than we have before seen it. On the formation of the Coalition Ministry of 1783 Erskine succeeded Dundas as Lord Advocate.

"An interview took place between the new and the old Lord Advocate in the Parliament House. Erskine observing that Dundas had lost no time in divesting himself of the robe of office, having resumed the ordinary stuff gown usually worn by advocates, said gaily, that he supposed he 'ought to leave off talking and go and order his silk gown,' the proper garb of the Lord Advocate and Solicitor General. 'It is hardly worth while,' said Dundas, drily, 'for the time you will want it; you had better borrow mine.' Erskine's reply was happy and characteristic: 'From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is a gown made to fit *any party*; but however short my time in office may

---

* "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi. 705.

† "Life of Lord Jeffrey," vol. i. p. 244, quoted in "Henry Erskine," p. 427.

be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he adopted the abandoned habits of his predecessor."*

Equally ready and happy was this reply. He was addressing the House of Lords in a Scotch Appeal relating to a Trust Estate. In the course of his speech he had frequently occasion to mention the "cūrators," always pronouncing the word in the manner approved in the Scottish Courts—that is with the accent on the first syllable. One of the English judges—Mr. Erskine's son understood that it was Lord Mansfield who was so fastidious —could stand this no longer and exclaimed—

"'Mr. Erskine, we are in the habit in this country of saying curātor, following the analogy of the Latin, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long.'

"'I thank your Lordship very much,' was Erskine's reply, 'we are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word curātor we follow the analogy of the *English* language; but I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a senātor and so great *an orātor* as your Lordship."†

"Lord Mansfield," remarks Colonel Ferguson, "being himself an emigrant from Scotland, was doubtless not unwilling to show his own superior attainments in the direction of civilization, forgetful how ticklish a question is that of the quantities of classical words in English."

There is an error here either as to the date or the person. The retort is said to have been made by Erskine at the time he was Lord Advocate under "All the Talents,"‡ but Lord Mansfield last attended the House of Lords§ on 22nd May, 1788, and died 20th March, 1793, he therefore could not have been the person who corrected Erskine. But if the scene occurred during Erskine's first tenure of office 1783-4, probably Mansfield was the person. If it occurred in 1806-7, either Lord Eldon or Lord Redesdale would have been delighted to catch tripping a Whig official and a Scotchman, and the more so since his brother was then presiding on the Woolsack.

Another anecdote shows equal readiness, and at the same time the ascendency Erskine had over the judges.

"He had been several years at the Bar, and his character established as a leader of the first rank, when he was engaged in a case, with a somewhat inexperienced young hand as his junior. The cause was heard before the 'fifteen' lords. At one stage of the trial, while the junior counsel was addressing the Bench, a discussion arose on a point

* "Henry Erskine," p. 241; see the remarks on this story in *The Quarterly Review* for October, 1882, Art. Henry Erskine and his Times.

† "Henry Erskine," p. 448. ‡ 1806-7.

§ Campbell's "Lives of the Chief Justices," vol. ii. 566-7.

of law of some nicety; a debate of considerable warmth ensued, in which several of the judges took part, precedents were referred to, and a case was found which it was thought might possibly be read as having a bearing on the point at issue. The young lawyer, however, had more zeal for his client than tact in the management of a somewhat delicate question. With finger on book, he continued his remarks, saying that 'With the case of Tosh and Macfarlane (or some equally valuable precedent) before them, he *was surprised* to hear their lordships say so and so.' Instantly he was snapped up by more than one of the venerable senators, who had 'never heard sic impudence.' 'Was this what the Bar was coming to?' and so forth. Of course regret was expressed by the speaker, but throughout the rest of the address it was but too evident that the young advocate had stroked 'widdershins,' the judicial ermine, to an extent which boded no good to the case Erskine had in hand. It therefore became necessary to remove the unfavourable impression that had been produced without a moment's loss of time.

"The much revolving *witty advocate* applied himself to this as soon as he rose to speak. He took the earliest moment, he said, of expressing his concurrence in the regret felt by his young friend for the ill-advised but thoughtless expression that had fallen from him. But of one thing, he said, he could confidently assure their lordships. 'When my young and inexperienced brother has practised as long at this Bar as I have, I can safely say he will be *surprised at nothing* your lordships may say!' The laugh which ensued had the effect desired by the crafty advocate."*

Any of our readers who five-and-thirty years ago were familiar with the Court of the then Vice-Chancellor of England will be reminded by this story of Sir Lancelot Shadwell and Mr. Bethell.†

Even the debates of the General Assembly furnished subjects for Erskine's wit and humour. Referring to a well-known leader in that body to whom he was often opposed, he was wont to say "That running down Hill was easy and pleasant work."‡

His character as the most popular man in Edinburgh society must have been firmly established before he could venture to give so hard a hit as that which we now relate.

His kinsman, Lord Kellie, who was notorious for his unruly living was

"amusing his company with an account of a sermon he had heard in a church in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Anthony, who, when on shipboard, attracted the fishes by his preaching, so that in order to listen to the pious discourse they held their heads out of the water. 'I can well believe the miracle,' said Erskine. 'How so?' 'When your lordship was at church there was at least one fish out of water.'"§

---

* Campbell's "Lives of the Justices," p. 421-2. † Lord Westbury.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 98. § *Ibid.* p. 141.

His rendering (we are told) of certain of the old Latin mottoes over the doors in St. Mary's Wynd and the Cowgate in Edinburgh were extremely witty but hardly such as bear publication. We may judge of them from this anecdote. A certain Mr. Lawes, an acquaintance of the family, whom he bored a good deal with his tiresome talk, died. "What shall be his epitaph?" inquired Erskine's granddaughter. "Laus Deo" was his reply.

One story told by Colonel Ferguson we decline to accept as historical, for it is utterly inconsistent with Erskine's unvarying courtesy and general good humour, and unworthy his reputation as the *Ideal Scottish Gentleman.* On one occasion, it is said, he dined with an incorporated body of tailors.

"In the course of the evening they had drunk the health of their guest and counsellor, to which he felt called upon to reply before leaving the party. He rose to do so; and chancing to notice that there were exactly *eighteen* of his entertainers, the tailors, at the table, he concluded his speech by wishing 'health, long life, and prosperity to both of you!' but before the meaning of the allusion had dawned upon them he had vanished from the room."*

A more probable story is that during Johnson's visit to Edinburgh Erskine met him in the Parliament Close led by Boswell. Of course Boswell introduced the great advocate to "the sage." The gentlemen bowed, but Erskine passed on with nothing more than "your servant, sir," taking care, however, to slip into Boswell's hand a shilling "for the sight of his bear."† With constitutional intrepidity Thomas Erskine whilst still an ensign had ventured to encounter Johnson in conversation even on ground so dangerous as a Scriptural question.‡

At the time Henry Erskine came to the Bar

"a few owners of land held, under the title of superiorities, the whole parliamentary representation of Scotland in their hands. The supremacy of Dundas and his followers who were as intolerant, as corrupt, and as powerful in the Scotch as the Beresfords in the Irish community, was not even mitigated by the influence of a majority of numbers which in Ireland belonged so manifestly to the Roman Catholics, Lord Archibald Hamilton was almost the only man who dared in Parliament to raise his voice in the cause of right and justice. During the early days of the French war a lawyer or man of letters, who spoke against the excess of arbitrary power, could, if a lawyer, hardly obtain a brief; or, if a philosopher, scarcely use his literary talent without the fear of being oppressed and excluded from the

---

* Lord Westbury, p. 401.

† In allusion to Mrs. Boswell's complaint, "I have seen many a bear led by a man; but I never before saw a man led by a bear," Boswell's Johnson, chap. xxii.

‡ "H. Erskine," p. 130, *Ibid.*, chap. xix.

legitimate use of his freedom by the oppressive mandate of an insolent majority." *

"Scotland—says Lord Brougham—had no popular spirit from having no popular elections, and her courts of justice were at that time considerably behind the courts of Westminster."

Henry Erskine, notwithstanding his known Whiggism, soon established a reputation which, after his death, was thus poetically described :—

> "The lawyer, whose unspotted name
> Virtue exulting gives to fame,
> The patriot, whom no threat could bend
> No bribe seduce to leave his friend.
> (That friend, his country's proudest boast
> By slaves assailed at freedom's post.)

There was in Edinburgh at that time a mixture of classes to an extent we now can hardly realize. They were brought into the closest contact by reason of the concentration of public life within very narrow limits. It was the custom for advocates to frequent some particular tavern for the purpose of seeing their clients without the intervention of a solicitor, as Counsellor Pleydell saw Dandie Dinmont. By this arrangement the necessity for chambers, so great an expense to young members of the English Bar, was saved. When the day's work in the Courts was over, the advocates used to call at the house of a certain Mrs. Flockhart in the Potter Row, and there refresh themselves with one solitary glass of brandy.† This free and unrestrained intercourse of the counsel with the client produced a more direct personal interest in the suitors than is common with the English Bar, and led to Erskine taking up, as the phrase ran, "without fee or reward," many a case of hardship and distress, and using for the benefit of the poor and the down-trodden the abilities which Providence had given him. This more than any other cause was the secret of his wonderful popularity among his countrymen. The saying attributed to one of the Dandie Dinmont class is well known—"There's no poor man in a' Scotland need want a friend or fear an enemy sae lang as Hairry Erskine lives."‡ Notwithstanding this generous liberality his gains at the Bar were greater than those of any other member

---

* Earl Russell's "Recollections and Suggestions," pp. 324-5-6. Conf. Brougham's "Statesmen of George III." title Dundas, and "The Memoir of Dr. Thomas Brown" prefixed to his "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

† Readers of "Redgauntlet" will remember the description of the Clerks of the Court of Session wending their way hand in hand and in silence across the Parliament House close to a tavern where they partook of their meridian.

‡ "Henry Erskine," p. 474.

of the Bar. Sixteen years after he had passed as advocate a relation wrote of him :—"He makes more of his business than ever any lawyer did, above £2,700 a year for two years back."* When Thomas Erskine had been thirteen years at the English Bar, Lord Buchan wrote of him :—"Of the extraordinary increase of his business I shall say nothing, though his receipts for the last year are up to ten thousand pounds, more by sixteen hundred guineas than ever was gained by any lawyer at the Bar." This statement was confirmed by Thomas Erskine himself; his business, he says, "was beyond all instance or example since Rufus built the hall of Westminster."†

When Henry Erskine was presented to George III. on his becoming Lord Advocate, in 1806, the old King, then tolerably sane, blurted out, "Not so rich as Tom, eh? Not so rich as Tom?" "Your Majesty," replied his Majesty's advocate, "will please to remember my brother is playing at the guinea table and I at the shilling one."‡

His first attempt to gain an official position at the Bar was unsuccessful; the dignified and responsible office of Procurator to the Church fell vacant, and relying on his knowledge and experience of Church politics and the business and procedure of the General Assembly, and on his hereditary connection with the leaders of the Evangelicals, or "High-flyers," as they were then called, he became a candidate. His opponent, representing the Moderates, was William Robertson, the eldest son of Principal Robertson, the historian, defeated Erskine by a narrow majority.

At length, after fifteen years' practice at the Bar, he became Lord Advocate under the Coalition Ministry.§ "I expect soon to see the time—wrote the Erskine's friend, Wm. Adam—when two Erskines in two different climates practising, are to be at the head of the profession in the different countries, where unlike Castor and Pollux of old, the one will not be in the shades below when the other is in heaven, but both at once Lords of the ascendant in their respective hemispheres."‖

His tenure of office was short, during it he was mainly occupied in its political duties. He was also at this time made Advocate and State Counsellor of the Prince of Wales on his establishment as Great Steward of Scotland. Thomas was also made the Prince's Attorney General¶ in England. Each of the brothers, therefore, was, at the same time, on his

* "Henry Erskine," p. 200.
† *Ibid.* p. 389. This was in 1791.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 440, Ex relatione, Henry Erskine, Junior.
§ 15th August, 1783. *Vide* Annual Register for that year.
‖ "Henry Erskine," p. 241.
¶ 19th November, 1783. *Vide* the Annual Register for that year.

own side of the Tweed, the highest law officer of the Heir-apparent.

The new Lord Advocate had no seat in Parliament, and Sir Thomas Dundas had the management in London of the Scottish business of the Government. From his correspondence with Erskine we gain some side-lights on the history of that troubled time. The Coalition, we learn, expected to carry Fox's India Bill in the Lords "by a great majority. I wish I was as sure —so William Adam is reported to have said—of the Kingdom of Heaven as I am of carrying our Bill this evening."

The Lord Advocate was much commended for his exertions in sending up "The Scots peers or their proxies" to swell the expected majority. *Dis aliter visum.* The Bill was thrown out and the Coalition dismissed. Their adherents at first looked on Pitt's Administration "as still-born." "They begin," wrote Dundas to Erskine,* "to look upon it as all over themselves;" and he adds what was surely an unfounded report, for there is no fact in our history better established than that the Coalition was upset by the King's influence in soliciting the votes of the peers against his own Ministers. This interference was notorious and almost avowed.† "The K . . . has lately used expressions which are not very promising in their favour, such as 'He had no wish to turn out the late Ministry,' and 'These gentlemen have taken the Government upon themselves—they have themselves to blame if they cannot carry it on.' All this looks very much like preparing for a change."‡ This illusion of a speedy change was soon dispelled; within a month Dundas wrote, "We shall probably have a motion in the House to-day for the King to remove the present Ministers which we shall certainly carry. . . . . It is reported that there is an answer ready similar to that of Charles II." This it is conjectured refers to the answer made by Charles II. in 1678 to an address for the removal of Lauderdale, "This address is so extravagant that I am not willing speedily to give it the answer it deserves."§ On occasion of the then annual service in Westminster Abbey on January 30, "The day of the Martyrdom of the Blessed King Charles the First"—as it was absurdly called —there was—Lord Buchan writes to his brother Henry—"a ridiculous incident in the choice of the anthem in which, from the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, there was this passage, 'I am in the midst of mine enemies. *They have called up an Assembly against me to crush my young men.*' I

---

* 1st January, 1784.

† Sir G. C. Lewis' "Administration of Great Britain," p. 69.

‡ "Henry Erskine," pp. 252–3. § "Henry Erskine," p. 254 and note.

pointed it out to the Prebendary, Dr. Finch, who sate in the next stall to me. *The anthem was changed.*" Considering the hostile attitude of the House of Commons to "the angry boy," as Sheridan called Pitt, the coincidence was singular as was also another which we learn from the same letter. "Monday the 2nd of February the Purification of the Virgin," was "the great day when by the resolutions of the House of Commons the Constitution was attempted to be purified from the stains of corruption."*

The Coalition still laboured to keep up their hopes. "The present glorious Ministers," wrote Dundas,† "begin to droop most piteously." But a month later he wrote, "You will probably be much surprised when you hear that we carried the question of a representation to the King [against the continuance of the Ministry] last night only by one vote."

Parliament was soon afterwards dissolved; the party of Fox and North were nowhere at the polls, and Pitt settled down to his uninterrupted Ministry of sixteen years.

It is noteworthy, as illustrating the official morality of the time, that even when Erskine and Dundas were no longer in office Sir Thomas wrote, "All your letters and mine are opened in London." Indeed, Lord Shelburne told Jeremy Bentham that the practice of opening letters was always carried on with great activity during the reign of George III.‡

It was some compensation for Erskine's loss of the Lord Advocate's silk gown that at the close of 1785 he was, after a keen contest, chosen by his brethren of the Bar Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. This office, though purely honorary, is held in the highest estimation by Scottish advocates. The qualifications for it are—acknowledged eminence at the Bar conjoined with seniority. It shows the high estimation in which Erskine was held by his legal brethren that, notwithstanding the Tory feeling which at that time ran high throughout the country, the Lord Advocate of the unpopular Coalition was chosen by the Bar as their official head. His correspondent Thomas Dundas congratulated his colleague in these forcible words:—

---

* "Henry Erskine," p. 255. The Houses at the time attended the State Services.

† February, 1784. He refers to Pitt's Ministry.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 260; Bowring's "Autobiographical Recollections," p. 97. The practice was common in Ireland, so late as the reign of George IV. Torrens' "Memoirs of Melbourne," vol. i. p. 254, *et seq.* Bowring says, *ubi supra*, "I received a hint from Earl Durham (when a member of the Grey Cabinet) that I should be very cautious as to what I wrote, for my letters were among those stopped at the post-office, and that he had seen one of my letters on the table of King William IV.

"My dear Dean of Faculty. . . . I rejoice and am exceeding glad at your victory—and a great victory it appears to me to be, because your opponents certainly stirr'd Heaven and Earth, with all the hellish powers of administration, to defeat you and the cause of freedom at the Scots Bar. You have now, thank God, got the command over our enemies, and I know you will make a good use of it."*

In 1787 Erskine appeared in the General Assembly as leader in a still remembered ecclesiastical contest. Its object was the Clerkship of the General Assembly, an office always coveted by the ministers of the Scottish Establishment. The contending parties were the "Moderates" on the one side, and the "High-flyer" or "Evangelicals," on the other. Dr. Carlyle, a Tory and a supporter of Pitt's government and of patronage—who is known to this day by his nickname of "Jupiter Carlyle"—was the "Moderate." Dr. Dalzell, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, was the "Evangelical" candidate. Henry Dundas, now again Lord Advocate, was the leader for Carlyle, Henry Erskine for Dalzell.

Mrs. Mure of Caldwell, the well-known friend of David Hume, and a relative of the Erskines, wrote to one of the family:—"It came quite to be a political affair, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox combatants. The latter, however, merely carried it by the great abilities and exertion of our friend Harry Erskine."†

At this time the burghs of Scotland were governed by town councils, which were self-elected and managed the burgh affairs, very much after the fashion of the American rings of our day. A movement was set on foot for what was afterwards called municipal reform, a reform of the government of the burghs, but not proposing to interfere with their parliamentary representation, if that system could be called representation in which "all the handmaids of freedom were present, though their eternal mistress was far away," and which was as corrupt as the municipal government of the burghs.

In this movement Henry Erskine took an active part. The councils of the burgh reformers were weakened by internal division, some of them were for extending their operations to a reform in the parliamentary representation of the burghs, and were disposed to ally themselves with "The Friends of the People," of which Thomas Erskine was a leading member. Henry Erskine, though in the abstract favourable to parliamentary reform, deemed it injudicious to mix up that question with the other one of burgh management.

The panic caused by the French Revolution stopped Scottish municipal reform as well as all other measures of constitutional

* "Henry Erskine," p. 265. † *Ibid.* p. 317.

improvement, and it was not until 1833, when under the Government of Lord Grey parliamentary reform had been carried, that Jeffrey, then Lord Advocate, proposed and carried the long-deferred burgh reform.*

At the time of the "Schism of the Whigs," arising out of the French Revolution, Henry Erskine resisted his brother Thomas's entreaty to join the "Friends of the People," of which, however, their elder brother, Lord Buchan, became a member.

"For myself [he wrote at this time † to his kinsman Sir Gilbert Eliot] I have ever been of opinion that, however excellent the principles of our constitution may be, it certainly admits (particularly in respect of parliamentary representation) of many very salutary amendments; and whenever *at a proper time* and in *a proper mode*, there shall be brought forward a plan of reformation in that respect, it shall meet with my cordial support. But I am decidedly of opinion that this is of all others the most improper time that such a plan could have been suggested, and that the *mode* adopted is, in the present conjuncture, the most unfortunate that could have been devised."

He also wrote to the Duke of Portland, the head of the seceding Whigs, "in terms which gave the duke great satisfaction." His adherence to the anti-reformers, as Portland and his followers were called, did not, however, save him from an unmanly and iniquitous attack by the Scottish creatures of Pitt and Dundas.

He had for ten years without interruption been Dean of Faculty, for according to custom the office was held for life or until promotion to Bench. He had withstood the requests and eschewed the example of his brothers and refused to join "The Society of the Friends of the People." But like his younger brother he would have no part nor lot "in that combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers—the league of cruelty and craft formed to destroy our liberties."‡

On Pitt bringing forward his "Seditious Writings Bill," Erskine saw that its provisions might easily be abused and he was by no means backward in expressing the strong disapproval of it which he felt. A meeting was held in Edinburgh§ to protest against the measure. He attended it and moved the resolution which expressed a loyal abhorrence of the late attack on the King,‖ condemned the Seditious Writings Bill and a

* The facts as to the Burgh Reform Movement and Henry Erskine's views on and the part he took in it are told at length in the Memoir, p. 323 *et seq.*

† 14th June, 1792. *Ibid.* p. 341 *et seq.*

‡ Brougham's Statesmen. Title Erskine. § 28th November, 1795.

‖ The King had been fired at on his way to open Parliament in the previous October.

companion measure for the more effectual suppression of seditious meetings, and further expressed a desire for peace with France. Henry Dundas had now for some years possessed a paramount power both over the Scottish members and their so-called constituents. This was in great measure owing to the "unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long Minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal." The prominent part taken by the Dean of Faculty in opposition to the Government was a great opportunity for "wary and pensive Scots whose path lay straight before them—the path of righteous devotion leading unto a blessed preferment." Eight Tory advocates therefore organized an opposition to the Dean's re-election. Their avowed ground of opposition was a tender regard for "those great national and constitutional interests which unhappily had for some years been so much the subjects of anxiety to all loyal citizens.* Under this thinnest veil of speech they strove to hide their anxious desire for the stability of Pitt's Ministry, and of Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favours. Erskine issued an address to the Bar in which, after stating that he had reckoned it the highest honour of his life that he had been elected at a time when—he continued—

"I opposed the administration of Mr. Pitt, on principles of which it is my greatest pride to reflect, that no view of personal interest, no fear of personal consequences, have ever induced me for a moment to swerve. The utmost interest of Government was exerted to defeat my election, but the Faculty were free and independent. Their spirit resisted undue influence, and I was placed at your head by a decided majority."†

He then ably vindicated the position he had taken in opposing the Government measures:—

"Descended from ancestors whose exertions contributed to bring about the glorious revolution, which secured the liberties of my country, which placed the present illustrious family on the throne, and the principles of which I trust shall preserve it there to the latest posterity, it is my pride and glory to have come forward at this alarming period to preserve those liberties from invasion; to have done so along with many of the most noble and illustrious characters in the kingdom, along with the united voice of all the public bodies, and the great mass of the inhabitants of the metropolis of the nation, and of the great majority of its counties and cities; but above all, with the unbiassed, uncorrupted dictates of my own conscience."‡

* See the Address, *ubi supra*, p. 545.
† See the Circular of the Eight Advocates. Appendix No. V. p. 544
‡ *Ibid.* p. 546. The whole Address is worth reading.

The Tories put forward as their candidate a member of the Government, Robert Dundas, of Arniston, their Lord Advocate, and "all the hellish powers of administration again stirred heaven and earth" to defeat Erskine.

Francis Jeffrey and three or four other young advocates who were avowed Whigs were ardently desirous to vote for Erskine, but family and social influences were brought to bear on them, and they abstained from voting on either side. One only of Erskine's friends voted against him. When the deserter's name was called, and he gave his vote, the clock struck *three*, on which a staunch adherent of Erskine said, with great intensity, "When the cock crew thrice, Peter denied his Master." Jeffrey always thought less of himself from his not having voted for Erskine. "It made the greater impression upon him," said Cockburn, "that this was the first public occasion on which he had had an opportunity of acting on his principles." "What," Cockburn says elsewhere, "a condition men's minds must have been in, when good men, who had selected these young men for patronage because they loved them, were not ashamed to exact such sacrifices."*

By such tactics the party of servility and corruption carried the day. When the votes came to be counted,† there were found for Dundas 123, for Erskine 38. Dundas therefore had a majority of 83 votes. Erskine's defeat was meant, and was taken, as a warning to all others to avoid the dangers of being on the wrong side. Fox and Grey and the other Whig leaders perfectly approved "the propriety and manly energy of Erskine's conduct."‡

In relation to an almost extinct political controversy, these lines from a squib of the day are noteworthy :—

> "The vote is passed and black-balls fill the urn
> The silken gown is from thy shoulders torn,
> And all thy titles, all thy honours, pass
> To deck the person of abhorred *Dundass*."§

The Faculty of Advocates, therefore, like most other public and private bodies in Britain, voted by ballot, and so enjoyed what a former editor of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW called the "treatment of gentlemen,"‖ well-nigh three-quarters of a century before the constituencies obtained it.

* *Vide* "Life of Jeffrey," by Cockburn, i. 94; Cockburn's "Memorials of his Own Time," p. 93.

† The election was held January 12, 1796.

‡ See letter of Lauderdale: "Henry Erskine," p. 359.

§ "Henry Erskine," p. 361.

‖ The late General Perronet Thompson in the dedication to the Electors of the United Kingdom of his "Catechism of the Ballot," which although not so

Erskine deeply felt his defeat, and showed his feeling more than was usual for him. At a public dinner at that time the chairman proposed "the health of those gentlemen of the Faculty who had done themselves the honour of voting for Mr. Erskine's re-election to the Deanship." Erskine quietly remarked, "Mr. President, would it not be sufficient to propose the health of the *Gentlemen* of the Faculty?"*

After Henry Erskine's death, at the public dinner given to Lord Erskine on his visit to Scotland,† after an absence of fifty years, due honour was first done to the memory of Henry Erskine, and then a toast was proposed to the "remaining individuals of that virtuous number of thirty-eight who stood firm in the support of Henry Erskine when he opposed the unconstitutional and oppressive measures of the Minister of the day." One of the survivors, in returning thanks, disclaimed all praise for honouring and loving Henry Erskine. "Had all the powers on earth," he said, "been set against them, they must have continued to hold him the pride and ornament of the Scots Bar."‡

It is well known that towards the close of Addington's administration, he made an unsuccessful attempt to induce Thomas Erskine to take the Attorney-Generalship, and the office of Lord Justice Clerk falling vacant by the resignation of that object of Brougham's relentless persecution, Lord Eskgrove, was offered to Henry Erskine; but although the office would have been highly agreeable, and its salary was a necessity to him, he declined to separate himself from the political friends with whom he had been accustomed to act.§

On the death of Pitt, the Grenville-Fox Administration, popularly called "All the Talents," was formed.‖ It was soon known that Thomas Erskine was fixed on by both parties (*i.e.*, in the Cabinet) for Chancellor, and his name submitted to the King, but there was a great deal of speculation about the royal assent. It was said in the clubs that he was too nearly allied to the Prince. The King, however, submitted to receive Erskine, as he had submitted to receive Fox. One who was present when the new Chancellor first attended at Court wrote Henry Erskine, "You would hardly have known the Chancellor, he looked so solemn.

---

well-known as his "Anti-Corn Law Catechism," is, to use the words in which his friend and our first Editor described the better known work, "one of the most masterly and pungent exposures of fallacies which ever passed the press."

* *Ibid.* p. 358. † In 1820.

‡ "Henry Erskine," Appendix, No. VI. p. 550. § *Ibid.* p. 418.

‖ We observe Col. Ferguson, p. 434, says: "The New Administration, 'All the Talents,' as they are said to have styled themselves." We have always understood this name was not ostentatiously assumed by themselves, but sarcastically given them by their opponents, as it was in the same spirit applied by the Conservatives of 1852–3 to the Aberdeen-Russell Ministry.

I could not persuade myself I had ever heard him joke in my life."

Henry Erskine resumed the office of Lord Advocate, and being now in his sixtieth year, for the first time entered Parliament. He sat for a group of "Royal burghs," the election for which was controlled ultimately by the Lauderdale and Dalrymple families. Not even the presence of the candidate at the mock election was thought necessary. A letter from two "wary and pensive" burgesses of North Berwick, one of the group, shows the relations between Scottish members and their constituents before the first Reform Act made Scottish representation a reality.

"Conceiving ourselves," say they, "not the least of the Lord Advocate's constituents, we request to offer him a few remarks for his consideration. In the present state of things, there are only two ways in our opinion his lordship can distinguish himself in the present parliament. The first that occurs is, that his lordship should seize the chief or entire management of all Scots' affairs, in the same way that Dundas formerly did, whereby he would become popular in the country, when he could turn out Dundas's party, and put in their places his own friends and well-wishers. His lordship has a large scale to go on. He has the church, excise, custom-house, post-office, and many lucrative situations in his power of gift, that we are unacquainted with, and therefore shall not specify them. The second is, that he should make some eminent display of his great and unrivalled abilities in parliament; and how far the present trial of Lord Melville would be a proper opportunity for such a display as we allude to, is submitted to his lordship's better judgment. But notwithstanding of our high opinion of his lordship, we are at the same time sorry to find you so extremely backward in even answering letters, or yet of recommending friends, though solicited thereto in the most suppliant manner by connections of your very best constituents. This conduct alarms us, because a nobleman in power should lend a kind and friendly ear to the petition and complaint of every deserving object, who states his services to his country, never so delicately without the ostentation of boasting of his connections, except producing his certificates of service. We wish your lordship would remedy this evil by looking over your applications, and doing the needful therewith, as the one we refer to was handed to you a few days before you left Edinburgh, at least weeks. As we know not your address in London, we have sent this to your lordship by our carrier to your house, in order to be forwarded to your lordship by one of your clerks."*

Lord Campbell is mistaken in saying that Henry Erskine never opened his mouth in the House of Commons.† He did not make the parliamentary position which his North Berwick

* "Henry Erskine," p. 439.
† "Lives of the Chancellors" (4th edition), vol. ix. p. 104.

constituents desired, nor did he take a conspicuous part in the general business of the House; but in business either purely Scottish or affecting Scotland he took the leading part which Lord Advocates before his time took, and since have been accustomed to take.* His second tenure of office, like his first, was short; but during it he initiated a reform in the procedure of the Court of Session which he did not live to see completed.

One qualification for the parliamentary leader of the Scottish members he possessed in a remarkable degree—height. Ferguson, of Pitfour, who, according to House of Commons tradition, avowed that he never but once gave an independent vote, and ever afterwards regretted it, said of Erskine: "We Scotchmen always vote with the Lord Advocate; so we like to be able *to see* him at the close of a debate."†

On the dissolution of Parliament, in Nov. 1806, Erskine was returned for the Dumfries District of Burghs. Parliament was again dissolved in April, 1807, and with that dissolution his parliamentary life ended.

The death of Fox gave the Prince of Wales the desired opportunity of dissolving his connection with the Whigs, and in the transactions which followed the Erskines fared no better than the Prince's other Whig friends. After the Prince became Regent,‡ the office of the Lord President of the Court of Session became vacant by the death of President Blair. Adam, ever the staunch friend of the Erskines, urged on the Regent the claims of Henry, as the head of the Bar and twice Lord Advocate, and "that the choice ought to be the result of professional superiority, not personal favour." The Prince, with his usual insincerity, authorized Adam to communicate to Lord Chancellor Eldon his wish that Erskine should succeed to the President's chair. The wily Chancellor, with his accustomed hypocrisy, received Adam's communication; so Adam wrote to Erskine, "With great candour, and with an unqualified declaration, that fitness, not politics, should be the rule. Mr. P.§ was most kind about you, and seriously wishes it."

A few days later Adam wrote again: "He [the Regent] knows the state of the Scotch Bar as well as I do; and that the talent is all in one quarter. So that your appointment is founded in *fitness*, not *politics*. I have said I will not answer for his not being circumvented and defeated; but I am sure of his good wishes and of my watchfulness."

Late in the autumn, Lord Erskine wrote to the Earl of Buchan: "I wish I could give you satisfaction on the subject of the Pre-

---

* *Vide* "Henry Erskine," p. 440 *et seq.*

† *Ibid.* p. 469.

‡ In 1811.

§ We presume Mr. Percival, then Prime Minister.

sident's chair. I am wholly ignorant of what is transacting in the political world;* but all report is unfavourable to what we wish. Indeed, whilst the Administration remains unchanged, the patronage is but too likely to be theirs; something certainly must be done soon, as the term of business fast approaches." A few days later, Charles Hope, one of the ringleaders of the plot to depose Erskine from the Deanship, was appointed to the vacant Presidency. Erskine immediately resolved "never again to stand at the Scots' Bar." He went to London; whence he wrote to a friend: "My brother views things in the gloomiest light. None of our friends see the Prince in private; perhaps I may except Adam, who has official and business access, of course."†

He felt at that time unsatisfied with the course taken by Adam, who however seems to have satisfied him he had done all he could. While in London Erskine had a long interview with the Regent, who conducted himself with his usual dissimulation. "I do not find,"‡ wrote Erskine to the same correspondent, "that to any of our friends he has been so communicative as to myself, not merely on my own matter, but on every point. I shall astonish you when I come to detail it. I am confident that the present system cannot last; but I doubt if this unfortunate country will last as long."

One of the many ministerial intrigues of 1811-12 was directed against the Erskines. Its existence was revealed to Henry in a singular way. One morning he met at the Parliament House a political friend, one of those whom, rather than leave, he refused the preferment offered him in 1804. Erskine asked him had he any news from London. "Excellent," was the reply, "we shall all be sent for in a short time;" and the speaker threw down a letter for Erskine to read. Unwittingly he made a like mistake to that of Wilberforce, who, writing at the same time to his tailor to apologize for not paying his bill and to a friend condoling with him on the death of his father, misdirected the letters. Erskine's friend had received two letters from London and misplaced them in the franked covers. Erskine reading that one not intended for him to see came on this expression, "We must, at any rate, get rid of the Erskines!" What the objection to Henry Erskine was we cannot discover. Lord Erskine's eccentricities, like those of Brougham, probably indisposed his colleagues again to trust him with the Great Seal, or perhaps even

* This letter bears this endorsement by Lord Buchan—"Does not seem to go to Carlton House meetings."

† As stated in a previous note, Adam had succeeded Thomas Erskine as Chancellor of the Duchy and the Regent's confidential adviser.

‡ Under date 2nd of March, 1812.

to admit him to the Cabinet. Lord Holland gave John Allen an instance of the gauche and foolish way in which Lord Erskine used to talk out of his wig and gown. One day in Cabinet, Lord Erskine's opinion on a measure was asked, he said, in a hasty manner, "Oh, yes; depend upon it it must be, for I remember it was in an old Presbyterian book of prophecies which my mother had."*

Had the negotiations with Lords Grey and Grenville been successful Lord Erskine was to have been offered office. It is doubtful whether he was to be Speaker of the House of Lords or Privy Seal, but he certainly would not have been Chancellor; the Great Seal was to have been put in commission. When he discovered the proposed arrangement he exclaimed, "By God, I suppose I am to sit in the Cabinet as Commissioner of Bankrupts!"—he had previously declared that he would never set foot in Carlton House again.†

A short time before Henry Erskine's death delusive hopes of his succeeding to the dignified office of Lord Clerk Register and of a peerage were held out to him. The Erskines—spite of their experience of the Regent's insincerity—seemed to have put some faith in these renewed professions of his friendship: they were again deceived. The vacant office was given to an adherent of Liverpool and Sidmouth, and the peerage was never even offered.

"There seems," wrote Lord Erskine to Henry's wife, "literally to be a spell upon our family, arising however from our continuing, after the death of Fox, to be connected with men who assume the name of a political party, but by their folly have ruined their country along with themselves."‡

Colonel Ferguson adds as a note to this letter: "There is still preserved in Lord Erskine's family a handsome topaz in the form of a seal. It was the gift of the Prince of Wales to the Lord Chancellor. The stone is uncut; this was at the express desire of his Royal Highness, who stated at the time that it was his intention to add to his adherent's honours an *earl's coronet* which he hoped to see engraven on the stone"—which remains a witness to the truth of one text of Scripture.§

---

* From the letter of Sir C. Lyell to his sister, before quoted. "Life of Lyell," vol. ii. p. 8.

† See "Henry Erskine," p. 506 *et seq.*; and conf. Fitzgerald's "Life of George IV." vol. ii. pp. 87, 99, and the authorities there given; and Lewis's "Administrations of Great Britain," p. 526, and note and the authorities there given.

‡ Lords Grey and Grenville seem to be here referred to; *vide* "Lewis's Administrations," &c., p. 338 *et seq.*

§ "Henry Erskine," p. 531, and note.

Erskine acted on his determination "never again to stand at the Scots' Bar," and withdrew into private life. In his busiest days he had been one of the leaders of society in the Scottish capital. This memoir contains some curious particulars as to Edinburgh society at the time of Erskine's first marriage, now a century and a decade ago.* Jacobitism was still a social element. Notwithstanding Erskine's reference to the services of his forefathers to the Revolution Settlement, it is said by Colonel Ferguson that his grandfather "inclined in a quiet way towards the Stuarts." Charles Edward, "the *ill* usit lad," as some of the old ladies of the party called him, was still alive, and as the English Jacobites had a way of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the rooms with glasses at their lips,† so their Scottish brethren used significantly to give as a toast a sentiment "James Third and Eighth," drinking under cover of this text of Scripture, "James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland," which the old Pretender claimed to be.

In the early years of Erskine's married life almost the only special invitation given was to take a "dish of tea" at four o'clock, the dinner-hour being three. This species of reception is said to have been as popular with gentlemen as with ladies. In old Edinburgh small rooms and small incomes forbade expensive entertainments.‡ After a few years Erskine removed to what was then the most fashionable part of Edinburgh, the newly built "George Square." "Four o'clock tea" disappeared, and dinner parties took its place. In George Square Erskine's next-door neighbours were Walter Scott's family. Of Scott himself we find the following notice, different from all others that we have read, of his childhood. "Little Watty, before he could speak plainly, was always running in and out of the Erskines' house, to Mrs. Erskine's great annoyance. She used to call him 'that silly, tiresome boy.'" §

Erskine was a member of many of the clubs with which Edinburgh then abounded.|| For a member of the Evangelical

* Henry Erskine was twice married—first (1772) to Christian Fullerton, only child and heiress of Newhall; secondly, 7th January, 1805, to Erskine, widow of James Turnbull, Advocate.

† In Narcissus "Luttrell's Diary [in All Souls' Library, Oxford] I found some curious things. The Jacobites had a way of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the rooms with glasses at their lips."

"To limp meant. L. Lewis, XIV.
" I. James.
" M. Mary of Modena.
" P. Prince of Wales."

Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," vol. ii. p. 219 note.

‡ "Henry Erskine," p. 129. § *Ibid.* p. 134. || *Ibid.* p. 135.

party and a ruling elder he seems to have acted inconsistently in patronizing theatrical amusements. "In all probability it was the persuasion of their Dean that induced the Faculty of Advocates to present the admirable Mrs. Siddons" with a massive silver teatray as a token of their appreciation of her "many virtues, as much as in gratitude for the pleasure she had afforded them."*

Throughout his residence in Edinburgh he seems to have fully discharged all the duties of citizenship.†

On withdrawing from the Bar he retired to his seat of Ammondell—almost, we suspect, as unsatisfactory an investment as Lord Erskine's Sussex estate, which produced nothing but brooms. View there was absolutely none, and Lord Buchan expressed his amazement that his brother should have selected such a spot for his house. "Why," said his lordship, "there is actually no prospect whatever!" Erskine, referring to his brother's childless condition, characteristically replied, "You forget, my dear David, that I have always the *prospect* of your estate."‡ At Ammondell he continued "neglected, but not forgotten." His mind was as clear and active as ever it had been, and he returned to the literary pursuits which his busy life had interrupted. One of his epigrams composed at this period is a fit *pendant* to that of Canning, on the proposal during Addington's Ministry to place blocks at the mouth of the Thames as a protection against French invasion.§

Upon the report that Mr. Yorke, who had moved that strangers should be excluded during the examination of evidence concerning the expedition to the Scheldt, was to be created Lord Dover, Erskine wrote :—

> "Since Yorke's made a peer by the title of Dover,
> All fear of invasion must surely be over;
> When *he* guards our coasts, it may well be concluded,
> We shall always be sure to have strangers excluded.||

He was an amateur in music, and no indifferent performer on the violin. We are told that on the day when the fall of "All the Talents" was known in Edinburgh, he arrived there from London early in the morning. Some friends who knew well what a blow to his hopes was the change of Government, and ignorant how much or how little he took it to heart, refrained

---

* "Henry Erskine," p. 275. † *Ibid.* p. 270 *et seq.* ‡ *Ibid.* p. 322.

§ "If blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French;
The one is the mouth of the river,
The other the Treasury Bench."

|| "Henry Erskine," p. 525.

from going at once to give him their usual welcome. They waited until after his dinner-hour, "knowing that if all were well they should hear the sound of his violin. Punctual to the hour they listened and heard the well-known airs from his favourite Corelli, as if nothing of any consequence had happened, and knew that they might look in to *welcome*, if they could not condole." His violin seems to have been his daily amusement at Ammondell.*

Lord Erskine's theory as to the higher qualities of animals is well known, and it is believed to have been as firmly held by his brother. The late Lord Buchan† used to relate that "at Ammondell a very imperfect ass, which used to appear every morning at the dining-room window, began to develop into a most amiable donkey in his father's hands, by help of perseverance, warm tea, and breakfast rolls."‡

Erskine survived his retirement about six years. He died at Ammondell after a short illness, on October 8, 1817, "the best-beloved man in Scotland," to quote the words of a parliamentary tribute to his memory. He was buried in a vault at Uphall Church, where six years afterwards Lord Erskine was laid beside him. The two brothers rest "within a few yards of the scene of their first studies, quarrels, and brotherly love."§

The annals of the legal profession, whether in England or Scotland, nor, so far as we know, of any other country, record no similar case to that of these two brothers, unless indeed, at the French Bar, M. Berryer may be considered a parallel case.

The memory of each brother is even now regarded, not only with respect, but affection by the Bars to which they severally belonged. The younger, without aid from friends or connections, went to the Bar of a strange country, and there gained a position never before or since attained by any. He had a greater arena, greater opportunities, than his elder brother. Of him it is truly said :—

> "If there be yet among us the power of truly discussing the acts of our rulers; if there yet be the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our Constitution be still recognized as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor, let us acknowledge with gratitude that to this great man, under heaven, we owe this felicity. . . . . Before such a precious service as this, well may the lustre of statesmen and orators grow pale."||

---

* "Henry Erskine," pp. 420-423. † Henry Erskine's son.

‡ "Henry Erskine," p. 529. Attachment to domestic animals is a characteristic of great lawyers. We know, on the authority of Bentham, that Romilly had "a splendid puss."

§ *Ibid.* p. 5[illegible] and note. || Brougham's "Statesmen;" title, Erskine.

Had a like stage and like opportunities been given to Henry Erskine he would, we are persuaded, have been found equal to the occasion. But his position at the Scots' Bar remains unrivalled. His is the less splendid, but intrinsically as great, distinction of being inseparably associated with the "independence of the Scottish Bar," which is well described by his biographer to be "a persistent opposition to a high-handed ordering of things, whether in the shape of oppressive legislative measures, or on the part of those at the head of their profession; and a steadfast refusal of all promotion that would have involved a severance from political principle."*

ART. VI.—COMMON SENSE ABOUT WOMEN.

Common Sense about Women. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1882.

THE Woman's Question is rapidly becoming a question of humanitarianism, just as did the question of the Emancipation of the Slaves; and as such, it will surely sooner or later come to be decided. Just as in the case of slavery, the arguments are all on one side, and the vested interests on the other. Unfortunately for the present question, it is not one of money purely—that is, the vested interests are not susceptible of a money valuation. The interests in question do not lead in all cases, though they may in some, to pecuniary aggrandizement; but they involve the selfish indulgence and the feeling of superiority that one sex enjoys at the expense of the other. Nor will Acts of Parliament alone suffice to remedy this state of things. Much, no doubt, may be done by legislation. But more is wanted. How can the constitution of family life be affected, or the relations of man to woman, which are classed under the name of "Society?" Time alone, guided by education and knowledge, will do what is here necessary. The difficulties are great. The problem is to remove them.

Such books as that which is named above are well calculated for this purpose, and the title which Mr. Higginson has chosen is extremely well fitted to represent the contents of the volume. The facts are stated clearly, and the relative positions of mankind and womankind are set forth from nearly every point of view. The amount of illustration employed is perhaps a little excessive for English readers, who are accustomed to a sterner treatment of serious subjects than Mr. Higginson has used in this case.

* "Henry Erskine," p. 475.

But the illustration is always interesting, and often amusing. The author even tells a good story when it is adverse to his argument, though he seldom fails to make a good use of it in showing which side is the better. To take an instance: "There was once," says Mr. Higginson, "a real or imaginary old lady who had got the metaphor of Scylla and Charybdis a little confused. Wishing to describe a perplexing situation this lady said, 'You see, my dear, she was between celery on one side and cherubs on the other! You know about celery and cherubs, don't you? They was two rocks somewhere; and if you didn't hit one, you was pretty sure to run smack on the other.'" The author adds that this illustration is intended to describe the present condition of women who "agitate;" their celery and cherubs are tears and temper. But why, asks Mr. Higginson, with the common sense that distinguishes his book, why charge this alternative especially on women to their discredit? Are they the weaker for their tears? he asks. And in endeavouring to estimate the amount of the handicap that the liability imposes on them, some will agree with him that it is not very serious. As to temper, women are as good as men and no better; and as to tears, it may be said that they are rare, and that when they occur they affect neither action nor thought. At another place Mr. Higginson illustrates the argument that women are allowed to toil as much as they like, but that any honours they have legitimately earned are usually denied them, by a story which, though good, will probably surprise those of our readers who are members of the Alpine Club. He tells us that a certain young lady had ascended so many Alps that she would have been chosen a member of the famous club but for her sex. "As a matter of personal recognition, however, and as it were of approximate courtesy, her dog, who has accompanied her in all her trips and is not debased by sex, has been elected into the club." This story would be amusing if it did not represent a widespread injury. In some quarters it is thought that the requirements of generosity are fully satisfied when women are permitted to go through the same toil as men, just to see what perhaps they might do; but it would also be thought to be nothing short of lavish extravagance to give them the chance of getting what is given to men, even where the question of competition is not involved. The honours are a little too much to give away. And yet how many of those ladies who have earned their pass degrees and honours at the colleges for women of Oxford and Cambridge, feel the injustice of their disabilities in being prevented from actually possessing the degree. The story which Mr. Higginson tells of the Alpine Club at least represents a real and deeply felt grievance.

But we have no time to follow our author through the whole of his long list of items, which go to make up the "common sense" of the question. We shall restrict this paper to the discussion of two or three points connected with the main subject of the future history of women, following Mr. Higginson wherever he supplies us with facts, and amplifying his statements where he appears to have fallen short.

The volume before us contains a most interesting discussion on education; it is not correct to refer to the education of women apart from that of men; the point in discussion is the education of human beings, whether they be men or women. For the necessity of providing a totally different education for the two sexes is not at first sight apparent. At all events, it has resulted badly in England. Buckle expresses himself thus on the subject:*—

> "That women are more deductive than men, because they think quicker than men, is a proposition that some persons will not relish; and yet it may be proved in a variety of ways. Indeed, nothing could prevent its being universally admitted except the fact that the remarkable rapidity with which women think is obscured by that miserable, that contemptible, that preposterous system, called their education, in which valuable things are carefully kept from them and trifling things carefully taught them, until their fine and nimble minds are too often irretrievably injured."

Things had almost reached their worst in England before they began to mend in this respect; Buckle's observations are perhaps truer (considering the time at which he made them—now nearly twenty years ago) of the upper and middle classes, than of the lower, who until quite recently practically got no education at all. Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Act can hardly be said to promote a miserable, contemptible, or preposterous system of education; and the fact is that many of the poorest children in England now get a better education than some of the richest, if we may take practical utility in their different spheres of life as a criterion. But as regards the relationship of men to women this is obviously not enough. It is in the difference and separation of the education as applied to the male sex and to the female sex, that there lies the cause of the present discontents. Children, whether they be boys or girls, are brought up together; but they are separated too soon, and the difference of the systems of education applied to them (at all events in England) is accountable for nearly all those ways of thinking which it is alleged women, as a class, have so much reason to complain of.

* "On the Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge:" Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works of T. H. Buckle, vol. i. p. 7 (3 vols. 1872).

They do things differently in the United States. There the educational systems applied to the two sexes are very similar, and they are not nearly so much separated from each other. The volume before us gives the following account:—

"New England is full of normal schools, high schools, and endowed academies. In the majority of these, pupils in both sexes, from fourteen to twenty-five or thereabouts, study together and recite together, living either at home or in boarding-houses, or in academic dormitories, as the case may be. This has gone on for many years, without cavil or scandal. As a general rule, teachers have testified that they prefer to teach these mixed schools; at any rate, the fact is certain that the sexes, once united in schools of this grade, are very seldom separated again; while we often hear of the separate schools as being abandoned, and the sexes brought together. Certainly the experiment of joint-education has been very extensively tried in all parts of New England; indeed, for schools of this kind, in most regions, the association of the sexes is the rule, their separation the exception" (pp. 168, 169).

The result is that, in the United States, women are treated with very much more deference than they are in England. This is so remarkable to English tourists that it is frequently said ladies will always like a visit to the States better than men, on account of the superior character of the treatment of women in society there, compared to that found in England. Possibly some will set another reason for this. But the fact itself remains, and we are inclined to attribute it to the very small divergence of the two systems of education. The effect, too, of this joint education on personal character does not appear from any evidence that we are aware of to be bad. The times have indeed changed since Shakespeare wrote—

"A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man."

Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3.

Nowadays effeminate men are said to have their uses. They are ornamental sometimes, and therefore useful as supplying a convenient element that might otherwise be wanting. But a "mannish woman" seems likely to remain an object of disapprobation; nor is there any reason why she should not. The effect of the joint-education system of New England seems much rather to tend in the direction of removing the effeminate man than of producing mannish women. We must look elsewhere for the æsthetic element, and be content to attribute the existence of mannish women to other causes. The above quotation, in fact, represents just the converse of what Mr. Higginson suggests as being the probable result of the English system of bringing up. "One of the worst evils," he says, "of the separate education of

the sexes has been the easy assumption that men were to be made all head, and women all heart;" and he describes the mingling of head and heart (in the same person, he should have added, for the sake of accuracy) as being the best result of all training. The author illustrates his point with one of his customary anecdotes. The present Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was, he says, asked if he would consent to allow one of the college lecture-rooms to be used for a class of young women in psychology. "Psychology!" was the reply; "what kind of psychology? Cupid-and-Psychology, I suppose." Mr. Higginson thinks that the expression, "Cupid-and-Psychology," very well illustrates what is sought in causing the two sexes to be subjected to a joint education.

Not the least valuable part of Mr. Higginson's book is that which treats of women in home-life. We do not recollect at this minute to have ever seen the idea of home subjected to any kind of analysis, or even of historical treatment; to do either thoroughly in this place would be extremely difficult for want of space, yet it is no reason why some attempt should not be made, and to this we will at once proceed.

The idea of home, in our modern English sense of the word, implies the existence (1) of the elements of family life (or some substitute thereof); (2) of a house; and (3) of almost general unanimity of opinion on the part of the members of the family. Difference of opinion there may be as to other essential elements, but these three, it is suggested, must be allowed to exist; and it may very possibly be found that the terms used are sufficiently wide to include what might at first sight appear to have been omitted. The "elements of family life" is an expression which is purposely general. It might be thought that for the purposes of a home, the existence within it of a mother of one or more of the members of it is necessary. But it is contended this is not so. Nor is the presence of either one of the parents essential. Two or three sisters might establish a very comfortable home, answering in all respects to any reasonable definition of it. If any one generalization can be made on the subject, it will probably be said that a woman is of the essence of family life; but whether that woman be mother, daughter, or wife, or any other relation or person, it is not necessary to decide, so that it be of the female sex. It might be urged that if the mother herself is not necessary to the existence of what, for want of a better expression, is here called family life, her place must be taken by, and so her influence must be felt in, some one of the members. This may be so, and as far as our argument is concerned, there is no reason to deny it. But it must always be borne in mind that the subject under consideration is *English* family life.

Then, again, as regards the next element of homes—namely, a house. This seems essential to satisfy the needs of a sufficiently advanced condition of civilization to allow of the existence of home-life. It is the shell in which the nut is placed; it protects the delicate substance within from rough contact. This may probably be allowed to pass unchallenged. And as to the third element which we have considered essential—we have loosely expressed it by describing it as "an almost general unanimity of opinion on the part of those constituting the family." This is where the rub is. The home may be protected from the world by tiles, bricks, and mortar, but there is no safeguard but one against internal disunion. This is the rock on which the old idea of English home-life looks like splitting. To that old conception unity of opinion on all matters of opinion was almost absolutely requisite; it is hardly necessary to say that the standard to which conformity was enforced, was (and still ought to be, if the same system *must* be preserved) the opinion of the strongest member; it was that of a man, the father, if there was one. And this brings us to the real point at issue. We may be permitted to take Montgomery's description of home as being very nearly the ideal of what the old style of home ought to have been. He says:—

> "There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
> Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
> His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
> While in his softened looks benignly blend
> The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
> Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
> Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
> In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
> An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
> Around her knees domestic duties meet,
> And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

Now this is very much to the point. We have the three elements of home before alluded to—the personal element (the members of the family); the real element (the house, fireside, &c.); and the sentimental element ("softened looks," "delightful eye," and others). All this is quite as it should be. But two or three obvious remarks suggest themselves. What is the actual position of the wife in this arrangement? What, further, is the effect on the family of the limited sphere of work offered by "home" to a woman of energy and ability? and, lastly, if there is any change in the personal character of women in regard to their capacity for work, does this conception of English home-life allow of any expansion of their sphere of work?

The position of the wife, as decided by the poet whose words we have just quoted, is somewhat analogous to that of the sovereign in our own political constitution. "Here woman reigns"—but not rules; the duties are heavy, the honours and the substance are elsewhere. She reigns, subject to her obligation to "obey" her husband in all things. But we mean no more than this—that the phrase must not deceive. And whether the "woman" be "mother, daughter, or wife" our old system of home life strictly enjoined, and in theory still enjoins, that she shall have no duties outside her home. Now this is just where the old system shows its weakness. It is here that it shows its inexpansiveness, its inability to adapt itself to modern changes and requirements. The first effect of the permission of external duties must be, if the former arrangements are to be preserved inviolate, to produce a sad want of unanimity. The position of the father might once have been described as a kind of parental policeman, whose chief duty was to see that every member of the family thought as he did on all subjects. The best way of effecting this was to limit the range of discussion by limiting the boundaries of knowledge and action; and as long as that could be done, the result from the old "home" point of view was eminently satisfactory. The sons, indeed, broke free, but only to marry and discover the great advantage of doing likewise by their families. The daughters found it the same wherever they went. But this could not last. The Republicanism of the century has affected families as well as States. If the idea of home life cannot be accommodated to the exigencies of the development of female character it will break up. Resistance on the part of those who may be called social Tories will aggravate the harm which may be done. If home life ever vanishes in England, it will be because of an obstinate adherence to an effete type thereof. It is a mere question of liberty.

The fact is, the whole system of home life is much too much for the benefit of the male members of the household, whether they be sires, sons, husbands, or brothers—we will not say friends. They have long enjoyed a monopoly, which lies at the root of social Toryism. The monopoly still exists very generally in England; it has called in the sacred name of Home to defend it, and the cry of "the home in danger" is one which will have its full effect yet. The question is, how many will be deceived by it. The home is really much more endangered by a refusal to recognize the existence of a very selfish element in it, than by the natural tendency on the part of those who suffer from it to effect its removal. There are many who are ready to give up their privileges even now, but the monopolists of home are numerous, and they know that the contest has yet to be fought.

It is wrong to suppose that the true meaning of the word home will be altered. What that word now represents, is not what it ought to represent; its present and its past signification is narrow, and it was purposely narrowed. What is now sought for, and what has in many instances been gained, is a more liberal, generous, and real construction; none the less is home

> "A spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Rather is it more so when man, "creation's tyrant," has ceased to include his wife and daughters among the objects of his tyranny.

One of the most satisfactory observations we have to make about Mr. Higginson's present work is that his remarks on women are applicable to every class of society, and not only to that which it may be assumed he knows best. This is particularly apparent in his section on the Employment of Women for Wages. He takes for his text a passage from Walter Bagehot's "Physics and Politics":—"Women have now marvellous ways of winning their way in the world; and mind without muscle has far greater force than muscle without mind." The essence of modern civilization is that the differences between man and man in regard to muscle are neutralized; it is now coming about that the differences between man and woman in the same respect are being equalized too. But the competition for employment between men and women as two distinct classes will, as long as they remain distinct classes, leave the women with a heavy handicap. To use Mr. Higginson's words:—

> "It is certainly the normal condition of woman to be a wife and a mother. It is equally certain that this condition withdraws woman from the labour market during the prime of her life. The very years during which a man attains his highest skill and earns highest wages—say from twenty-five to forty—are lost to woman in this normal condition, so far as earning money is concerned. This is the main fact, as I judge, which keeps down the standard of both work and pay among women as a class. If men as a class were thus heavily weighted, the result would be as clearly seen. Where one sex brings into the market the full vigour of its life, and the other has only crude labour or occasional labour to offer, the result cannot be doubtful. Yet this is precisely the state of the competition between man and woman."

It is evident that this only applies where woman chooses to allow herself to be thus handicapped. She may or may not prefer what is called "the normal condition." Modern society is extremely artificial, and if she chooses to adopt a manner of life which is not the "normal one," it is then that the true competition of man and woman begins. There is nothing to prevent her from what Mr. Higginson calls enjoying an industrial picnic in solitude, so far as solitude is necessary to provide the indus-

trial element. But while most men have a constant incentive to work, the fact seems to be—at all events at present—that most women are without that incentive :—

"The mass of women will always look forward to being married, and, when married, to being necessarily withdrawn from the labour market. Those who look forward to this withdrawal will not, as a rule, concentrate themselves upon learning their vocation as if it were for life; and at any rate, when they leave it they will take their skill with them, and so lower the average skill of the whole."

For our part, we consider that some doubt may be thrown on the argument in the latter part of the sentence quoted; there does not appear to be sufficient reason for saying that those who contemplate the possibility of withdrawal will not apply themselves to their vocation with the same zeal as men who see no prospect of withdrawal. It is doubtful if that withdrawal, in any individual case of a woman, will ever come about until age makes it necessary; the probabilities are, of course, that it will occur sooner or later, and in one person the probability is often greater than in another. But the time at best is uncertain. And, further, there is an argument with which we do not agree, in the saying that the "mass of women" are thus affected. It appears to us that the proportion of women who like to enjoy their industrial picnic in solitude is increasing; and, moreover, that it is voluntarily increasing, and not as of necessity. It is also very capable of contention that this applies to those of the female sex who are intellectually superior to the average man or woman, and that, as the standard of woman's intellectual capacity increases, that so also will the proportion of those who do not look forward to a withdrawal from the competition for wages, with a view to matrimonial purposes. But, with these slight observations, we must abandon the discussion for the present.

Mr. Higginson devotes a considerable proportion of his space to the treatment of the Women's Suffrage Question, and he considers the arguments for and against it with great skill and fairness. But it does not seem that the author lays sufficient stress on one of those arguments which must ultimately prevail over the rest if the claim is to be successfully contested. The point in question may be stated thus :—Assuming that men have a vested interest in maintaining the present disabilities of women, and that this is the true reason why the removal of those disabilities is resisted, it seems to follow that it is because certain special legislation on behalf of women as a class is necessary, and because they cannot get it, that this method of obtaining redress is sought. Without going into details, it will hardly be denied

that class legislation on behalf of women is demanded by the ordinary standard of justice: this, if obtained, would in many instances destroy many of those privileges or immunities which men are selfishly interested in maintaining; and judging by the history of past attempts to obtain legislation in favour of a class, nothing satisfactory is done until it becomes necessary to "catch the vote" of the class in question. Until a class of people obtains the suffrage there is little or no legislation in favour of that class. Not only do their existing wrongs go unredressed, but special laws in favour of them are absolutely out of the question. Until it becomes necessary to "catch the female vote," little will be done in the direction indicated.* It appears to us that this claim will be ultimately irresistible. It is the claim on which every extension of the franchise in England has hitherto rested; and as far as argument goes, its weight is very much in favour of the claims of women to the suffrage, because it would at all events be easy as a first step to enfranchise some who are intellectually superior to two-thirds of the present male voters; and for this limited extension no objection could be made on the ground of a want of education among the claimants. It is doubtful if any such objection could be well supported were the proposed new voters very numerous. But to revert to the necessity of class legislation in favour of women, from which we have momentarily diverged: we do not consider this the place to examine into the question of what that class legislation should be. Mr. Higginson omits all reference to the subject, and he has done so with a view probably of inserting nothing in his volume which could possibly prevent it from being read by the most fastidious. But it answers our purpose to point out that the matters in question are such as constitute the claim to female suffrage a matter of humanitarianism. It is true that the advocates of women's rights in politics lay more stress on other, and perhaps to them more important, considerations; but it seems to us, that if this claim is to be considered in the same light as other claims to admission to the register of voters (and we see no reason for any difference in this respect), that it is most probable this battle will have to be fought on the same ground as the rest. The usual and most potent objection to the claim is the argument of physical force. "If," it is said, "men choose to say that women are not their equals, women have nothing to do but to give in. Physical force,

* The point is very nicely put in a well-known novel which appeared in the United States about a year ago, and which is entitled "Democracy." Senator Ratcliffe had been saying hard things of our distant relations, the monkeys, and Madeleine Lee replies to him thus: "The monkeys never did you any harm; they are not in public life; they are not even voters; if they were you would be enthusiastic about their intelligence and virtue" (Chap. v.).

the ultimate basis of all society and all government, must be on the side of the men, and those who have the key of the position will not consent permanently to abandon it;" and this argument (even if we assume the truth of the generalization as to the basis of society or government) is in a modern state of society absolutely powerless against the argument just stated above. If it were not valid, it would have been good against all previous extensions of the franchise; it did not prevail then, as it could not; nor is there any further reason why it should in the future, no matter what class of the community it is that it becomes necessary to enfranchise.

There are many points in Mr. Higginson's interesting volume which we should like to bring forward and discuss. Mr. Higginson writes very tersely, and gives no more than three or four pages to each one of the subjects which he says go to make up the common sense of the question. No matter what the importance of the topic discussed, our author gives very much the same space to all alike, and hence we think there is a lack of argument on some of the more weighty questions, which is hardly counterbalanced by the symmetry of the arrangement. But the book has the inestimable recommendation of being eminently readable; there are several very good stories in it; not that they have their place in it only because they are good, for they serve to illustrate the meaning, to convey an argument, and often to save a great deal of space. We think, too, that the book will possibly have a very salutary effect on some whose support of the "Women's Movement" is more zealous than discreet. Many of these enthusiastic advocates would do better to study the common sense of the question, even at the risk of a slight loss of elocutionary brilliance. But there is no doubt that Mr. Higginson's book is intended for unbelievers; it is a pity that some other writers whose aim is to effect conversion, do not express themselves so agreeably as Mr. Higginson.

Art. VII.—T. Mozley's Reminiscences.

Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel; successively Perpetual Curate of Moreton Pinckney, North Hants; Rector of Cholderton, Wilts; Rector of Plymtree, Devon, and Rural Dean of Plymtree and of Ottery. Two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.
The Same. Second Edition. 1882.

THE author of this book has at least the gratification of knowing that it has attracted a most unusual amount of notice. Few writers are there who are privileged to be reviewed by an archbishop, but the latest publication of Archbishop Tait was a review in *Macmillan* of these Reminiscences. *The Quarterly* and *The Edinburgh* each from its own point of view reviewed the book, while the *Church Quarterly* dealt with it from another and independent position. By way of "throwing a stone on a carn" we follow in the wake of our contemporaries.

The plan of the work—if to a book so desultory and disconnected the word may be applied—is that of "Memoires pour servir," a history of the "Oxford Movement," a period which, in our reminiscent's memory, "is as a golden age," the story of which, he says, has yet to be told, and which, "he fears, never will be told as it should be. The characters of the movement, even to those of a less relation and a humbler degree, have to him an unearthly radiance, and he grieves to think that they should be forgotten "carent quia vate sacro."* Of this group Cardinal Newman appears as the centre. "I may honestly say," adds Mr. Mozley, "that, with the exception of Keble, I do not think one of them would be a living name a century hence but for his share in the light of Newman's genius and goodness; yet even as the planets of such a system they are worthy of a better record than I am about to offer."†

He had previously said: "Scanty, imperfect and trifling as these Reminiscences may be—reminiscences, and no more—the generous reader will admit that I should have been deaf to a divine call had I allowed them to sink with me into my not very distant grave."‡

Mr. Mozley possesses many qualifications for an historian of his golden age. He was the pupil of Newman, and formed by him, at his instance and by his influence he became a Fellow of Oriel. He was associated with him in the work of editing *The British Critic*, and then succeeded him in its editorship. He

* *Vide* Preface, p. vi. † Vol. i. p. 8. ‡ Preface, p. vi.

is connected with him by marriage,* and their personal friendship seems to have survived Newman's secession from the English Church. His disqualifications also are many, and are not concealed, or attempted to be concealed, by him. His first chapter ends with these words :—"Again I say this is but a superficial work, for I am not much of a logician, or of a metaphysician, or of a philosopher; least of all am I a theologian."†

Moreover, he has a very poor opinion of "reminiscences" in general. He opens his first volume with these words :—

"As all the world knows, reminiscences are very suspicious matter. They are a lower form of recollections, which, at the best, must share the common infirmities of mortal memory. The mental picture of events long passed by, and seen through an increasing breadth of many-tinted haze, is liable to be warped and coloured by more recent remembrances, and by impressions received from other quarters. When the event is more striking or more important than any particular mode of knowing it can possibly be, memory deals very unscrupulously, so to speak, with the inferior matter."‡

We venture with the utmost diffidence to differ as to the force and meaning of words from one who had the inestimable benefit of being trained in their use by such a master of the art as Cardinal Newman. Whatever the exercise, Mr. Mozley tells us, "Newman's first care was that the pupil should know what he intended to say, and what his words stood for. Finding, for example, the expression 'principle of evil,' in one of my compositions, he pressed hard for an explanation of what I meant by it, whether a person or thing, and what was the nature of the evil."§ But with all due deference to Mr. Mozley, his distinction between reminiscences and recollections seems to our uninstructed mind to be one without a difference. Johnson treats the two words as equivalent. Webster says: "Recollection is called also reminiscence." Ogilvie‖ says: "Recollection brings back past thoughts. Reminiscence is of past events. Recollection is an exercise of the memory. Reminiscence is the thing or fact itself remembered." No writer that we know of but Mr. Mozley makes reminiscence a species of the genus recollection. We are further told by Mr. Mozley that reminiscences are "subject to a lower depravation—the blending of fact with fiction;" and he adds a remark which most people have verified in their own experience: "Nor is it a matter in which confidence is any assurance, for

* Mr. Mozley's brother John married a sister of Cardinal Newman.

† Vol. i. p. 11. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 1.

§ *Ibid.* p. 181. Newman himself owns his obligation in this respect to Hawkins, the lately deceased Provost of Oriel. "He taught him," he says, "to weigh his words."

‖ "Imperial Dictionary."

they who remember most confidently or most exactly are often the most wrong, at least they are not more likely to be right than others."* But these "Reminiscences" are not only subject to the suspicion to which all such productions are subject. The carelessness with which they have been composed is fully confessed. They are avowed to be "reminiscences, and reminiscences only.

"I possess," continues our reminiscent, "a mass of letters, journals, and other documents that might have helped to make these volumes a little more interesting and more authentic. But I have now only a small remainder of my eyesight—one eye gone, and not much left of the other—while my prospects of life are also a small and doubtful remainder. I should have lost myself had I attempted to penetrate into all this buried material."†

Mr. Mozley deprecates criticism on the ground "that this is his first publication, and will most probably be the last."‡ It may be, indeed it is, his first publication in his own name; but one who was a frequent contributor, and subsequently editor, of *The British Critic*, and who also was, to publish an open secret, for many years a leader-writer in the *Times*,§ cannot be allowed to plead want of skill or experience in literary matters.

Before publishing his book our author enclosed to Cardinal Newman "the titles of the ninety-nine chapters, but with no account of the text." From the Cardinal he received but scant encouragement. "He only reminded me that even where the persons named in my headings were no longer here, there were survivors and friends whose feelings had to be respected. He also observed on the fact that I had no personal acquaintance with him till he became my tutor in 1826. He added that he had a dread of controversy."||

Reminiscences which the author himself describes as "scanty, imperfect, and trifling," are not likely to escape comment, and Mr. Mozley has been compelled to succumb to much destructive criticism.

"I have availed myself of the opportunity (the publishing the second edition) to rectify some of my 'Reminiscences,' and even to surrender them in one or two cases where they clash with memories entitled to regard."¶ At the bidding (we believe) of Mr. Francis William Newman, he confesses he must leave "to others the spiritual *incunabula* of the future Cardinal;"** and accordingly a minute account of the religious teaching given by the Cardinal's mother to her children disappears from the second

* Vol. i. p. 2, and see Note following Art. VIII. in this number.

† *Ibid.* p. 8. ‡ Preface, p. vii. § Vol. i. p. 7.

|| Preface, first edition, p. vii. second edition, p. vii., in which mark the omission of the passage following the word "controversy" in the first edition.

¶ Preface to second edition, p. vii. ** *Ibid.*

edition.* At the summons of Mr. Justice Stephen Mr. Mozley surrenders, not without a faint protest against the supposition that official persons have much better memories than other people, a story relating to the interference of Sir James Stephen, when Under-Secretary for the Colonies, in the appointment of a Colonial Judge. The story, however, is not intrinsically improbable, regard being had to the fact that Sir James was thus described by Lord Aberdeen: "I think most highly of James Stephen. He is a very first-rate man, and the most unpopular man in Europe. I do not quite know why. Perhaps something in his treatment of inferiors was the cause."†

We must venture to correct another of Mr. Mozley's reminiscences of Sir James Stephen. He says of him · "When I did meet him he was expressing himself very strongly against all religious endowments. That this stern condemnation did not extend to other endowments he proved not long after by obtaining from Government the Professorship of Modern History, to the great disappointment of several resident Cambridge candidates."‡ Sir James did not obtain the Regius Professorship by solicitation from the Government. Prince Albert, then Chancellor of the University, after a careful inquiry made by the Prince himself into Sir James's fitness for the chair, and with the advice and on the strong recommendation of Lord John Russell, and also of Lord Macaulay, to whom the chair had been previously offered and by him refused.§

The discredited story about Sir James Stephen is replaced by another of Brougham, which, as here told, does not appear to us more historical than its predecessor.

"The hardest thinkers," says Mr. Mozley, "the very devotees of business or of science, can betray a continual hankering for the legendary and superstitious. Brougham, I remember H. Wilberforce telling me, had a visit from a Presbyterian minister, and was proud to show him a pretty chapel in his grounds, with every mark of antiquity. The visitor deciphered, to his horror, the legend running round the walls inside: 'Of your charity, pray for the soul of Ingulphus, the founder of this chapel.' Taking his host aside, he represented to him the groundlessness of this belief, the folly of relying on such prayers, and the sin of encouraging a delusion. Brougham

---

* Conf. pp. 12 of vol. i. first and second edition.

† Lord Aberdeen to Bishop Wilberforce, *vide* Life of the Bishop, vol. ii. p. 412; and see Mozley's comment on this letter, vol. i. p. 109. "Stephen an excellent and learned, but very wrong-headed man."—Lord Palmerston, Ashley's "Life of Palmerston," vol. ii. p. 184.

‡ Vol. i. p. 110. The passage remains unaltered in the second edition.

§ The history of Sir James's appointment will be found in Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. ii. p. 202, 3. Conf. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," vol. ii. p. 261.

joined issue on these points, and stood up for the legend. Not being able to convince his guest, he fell back on the ground 'that Ingulphus had not a soul, or, for the matter of that, a body either, for there never was such a man.'"*

Had such a chapel existed at Brougham it would not have escaped the observant eye and caustic pen of Lord Campbell. His minute account of Brougham contains no mention of any such building.†

Mr. Justice Stephen is not the last of those who have made Mr. Mozley revise his "Reminiscences." The first edition contained a story of the late James Endell Tyler, when Dean of Oriel, writing a note as Dean *eo nomine* to Gaisford, Dean of Christ Church, thereby assuming an equality of official rank, and suggesting a disparaging comparison. The son of Dean Gaisford writes to our reminiscent :—

"I have no objection to the story or its appearance, but I wish to point out to you that it must be untrue. My father became Dean in 1831. Mr. Tyler, as appears in your next page, left Oriel for St. Giles before Dr. Hawkins became Provost—that is, in 1828. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Tyler was not Dean of Oriel at the time when Dr. Gaisford was Dean of Christ Church. In case of your book reaching a second edition, I would suggest that the story, if retained as *ben trovato*, should have a foot-note appended admitting its incompatibility with the facts."

This reminiscence cannot even claim the dignity of being *ben trovato,* for Mr. Gaisford assures Mr. Mozley "that it was not at all a likely thing that his father should have said the words which the story puts into his mouth." Mr. Mozley is forced to admit that if such a note ever passed between the two deans "it cannot have been the two particular deans I had named." The story is therefore omitted from the second edition and replaced by another and very pointless anecdote.‡

Again, in the first edition§ we have the positive statement "that Hamilton (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury) voted to disqualify Hampden.|| In the second we are told in the Preface, on the authority "of the greatest man that Hampden ever examined for a degree," "that Hamilton voted against Hampden's disqualification ;"¶ and in the revised text we find the less posi-

* Second edition, vol. i. p. 111.

† See Campbell's Life, vol. ii. p. 245. Conf. his Life of Brougham, "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vii. p. 557.

‡ Conf. vol. i. p. 83, first edition, with same volume and page of the second.

§ P. 381.

|| In the first stage of the Hampden controversy.

¶ Preface to second edition, p. vii.

tive statement that "Hamilton was no partisan, and did not share Hampden's opinions."*

Mr. Mozley concludes the Preface to his second edition by saying: "I have considerably modified what I had said of the Denison of my Oriel days (the present Archdeacon of Taunton), and I have had much pleasure in doing so."†

We cannot refrain from giving some specimens of these "considerable modifications." But before doing so we will refer to a noteworthy remaininiscence of the Archdeacon which remains unaltered in the second edition:—"Coming into the Common Room one evening, Denison said, in my hearing, I have just heard the best speech I ever heard in my life, by Gladstone, against the Reform Bill. But mark my words, that man will be a Liberal, for he argued against the Bill on Liberal grounds."‡ This reminds us of a friend who heard Mr. Gladstone, in his Conservative days, speak at a distribution of school prizes at Liverpool, and who, from the tenor of Mr. Gladstone's speech of that day, foretold that he would change his opinions.

We turn to Mr. Mozley's revised reminiscences. In the first edition we read:—

> "Denison has forgotten Oriel College. It is now some time since he took his name off the books. In his published 'Reminiscences' he gives not quite a page to *Oriel*, and it is *such a jumble of inaccuracies, absurdities, and apparent forgets*, that one can only suppose it an ingenious way of showing how little he cares for the college."
>
> "He speaks of Senior, Arnold, and Keble as frequenting Oriel Common Room in 1828, and describes their conversation as dull and constrained. The fact is, they were never there except possibly on a 'Gaudy Day,' when Denison, as a probationer, would hardly come within hearing of them. If Denison has really forgotten all about the college, what I have to say will be news to him."§

We should like to know the Archdeacon's opinion of Mr. Mozley's own "Reminiscences."

In the second edition the passage is thus modified:—

> "Denison cannot claim a deep affection for Oriel College, or an accurate memory of his early experience of it. He has some time since taken his name off the books. In his 'Notes of my Life' he gives half a page to Oriel Common Room as he found it in 1828. He speaks of Senior, Arnold and Keble as usually to be met there, and describes the conversation of the Fellows generally in the following terms: 'It was as dull a place, socially, as I can remember anywhere; men were stiff and starched and afraid of one another, there was no freedom of intercourse.' The fact is, Senior, Arnold and Keble were

* Second edition, p. 381.

† Preface, p. ix.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 95.

§ First edition, vol. ii. p. 92.

only there on very rare occasions. Becoming myself a Fellow in 1829, I must add as a simple fact that the Common Room was never dull when Denison was there."*

In the passage, therefore, as it stands in the first edition, the reminiscent misnames the Archdeacon's book, and altogether misquotes the Archdeacon's account of the conversations in Oriel Common Room. The whole passage in the Archdeacon's "Notes" runs thus:—

"1828-9. The Oriel Common Room was a curious place at that time. Whately, Arnold, Blanco White, Senior, Keble, Newman, R. Wilberforce, R. H. Froude, Hampden, Dornforn; Hawkins had just succeeded Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, as provost, Pusey had gone that year to Christ Church as Hebrew professor."

"It was as dull a place as I can remember anywhere. Men were stiff and starched and afraid of one another; there was no freedom of intercourse. Whether the restraint of the old Common Room in Oxford, or the free thinking and licence of the new is to be preferred, I am not going to discuss here. I have of course my settled opinion about it."†

If men of such diversified and opposite views as Blanco White, trembling on the verge of Unitarianism; Hampden, his pupil, then an advanced Liberal; Senior and Whately, the Whigs and political economists, met more or less often in Common Room—such old Tories and high Churchmen as Keble, Robert Wilberforce, and Froude—and such a low Churchman as Newman then was, either debate would run perilously high, or they would be afraid of one another, and freedom of intercourse would be impossible. When seven years afterwards Bishop Wilberforce dined in Oriel Common Room he found it socially not more agreeable. The sights and sounds he said, in a letter to a friend, were curious; he speaks of different Fellows whose names he charitably conceals, but whom Mr. Mozley has no difficulty in identifying, as being distinguished—one for "cantankerous conceit," another for "pettishness," a third for the "vulgar priggishness of his jokes," a fourth for "loud ungentlemanliness," and Newman "for his silence." The effect was "*suprenant et epouvantable.*"‡ These portraits are said by Mr. Mozley to be "highly exaggerated," but to be disagreeable to the world outside Oriel was one of the notes of its men of that day. Lord Dudley, writing to Bishop Copleston, described Davison, who is said by Mr. Mozley to have been "one of the best men and greatest minds that ever came into the College," in these words: "It is quite

* Second edition, vol. ii. p. 92. † "Notes of my Life," p. 50.

‡ At the close of the Bishop's life his opinion of Oriel was unchanged—"February 2, 1861—Dined at Oriel, Gaudy; small party; no college enthusiasm; quite understand its decline."—*Life of the Bishop*, vol. iii. p. 4.

astonishing how with such an understanding and such acquirements, his manners should be entirely odious and detestable; how you could live with him without hating him I cannot understand?" Mr. Mozley's comment on this is: "So true is it of manners, as it is of raiment, 'they that wear soft clothing live in kings' houses.'" Of this "best man and greatest mind" Mr. Mozley tells this story :—

"Driving his own carriage to Gloucester, he put it up at a small inn in the suburbs, and presented himself at one of the principal hotels in the city. He was sharply asked, 'Where did you come from, and how did you get here?' His reply was as sharp, 'From Bristol gaol by the waggon.' Possibly, is Mr. Mozley's comment, it was some such reply that obtained for him Lord Dudley's detestation."*

Davison seems to have trod in the footsteps of a still more distinguished Oxford man of the previous century, Dr. Johnson. Soame Jenyns' epitaph on Johnson might well have been inscribed over the grave of Davison :—

"Reader have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, gen'rous and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, rude and vain.
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian, yet a brute."†

"Again," in Mr. Mozley's own words :—

"Denison was one of the first body of members of the Athenæum, a thousand, I think. They wanted two hundred more members to meet their expenditure, and Denison canvassed Oriel, me with the rest. As I expected to live all my life in the country I was not likely, I thought, to want a club. Denison can hardly have found the faith of the Church of England in better hands at the Athenæum than in the University of Oxford. Has he renounced his club as well as his college?"‡

In the second edition we read, in place of our last quotation :—

"For half a century I have been under the impression that Denison was one of the original members of the Athenæum; that they wanted two hundred more members to meet their expenditure, and that Denison canvassed me with the rest. The Archdeacon says he never was a member of the Athenæum. Of course he might have canvassed us all the same. Did he canvass us for any other club? If he did not, who was it canvassed us for the Athenæum?"§

* Vol. i. p. 348, 349—373.

† *Vide* "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany," (second series), vol. iii. p. 348.

‡ First edition, vol. ii. p. 92.

§ First edition, vol. ii. pp. 93, 95, 96, 98. Conf. the same pages in vol. ii. second edition.

Mr. Mozley affirms that Denison was a born Tory and High Churchman, only doomed to suffer a long and cruel bondage to the worst of all tyrannies, family convenience:—"All the time I knew G. A. D. he was in harness, which did not suit him at all; the Whig bit was in his mouth, and he champed and frothed and made play, but it was not in his line;"* but the Archdeacon, in his "Notes" of his life, reduces the period of his conscience Liberalism to a few months.† The Archdeacon is more likely than any one else to remember his opinions, unless, indeed, his present hatred of the accursed thing, Liberalism, in any of its degrees or forms, induces him to minimize the period during which he was in sympathy with it.

One more instance of this conflict of reminiscences must suffice:—

"*Though*," says Mr. Mozley, "*it took Denison a very long time to break through the obstacles in the way of High Churchmanship*, he never wanted for decision in action. When he was curate at Cuddesdon, and living in a cottage there, he had occasion for some turf for his garden, and accordingly wrote a civil note to the old gentleman then possessed of Shotover House, asking leave to cut some turf from the rough open ground at the top of the hill. The answer came back: 'I will not allow anybody to take turf from my hill of Shotover.' Without a minute's delay Denison sent carts and horses and drew as much turf as he wanted, judging rightly that after so curt a refusal the writer would think himself and his turf safe for some time."‡

In the second edition the words in italics are omitted, and the following addition made:—

"His own recollection of this incident is as follows: 'The old gentleman, in reply to my civil note, wrote (I give "ipsissima et sola verba"), "I cannot have my hill stripped of its turf; you can have some, you can have a cart load; but mind where it's taken from.—T. SCHUTZ." I sent up for the cart load.'

"I ask," says Mr. Mozley "would any one have related this to the Common Room? Would anybody there have remembered it a week? A cart load of turf comes to 35 square yards."§

The incident is a trivial one, but the Archdeacon is more likely than any other person to remember his own proceedings, and he is supported by Mr. Schutz's note.

In reference to Cuddesdon, we have another correction. "At Cuddesdon," we are first told, "Denison was curate to Saunders;" in the revised version this is altered to "Denison succeeded Saunders as curate to Bishop Bagot at Cuddesdon."||

* First edition, vol. ii. pp. 93, 95, 96, 98. Conf. the same pages in vol. ii. second edition.

† Conf. "Notes of my Life," p. 69, where the Archdeacon says he was a Liberal for six months only.

‡ First edition, vol. ii. p. 97. § Second edition, vol. ii. p 97.

|| *Vide* vol. ii. p. 97, in each edition.

We need not weary our readers with any more instances of the errors in this book; we have cited enough for our purpose, which is to establish that Mr. Mozley stands in the position of a witness the infirmity of whose memory, or the inaccuracy of whose statements, has been exposed on cross-examination, and who cannot be relied on, except so far forth as he is supported by other testimony.

It is utterly impossible to give any clear and connected account of the contents of this discursive and inconsecutive book. We can select only a few of Mr. Mozley's reminiscences and opinions for note and comment.

Mr. Mozley was educated, in the pre-Arnoldite period of public schools, at Charterhouse—which, by his account, might have rivalled Rugby, before Arnold went there, in its claim to the bad eminence of being "the lowest and most Bœotian of English schools." Its head master was a Dr. Russell, one of the class of schoolmasters two of whom Sergeant Ballantyne has gibbeted in his account of another London public school.*

One of Russell's achievements was to incur "the lifelong resentment" of one of his most brilliant scholars, Thackeray. It was not, on Thackeray's part, dislike of Russell merely as a schoolmaster, but based on Russell's ill-treatment of him. The late Archdeacon Edward Churton was then one of the under masters of Charterhouse. "He did not," to quote Mr. Mozley, "say much to his pupils, but he said it gently and in a way to reach the understanding and remain there. It was the only teaching addressed to oneself individually that I had at the school, and I felt it invaluable"—and so did Thackeray. Long after their schooldays were over, Mozley, meeting Thackeray in the Strand, told him he had just had a talk with Churton. "Oh, tell me where he is," replied Thackeray, "that I may fall down and kiss his toe. I do love that man!" Russell, Mr. Mozley admits, was "rough with Thackeray; not more so, perhaps, than with many others, but when he saw Thackeray's spirit and humour rising with him that made matters worse."† If these pages should come under the eye of any old Carthusian of that day it may gratify him if we indulge in a reminiscence of our own. On Russell's retirement from the Charterhouse he was—most improperly—presented to one of the most important livings in London, Bishopsgate. As such he became in his turn President of Sion College—the "Parsons' Company," if we may so call it. Through his arbitrary management of the college property, its affairs found their way into the

* Ballantyne's "Experiences," pp. 6, 7, 8.
† Vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

Court of Chancery. Any rudeness and roughness which he had shown to his scholars was fully recompensed by the treatment he received at the hands of one of the "Masters" of the Court, who was also a Radical M.P. and a Unitarian. He was not sorry to have in his hands a Tory and a clergyman of the Established Church, and Russell experienced *un mauvais quart d'heure*, which he thoroughly appreciated.

From Charterhouse Mr. Mozley went to Oriel. Its members then included some of the most vigorous minds and distinguished persons in the University. This is his reminiscence of Whately as he then was:—

"For Whately was claimed by his admirers a spiritual as well as mental pre-eminence, but it would not be possible to describe now the terror his presence was sure to infuse among all those who wished things to remain much as they were in their own lifetime. Instead of being comforted and built up in the good old fashion, they were told they were altogether wrong, and must first retrace all their steps, and undo all that they had been doing. What was worse, the efficacy of the cure which had become necessary consisted in the hearers thinking it out for themselves. Yet for many years after this date, and long after Newman was a member of the same college as Whately, it would not have been easy to state the difference between their respective views, unless it might be found in Newman's immense and almost minutely reverential knowledge of Scripture, and in a certain yearning to build as fast as men cast down, and to plant again the waste places."*

It was about this period that, as we are told in the "Apologia," Whately imparted to Newman the fruitful idea of the Church "as a substantive body or corporation," and "the Anti-Erastian views of Church polity," afterwards characteristic of Tractarianism. These are the views set forth in the pamphlet called "Letters of an Episcopalian," now almost forgotten, and which probably has been rescued from utter oblivion by Arnold's review of it in *The Edinburgh*. It was published anonymously, but by general consent attributed to Whately. Its authorship seems never to have been acknowledged or denied by him.† Newman's statement strengthens the presumption that Whately was the author of the pamphlet. Not very long after its publication Whately, "to the surprise of most people, was made Archbishop of Dublin, to the great delight and encouragement of his friends and admirers in and out of the Anglican communion."‡

* Vol. i. p. 19.
† Vol. i. p. 267; Conf. Newman's "Apologia." ‡ *Ibid.* p. 266.

"Whately had a very good saying about the majority of preachers." 'They aim at nothing and they hit it.'" "Is it possible," asks Mr. Mozley, "to describe better his own Episcopate?"* Certainly there was nothing in Whately's later years to vindicate the claim of spiritual and mental pre-eminence which his admirers set up for him in his earlier life. It has always appeared to us that at a comparatively early age he ceased to study, and continued in the same groove and in the same lines of thought where he stood when he left off studying. As an example of this we refer to one of his latest publications, a Lecture on the "Origin of Civilization," written for the Young Men's Christian Association. It contains little, if anything, which is not to be found in the appendices to his "Logic," of which Mr. Mozley tells us Newman said, "It is a most interesting book, but there is one thing not to be found in it, and that is logic." † We have referred elsewhere to Whately's remark, "that he might have stuck on his back a notice, 'Rubbish shot here;'"‡ but we think the two following stories of him, which we take from another and very different source, are historical:—

"When an enthusiastic lady remarked that the entrance of the Bay of Dublin reminded her of Switzerland, Whately immediately rejoined, 'Yes, Ma'am: only in Switzerland there is no sea, and here there are no Alps.' As if to exemplify Mr. Mozley's theory of the fallibility of all reminiscences since these lines were written, we have seen it stated on the authority of Lord Carlisle that this story was told by Bishop Wilberforce of Bishop Philpotts.§ On another occasion Whately asked asked a young man 'how it happened that truth, which every one is by way of seeking after, is so rarely found.' When the youth demurred answering, the Archbishop said, 'I'll tell you why; because men always prefer getting truth on their side, to being on the side of truth."||

With the name of Whately that of Blanco White is inseparably associated, and in some respects not altogether to Whately's honour. At that time "there was," according to Mr. Mozley, "only one man in Oxford who knew anything about the scholastic philosophy, and that was Blanco White."¶ Newman used to say that Whately and his master, Coplestone, had missed Aristotle's logic, without which no one could understand the schoolmen. Mr. Mozley supports at length the opinion—disputed "with much warmth and some very rough language"—that White materially aided Hampden in the composi-

* Vol. i. p. 272. † *Ibid.* p. 29.

‡ *Vide* Article, "The Brothers Henry and Thomas Erskine."

§ *Vide* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. iii. p. 29.

|| "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," by Lady Bloomfield, vol. ii. pp. 95, 122. ¶ Vol. i. p. 352.

tion of his Bampton Lectures "On the Scholastic Philosophy considered in its Relation to Christian Theology,"* which so much convulsed the Church and the University.

Hampden himself he describes "as one of the most unprepossessing of men. He was not so much repulsive as utterly unattractive. . . . . His face was inexpressive, his head was set deep on his broad shoulders, and his voice was harsh and unmodulated. Some one said of him that he stood before you like a milestone, and brayed at you like a jackass."† Dr. Hampden has always been credited with being the original of one of the lamented Anthony Trollope's best drawn characters—Bishop Proudie.

"I much wished," says Mr. Mozley, "the Dean of Westminster to see what I have written." Had the Dean lived to see this book we think the reminiscences of Arnold would have been modified. Of Arnold himself, Mr. Mozley knew little, of his doings at Rugby—except by hearsay nothing; and we notice some of his reviewers, speaking evidently from experience, have corrected his statements. There is a chapter on the relations between Arnold and Newman, which we suspect the Dean would have objected to.

"A single word," Mr. Mozley relates, "dropped by Newman at Rome, soon forgotten, and indeed variously related, reached Arnold, and fell upon him with the weight of a papal excommunication, taken off some years afterwards." From the heading of the chapter in which this statement occurs we gather that the reported saying of Newman, or one version of it, was, "Who can answer for Arnold?"‡

Samuel Rogers told Fanny Kemble "that Arnold was a man easily to be taken in by any one who would devote themselves to him, which he (Rogers) said Bunsen did when they met abroad."§ Rogers had, so far as we know, no personal knowledge of Arnold, and could have received his impressions only from hearsay; but we are told by Mr. Mozley, that "Newman's friends had accepted the character of Arnold as an amiable enthusiast, drawn in by Bunsen, the busy vortex of a wide and absorbing enthusiasm, but still true to his professions of dove-like sweetness and simplicity."|| They were therefore proportionately surprised and angry on the publication in *The Edinburgh* during one of the phases of the Hampden controversy, of Arnold's article, "The Oxford Malignants;"¶ as

* *Vide* vol. i. c. 55, 56.

† Vol. i. pp. 379, 380. ‡ Vol. i. p. 295; conf. Table of Contents, xxi.

§ "Records of later Life," vol. iii. pp. 77, 78. || Vol. ii. p. 48.

¶ *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1836, vol. lxii. It is (we think) reprinted in Arnold's Miscellaneous Works.

to which we have seen it suggested that the title was given to it, not by Arnold, but by his Editor. In reference to this paper and its tone and temper, Mr. Mozley makes a remark to which his long experience as a press writer gives force and value :—

"It is too true, however, that very good gentlemen will sometimes denude themselves of their Christian livery when they enter the anonymous arena. Strange to say, the more good people abuse the press, the worse do they behave when they find themselves taking a part in it." *

Newman, Mr. Mozley says on another page,

"could hardly have met or even seen Arnold half a dozen times in his life, when the latter, not long before his early death, came to Oxford to deliver his lectures as professor of ancient history.† . . . . Arnold could only have had the slightest personal knowledge of Newman, or of his friends; and he even had not the opportunity of supplementing this want by information through common and impartial acquaintances. While there was a regular stream of informants setting in from Rugby to Oxford, there was no such stream from Oxford to Rugby, unless it were some undercurrent of a thoroughly prejudiced character."‡

Yet we are told that "it would be contrary to the whole theory of Newman's life to suppose that Arnold had no share in it." What, then, was the share? This was "Arnold's intense energy of character; his deep sense of a calling which he had to obey, and of a work which he had to do."§ Where there was absolutely no personal intercourse it is difficult to realize what share Arnold's energy of character could have had in Newman's life.

There was prejudice on both sides.

"Arnold's volume of 'Rugby Sermons' had not been received favourably by Newman and his friends, not so much on account of the sermons themselves, as on account of a Note on Genesis xxii., in which Arnold laid down that the Almighty could not do an immoral thing, and that, consequently, if we thought anything wrong we were bound to believe that He had not done it. This, of course," continues Mr. Mozley, "struck at every miracle, and every extraordinary act for which is claimed a preternatural sanction, if in any respect it does not accord with our most sentimental or our most abstract notions of morality. Rightly or wrongly, the note was fully believed at Oxford to have been written with this comprehensive and destructive design."‖

To Newman, with his affectionate reverence for Scripture, the suspicion even of such a design on Arnold's part would be sure to create a deep prejudice against him.

On the other hand, according to Mr. Mozley, Arnold,

---

* Vol. ii. p. 54. † *Ibid.* p. 50. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 52.
§ *Ibid.* p. 51. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 51.

"at the very time when he was expressing himself with his constitutional warmth and decision about Newman and his colleagues in the movement, was ignorant, or worse than ignorant, of their character and cause. Better had he never heard of them than acquired so ridiculous a misconception. What else, however, could be expected from a man who, in 1832, published in successive pamphlets his full belief that the House of Commons could easily and quickly so modify the Prayer Book that all English churches, sects and denominations would be found shaking hands in the closest brotherhood and accord before the end of ten years."*

While Arnold, at Rugby, knew nothing except as he was informed or misinformed of the men guiding the movement which had arisen in his own college, a state of things existed at Oxford which may have tended to increase the prejudice against Arnold already felt by Newman and his friends.

"Arnold is often quoted as having contributed to the impulses and even to the principles resulting in the Oxford movement. His pupils are too dazzled by the lustre of his bright and glowing image in their recollections to see what was anterior to him, and they were too bewitched by their love to think anybody not indebted to him. . . . . Arnold, indeed, was always well represented at Oxford, first by his contemporaries, then by his pupils, as they came up one after another. Bonamy Price led the column, and for some years, from 1825 to 1829, he sounded his tutor's praises and his tutor's sayings, in every college and almost every room in the University. All who remember that period must still be glad to recall the oracular solemnity with which he pronounced the name of the great man as the author of some grand enunciation or very decided opinion."†

Such a sounding of trumpets by the admiring disciple was calculated fully as much to repel as to attract men, especially older men, who were strangers to Arnold and Rugby.

We will supplement Mr. Mozley's reminiscences of Arnold's pupils at Oxford with information derived from independent sources.

"Mrs. E,——" writes Fanny Kemble, "told me that she had heard from some of the great Oxford dons that the impression produced among them by the first pupil of Arnold who came among them was quite extraordinary; not at all from superior intelligence or acquirement, but from his being absolutely a new creature (think of the Scripture use of that term, and think how this circumstance illustrates it), a new kind of man, and that so they found all his pupils to differ from any young men that had come up to them before."‡

The truth as to Arnold and his pupils is, we believe, to be thus stated :—

* Vol. iii. p. 53. † *Ibid.* p. 50.
‡ "Records of Later Life," vol. iii. pp. 99, 100.

"My brother John [Kemble]* told me that, in his opinion, Arnold was not entirely successful as a trainer of young men; that the power and peculiarity of his own character were such that, in spite of his desire that his pupils should be free, independent, and individual, they involuntarily became more or less mental and moral imitations of him; that he turned out nothing but young Arnolds—copies on a reduced scale of himself, few of them, if any, so good as the original. This involuntary conformity to any powerful nature is all but inevitable, where veneration would consciously and deliberately lead to imitation; and thus those minds which would most willingly leave freedom to others, both as a blessing and a duty, become unintentionally compelling influences to beget and perpetuate in those around them a tendency to subserviency and dependence."†

Mr. Mozley asserts "that some years after, from one cause or another, there was a great softening in Arnold, and when he came up for his lectures on Ancient History, and was thrown into Newman's company at Oriel, they became good friends and so parted."‡ We know from Dean Stanley that the last years of Arnold's life (1838-41) were marked by a "desire for peace and for positive truths;"§ but from Arnold's mention in his Diary of this meeting with Newman, which seems to have been their only meeting during this, Arnold's last visit to Oxford, and which merely is—"Dined in Hall at Oriel; met Newman,"‖ we should not infer that friendly relations were established between them.

Moreover, Stanley tells us that Arnold's sermon on Easter Day, 1842, preached after this meeting with Newman, "stands almost if not absolutely alone in the whole course of his school sermons for the severity and vehemence of its denunciations against what he conceived to be the evil tendencies of the Oxford School.

"Arnold from the year 1832 was," according to Mr. Mozley, "in a certain sense a disappointed man. His Church reform and all the other Church reforms had been fired off in vain, for neither the Church, nor the Dissenters, nor the vast mass who were neither, were ready to accept the theory that the Church was the people, and the people the Church, and that whatever the people at large wanted must be the rule and the creed of the Church." **

From what we have heard from other sources, and from the tone of Arnold's Letters, we agree with Mr. Mozley that Arnold was a disappointed man. Dean Stanley tells us that in 1839 he said when he thought of the Church "he could sit down and pine and die,"†† and that later on he felt that "his idea of the Church

* The lamented author of "The Saxons in England."
† "Records of Later Life," vol. iii. pp. 77. 78. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 54.
§ "Life of Arnold," vol. ii. chap, ix. p. 133. First Edition.
‖ *Ibid.* p. 295, *note.* ¶ *Ibid.* p. 277. ** *Ibid.* p. 53.
†† *Ibid.* p. 139.

must be adjourned *sine die.*" It is an adjournment *sine die.* Arnold's idea of the Church has gone to the limbo of all dispelled illusions.

Mr. Mozley devotes the closing pages of his "Reminiscences" to an attempt to refute what he calls "the charge of scepticismf made against Cardinal Newman. He says: "A large part o" the public appears to be amusing itself with a question which I am utterly unable to treat with the calmness and impartiality expected from those who are to take part in it. "That question is, 'Does Newman really believe a word that he says?'" Again—

"What these ingenious writers wish to believe, and wish all the world to believe also, is that Cardinal Newman ever has been, and is now, the abject slave of a craven terror, and the showy head-piece of a creeping thing. His honour indeed, or his vanity, is to be saved just so far that he is not to be set down as a wilful and deliberate impostor. He is simply flying from the terrible conviction he cannot get rid of —viz., that Christianity is an old wife's fable."*

We do not know whether Mr. Mozley includes THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW among the ingenious writers on this subject to whom he refers, but we recently considered the question of the Cardinal's scepticism, and freely expressed our opinion that the Cardinal's habit of mind and mode of thought are essentially sceptical. We supported our opinion by those of others, including that man of eminently judicial mind, the late Bishop Thirlwall, and the late Professor Mozley, our reminiscent's brother.† Since the publication of our article in which we expressed this opinion, we have seen it again stated, in terms on which we cannot hope to improve, and therefore transcribe. We gladly add this opinion to the catena of authorities we before quoted.†

"He (Newman) very much reminds me of our great Scotch sceptic, David Hume. The same analytical power, the same carelessness about consequences. He is quite a logician, and a most powerful one. He holds fast by Christianity as developed 'in the Church,' *because the balance of probabilities seems in its favour.* If he had not been a Christian and a churchman he would have been one of the powerfullest sceptical logic mills we have had set going for many years. For mere power our friend Archbishop Whately is nothing to him. Newman is a true product of the nineteenth century—a genuine steam-engine; and yet no one is more conscious of the weakness and self-sufficiency of 'our enlightened age.' When he indicates this feeling

---

* Vol. ii. pp. 434-6.

† See THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, April 1882, No. CXXII., p. 437 *et seq.*, Art. "Ecclesiastical Migrations." See also THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, October, 1881, No. CXX. p. 449 *et seq.* Art. "Dean Stanley."

some might think him an atheist; he seems to make the solid earth shake beneath you, and yet I think he is a good man, and he has great faith in goodness. One may learn many things from him, but I should be sorry to make him or any of the class of which he is the most powerful member, my guide in spiritual matters. . . . . He somewhat bewilders one."*

Our attention has been also recalled to the following passages in the "Grammar of Assent."

"Everyone who reasons is his own centre, and no expedient for attaining a common measure of truth can reverse this truth; but then the question follows, Is there any criterion of an act of inference such as may be our warrant that certitude is rightly elicited in favour of the proposition inferred? since our warrant cannot, as I have said, be scientific. I have already said that the sole and final judgment on the validity of our inference in concrete matter is committed to a mental faculty, the Illative sense."

Again:—"There is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to truth by the mind itself. Not as if there were not an objective standard of truth; but that individuals, whether by their own fault or not, variously apprehend it."

To us it appears that an objective standard of truth, which can only be apprehended by each individual for himself, and according to his own judgment or prejudices, is practically non-existent.

Again in an earlier part of the same work—

"After high aspirations, after renewed endeavours, after bootless toil, after long wanderings, after hope, effort, weariness, failure, painfully alternating and recurring, it is an immense relief to the exhausted mind to be able to say: 'At length I know that I can know nothing about anything'—that is, while it can maintain itself in a posture of thought which has no promise of permanence because it is unnatural."†

We cannot distinguish between these propositions and this of Mr. Grote:—

"To say that all men recognize one and the same objective distinction between truth and falsehood would be to contradict palpable facts. Each man has a standard, an ideal of truth in his own mind; but different men have different standards.' Nor can we distinguish the Cardinal's theory from that of Protagoras, as stated by Mr. Grote:—"'Man is the measure of all things; of things which are, that they are, and of things which

* From a letter of the late Daniel Macmillan (head of the well-known publishing firm (quoted in the Memoir of him by Thomas Hughes, Q.C. p. 109).

† "Grammar of Assent, pp. 338, 343, 356.

are not, that they are not. As things appear to me, so they are to me; as they appear to you, such they really are to you.'" Of the propositions, both of the Roman cardinal and the Greek philosopher, we may say, to quote John Stuart Mill:—"They are, in other words, the doctrine of the subjective nature of truth: which is a scandal to philosophers, as seeming to make all opinions equally true, and truth, 'that which each man haveth.'"*

Mr. Mozley misunderstands or misrepresents the question between him and the writers he refers to. It is not, "Does Newman really believe a word that he says?" All Mr. Mozley's opponents, so far as we know, would concur in his opinion of Newman. "During the whole period of my personal acquaintance and communication with Newman, I never had any other thought than that he was more thoroughly in earnest, and more entirely convinced of the truth of what he was saying, than any other man I had come across yet."† The question in dispute is, "Is Newman's habit of mind, is his mode of thought, sceptical?" and we can see nothing in what Mr. Mozley says to alter the affirmative reply we have previously given to the question. Indeed, Mr. Mozley himself tells us, in an early page of his first volume, that—

"Newman had early faced fairly the question of evidences, by the study of infidel writers. He was one of the few people who could be called thoroughly acquainted with Gibbon's great work. He could recite many long passages of it, particularly the famous one in which Gibbon describes the changelessness of agriculture and the simple arts in the midst of changing governments, religions and manners.‡ He knew well Hume's Essays. He had Tom Paine's works under lock and key, and lent them with much caution to such as could bear the shock. Indeed, his carefulness to master the other side of the great question has suggested to some critics that his faith and his scepticism contended for the ascendency in such equal conditions as to leave the issue sometimes doubtful."§

And a few pages earlier he says: "A very good judge of men and things used to call Newman a Lord Chancellor thrown away."‖

But the best test of the question, Is Newman's habit of thought sceptical? is Mr. Mozley's account of his present religious belief. Here we have a pupil of Newman's formed by him, and deemed by him to be so thoroughly imbued with his views, and so fit an exponent of them that he resigned to him

* J. S. Mill's Essay on Grote's "Plato:" *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1866, No. 252, pp. 348, 350. It is reprinted in Mill's "Miscellaneous Works," vol. iii.

† Vol. ii. p. 437.

‡ In the second chapter of "The Decline and Fall."

§ Vol. i. p. 40; Conf. "Apologia," p. 58.

‖ *Ibid.* p. 34.

the editorship of the organ of the Oxford movement. What, then, at the close of the pupil's life, is his state of thought and belief on theological subjects?

Mr. J. A. Froude tells us that, before the Oxford movement began, "doctrinal controversies were sleeping; people went to church because they liked it, because they knew they ought to go, and because it was the custom. They had received their creeds from their fathers, and doubts about them had never crossed their minds."*

Of this state of things Mr. Mozley supplies us with an illustration. He tells us that at the Charterhouse one of his schoolfellows was Frank Edgworth, afterwards the friend of John Sterling. Readers of Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" will remember his sketch of "the good little Frank."* Edgworth visited Mozley at Oxford, and one evening pinned him to his chair, and demanded point-blank the grounds of his religious faith. "It was not a matter," continues Mr. Mozley, "to which I had ever given a serious consideration, for as it was fatal to doubt, it was superfluous, and indeed very foolish, to inquire. However, I had studied, or rather had had to study 'Paley's Evidences,' and of these I had to reproduce a floating plank or two from a fatal shipwreck. So I began as seriously and in as set form as I could." He then fully reports a long discussion between Edgworth and himself. This report, if it be not reproduced from notes taken at the time, is a marvellous instance of "reminiscence." To the question of Mozley, "Is truth important or not? Is there or is there not such a thing?" Edgworth replied—

"Yes, undoubtedly, there is truth; it is most desirable, indeed, necessary; it is quite discoverable and attainable. But it is not confined to certain narrow limits of space and time. It is in all things and everywhere. The truth meets us in all sayings and doings. There is nothing from which we may not extract truth. Granting all you say about the traditions of one remote corner of the world, and one race of no figure in history, only discovered to be conquered, enslaved, absorbed, or scattered; granting all that, why is not truth, human and divine, to be found also in the traditions of Greece and Rome, in which we have been educated, and which are part of our very being?"†

This was a new revelation to Mozley. "I now saw," he says, "or seemed to see, that the question lay between the Bible and Lemprière, and I was, unhappily, more familiar with the latter than the former. As I had not yet begun to write sermons, I had turned over the leaves of 'Gradus ad Parnassum' oftener

* *Good Words* for January, 1881, pp. 20, 21, 23.
† Vol. i. chap. vi. p. 41, under the title "Frank Edgworth."

than those of Cruden's 'Concordance.'" Mr. Mozley might have borrowed for the title of this chapter of his "Reminiscences," that of William Penn's well-known tract, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken."

In due time Mr. Mozley took orders, and became a Fellow of Oriel, and from the time of vacating his fellowship has in various places continuously exercised the functions of a clergyman, and repeated often his declaration of unfeigned assent and consent to the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles.

After fifty years* of clerical life, What is his state of theological thought? We give it in his own words: "I do not think that anybody likes the Thirty-nine Articles."

"Even as a Pagan brought up in the faith of Paganism, as we all were at the great schools of those days, I had a vast mass of traditionary beliefs, for which I found much more encouragement than discouragement in the Bible."

Of this he gives a particular instance:—

"I cannot dispel the belief that the great and good of all ages are now taking their part in human affairs. The Christian revelation I cannot understand to forbid or exclude such a belief."

"I never could understand why, in the first Article, the Almighty is said to be without passions. In the Bible he is described as loving and hating; as being jealous and indignant; and admiring his own works. Church of England writers tell us that these words mean nothing, inasmuch as it is inconceivable, and therefore impossible, that an Infinite Being should be so affected. But if we knew nothing at all of the nature of God except what is revealed, we have no basis for denying that which is plainly revealed, and certainly it is no argument against an alleged fact that it is inconceivable."

"The seventeenth Article I always regarded as a solemn piece of rigmarole, and nothing more."†

"Speaking generally of the Articles, of the Catechism, and of large portions of the Prayer Book, I used to suspect them the work of men without knowledge of human nature, without bowels of compassion, working for promotion, and getting it."

"The Church Catechism has been the sorest trial of my long life. From youth to age it is the wheel on which I have been racked and tortured. To me it is a millstone tied to the neck of the Church of England:"

And he adds,—

"I never quite felt the same respect for Charles Kingsley's moral qualities after I heard him preach at Whitehall a most fulsome eulogy

* He was ordained deacon in 1832; vol. i. p. 275.

† Vol. ii. pp. 254–256. The Seventeenth Article is on "Predestination and Election."

of the Church Catechism as the best possible basis for Christian teaching."*

"Then there was the Athanasian Creed; I could not describe the chaotic medley of notions and sensations that document always raised in me to a very late date. . . . . As to the articles of the Creed itself, I never reconsidered them without a fresh sense of difficulty."

"It appeared to me that everybody who had to do with the composition of the Prayer Book, from Henry VIII. to Charles II., addressed himself to a select literary article, and to the intellect rather than the heart. . . . . The people somehow have never taken to it, and it is only a small proportion of religious households that prefer the Prayer Book to all other devotional utterances."†

We have a whole chapter devoted to the doctrine of the Trinity, from which we select this passage :—

"I ask with all humbleness where the idea of Threeness is expressed in the New Testament with a doctrinal sense and force? Where is the Triune God held up to be worshipped, loved and obeyed? Where is He preached and proclaimed in that threefold character? We read, 'God is one,' as, too, 'I and the Father are one,' but nowhere do we read that Three are one, unless it be in a text long since known to be interpolated.‡

Nowhere in Scripture is there the idea of numerical virtue or mystic number. The number seven, indeed, is often found invested with sacredness, such as in its application to the division of time, and the gifts of the Spirit; but that is very different from the introduction of number as an attribute into the supreme object of worship.

"To me the whole matter is most painful and perplexing, and I should not even speak as I now do, did I not feel on the threshold of the grave, soon to appear before the Throne of all truth."

"In neither of these Creeds (the Apostles' and Nicene), and certainly not in Scripture, do we find the expression, 'God the Son,' or 'God the Holy Ghost.' Whenever I pronounce the name of God simply and first I mean God the Father, and I cannot help meaning that if I am meaning anything. When, therefore, I immediately add, "the Son,' or the 'Holy Ghost,' I am conscious of a departure from the sense I opened my mouth with. The first invocation—viz., that to 'God the Father,' is to me intelligible and clear, for the words bear finite sense with infinite enlargement. But as the words stand, and in the order in which they stand, the other invocations are not to me intelligible; when I pronounce them I feel in a momentary maze, as if a dizziness had come on me, or as if I had slipped or twisted round. I have had to execute a performance, and I have always done it ill. . . . . To confess the honest truth, when I say the words of our invocations with the least attempt to understand them, I feel balancing

---

* The Seventeenth Article is on "Predestination and Election," vol. ii. p. 257.

† Vol. ii. pp. 259–262.

‡ First Epistle of John, v. 7. It is omitted in the Revised Version of the New Testament.

myself upon the finest of edges—between Tritheism on one side, and Sabellianism, if I know what that is, on the other."

Mr. Mozley is far from the Apostolic pattern. "I will," said Paul, "pray with the spirit; I will pray with the understanding also."*

Cardinal Newman tells us, in his "History of the Arians," that, as regards the doctrine of the Trinity, "the mere text of Scripture is not calculated to satisfy the intellect.† Here therefore the tutor and the pupil agree. Arnold could bring himself to say, "*I do not believe the damnatory clauses* in the Athanasian Creed, under any qualification given of them, except such as substitute for them propositions of a wholly different character. *But I read* the Athanasian Creed, and have, and would again, subscribe the Article about it."

With equal inconsistency, Mr. Mozley says:—

"I use the words, 'God the Son,' and 'God the Holy Ghost,' both in public and private. I have used them in private the very day I write this. I should not hesitate to perform the marriage service, though the words are there, the Church of England having taken that opportunity of inculcating its very 'highest,' that is, its most intelligible doctrine. I have continually, up to the present time, used the Catechism for Children, though I must say that if the question, 'What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?' could be put for the first time to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, I feel quite sure that not one of them, young or old, would return the second and third answers, or answers even like unto them,"‡

i.e. the answers relating to Faith in God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. Dr. Parr, we are told, used "to read all proclamations of other State documents sent to him by authority with the most dutiful submission, simply reserving to himself the right of making them as ridiculous as possible by his emphasis and cadence;" on which De Quincey remarks: "Was not this the boy for Ignatius Loyola?"§ In point of conscientious conformity we see little difference between Dr. Parr and Mr. Mozley. The question, "Does he believe a word that he says?" though not applicable to Cardinal Newman, is strictly applicable to Mr. Mozley.

Mr. Mozley, in his vindication of the Cardinal from the charge of scepticism, gives this definition of faith:—

"Faith is an imaginative and creative power; as it believes what it does not see or hear, and cannot indeed truly conceive, so it has no choice but to fill the void with what may be called its own forms and

---

* 1 Corinthians xiv. 15. † P. 147, third edition.
‡ Vol. ii. chap. cxx. on the Trinity, p. 344 *et seq.*
§ *Vide* his Essay on "Dr. Parr and his Contemporaries."

outlines. Faith has no choice but to accept the materials it finds, put them together as they will best agree, and make the most of them. It will always be building castles and cities, and filling the heavens with the most glorious conceivable counterparts of all that earth can show."*

We read lately† this definition of faith, given by a scholar at a Sunday-school examination:—"Faith is the gift or faculty whereby we believe what we know is not true." There is not much, if any, difference between the Sunday-school child and the ex-Fellow of Oriel. Unconsciously, no doubt, both come very near the definition of theology given by the author of the "Système de la Nature":—"Que l'en pourroit justenent definir la Theologie l'art de composer des chimeres en combinant ensemble des qualites impossibles a concilier."§

It may not be uncommon for elderly clergymen towards the close of life to be in such a state of haze and cloud as to their religious belief as is Mr. Mozley; certainly it is not often so openly avowed. In Mr. Mozley's case it is not difficult to account for his state of mind. Educated, as he says, "as a Pagan," knowing more of Lemprière than of the Bible, in his first encounter with a sceptic he is utterly confounded. As the necessary condition of taking Orders he is compelled to subscribe to Articles and formularies which he did not then understand, and against which as his intellect matures he revolts. He fell under the influence of a mind habitually sceptical and far more powerful than his own, and his connection with the newspaper press led him constantly to exercise his unshackled intellect on secular matters, and thence onward "to its all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism in religious inquiries."§ That an acute and instructed man holding such opinions should so long have continued to act as a minister of the Church is but another illustration of the moral evils of the social pre-eminence, and of the attractive power of the hope of sharing in its vast but ill-distributed endowments, which are inseparable accidents in the constitution of the English Establishment.

* In *The Church Times*.
† Vol. ii. p. 442; conf. Newman's University Sermons, *passim*.
‡ Tome ii. p. 55. § Newman, "Apologia," p. 379, first edition.

Art. VIII.—The Art of Acting.

1. *The Actor's Art: a Practical Treatise on Stage Declamation, Public Speaking, and Deportment, for the use of Artists, Students, and Amateurs.* By Gustave Garcia. Illustrated by A. Foustige. London. 1882.
2. *Essays in Theatrical Criticism.* By Mowbray Morris. London. 1882.

THERE is, in these days, no lack of theatrical criticism. The daily and weekly papers teem with notices of new plays, teem with criticisms of our players, but it may be questioned whether any of this criticism has any permanent worth, whether it can either be a guide to the public what to see or not to see, or to the actors how to act, or not to act. There has been much said recently as to the establishment of a Dramatic School, and one thing seems very certain, and that is, that the players get no teaching from the writers about plays, and if they are to have any teaching at all, they must look elsewhere than the Press for their lessons.* We were prepared to hear that contemporary criticism of matters theatrical was worthless, but we have to note with some regret that such justice as might be done by the pen is, according to Mr. Mowbray Morris, tampered with, and that the judgment of the critic is influenced to no small extent, in these days, by ties of personal friendship, "or, as may possibly happen, by ties of personal interest to the actor," and that the actor's bad art is condoned if he is a "charming dispenser of champagne and chicken and other things perhaps more convenient." Indeed, Mr. Mowbray Morris, himself an acute critic, seems to regard the criticisms of to-day as "only another and gratuitous form of theatrical advertisement," a view which is verbally erroneous in the use of the word "gratuitous" to the extent of the value of the "champagne and chicken and other things perhaps more convenient," but which, if it is otherwise true, may to some extent account for the very small value of most of the writings about our stage and our players. Without, however, going to the roots of this ugly matter—roots are mostly dirty—we may say that there are many reasons why our present theatrical criticism should be comparatively worthless. The writer for the daily paper must

---

* It is only fair, however, to admit that there are conspicuous exceptions. Mr. Lewis's book was full of shrewd and balanced criticism, and most of his chapters had been newspaper articles. But even with that exception the literature of dramatic criticism will compare but poorly with that of the time of Lamb and Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt.

write on the instant; he has no time to correct his impressions by careful reconsideration. His article must follow on the heels, and "sometimes gall the kibe" of the "first night." Thus, his article must necessarily be superficial. He has to deal with the play and the acting in it. He must unfortunately say something "smart," whether it be in praise or blame, and all this under the pressure for "copy urgently required." Under these circumstances of production—circumstances of production which mar a great deal of the work which might otherwise be admirable in the daily and weekly Press—is it to be wondered at if the criticism is of little intrinsic worth? And if the criticisms of the stage are valueless, how can we expect much merit on the stage itself? The stage is a good school for the world, but the Press ought to be a good school for the stage.

It seems, then, that some more sober criticism of the stage and acting is not uncalled for, although to a great many people talk of the plays which are no longer on the boards will appear like the whipping of a dead horse. Still, to us it seems that the expression of deep convictions about acting as an art may have some significance in days when the "dramatic critic" has neither time nor opportunity to express more than his haphazard conclusions. Mr. Mowbray Morris's work is no doubt a contribution to the literature of criticism of more permanent value than the ephemeral matter we have been speaking of But even he in his clever pages deals rather with passing phases than with the essentials of art, although here and there he says things which really touch the core of this matter.

There is an old standing question which each person who thinks about it decides as pleases himself—whether art is to be for the amusement or for the instruction of mankind? On the one hand we hear that books are for "betterment," on the other that that writer fails of his purpose who does not interest and amuse his readers. And perhaps there is some truth in both these views. Books may be medicine, but the medicine which has the pleasantest taste will have the better chance of being taken, whatever its physiological effect may be. But while many would admit that books are education—so much of education, perhaps unfortunately, consists of books—most people would deny that the stage was to be a pulpit, and assert that they went to the theatre only to while some hours away, in short to be amused. Perhaps! But it is an error to suppose that amusement is not education: indeed those things which amuse us most are only those parts of education which we take with the greatest avidity, the lessons we really learn. But from this admission it must not be assumed that we countenance the theory that whatever pleases is right, that full houses mean good plays, and that if the

world is amused by bad plays, the world is by all means to have them. No, the world may be amused by, and interested in, that which is high, as well as that which is low, and it is the duty of the artist to lead the gaping world from the latter to the former, to educate men's tastes, and we venture to think that it is the duty of the critic to help in this enterprise. The actor is no mere mountebank to make laughter for those who cannot amuse themselves, he is an artist whose function it is to help men to higher amusements, to a wider range of sympathy, to a deeper insight than they can attain to without his help. If actors would look upon this as their calling we should have better plays and better actors than we have at the present time, even without a school of dramatic art. The best school for all doing is a knowledge of one's duty, and a conscience which will keep one doing it. But unfortunately very few actors take this view of their profession. They seem to think their highest function is to pander to the tastes of the public, and their highest triumph to secure the large audiences which reward this derogation from their art. It is because of this wrong notion of their functions that we find the author becoming the subordinate in the high co-partnery of the theatre, that we find plays written for actors, and a gradual depreciation of our dramatic literature in consequence. In the human body, according to George Herbert, "Each part calls the furthest brother, and head with foot hath private amity;" and it is certain that in the enterprise of art one error will effect all parts of the delicate organism, and the abdication of the true functions of the actor necessitate the degradation of the author.

The right method in this matter is that which was in vogue in earlier times. The dramatist must have some idea to express—idea which can be best expressed, I would say adequately expressed, only in dramatic form, and which can be efficiently embodied only by means of dramatic representation. If all these conditions are satisfied he produces a play. It was because those conditions were satisfied in the case of the writers of the Elizabethan age that our national drama, perhaps the highest achievement of English genius, was produced. If, on the other hand, the writer has no idea, and has to write it in three or five acts for the purpose of setting off and giving opportunities to the peculiar talents of some particular actor; if the actor is the only idea that has to be expressed, and the play is shaped, and the incidents twisted to display him, the result is an abortion, not a drama.

Now, there can be very little question that at the present time our plays are deplorably bad, and our actors worthy of such plays. Not that there is not much clevernesss at work with pens, not that there is not much ability brought to bear upon the

plastic art of acting. Mr. Tennyson has brought, scarcely his genius, into the service of dramatic composition, but he has written well. No one who saw "The Cup" could fail to admire his work, although he must have admired the triumphs of the carpenter and scene-painter almost as much. The play was splendidly "mounted," but still the play had merit. But besides Mr. Tennyson, whose dramatic work, though good, is quite inferior to his work of another nature, Mr. Wills has written pieces of some mark for the stage. The late Mr. Robertson produced some pieces of stage *genre*, which are as good as anything that modern comedy can show. Mr. Gilbert has succeeded in getting a clever coadjutor to set continuations of the "Bab Ballads" to music. Mr. Byron has written "Our Boys," and other pieces, which have held the stage for immense lengths of time, but have seldom been revived after having been once withdrawn. Mr. Pinero has had some success, Mr. Godfrey's plays have some merit. But with all the cleverness, there does not seem to be one play produced, which is really a notable addition to our dramatic literature. Take them all away, and our exchequer does not seem a whit the poorer. When, therefore, the art of the writer is so poor, it is not a matter for surprise that the art of the actor should also be inferior. Still we must distinguish. It would be unfair to say that we have no dramatic art on our stage. There is an immense deal of very clever acting on the boards, and possibly at no former time in the history of the stage were plays as a whole, better put before the public. The average dramatic ability is considerable, but unfortunately that average excellence seems to be accompanied by an almost total absence—if that is not an Irishism—of anything like superior power. We have spoken of the way in which plays are "mounted" in these days. It is the gossip of the clubs—and of those newspapers which eavesdrop to print that vapid gossip—that some recent plays have cost sums which seem almost fabulous to put upon the stage, and we too often find that half the current praise given is bestowed upon the scenery and properties, possibly because these deserve it and the actors don't. But is not this statement another way of confirming the ineptitude of the stage? Bad pictures require good frames. It is bad plays that require all this "mounting." If the incidents of the play were such as to stir our hearts, if the acting of the play were such as to carry us in the full career of the writer's moving thought, few were intent upon the love of this one, and the hate of that one, or if we felt cold with the fear of another; if the words were such as they ought to be, as to fill the mind as well as the ears of us listening, that we could be looking at the trees in the side scenes, or the shimmer of that velvet doublet? No, it is because

there is less to look at in the frame that our artists are particular about that appendage. It is since distinctive characters have disappeared from our novels that we have descriptions of scenery instead, so that this evil is rife in all the arts, and we have too much stress laid upon harmonious wholes, because none of the parts have especial merit. Truly a harmonious whole of mediocrity is not a thing to be very proud of.

We know of course that this theory may go too far. A great actor in a barn might be able to move us to salutary tears or refreshing laughter without a single accessory. He himself, stage, scenery, dresses, and all. But although such would be the perfection of the magic art, there is no reason why an actor should strip himself and his play of all the adventitious circumstances which the scene-painter and lamplighter can help him with. Still there is a limit to dependence on the art of these adjutants. We protest against mounting being made more of than the play. All your scenery must assist, not go before the author's thought. We would rather see the best *play* in the barn than the worst upon your splendid stage. All the same painters should try to do is to farther the play, not to put anything in the place of it. "The play's *the* thing" to twist a quotation. Too often the play is a series of tableaux, too often, like a small man in a great mantle, the play is lost in its trappings. We would rather see our plays less expensively set if they were of a better "water" and more firmly cut, if they caught in their facets, not the pictures of our trivial society, but the large and noble pictures of true thought and passion. We would be content as our ancestors had to be with some quite incapable actors in minor parts, so that we did but have some men and women of real genius to show us in picturesque act their intrepid readings of some right worthy text. We should have no time for the trivial criticisms of the stage if we were satisfied with the high sense of the drama given to us by authentic artists.

Now at the present time while we admit much miscellaneous ability at work both in the writing and acting of plays, much care and talent at work upon the production of dramas with taste, with propriety, and with opulence, we confess we fail to find anything like an adequate illustration of the actor's art.* It may be worth our while to consider what the actor's art really is, and how far it can be counted on in our time as an element of our real intellectual life. Those who go to the theatre as they go to a royal review, a procession, or a circus, bent upon

* There is no question that "Much Ado about Nothing" is produced with opulence, but w question whether the scene in "The Church" is in the best "taste." The sensibilities of many persons must be shocked by the exact reproduction of an "Altar" on the stage.

that most heinous of murders the "killing of time," to those we cannot address ourselves; but to those persons who can read the English drama with appreciation, to such persons as hope from the theatre to gather richer meanings in Shakespeare's text and to find the beauties of our best plays enhanced by the added charms of stage representation—to find the mere perspective of the dramatist in the high relief of the actor's art, to those we can at any rate speak in a language which will be understood.

And let us say at once that the dramatic art, like every art, is not imitation, but creation. The mere mimic is the lowest of actors. The highest of actors is poet, sculptor, and orator all in one. There is an entire difference between assuming the same expression, attitude, and voice, as another man, and having his idea. It is true that if you attain to a man's mental attitude you will probably have, to some extent, the same voice, attitude, and expression as he has, but these are the accidents of the occasion; the essential thing is to have the idea or feeling. And there is a serious but a very common error in confounding the external appearance with the inner thought. We have seen excellent mimics, who had a sort of chameleon features, and could remind you with face and voice of almost anyone you had seen, and yet such persons, from mere lack of intellectual power, were incapable of any high artistic work upon the stage. The writer of great plays did not shape his story for an individual man, it was written to develop some idea, and one of the ways of developing all ideas is by portraying human thoughts and feelings in their relation to the events of time. It is that that makes a play. But the actor who would act the play must understand the thoughts, must understand the feelings, and must not be content with mere outward signs of them. If he does the former he is an actor; if he attains only to the latter, he is a mimic. Acting must be heart deep, not skin deep. In the order of Nature thoughts are the first, expressions are the second, and the order of art must be the same. No man will impress you—the audience—with the writer's thought unless he thinks it. It is feelings that are contagious, and unless the actor has these he cannot propagate them any more than a man who has had a skilfully imitated eruption produced on his skin by means of paint would propagate the disease from which the eruption is imitated. The actor's art begins, continues, and ends in understanding and becoming one with his author, and the highest actor is the one who understands and can interpret the highest author—the highest author being that writer who tells us most of that great human nature which is *the* subject which interests all men most, if it is not in very truth *the only subject.*

But it may be urged that interpretation is not in any real sense creative. We can conceive the objection that the actor has only to imitate the author's meaning and that if he goes beyond that and creates, as we would have him do, he is not true to his duty by his author, he is making a drama, not acting it. This view is so plausible that it has deceived many and led to an entire misconception of the actor's art. The difference to many has seemed like that between the legislation and the judicature. It is the former that makes the law, the latter must add or subtract no jot or tittle from the laws as made, but must interpret and apply them in certain particular cases. This view is, we admit, specious, but it is erroneous. No artist creates in the sense of making new *things* by the word of his power, but every artist creates in the sense of making new ideas by the magic of that word. The materials for these are to his hand. The sculptor redisposes the clay or the marble, and out of a clod or a stone there comes an idea. In one sense you may say with his nimble clay he mitates the human form, in the true sense he creates an idea. The poet again is no imitator of nature. Look how he lays all the world under embargo for his metaphors and similes. All Nature seems to run together to illustrate some simple scene when it is in the poet's eye. The same circumstances seen in their separateness were simple prose, empty of any meaning. Now in the poet's mouth they are full of ideas. Or the painter! How does his work differ from photography. He produces not pieces of landscape, but it is the landscape seen through the Claude Lorraine of his own tinged thought. Some people seem to think that the painter who depicts Nature in its sterile accuracy the best is the greatest painter; but two things go to fill up the idea of the word "Nature" in such an expression—there is the landscape spread out like a gorgeous fan and the mind that looks at it. Both have to be painted—otherwise you have not produced a work of pictorial art. Now in the same way the actor's art is creative not imitative. He has to make the written drama into act, just as the painter has to translate the landscape and the feelings it engenders into colour. The drama has to be thoroughly understood and appreciated by the actor, and he must have such command of attitude, of expression, of voice, as to turn the play into life, for the audience. Here, then, is the sphere for the actor's individuality; here there is no room for the bald trivialities of the mimetic art. We do not, then, take a low view of the actor's art, but rank it with the highest. But just as we have grades and ranks amongst painters, and as we think a Teniers with his coarse fairs and vulgar merrymakings inferior to Rembrandt, with his grand portrait pictures: as we think even

portraiture inferior, high as it is, to the grand dramas in the stately pictures of Veronese, or the magnificent imaginings of Michael Angelo—who, if he did not bring heaven upon earth, certainly took earth up to heaven—so we say that the faithful representation of the Butterman in "Our Boys," the accurate portraiture of Robertson's conceptions in "Ours," "School," "Caste," and the other small carpet-dramas which have held the stage in our days, is an entirely inferior art to that which can represent a Macbeth or Othello, a Hamlet, or a Romeo. Modern life and the comedies which reflect it have too little scope for genius. Our society lives in a mask, and to portray the small changes, the trivial passions, and the conventional simper or frown which our code of manners dictates is but a meagre enterprise for a great actor. But to reach the heights of passion, to realize the supreme moments of existence, when men are nobly mad with love, when they are ignobly mad with fear, when they strain every nerve and fibre with ambition, or are carried away from the road of prudence in a whirlwind of hate, these are matters which try an artist's whole soul. In such *rôles* his capacity or incapacity will stand starkly confessed. You know the man! and you can determine at once his qualities as an actor, which depend, it is to be remembered, although people seem to forget this obvious proposition, upon his qualities as a man.

And here let us say at once that there seems to be some misunderstanding as to what a school of dramatic art can do for the stage. Not that we are unwilling to see such a school established, for we are anxious to see such a recognition of the high and responsible position of the actor, publicly and liberally made, but that we fear that many who prate about it expect far too much from such a seminary. True in most of the technicalities of the art of acting, our artists are thoroughly unlearned. Of most of the things which are so well referred to in Mr. Garcia's "Actor's Art," they are profoundly ignorant. Mr. Burnand has pointed out with truth the curious failure of our actors to speak their own language, and it seems to be agreed upon all hands that elocution is a dead art, so far as the English stage is concerned. The intelligence of Mr. Irving's performances is curiously marred by a management of the voice which grates upon the ear; his excellent acting in many parts is reduced almost to the verge of the ridiculous by a mannered strut which is provocative of, and would even excuse, some irrelevant laughter. The use he makes of his voice in many of his sentences is destructive of the sense he fully appreciates and is anxious to convey.

Now all these defects in the actor's art are on the surface, and all these might have been to some extent cured if the actor had

gone to school instead of picking up his art as best he could in the arduous career which he had chosen. That there is a need of teaching is only too obvious; but that teaching will make great actors is simply ridiculous. One might as well expect to produce Shakespeares and Bacons by means of the Elementary Education Act, 1870. The actor's power is in *him*, it is in no books or masters, and however much some might be assisted over the grammar of their language by a school, it is well to recognize the fact that schools can do little for true genius after all. If the man has the force, he will overcome all difficulties, if he has not the force, there is no use in clearing the way for him. Who thinks that Burns would have been a better poet if he had passed through a University curriculum? Who imagines that Mr. Irving would have learnt anything from any teacher he could have got in this country? It is not Mr. Irving's external merits that make him an actor, it is his intellectual power which makes him paramount on the stage. His elocution is, as we have said, bad; his manner in most parts curiously stilted, and his person and face unattractive, and yet withal there is no actor on the English stage at the present time who can so enter into the pith and marrow of passion, there is no one who can place himself *en rapport* with the thoughts of the dramatist and carry them to their just conclusion in picturesque art so well as he can; and that not because of anything which a school could give, or a school could take away, but through large gifts of Nature, and an intellectual power greater than that of all his fellows.

There is, in these days, a rage for "schooling," and we would be the last to say that the desire was not in some senses, a healthy one. We would be the last to say that the present faults of our "stage players" do not point to the necessity of some systematic training. But what we wish to guard our readers against is the idea, than any school can make great actors. Schools are for the average man, not for the genius. The latter is his own school, and no school that has ever been invented can teach the dunce to follow Shakespeare's niceties of thought: no master can make the inferior man, superior. At the best, schools and masters can only raise the level of general excellence, and can prevent nice sensibilities from being shocked by the gaucheries of a common actor, but the capabilities of schools, of books, of masters, are limited to that. We could scarcely expect Mr. Garcia to agree with us to the full in this, but Mr. Mowbray Morris, who is a stickler for the mint and anise and cummin of the stage, has, following Mr. Matthew Arnold, who in his careful essay has emphasized the fact, that the difference between great and little actors, lies in the possession or want of real intellectual power—has admitted "without this

power, all the training in the world will never enable an actor really to satisfy his audience, when dealing with fine thoughts and noble language, whether cast in the form of poetry or not; without the impress of the speaker's own intelligence, of his own understanding and appreciation, the finest speaking in the world, the justest emphasis, the most melodious cadences, will be after all but a *caput mortuum;* indeed, without this, one might almost say, that there can be no fine speaking, no justness of emphasis, no melody of cadence." With all of which, we heartily agree, more thoroughly we think, than Mr. Mowbray Morris himself, for we find considerable stress laid upon quite minor matters in his clever and interesting pages.

There is one thing which, we think, a school would or might do for the stage. It might remove from it a stigma which has too long hung about it, a stigma which has produced the very evil it was intended to remedy. It is a very sad fact, that if you give a dog a bad name, you may as well hang it, for by reason of your bad repute you will continue it in its wicked courses. On the other hand, the giving of reputation is often the first step towards deserving it. Not only has the bad repute of the stage done harm to those who had chosen it as a profession, but it has precluded all those men and women of genius in the better ranks of life from adopting it as a profession. What man of ability and position, leaving the University after having taken a good degree, would think of the stage as a legitimate "walk in life" at the present time? Mr. Irving, in his address to the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, regretted this, and we think, with justice; yet his utterances there have found some disfavour and a little misrepresentation at the hands of some of his critics. He has been sneered at because he thought it a matter for congratulation that the ranks of the theatrical profession are being now copiously recruited with young men well educated, seriously interested, and of good connections. The unhappy phrase "good connections," pulled the string of a shower-bath of criticism, and brought quantities of cold water about his ears. But what we desire to see is the ranks of the theatrical profession recruited from all ranks of society. It has been too much the fashion to suppose that all excellence, all genius must come from the people. That is a grave error. Genius is often born in the Purple as well as in the Homespun, and true Liberalism will open the paths of distinction to both these indiscriminately, a school of dramatic art would teach the world to drop some of its prejudices, and to that extent, at any rate, it would do a good work.

There are some persistent errors in vogue about the stage which seem to warp the judgments of many fair but amateur

critics. For instance, many seem to think that an actor must feel and act as if the facts of the drama were real facts. No graver error could exist. The actor must never lose sight of the fact that his acting is art. If he becomes the murderer, he ought to be hanged, not applauded. "Art is Art," says Goethe, "because it is not nature." There is always a fine difference between real passions and those we see upon the stage. The dramatist has seen this, and has tempered his words to the exigencies of the boards. No man, stirred as his hero would have been by the circumstances of the play, would have spoken as his hero does. Admitting that many strong emotions choose a metric form of expression, that certain thoughts lead to "harmonious numbers," and that the cry of David for his son Absalom was instinct with the true music of poetry, there are very few occasions in life when men would speak in blank verse. Now the passions which poetry or the drama stir in the reader or hearer are not those which would be incident to the real events depicted. We could not sit in a box and see fraud triumph even for one act, if we knew that it was real fraud which was then behind the footlights. We would, if we are true men, protest against the stage villany if we knew it to be real malice in act. It is because we know that it is art that we are pleased with it; and that we can compare the artistic passions excited in us by the scene, with the real passions which we *know*, and we find pleasure and instruction in the comparison, and admiration for the genius which can create these idealized, these artistic passions in us. But while this is obviously true, few playgoers recognize the truth.

Let us take another illustration of the player's art. The common critic will tell you that the perfection of art is attained when each actor acts as he individually would feel under the circumstances of the drama. This view seems plausible, but we do not hesitate to say that if it were recognized as a canon it would put an end to acting as an art. Remember that the actor has his author to deal with; it is his idea which it is the function of the actor to develop. If each actor were to act as he would individually feel under the circumstances, the play would, to use a cant phrase, "be nowhere." Let us take an illustration which will make our meaning clear. Most people will remember Mr. Irving's "Hamlet." In many ways it was an exceedingly clever performance, in some ways it was strikingly original, and in some eminently picturesque. But to any reader who knows the play, it is obvious that although Hamlet is intended to "bulk largely" on the scene—and the play of "Hamlet" without the character has become a byword for the omission of all that is important—still he is

not meant to be obtrusive. But Mr. Irving's Hamlet would not let the audience's eyes or ears dwell on any other actor. He was too greedy of attention. To understand the play at all the audience must listen to every word the Ghost says. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say nothing during the whole time the Ghost is speaking! Why? Not because Hamlet would not, under the circumstances, have said nothing, it is highly probable he would have behaved differently; have groaned: nay, he might even have cross-examined the Ghost. But the exigencies of art made Shakespeare ask the whole attention of the audience to every syllable that the Ghost said. Everything in the play hangs on the Ghost's story. The play depends on your attention to what the visitant of the "glimpses of the moon" has to say. What did Mr. Irving do? Acting upon the vicious theory that he must behave exactly as he would if he had really seen a ghost, he went on distracting the attention of the audience from the Ghost to himself. At more than one point he cried out "Oh, God," his trembling is made audible by the point of the sword "tittering" on the stage, and the like. All this, incapacity of reticence, was the prime fault in his acting. All great poets are content on occasion to write prose. It is only the rhymester who cloys his verse with too many sweets. So the great actor is content to have his prose passages in acting. He heightens the effect of his presence by temporary absences. This fault which, as we say, Mr. Irving had when he acted Hamlet, he has to some extent corrected. In his performance of Benedick, he is content to be little on the stage at times to be great at other times.

It may seem to our readers that we have written much and said nothing as to the art of acting. We confess that in the sense in which Mr. Garcia uses the phrase we have said but little. We have not meddled with the minutiæ of art. The muscles which express anger or fear, the lips that are indicative of culture or cowardice, the attitudes or walks which best become vanity, or pride or humility. These matters are but the crust of the actor's art, we are dealing with the kernel and not the shell. It may be true that certain contours of features may be indicative of certain mental characteristics, but the knowledge of that fact will not seriously help or hinder the good or the bad actor. It was Newman who said that all virtue led to happiness, but that if we were virtuous to secure the pleasure, it has not virtue. But so it is with acting. If the actor has the true conception of the part, all the minutiæ of art will be given to him. If he aim at the attitudes and expressions he will lose sight of the conception which is the virtue of the play.

But this fallacy runs through most of our criticism. People would in season and out of season inculcate on actors the maxim,

"Be natural." That, according to the opinion of many, is the essence of theatrical excellence. It would, it seems to us, be just as wise to advise the actor to be artificial. A man who carries Nature on to the stage in its naturalness will never be an actor. There is Nature, of course, in our best plays, but it is Nature under artistic conditions, and it is by reason of the fact that notwithstanding these conditions, the art impresses us with the idea of naturalness that it comes to be the highest art. All will remember the praise of Chantry's bust, that it was more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth himself. A play must be more like the world than society is, and if it attains to this crowning excellence its success is due not only to the author but to the actor's art. Let us just refer to one or two things which preclude the possibility of carrying out the *ad captandum* view of the art of acting. In Nature we have none of the confidences of the stage. Soliloquies in real life are very seldom overheard; "asides," which are a constant means of explanation by the dramatist to his audience, are not countenanced in society. In real life we have not to think of keeping our faces to the audience; on the stage the actors have. In life we say a hundred things which are meant to be heard: on the stage everything is meant to be overheard as well. One's expressions of features in life are meant as a rule for the persons addressed; on the stage, they are meant for the "house" as well. Much of the conversation of the drawing-room is irrelevant; there ought to be nothing irrelevant in a good play. In the play, everything which tells the story, which develops the characters, without which the story is nothing, is necessary; whatever goes beyond that is out of place. There must therefore be, in plays, a subordination of the characters to the purpose of the plot; in real life, the plot is subordinated to the purposes of the characters. Now all these conditions, which are amongst the pre-requisites of the smallest stage-play, show how difficult it would be to secure all these and still be natural. And yet there is a truth in the claim, although it is a truth by accident, and is not directly accurate. The play, however the effect is produced, must impress us with the idea that it is natural; if it sins against this requisite, it falls short of being a play at all. So in a picture; we know nothing about the technicalities of patch or line, we who care nothing about the niceties of pyramidal or circular grouping can tell whether the picture seems natural as a whole or not. It is an end to be aimed at, this "naturalness," but it is not a means to an end. The actor who is simply natural is not an actor. Who can deny that Miss Terry is "natural?" Those who remember her excellent performance in Mr. Wills' adaptation of the "Vicar of Wakefield," those who saw her in "The Belle's Stratagem," will remember how admirably natural,

in an artistic sense, she was. And now we can see her as "Beatrice," and all our former experience, gained from an observation of her in a class of characters in which she is absolutely unrivalled on our stage, is confirmed and strengthened. But this naturalness is the result of incomparable genius and of the most careful art. If this demand for naturalness were founded on truth, we should set a hoyden to play a hoyden, and with what result? Simply that it would be no play at all. But Miss Terry's art is consummate in certain parts, and although it seems a paradox, it is truth to say that there is no Nature in her most natural performances.

But lest we should create a false impression, let us add that there is a deeper truth connected with this matter than would at first sight appear. All art seems to be the idealization of Nature. The poet or painter stoops to the peasant, and, for a time, takes his nature upon him, and he can speak and move like the peasant, still instinct with all his higher thoughts, still learned with all his rules of art; and the actor must do the same. He must rise to the dignity of kings, or sink to the vulgarity of the lout, if the part requires it; and that is only to be accomplished by becoming as it were, for the time, the ruler or the serf. At the same time, while he identifies himself with these, he must still remain the actor. In this sense, then, the demand for naturalness has a truth in it, but a truth, as it were, by the way.

After what has been said, it will be seen that we take by no means a low view of the actor's art, and the fact that we cannot look with favour on the present stage, is due to the circumstance that the actor has not himself formed an equally high ideal of his life-work. We have purposely refrained from touching upon the technicalities of stage-playing; of these M. Garcia's book contains a careful and intelligent summary, and concerning these there are many shrewd remarks and well-balanced opinions in the "Essays on Theatrical Criticism." Of these we are not in a position to speak, nor is this the place to speak of them. But of the elements of the art of acting we have ventured to say some words, because of these we are in a better position to form a judgment than those professional persons who are concerned with the daily business of the stage, or than those professional critics who would transgress against the rules of their profession if they made wide excursions into those larger matters of principle which surround and underlie all the plays and playing which they criticize. That these high questions of art and acting concern us all deeply, there can be no question. Even while we deplore the fact, that they are so seldom illustrated in these days, we can look back to times when not only were great dramas written, but when these great dramas were greatly acted. We have seen too, that

at one house at least, "Shakespeare," in the cant phrase, has not spelt "ruin," and we may hope that in time to come a somewhat healthier taste may arise, than that which is satisfied by such plays as "Pink Dominoes," or "Brighton." It is in the interest of mankind that the stage should become the house of something better than such "trulls" of plays; that it should open itself to something a little higher than these racks of language, burlesques, than those prostitutions of music—"opera bouffes," or than those small funninesses in verse and melody which Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan make English and Transatlantic fortunes out of. When the stage is so ready to welcome a fine lady, whose position in society and not her art is to be made the means of attracting the public, and when the crumbs of scandal form the advertisement of a *débutante* who can make better terms for an American tour than any actress or vocalist on the English stage, these circumstances speak ill for the profession into which she has intruded herself, speak ill for the stage on which she has made *such* a triumph. Still, as we say, although there are many discouraging signs there is some room for hope. Mr. Irving's and Miss Terry's acting is, in certain parts, excellent. Mr. Irving, we think, began his career ill, not that his "Digby Grand" was not a good performance, but we date his great success from the production and popularity of "The Bells." That play was quite unworthy of the merits of the actor. The chief demand which was made upon him was to die, and he died so "naturally," it was said, he had studied that phase of life—if we may use the expression—in hospitals. We do not know whether his "death" was worthy or not of that study, but we do know that not dying, but living, is the proper function of the actor as it is of the man. It is to act life and not death that he goes upon the stage, and those plays are generally the worst in which lingering deaths are shown upon the "horror-stricken boards."

But Mr. Irving rose from this pathological phase of his acting, although he harped a little on the same string, in "Eugene Aram," and tried himself in altogether better and worthier dramas. His "Richelieu" was admirable: his "Hamlet," although not so good, was good; his "Richard the Third" suited him; his "Romeo" was a mistake, and his "Benedick" almost most admirable. The last, we confess, surprised us greatly. The more deep the sentiments, the more thrilling the interest, the less time have we to look for, to think about, physical defects, uncongenial mannerisms. In tragedy, if the actor but realizes our idea, we will forgive awkwardness; but when the interest is not intense, when the scene invites us to laugh and not to weep, we have time to criticize and can afford to laugh at, instead of

with, the actor. Thus we admit that Mr. Irving in the "Belle's Stratagem" disappointed us as greatly as Miss Terry delighted us, so that we were prepared for further disappointment when we went to see "Much Ado about Nothing." But we admit that on seeing it we were greatly surprised. Mr. Irving has never been seen to greater advantage. His intelligence was always manifest in his performance, but his intelligence now, it seems to us, shines the brighter by reason of a greater reticence, a more thorough self-command. In the froth of Benedick's character he is scarcely *mousse* enough, but in the solid pith and purpose of the man he is admirable. Mr. Irving wants lightness of touch and this is painfully emphasized by comparison with Miss Terry, who possesses it in no ordinary degree. "Much Ado about Nothing," as played at the Lyceum, is an admirable illustration of what good and careful stage-playing ought to be. There is much pleasure and much profit to be got out of such a play.

Note on the Article in our Last Number, "The Jubilee of the First Reform Act."

The article in our last number on "The Jubilee of the First Reform Act" contains the following passage:

"Unfortunately oral tradition as to the statesman (Charles, Earl Grey) who filled for so long so prominent a place in Parliament and the country, and who was the pilot at the helm throughout one of the fiercest storms that England ever weathered, is fading and ready to vanish away, and no biography of him exists. His son and successor possesses his papers, and must have personal recollections of him, but we have understood that at an earlier period of his life want of sympathy with his father's greatest achievement indisposed him to give to the world his father's biography,* and probably age has now incapacitated him for the task; but regard to his father's memory, and consideration for the public welfare, should induce him to allow some younger man to undertake the task and to furnish him with the materials for it."†

When the article was written we had not at hand General Grey's unfinished memoir, to which we referred as our authority, and therefore wholly relied on our memory, with the result of supplying a striking illustration of the truth of what is said in

* From the Preface to General Grey's unfinished life of his father, the late Earl (Note to article).

† Westminster Review, N.S., No. CXXIV., October 1882, p. 434.

some lately published "Reminiscences:" "They who remember most confidently, or most exactly, are often the most wrong.*

Since our article was published we have learned on the highest authority that we have unintentionally but entirely misrepresented the present Earl's views of the great statute with which the name of Grey will ever be associated, and his reasons for withholding from publication any authentic biography of his father. There was no one who, while the struggle was going on, took a more eager interest in its issue than the present Earl, and he remains of the opinion that the Act of 1832 was a great and beneficial measure, though he, as well as the late Earl, thought in 1832 that there were grave faults in the measure—which were inevitable from the character of the opposition made to it. It is true that the present Earl, at the time the late General Grey published his memoir, was unwilling to undertake a fuller biography of their father, partly because he thought it should be written by some one who would write with an impartiality to which he could hardly hope to attain; but the decisive objection was that justice could not be done to the late Earl, nor could the difficulties he had to contend with† be explained without making disclosures of which he certainly would not have approved, and without giving pain to many persons then still alive, whose feelings it would have been wrong to wound. The course of events during the twenty years which have elapsed since the publication of the General's memoir has weakened but not entirely removed that objection. It therefore only remains for us to express our sincere regret at having misrepresented Earl Grey, and, as far as practicable, to withdraw our erroneous statement.

We are gratified to learn from the same authority, that our vindication of the late Earl from the misrepresentations of Mr. McCarthy as to his position and influence in his Cabinet are perfectly accurate. The late Earl kept completely the conduct of the struggle in his own hands, and so far from being merely the mouthpiece and instrument of others, he was the directing mind by which his Government was guided all through the ever memorable contest, and it was through his judgment and firmness that the final success was achieved. At the same time the late Earl was singularly ready to consider fairly the objections sometimes made by his colleagues, and to treat them in the most conciliatory manner.

---

* "T. Mozley's Reminiscences," vol. i. p. 2. (See Article VII. in our present number.)

† On this subject see "Correspondence of William IV. and Earl Grey," vol. ii. p. 135.

Contemporary Literature.

THEOLOGY.

THE oldest specimen, if we except the Book of Daniel, of Jewish Apocalyptic literature, is the Book of the pseudo Enoch, discovered by Bruce in Abyssinia in 1773. The first translation into our own tongue was made by Laurence in 1821, from one of Bruce's MSS. The standard German translation by Dr. A. Dillmann appeared in 1853. For a new English version we are indebted to the scholarship and industry of the Rev. George Schodde, U.S.[1] Prefixed to the translation is an introductory essay, which, with some questionable matter, contains the requisite historical information and much valuable comment. As regards the date and character of this remarkable book critics are divided in opinion. Ewald thought it consisted of several parts, and assumed its present shape during the first half of the first century, B.C. The earliest portion he referred to the period of John Hyrcanus, B.C. 111. According to Dr. Schodde, the Book consists of three principal parts: the groundwork, written before the death of Judas Maccabæus, B.C. 160; the Parables, composed, perhaps, between B.C. 37 and B.C. 4; and the Noachic Fragments, a subsequent but pre-Christian addition. The Book of Enoch, possibly written in Hebrew or Aramaic, is quoted by Jude in the Epistle which bears his name, and was known to the Fathers, and, as we believe, to the writer of that Epistle, through the Greek version, some fragments of which have been preserved by Georgius Syncellus. Volkman and Philippi, however, refuse to admit a Hebrew original, and maintain that the work was primarily written in Greek at least a century after the birth of Christ. Anyhow, the Book of Enoch is well worth a critical study, having an intrinsic interest as a reflection of late Jewish thought, as an embodiment of traditional opinion and speculation, and as a repository of wild poetical fancy. It corroborates the patriotic interpretation—no doubt the true one—of the loves of the Angels for the beautiful daughters of men, and regards the birth of the Giants (Genesis vi.) as the natural result of these celestial amours; it describes the more conspicuous phenomena of Nature, and introduces us to the Angel of Peace, the Spirits of Mist, of Frost, of Dew, of Rain, and of the Sea, displaying, as Dr. Laurence says, "every secret of Creation, the splendours of Heaven and the terrors of Hell, the mansions of departed Souls and the myriads of the Celestial Hosts, the Seraphim, Cherubim, and Ophanim which surround the blazing

[1] "The Book of Enoch, translated from the Ethiopic, with Introduction and Notes." By the Rev. George H. Schodde, Ph.D., Professor in Capital University Columbus, Ohio. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

throne, and magnify the holy name of the great Lord of Spirits." But the paramount interest depends on the date and character of the Messianic passages which are found in it. Dr. Schodde, G. Frörer, and Westcott, in opposition to Drummond, Hilgenfeld, and others, regard the whole Book as of Jewish origin. Dr. Westcott, indeed, discovers in it an important phase of Jewish opinion shortly before the coming of Christ. If the pre-Christian origin of the Book is allowed, we have surely a remarkable fact before us. Enoch is acknowledgedly a fiction—an apocryphal, uninspired Book—yet it contains anticipations of Christian doctrine more explicit than any of the Old Testament Books. Omitting the doctrine of the Trinity, which Laurence imported into it, misled by an erroneous interpretation (compare with Laurence lx. the corresponding passages in Dillmann or Schodde), we find in it the doctrine of the pre-existence of the Messiah as Son of God, Son of Man, Son of Woman, and as Judge of Righteousness, sitting on a throne of glory; the binding of the fallen Angels in chains in depths of fire, as in the Epistles, the everlasting punishment of the wicked, the eternal life of the righteous, the resurrection, the book of life, the new heaven, and the new earth. If all these evangelical representations are really the "advanced views" of an uninspired Jew embodied in an uncanonical and fictitious work, the fact must surely influence our estimate of the theology of the early Christians and that of our canonical Scriptures. The enemies of orthodox opinion might be supposed to be favourable to the conclusions of the advocates of an early date for the Christological portions. We rather incline ourselves to the opinion of Hilgenfeld, in "Die Jüdische Apocalyptik," that the Book contains the interpolations of a Christian writer, the groundwork being the production of a Jew more than a century before Christ.

In his essay on "The Authorship and Authenticity of Genesis,"[2] Mr. Charles Bradlaugh does not, we think, refer to the Book of Enoch, though in his discussion of the legendary narrative in Gen. vi. 1–4, he might very appropriately have done so. Limiting his examination of Genesis to the early chapters, because, arguing with Sir William Jones that "either the first eleven chapters are true or the whole fabric of our natural religion is false," Mr. Bradlaugh has necessarily produced an aggressive and inartistic work, but certainly one which exhibits considerable reading, a creditable amount of knowledge, some acquaintance with Hebrew, and a correct negative appreciation of the so-called Mosaic records. Criticizing with pungent sagacity the old traditions embodied in his text, Mr. Bradlaugh follows, often happily enough, but not always with the requisite discrimination, such authorities as Tuch, Knobel, Van Bohlen, Colenso, Lenormant, and Goldziher. In conducting his case, he omits no opportunity of embarrassing his opponents by exposing the inconsistencies, puerilities, and extravagances of the more orthodox among

[2] "Genesis: its Authorship and Authenticity." By Charles Bradlaugh. Third Edition. (International Library of Science and Freethought, IV.) London: Freethought Publishing Company. 1882.

them, and contrasting them with the verdict of the more learned and liberal men of their own creed. The Mosaic authorship of Genesis is now abundantly disproved; and Mr. Bradlaugh is one among the many to whom may be applied the words of Dryden's Ode:—

> "And thrice he routed all his foes,
> And thrice he slew the slain."

His intellectual power—of which we happen to know that the late Mr. Grote thought highly—appears in the third edition of the work before us, almost unavoidably in a repellent form. It is, indeed, a necessity of the position of the Free-thought party, in whose interest Mr. Bradlaugh writes, that its champions should be distinguished rather by a polemical antipathy to obsolete dogmas or disproved assertions, than by a reasonable sympathy with old forms of faith, with the traditions, often very beautiful, of an ever-learning, ever-unlearning humanity. Refined scholarship or profound erudition must not be looked for in this treatise. In accepting the interpretation proposed by Louis de Dieu, who is followed by Eichhorn and Rosenmüller, of the Hebrew word translated "helpmeet for him," we cannot go with the author. Knobel, Tuch, Van Bohlen, Maurer, and the Septuagint, all support the received translation, and we might adduce other authorities in support of this rendering. That de Dieu's *sexual* interpretation is really borne out by the language of Gesenius we take leave to deny. Not only does he characterize as *parum elegans* the explanation given by Louis de Dieu, but he couples it with that of Ilgenius, which he rejects: "Neque minus ab Hebræorum usu alienum" (*see* "Thesaurus," under the word נֶגֶד). Two other errors may be noticed here. Spinoza was not born in 1634, but in 1632; and Isaac de Peyrere did not follow Spinoza, but was followed by him—at least the "Systema Theologicum" of the former was published in 1655, and the "Tractatus Theologico-politicus" of the latter in 1670.

Mr. J. Savage, in his "Beliefs about Man,"[3] is as incredulous as Mr. Bradlaugh in respect of the traditional story in Genesis, though his faith in the doctrines of natural theology remains unshaken. A reconciliation between Religion and Science may, he thinks, be effected. The Darwinian theory, the "everlasting truths" taught by Jesus, the existence of God, and the hope of immortality, are elements in this reconciliation of Opposites. In our ignorance of the origin of consciousness, Mr. Savage finds a field of magnificent expectation, infinite possibility. Our author advocates the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, and his chapter, Is Man Free? is as good as any in the book. Far from sharing in the fashionable Pessimism, he announces that we have before us a practically infinite time to turn our dreams into realities, relying on the opinion of Helmholtz and the scientific men, that the sun may "continue its present relations to the earth for at least some millions of years." Mr. Savage's eloquence is a little extravagant, and we cannot see our way to some of his con-

[3] "Beliefs about Man." By Mr. J. Savage. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

clusions, but his "Discourses," on the whole, are sensible enough. "Index Expurgator*ium*" is, we trust, a misprint.

Mr. William M. Metcalfe, in his "Reasonableness of Christianity,"[4] shows that he is animated by a similar spirit of Reconciliation, but he is, as we judge, essentially orthodox. With him the Bible is a divine revelation, but with him Science is also a revelation. Theology, in his view, is progressive, and for its progressive character it depends on criticism, philosophy, and science. The fundamental truths of Christianity are not arbitrary dogmas, but transcripts of reality. The Bible, which embodies these truths, will not, he prophesies, suffer from too much knowledge. We need not say that we regard Mr. Metcalfe's position as untenable, and we have some doubt as to the extent or solidity of his own knowledge.

Preaching at St. James's, Marylebone, at the close of the Egyptian War, a liberal divine is reported to have said, "The Romans believed in Castor and Pollux, and Joshua believed in a tribal God Jehovah, who stopped the sun, fought for the Jew, and occasionally put him through some very doubtful transactions." The anonymous author of *Religion in the Light of Philosophy*[5] attenuates Mr. Haweis's "tribal God Jehovah" into a personified storm-cloud. Occupying a very different point of view from that of the orthodox though liberal theologian, he asserts that all science is virtually a supersession of Religion, while he regards Religion as a fancy or pretence of poets. In the seven discourses in which the writer unfolds this fundamental idea that all religions are one and the same religion, one and the same poetry, there is a certain modicum of sound sense and attractive comment; but we cannot accept his primary principle that mythology is wholly the invention of poets. We submit that the general human mind is mythopœic, that the parent mythical fancies and suggestions were the spontaneous product of the impressible popular heart, subsequently developed and embellished by primitive story-tellers and poets. We have far less confidence than our author in the accuracy of the interpretation of the old myths by accredited hierophants of our time. In M. Dupuis we have no confidence at all. According to this most credulous of sceptics Jesus Christ had no real existence. Religion is, he says, Astronomy. Jesus a solar God; his mother a zodiacal sign; the twelve apostles the twelve signs of the zodiac. To this astronomical dream Christian and Pagan testimony are alike opposed. Both unite in showing that the Christian community was in existence before the middle of the first century of our era. The genuine letters of S. Paul and the Apocalypse testify to the historic existence of the Twelve, especially of James, Peter, and John; to the reception of a transmitted creed (1 Cor. xv. 3), and to the reality of a widely-distributed Christian Church. Is there any trace of this astronomical mysticism in the theology of Paul, who had yet a definite and even developed Christianity to teach to the

[4] "The Reasonableness of Christianity." By William M. Metcalfe. Alexander Gardner, Paisley. London: 12, Paternoster Row. 1882.

[5] "Religion in the Light of Philosophy." London: Williams & Norgate. 1882.

Gentile world? But, as Dr. Fischer wrote in the first volume of the *Theologische Jahrbücher*, an author who refers the origin of religious worship to sacerdotal illusion and deception pronounces his own condemnation. A writer who sees no distinctive differences in natural religion and Christianity, Judaism, the creeds of Rome, Greece, China, Egypt, or India, but confounds them all in one monotonous and unprogressive Sabaism, shows that he is radically deficient in philosophical and critical apprehension. The obsolete character of such speculations as those of Dupuis is the sole refutation that is needed of his astronomical hypothesis.

The astronomical teaching of Hermes, says his patient and learned translator, is merely incidental to the rest. A theologian and a philosopher, he taught that the earth was immovable, the constellations, especially the zodiac, fixed in a solid firmament, the whole cosmical system moving round the earth in an organized harmony of one external, of seven inner circles. As a theologian he writes on the Being of God as an unconditional and self-existent essence, as Creator, as the sum of the Good, the Beautiful, the Holy, and the True, as immaterial infinite, invisible, above all as Trinity. Man, the image of God, has a divine nature, and this nature is threefold, reason, desire, and spirit. To the good and pure God reveals himself by imparting to them a share of his mind or reason, and when they leave the body they become this mind. According to Hermes there is no void in Nature, and no destruction. All that is, in perishing, is resolved into some other form. Matter is eternal, and body is immortal. Many of these speculations are curious and fanciful, but we advise our readers to learn more of them from Mr. Chambers' translation, somewhat too literal for our taste, and from his interesting and instructive preface. Our Mercurius or Hermes Trismegistus[e] must not be identified with the Egyptian sage or succession of sages, with Thoth, the reputed author of the "Ritual of the Dead," and the impersonation of the religion, art, learning, and sacerdotal discipline of the Egyptian priesthood. He is often, however, confounded with this original Hermes by the Fathers, who quote him repeatedly. The epithet Trismegistus appears first in the second century of the Christian era. From his threefold learning and rank of philosopher, priest, and king, says Mr. Chambers, he obtained this imposing appellation of Thrice Greatest, and that of Hermes or Mercurius as "messenger and authoritative interpreter of divine things." Our Hermes was no such mysterious being, but a Greek writer, living at Alexandria at the end of the first and beginning of the second century. Mr. Chambers conjectures that he took the name of Hermes in order to give greater weight to his teaching. He is a Platonist not unacquainted with the Septuagint. Cyril of Alexandria found in his writings the doctrine of the Trinity and the Incarnation. He is first quoted by

[e] "The Theological and Philosophical Works of Trismegistus, Christian Neo-Platonist." Translated from the original Greek, with Preface, Notes, and Indices. By John David Chambers, M.A., F.S.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, &c. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

Justin Martyr. The genuine works of Hermes, translated by Mr. Chambers, are comprised in his valuable little volume. They consist of the Poemandres, or the Shepherd-man, the representative of the Supreme Mind, a Platonic dialogue in fourteen books, with such portions of the Books of Hermes and his son as are extant in *Stobæus*, and some other fragments preserved in the *Physics* of that writer, and in the works of Cyril.

In the correspondence which took place in August last between Dr. B. H. Kennedy and the Rev. F. C. Cook,[7] the suggestion that the former ascribed to Jerome a characteristic violence was met by the counter-suggestion that if this was Jerome's failure "you, not I, seem to say" so. That this is Canon Cook's own opinion is evident from p. 153 of the book in which the suggestion was made, where he calls Jerome "an impetuous and unfair controversialist." Dr. Cook does not confine his emphatic characterization to patristic delinquents, but charges even Dr. Hort, great critic as he allows him to be, with "remarkable subtlety." In "The Revised Version of the First Three Gospels," the Canon arraigns Messrs. Westcott and Hort, Sanday and Farrar, and in a minor degree even Tregelles and Alford, as innovators. He complains that there are 600 innovations in Mark, 800 in Luke and in the entire revised Greek Text of the New Testament, 5,788 changes. One of these changes occurs in Luke xxiii. 45, where, as he very reasonably says, the substituted Greek words are somewhat oddly translated, *the sun's light failing*, whereas they properly mean that the sun was suffering an eclipse. That the most highly educated of the evangelists should be charged with countenancing a physical impossibility—an eclipse of the sun at full moon—excites the Canon's indignation. But is this the only transaction in the Bible that involves a physical impossibility? If the "tribal God Jehovah" stopped the sun, why should he not have caused the full moon to eclipse the sun. We have read that if the moon's motion were performed in the plane of the ecliptic instead of at an inclination of 5° to its plane, every full moon could put out the sun, and could not omnipotence have achieved this "physical impossibility?" Another of the omissions which Canon Cook condemns is that of the Ascension Clause, Luke xxiv. 51, an omission which, in addition to its critical defensibility, has the recommendation of removing the contradiction between the statement in the gospel that Jesus was carried up into heaven on the day of the resurrection, and that in the *Acts*, which postpones that event till the fortieth day after the resurrection. The omission of the questionable conclusion of St. Mark's Gospel is also regarded as a deplorable offence. Though it was known to Irenæus, and many ancient MSS. have it, yet it is not found in the two oldest MSS., the Vatican and the Codex Sinaiticus, while one MS., L., stops at the 8th verse and gives another ending. Internal evidence, moreover, is opposed to its genuineness as the work of the evangelist. It has, as Dean Alford computes, seventeen words

---

[7] "The Revised Version of the First Three Gospels," &c. By F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c. London: John Murray. 1882.

and expressions which are never elsewhere found in Mark. It reads, moreover, like an excerpt from John, Luke, Matthew, and the Acts. We cannot think that in these cases, which we take as exemplary instances, any more than in that of Rom. ix. 5, which the Canon treats as "one of the most pernicious and indefensible innovations of rationalistic criticism," the revisers are to blame. We are far, however, from saying that the Revisers' Greek Text or that of Messrs. Westcott and Hort is infallible. We despair of ever really restoring the Original Text, or of making such an approach to it as will satisfy every critical inquirer. While in Canon Cook's volume we find much with which we are unable to agree, we find also observations to which weight may be reasonably attached, and we accordingly invite attention to his hostile examination of the Revised Version.

"The Hebrew Psalter"[8] is an attempt to render the Psalms of David into English verse. The translator shows a sufficient knowledge of Hebrew for his purpose, and in some, though not in all instances, substitutes accurate for the erroneous renderings of the received versions. Considering the difficulty of the task, Mr. Seymour is to be congratulated on the degree of success which he has attained. Only we must remind him that it is not the Antique Muse, with severe simplicity and majesty that sings for us in his translation, but the Modern Muse, with the modern graces and mannerisms of the popular poets of the nineteenth century.

Notwithstanding Professor Jowett's discouragement of ingenious efforts to explain the mysteries of the most mysterious of books, the Revelation of St. John, enterprising theologians continue their hermeneutic labours. In our notice of Mr. Huntingford's work on the Apocalypse (April, 1882), through some inadvertency we unfortunately made him identify the Pope with the Beast with ten horns, whereas he really identifies him with the Beast with two horns. Mr. Lincoln, in his "Lectures on the Revelation"[9] identifies him with ecclesiastical power. The Nicolaitans he discovers in the "Clerisy;" Babylon is Rome; Jezebel the Romish Church; the Beast with ten horns is the Roman Emperor, with his ten confederate kings, the ultimate Spawn of Democracy; the two witnesses are Moses and Elias, or Moses and Enoch, who are to reappear on earth; while the Greek letters indicating the number of the Beast, χξς', are the most twisted in the alphabet, and—in short the very devil is in them!—and one in particular, the most crooked of all, resembles a serpent in its contortions, and apparently stands for Satan! Now, "here is [not] wisdom." (Rev. xiii. 18.) A little study of the arguments of Baur, Lücke, Zeller, and other theological experts might save some of our clergy from exerting their ingenuity in abortive attempts to identify the Roman Catholic Church with the mystical Babylon, and in wasting

---

[8] "The Hebrew Psalter, or Book of Psalms," &c. A New Metrical Translation. By William Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne. London: Longman, Green & Co. 1882.

[9] "Lectures on the Book of the Revelation." By W. Lincoln. London: James E. Hawkins. 1875.

their time over crooked S and its serpentine auxiliaries. As long ago as 1858, in an article on the writings of Francis Newman, we advocated the interpretation which in the vision of the Apocalypse sees a reflection of the wild belief of the early Christians in the return of Nero as Antichrist. As the popular divine, Canon Farrar, has convinced himself that this is the true interpretation, and has adopted it in his recently published work, future commentators on this oracular book may see their way to accept, what is, we believe, the only true solution of its enigmas.

In the Rev. A. Lendrum's pamphlet on "The Judicial Committee" there is much with which we most cordially disagree.[10] In his championship of the freedom of thought, so far as he can be held to champion it by his demand for the freedom of his Church, we find it easier to follow him. We have assuredly no admiration of the Public Worship Regulation Act, and there "must be something in the world amiss," if for an attitude or a vestment an offender be punishable, while heretical teaching escapes unscathed. But has not the Church in allying itself with the State virtually sold its birthright for a mess of pottage? To us it seems that the State will "try conclusions" with the Church when it suits the State to do so, and the Church is hardly entitled to complain that it cannot at once eat its cake and have its cake.

In "Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism,"[11] Oxoniensis directs his polemic against Cardinal Newman and Dr. Littledale, the representatives of the two extreme systems, while he poses as the exemplary Middle. We have no doubt that a good case can be made out against Romanism and Anglicanism. An equally good case, however, can be made out against Protestantism. The weakness of Protestantism is illustrated by the confusion worse confounded of the ever-multiplying sects, and the assumption of the *general* truth of the New Testament is a very sandy foundation to build upon.

The clever discourses of Mr. Moncure D. Conway,[12] the stout-hearted heresiarch of South Place, affords ample evidence of the tendency of private judgment to break the bounds of Protestant respectability. Protestantism can only secure the regulation orthodoxy by substituting the authority of a sect as the interpreter of Scripture for that of the Church. Protestantism should take for its motto the saying of Mr. Edward Maitland's real or imaginary Republican, "This is a free country, and the majority won't allow it."

In his "Essays on some Aspects of Human Nature,"[13] Mr. Kerr analyzes the good and evil elements in the modified form of caste which he discovers in English society, and considers the advantages

---

[10] "The Judicial Committee, the Misgovernment of the Church, and the Remedy." By the Rev. A. Lendrum, M.A., Rector of Blatherwycke. London: Pickering & Co. 1882.

[11] "Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism," &c. By Oxoniensis. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

[12] "Lessons for the Day." By Moncure D. Conway. Delivered before the South Place Religious Society. London: E. W. Allen.

[13] "Essays on some Aspects of Human Nature." By James Kerr, M.A., &c. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Longman, Green & Co. 1882.

and disadvantages of Sectism, which he distinguishes from Sectarianism. While advocating charity, toleration, and unity among Christians, the author is of opinion that the present tendency of churches is rather to fly away from one another than to seek reunion. The good and evil in human life, in general, as well as in society, secular and ecclesiastical, and the characteristic traits and qualities of genius, furnish our author with additional themes for the subject of his book.

The handsome and beautifully-printed Parallel New Testament, Greek and English, deserves our warm recommendation.[14] In it the two English versions of 1611 and 1881 are arranged in parallel columns on the left-hand page, with the marginal notes of the Authorized Version; while the right-hand page contains the Greek text, with the readings adopted by the Revisers, as it appeared in the Greek Testament edited for the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, by Archdeacon Palmer, in 1881. The *Pearl* type edition of the Parallel New Testament,[15] in neat cloth binding, or in a more goodly garb, contains the two English versions, but without the Greek text. Convenience of reference and clearness of type entitle it to permanent popularity

---

PHILOSOPHY.

THE simultaneous revival, within no distant period, in different points of the intellectual world of a profound interest in the speculations of Spinoza is a noticeable fact. The translations of Dr. Willis bore witness, some years ago, to his ardent admiration for the philosopher. Of late the attention of students has been attracted to Mr. Frederick Pollock's "comprehensive and masterly work," and almost at the same moment in which we open Dr. James Martineau's welcome volume, or turn over the pages of a selection of translated essays edited by Professor Knight, we are apprised of Dr. Caird's forthcoming book, and Mr. Hale White's promised version of the "Ethics." With two only of these works are we at present concerned, the volume edited by Professor Knight,[1] and "A Study of Spinoza," by Dr. James Martineau.[2] Of the last work we can speak in terms of all but unqualified praise. It is divided into two parts—the Life and the Philosophy. The "Life," in four chapters, is carefully and exhaustively treated, and adequately appreciates the noble qualities of

---

[14] "The Parallel New Testament, Greek and English," &c. Oxford: At the University Press. 1882.

[15] "The Parallel New Testament: being the Authorised Version set forth in 1611. Arranged in Parallel Columns with the Revised Version of 1881." Oxford: At the University Press. 1882.

[1] "Spinoza. Four Essays, by Land, Kuno Fischer, J. Van Vloten, and Ernest Renan." Edited by Professor Knight, of St. Andrews. London: Williams & Norgate. 1882.

[2] "A Study of Spinoza." By James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., Principal of Manchester New College, London. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

its hero. It may be that there is a little slip here and there, as in the statement about the composition of the Ethics in Dutch, but we have in Dr. Martineau's narrative a faithful and excellent portrait of the Solitary Thinker. A similar remark applies to the second part of this study—the Philosophy. The metaphysical system and ethical doctrine of Spinoza are here duly set forth. Ample justice is done him, as the founder of a biblical criticism, in the chapter which deals specifically with the subject, and the Political Doctrine, if less satisfactorily treated, is a very fair reflection of the teaching of Spinoza. Spinoza's philosophy and character are well described by Kuno Fischer in the essay translated by Miss Frida Schmidt in Professor Knight's volume, as an unexampled and unique phenomenon. If, in a new era, reason and not authority was to arbitrate, it was requisite that some criterion of truth should be discovered, comparable to that which is supplied by mathematical necessity. So thinking, Spinoza, in his explanation of the universe, adopted the mathematical method. His theology, his moral philosophy take a geometrical form. The physical world, the intellectual life of humanity are formed into squares, parallelograms or triangles, and the Cosmos is drilled and regimented into propositions. In Spinoza's view there was no radical dualism, as in the traditional notion of Maker and Spirit. For him there was but one Substance or Essence, one ultimate Reality, as the base of the universe, throwing off, to use Dr. Martineau's language, "its phenomena in the concurrent but independent order of two functions, thought-producing and thing-producing energy into conscious unity in the human Ego. To this ultimate Reality, sometimes called Substance, sometimes Nature, sometimes God, are assigned infinite attributes unknown to us, and two attributes known to us, Thought and Extension; and thus we get a metaphysical monism with a logical dualism. Besides attributes constituting the Essence of Substance, Spinoza recognized *Modes*, the affections of Substance, including "all finite properties and effects, considered as determined out of an infinite ground," all ideas being "modes of Thinking, *e.g.*, concepts, volitions, emotions; all physical phenomena, figures, weights, motion, of Extension." As Spinoza, according to Dr. Martineau, designates the First Principle Substance and God, "to emphasize its absolute unity of ground, while Nature and *Causa sui* denote what issues thence," so he "resolves *Nature* into duplicate form by appended epithets, marking respectively the causative essence and the modal expression of one and the same infinite existence." *Natura naturata* denotes all that follows from the necessity of the Divine Nature, or any one of the attributes of God. Not only intellect but all humane attributes belong exclusively to *Natura naturata*, and cannot be predicated of God as *Natura naturans*. To *Natura naturans*, Substance or God, belongs, in Spinoza's view, *Cogitatio*, the Thinking attribute, but the Thinking attribute, be it noted, does not mean *Mind*. The conception, no doubt, is borrowed from human experience, and in man Cogitatio or Thought is equivalent to self-conscious intelligence. But, continues Dr. Mar-

tineau, to qualify the conception to do duty as a cosmical principle he has to divest it of all ideal character which is not present in everything, in water and slate as well as in men. With Spinoza this conception (Thought) has no ideas. But what is Thought without ideas? It is no more than a self-reflection of the thinkable, an ideal principle in Nature, the dormant base of an intelligence to be. In this sense and no other it is predicated of God as infinite. Such is Dr. Martineau's very reasonable conclusion, and this conclusion naturally gives rise to the question: Is the system of Spinoza theistic? Is the *Deus* of Spinoza what plain Englishmen understand by God? Dr. Martineau fully says of the *Deus* of Spinoza that he is as much Matter as Mind, but that in point of fact he is neither Matter nor Mind, but the Prius or inner possibility of both. In plain English that daring speculator believed in no personal God, no intelligent, conscious, Supreme Being, but in a merely rudimentary somewhat, the raw material, as it were, out of which Mind in man and analogous organisms is fashioned. As to the great kindred doctrine, the Immortality of the Soul, we are expressly warned by Spinoza, writes Dr. Martineau, against reading the notion of personal immortality into his claim of eternity for necessary ideas. "Their necessary character belongs to them simply as part of the Eternal Thinking attribute of Nature. *The Ethics*, says Dr. Land, issue in the mystical identification of self with the Deity, and though a necessary feature of such a position, Immortality is not a continuance in time, but an existence outside of time in which the individual existence loses its preponderating significance. In the Ethics the word immortal disappears in favour of the word eternal, which we are expressly told has not the same meaning. Truth, "identical in all understandings," survives all change of its personal organs. It is the cosmical thinking attribute, not the individual soul that is really imperishable. The monism or unity of Spinoza is, says Dr. Martineau, "a detached prefix suspended over his dualistic deduction." His *cogitatio* does not mean mind, but mind-stuff or mind-force, The phrase *causâ sui* is a misleading substitute for the self-existent. In spite of all his incoherencies and inadequacies, however, Spinoza remains the king of purely metaphysical thinkers. His monism is a kind of adumbration of a later and more scientific monism; his psychology has a modern character which reminds Dr. Land of the doctrines of Bain and Wundt; his ethics presents us with a masterly if imperfect analysis of human character; his conception of duty is essentially noble; his critical examination of the Bible, however immature, worthily initiated the riper investigations of the German theological school. His doctrine, says Kuno Fischer, shares with religion these two essential tendencies—deliverance from selfishness, devotion to the Eternal. The Universe was his one and everlasting love.

"When Fichte," says Mr. Courtney, "in his thoughtful and scholarly volume, deduced the whole Universe from the Ego, the ladies wanted to know what Madame Fichte thought of such masculine arrogance;" and he goes on to say that "when Hegel talks of the

evolution of the ideas, as if that explained all thought, and all nature and all history, the usual criticism is a curious mixture of impatience and pity."[3] It is difficult to discover Mr. Courtney's theological or philosophical *credo*, but the concluding paragraph of the carefully-written Paper on Parmenides perhaps justifies the inference that with Hegel he regards thought, reason, intelligence as the ultimate reality of things. Our author, however, is no Hegelian, and he sees the difficulties inherent in absolute idealism clearly enough. As little is he an humble disciple of Berkeley, whose characteristic merit is, he thinks, the refutation of materialism as a philosophical system, but whose particular form of idealism he considers a failure, pointing out its insecurity in what he says of the soul as unextended spirit, or in his pretended proof of the existence of God, in Berkeley's system a veritable *deus ex machinâ*, brought in as a presupposition of faith to cut the knot. As little is he satisfied with the philosophy of Kant, for while accepting in the main Kant's explanation of experience as against the empirical school, including Spencer and Lewes, he rejects his skeleton Categories, his absurd Schematism, and with a qualifying "at least," the whole of the "Critique of the Practical Reason." With the late Mr. Mill he is only in partial accord in the essay on the word Cause, preferring Kant's sympathetic principle of Causality, as we understand, to the doctrine of Mill or that of his English critics in general. Perhaps the two essays which will attract most readers in Mr. Courtney's interesting volume, are "The New Psychology" and "The New Ethics." The New Psychology, equally with the older cognate Psychology, is definable as a philosophy of experience, but for sensationalism and individualism substitutes the experimental philosophy of men like Lewes and Spencer. Lewes undoubtedly believed thought to be an ultimate development of matter, and the mental forms or mental capacities are regarded by the leaders of the school as the product of evolution, *à priori* to the individual but *à posteriori* to the race. Mr. Courtney is of opinion that in the great Psychological conflict the ultimate victory will rest with the side that lays its stress on Science and Experience, and seems, in respect to the adoption of new educational methods, to have no misgivings, but questions, whether, if the psychological assumptions of the materialists be realized, Ethics can survive at all. We cannot say that we share his apprehensions, though we have no other answer to make than that which is suggested by the moral theories of Bain, Mill, and Grote. Of the nine essays included in Mr. Courtney's most readable volume there is not one that has not its own distinctive merit. Though there is little which is definite and as little which is dogmatic in his views, Mr. Courtney intimates his own preferences. In style he is always perspicuous, in statement always calm, cautious, and yet sympathetic. The essays are modestly offered as "slight contributions to the subject," and are acknowledged to be critical rather than constructive.

---

[3] "Studies in Philosophy, Ancient and Modern." By W. L. Courtney, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Author of the "Metaphysics of J. S. Mill." Rivingtons. London. 1882.

To Mr. Courtney's opinion that between a theory which is, at the base, that of Sensationalism, and such larger notions as are conveyed by the terms Universal or Absolute Spirit, there can be no common standing-ground, Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, the impugner of Mr. Spencer's "Unification of Knowledge,"[4] would very willingly subscribe. He would also assent to his view that "the matter is not much improved by the device of Herbert Spencer, who, in his desire to reconcile Science and Faith, consigns all ultimate ideas—including God—to the *otium cum dignitate* of the Unknowable." Mr. Guthrie, we presume, is quite as desirous as Mr. Spencer to reconcile Faith with Science, but declines to regard the process by which the reconciliation is supposed to be effected as a scientific process. Not only does he not accept Mr. Spencer's Unification of Knowledge, but he does not believe that knowledge ever will be unified. Viewed as an attempt to show the *à priori* reasonableness of Evolution by gradual development, Mr. Spencer's exposition may, he admits, be held to have accomplished its purpose, but he refuses to allow that it is "a framework of thought commensurate with all the sequences of the Universe." Of the daring magnificence of Mr. Spencer's conception of a cosmical philosophy, of the value of his physiological investigation, and what Mr. Guthrie calls "the abounding wealth of suggestion" displayed throughout his admirable work, there can hardly be two opinions. "The profound and vigorous writings of Mr. Spencer," says Professor Huxley, in "Science and Culture," "embody the spirit of Descartes in the knowledge of our day, and may be regarded as the 'Principes de la Philosophie' of the nineteenth century." Yet as Descartes' system was found wanting, so possibly may Mr. Spencer's system be adjudged deficient. In some instances Mr. Malcolm Guthrie's strictures appear to us not without justification. An initial objection relates to what is presumably the cornerstone of the system. If, as Mr. Spencer believes, "human faculties are strictly limited to what is relative and partial," we are not warranted in affirming the existence of an Unknowable Absolute. If, as Mr. Spencer holds, the Absolute is outside of all possible Thought, it surely cannot be brought, without some violation of scientific consistency, within the category of human knowledge. The unification of knowledge, as Mr. Guthrie rightly contends, has to be effected within the limits of the Knowable. The Unknowable of Mr. Spencer, it is true, manifests itself through its action on us; but then, argues Mr. Guthrie, as it can only be known in its manifestations, our real knowledge is neither augmented nor diminished by the recognition of an Unknowable Power of which they are but manifestations. Science recognizes no Inscrutable, but only Scrutable Powers. It is against, not the theory of knowledge, but the unification of knowledge, which Mr. Guthrie supposes to be for ever impossible, that his anti-Spencerian polemic is directed. Though writing professedly

[4] "On Mr. Spencer's Unification of Knowledge." By Malcolm Guthrie, Author of "On Mr. Spencer's Formula of Evolution." London: Trubner & Co. 1882.

in the interest of science, Mr. Guthrie, in the concluding part of his volume, betrays his theological predilections. His recognition of Design, and therefore of a Designer, is conclusive as to this point. Partially successful in his detection of faults in previous systems, when he attempts reconstruction himself he fails like other men. His theological supplement, his demonstration of the existence of an external world (which we by no means deny), his hypothesis of feelings and consciousness as external factors, are not satisfactory contributions to a philosophical reconstruction.

The theological bias is conspicuous also in the author of "The Alternative,"[5] although he concedes that the Concurrence of Aptitudes displayed in the Cosmos does not presuppose Design. Affirming a dynamic bearing of consciousness on human behaviour, he maintains that all indeliberate intentions and acts are effects of cerebration—that is, of an unconscious force. The behaviour resulting from cerebration he terms impersonal; we are its victims as well as its dupes. By adopting an ideal of human character opposed to this compulsory type; by leading a life of self-denying wisdom identical with the Christian spirit, we cease to be the fools of Nature and become personal agents, making the conscious mind the master of our life. It is in our option which of the two courses we will adopt. Either alternative is presented to us. Hence the title of the work. While regarding many of the author's observations as acute, and sometimes accepting his conclusions, we are in general unable to assent to his teaching. His views on Free Will, on Life as a Quality or Power, on the Soul or Ego, on the Origin of Axioms, are widely different from our own. On particular points he opposes Kant, Spencer, Lewes, Mill, and, without any formal recognition of Sir William Hamilton, appears to us to have come under his influence. A robust and somewhat eccentric independence, however, characterizes his speculations, and the language in which they are clothed has a corresponding peculiarity. The sense is perhaps not unfrequently embarrassed by the *impedimenta* of an uncouth phraseology.

The prodigious learning, the synthetic genius, the weighty eloquence and philosophic fire of Sir William Hamilton have long since been recognized in our pages. In the *Series*, edited by Professor Knight, a brief biographical sketch by Professor Veitch introduces to us the "pure scholar and thinker"[6] in his personal relations, and gives us some account of his writings. Following this initial chapter are eleven more, explaining Sir William's system of philosophy, under the various heads of Authority and Veracity of Consciousness, Perception, Phœnomenal Psychology, Relativity, the Conditioned and Unconditioned, and Ontology. While accepting apparently the cardinal principles of Hamilton's philosophy, Professor Veitch indicates occasional

---

[5] "The Alternative: A Study on Psychology." London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[6] "Hamilton." By John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1882.

dissent or dissatisfaction on collateral points. The volume may be regarded as at once an exposition and a defence of the Hamiltonian philosophy—a system which will attract many minds, but with which we are quite unable to sympathize. In his zeal for the fair fame of Sir William Hamilton, Professor Veitch has assailed the philosophical reputation of another eminent contemporary thinker, Mr. John Stuart Mill. That Mr. Mill may sometimes have missed Hamilton's meaning is possible, but that he was capable of the systematic confusion, misconception, and misrepresentation of which the Professor complains is to us incredible. Dr. Alexander Bain, on "John Stuart Mill: a Criticism," tells us that Mill's chief occupation for two years was the preparation of his book on Hamilton; that "he read all Hamilton's writings three times over, and all the books that he thought in any way related to the subjects treated of;" and, in Bain's opinion, in answering the attacks made on his criticism of Hamilton's doctrines on the Relativity of Knowledge and Philosophy of the Conditioned, Mill "showed to considerable advantage." Elsewhere Bain is found agreeing with Mill that in Hamilton's fundamental positions there is an insurmountable contradiction, and asserting that Hamilton's facts of consciousness are not as he alleges ultimate and simple but complex and derived. In the article on Mill's work contributed to this REVIEW by Mr. George Grote (Jan. 1866) that accurate and vigorous thinker, while expressing occasional dissent from Mr. Mill's views, admits the numerous contradictions in Sir William Hamilton's philosophical character, the rashness of his censures on Brown, the overthrow of his reasoning by Mill, rejects Sir William's useless ceremonial reforms in logic, and considers that Mill has undoubtedly "brought to view Hamilton's many inconsistencies and contradictions." Mr. Grote evidently did not regard Mill as an unfair or unsuccessful controversialist. With Mill's principal conclusions, philosophical and logical, Mr. Grote agrees, dissenting from those of Sir W Hamilton. Speaking of the "Examination" he says "a dignified judicial equanimity of tone is preserved from first to last." If Mill misunderstood Hamilton Grote must have misunderstood him also. All the confusion and misapprehension can hardly, we think, be put down to Mill. Notwithstanding his unsparing attack on Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy, Mill commended him for his unparalleled knowledge of the materials requisite for a history of philosophy and for good specimens of psychological analysis, and pronounced his theory of Attention, excluding Abstraction, to be the most perfect we have. We do not desire to disparage the genius of Sir W. Hamilton, but to assert, with Mr. H. Spencer, Mill's "intellectual height" and "moral elevation" against Dr. Veitch, who accuses him of quibbling, unfairness, and ungenerous behaviour in controversy (p. 17, 18), and speaks of him, as he does in pp. 30, 31, and elsewhere. With Mr. Grote we say "*Amicus Hamilton; magis amicus Mill; amica ante omnes philosophia.*"

If Sir W. Hamilton solemnly gave his approbation to Mr. Gillespie's argument for the being and attributes of God, the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal, Mr. St. George Stock who, to use his own

expression, has "snipped Mr. Gillespie's beanstalk for climbing to the moon," must be classed, as so far, anti-Hamiltonian. The two most valuable essays in Mr. Stock's "Attempts at Truth"[7] are those entitled "Theism" and "Berkeley and Positivism." The essays, sixteen in number, are ethical, metaphysical, apologetic. Under the last head we place the essays on Spiritualism, a phenomenon Mr. Stock's appreciation of which is wholly opposed to our own. Though we cannot always accept Mr. Stock's cherished opinions we discern in his writings considerable reflective power, a refined taste, a pious fancy, moral courage and literary capacity. His style is pure, simple and perspicuous. Two of these essays, "Theism" and "The Writings of Mr. Charles Bray," which he thinks have not been adequately appreciated, first appeared in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW; some in other periodicals.

The dismal aspects of Pessimism are exhibited in Mr. Barlow's reflective and slightly, though perhaps unconsciously, humorous "Ultimatum."[8] Of the three grand Illusions reprobated by that cheerful philosopher, Schopenhauer—(1) Faith in terrestrial personal happiness; (2) Faith in terrestrial happiness for the race; and (3) Faith in individual posthumous happiness—Mr. Barlow protests that the only one which is *not* an Illusion is Faith in personal immortality. Wretched as the world is, we are not convinced that there is more Pain than Pleasure in it by the considerations which he places before us; neither can we admit that he has proved, for Materialist or Spiritualist, the truth of the doctrine of Immortality. As to the suggestion of the "philanthropist" that we should return to "our primitive bestial condition," we can only say that, for ourselves, we have no wish to go upon all-fours. We prefer "to develop culture and endure our sorrow."

Far from sharing in any such pessimistic predilection, Herr v. W. H. Reuss, in "Geist und Stoff,"[9] contends that the history of human culture demonstrates a felicitous progress. Herr von Reuss is already known as the author of certain works, the fundamental principle of which is the priority of Organic Motion in the world, and the equivalence of the human development with the development and formation of the earth. Rejecting the doctrine of the bestial descent of man, he yet maintains that of the gradual transformation of all organisms, the grand antecedent being Man, not in his mature form, but in a kind of embryonic condition. Reversing Kant's postulate, "Give me matter, and I will show you how to make a world," he exclaims, "Give me biological units, and the process will be less difficult." Instead of *protoplasma*, he offers us *protosperma*. All varieties of existence, and all the forces of Nature, have a common

---

[7] "Attempts at Truth." By St. George Stock. London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill.

[8] "The Ultimatum of Pessimism: An Ethical Study." By James William Barlow, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1858.

[9] "Geist und Stoff. Erläuterungen des Verhältnisses zwischen Welt und Mensch nach dem Zeugniss der Organismen." Von Wilh. H. Preuss. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

ground. In the beginning of time the primæval organic cosmical substance moved freely and lawlessly in the form of these units, and out of them arose, aeriform and gaseous, aqueous and fluid, earthy and crystallized bodies. Of the relation of Feeling to Motion, and the origin of Mind, in accordance with this hypothesis, we shall not attempt to give any account. The Organic preceded the Inorganic, which is merely a *conversion* of the Organic. To account for a dead universe the author assumes the priority of LIFE, which he does not account for. Of course, he is an anti-Materialist; insisting on man's transcendental tendencies, and proclaiming the reality of God, Freedom, and Immortality in the Beyond which is the object, not of man's knowledge but of man's faith. There is a kind of brilliant audacity in our author's cosmogonical speculations which will attract readers of a kindred spirit with himself.

This metaphysical spirit enters too deeply into Mr. Cocker's "Handbook of Philosophy" for us to give it entire approval.[10] It is, however, a useful and interesting repository of generalizations, definitions, and explanations relating to Psychology, or the science of the Intellect and Sensibility, with numerous references to the opinions of antagonistic schools or individual masters; and though we are assuredly opposed to the author on more than one point, we are of opinion that he has drawn up a Handbook which is, on the whole, instructive and impartial. It takes, however, little notice of the valuable writings of Bain or James Mill, while quoting the unseen universe, and citing the words of Mr. St. George Mivart. The Association philosophy is noticed only to be dismissed, and the metaphysical theory of knowledge, in certain cases, explicitly upheld.

Mr. St. George Mivart's book,[11] though not without merit, has disappointed us, but it will please the orthodox and semi-orthodox world. It is written in the form of dialogues. Two friends converse together, and, as a matter of course, the ultra-sceptic, F., is converted at the close of the volume to M.'s theistic creed. The great desideratum now, is not Natural Science, we are told by M., but Natural Philosophy; a sentiment we heartily approve. But M.'s philosophy we submit is not a natural but a supernatural philosophy. His theory of the soul as a force which is not entirely immersed in matter, but exceeds and extends beyond the structure it informs, is purely mythical; his assertion that the exercise of his free vocation implies a miraculous agency, which even determinists and agnostics would acknowledge to be such, is surprising. He is generally opposed to the teaching of the experimental school. He attacks Idealism, though with indifferent success. He attacks Utilitarianism, which he seems to identify with the pursuit of animal pleasure; he attacks the Darwinian theory, which he terms an absurd doctrine, propagated

---

[10] "The Student's Handbook of Philosophy: Psychology." By B. F. Cocker, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Psychology, &c., in the University of Michigan, U.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1882.

[11] "Nature and Thought: An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy." By St. George Mivart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

with enthusiasm by men competent in physical science, but lamentably deficient in philosophy. He calls Mr. Clifford, Mr. Lewes, and Mr. Mill to account. Mill's famous deliverance, "To hell I will go," he treats as if intended for an argument; whereas, it should be regarded as an assertion having no logical relevancy; as "a passionate declaration of subjective sentiment." According to Professor Bain, Mr. Grote, from whom we borrow these expressions, thought it was an echo of something occuring in Ben Jonson. Surely it is an echo of a line in Samuel Johnson's imitation of Juvenal's Third Satire—

> "All Sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
> And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE supply of books on Egypt has been extremely plentiful of late years; and we have had occasion to review in these columns many volumes of studies and sketches of every degree of merit. But among the multitude of our councillors we may still reserve a place for a writer so well-informed and impartial as the Baron de Malortie,[1] whose anonymous "Diplomatic Sketches" were received with so much favour that he has been encouraged to allow his name to appear on the title-page of this his latest venture. It is always satisfactory to meet with a writer who deals with questions of foreign policy in a liberal spirit but without sentimental illusion, verifying and correcting his political conclusions by the light of history. If we have to find fault with the Essay before us, it is rather in excess than in defect of conscientious accuracy that the writer seems to us to go wrong. He has positively encumbered his pages with citations, and he cannot set down the most unquestioned facts without referring us to chapter and verse. But we have so many amateur statesmen who produce foreign policies from their inner consciousness, without any assistance from history, that we must pronounce this an error on the right side. M. de Malortie is one of those who believe in the possibility of a reformed and enlightened Islam. He insists on the essentially democratic character of much of the Prophet's teaching; and he adduces the free local institutions which have always existed in the Ottoman Empire as so many proofs that there is a germ of liberty in Egypt which only requires to be developed. At the same time he agrees with Mr. Gladstone in thinking that the recent movement, led by Arabi and his friends, was not really a liberal, or, in tne best sense of the word, a national movement; and he endeavours to persuade us that the cause of Egyptian progress may best be advanced by leaving the house of Mehemet Ali to work out its own political problems with a minimum of European interference. Whatever we may think of the prospects of the Khedive's Government, left alone to cope with rebellion single-

---

[1] "Egypt." By Baron de Malortie. London: W. Ridgway. 1882.

handed, we cannot but acknowledge that the difficulties which now beset the native rulers of Egypt are mainly if not entirely of European creation. The Great Powers have consistently regarded Egypt as a region in which certain of their own interests happened to be located; they have never set themselves to discover what was demanded by the interests of the native population. Hence the jealous opposition encountered by Mehemet Ali, and the determined efforts of the Western Governments to maintain the suzerainty of the Porte. Hence, also, the intrigues of the foreign diplomatists who acquired influence with Ismail, and encouraged him in the extravagant expenditure which has crippled the resources of the country for several generations to come. If France has been the most active, politically, of the rival Powers, England has taken the lead in the financial part of the business; and it may be that Lombard Street and Capel Court have more to do with the action even of Liberal English Governments than we care to acknowledge. Out of the struggle for power and profit has arisen the institution known as the Control, the merits and demerits of which are now so keenly discussed. M. de Malortie has given us a minute, graphic, and amusing picture of the rivalry between England and France at Cairo. He admits that the Control has done good by introducing order and sound principles of finance into the management of Egyptian revenue; but he attributes these benefits to the individual Controllers, not to the institution itself. He regards with utter disapproval the recent development of Anglo-French ascendency, and the whole policy embodied in the Identical Note; and he urges us to make our military success the point of departure for a more enlightened course of action. The Ministry is absolutely pledged against everything in the nature of a protectorate; and no system of joint supervision by the Great Powers can be made to work under the constant pressure of international jealousies and competing financial interests. The only chance for the much-enduring subjects of Tewfik is to encourage and enable them to manage their own affairs; to ally ourselves with the enlightened and reforming section of Mussulman opinion, and to help in severing the tie that binds the hopeful civilization of Egypt to the decaying Ottoman power. We have not space to do justice to the facts and arguments by which these conclusions are supported; but we may refer those of our readers who wish to see an urgent question treated in a thoroughly competent fashion to the pages of this able study in diplomacy.

The Author of "The Rising Generation"[2] cannot be accused of taking a too sanguine view of our prospects as a nation. Decaying trade, rampant disorder, an impending European war of unknown magnitude—such are the dangers which he descries on our political horizon. His argument takes a series of the widest circles; he hurries us from the newspapers of to-day to the history of the eighteenth century, from Home Rule to the value of the penny in the Income-

[2] "The Rising Generation." A Political Treatise. London: W. Satchell & Co. 1882.

tax, from Coercion to Clôture. With the most refreshing impartiality he sets down Liberal Associations and Conservative Clubs, convincing them of their incompetence, and dismissing their respective opinions with a few words of trenchant contempt. We are at a loss to know whence he derives some of the facts and figures which he marshals with so much ease, but we hesitate to offer any small corrections which occur to us lest our author should tell us in his offhand superior way that "these are mere questions of degree." Passing over details and considering only the general effect of his comprehensive criticism, we cannot but regret that a writer who takes up weighty problems so confidently should not have been a little more definite in his suggestions of possible remedies for the evils which beset us. So far as we can make out, he attributes the deplorable state of our society and politics chiefly to the want of "new men." In a tone of triumphant despondency he asks, "What great men have the last forty years produced?" but he has not quite succeeded in showing us how the next forty years may be made more fertile in genius. We are invited to form a combination, or rather a whole set of local combinations, for the protection of our lives and property; but who is to guarantee that the new combinations will be more effective than the old combinations which, under the general name of government, are now maintained for the same purpose? We are also advised to encourage a new race of independent politicians to come forward in place of the worn-out conventional persons who now enjoy the largest share of power and influence among us. But if independence is systematically encouraged, it will itself soon become conventional; if everybody imitates Mr. Joseph Cowen, the individuality of that eminent person will cease to be conspicuous—a result which would be greatly regretted by lovers of liberty in general and by Mr. Cowen himself in particular. Perhaps we may express a hope that the author of this strenuous essay belongs himself to the "rising generation." If he does, he will no doubt learn in the course of time that balance of judgment in which his present argument seems just a little deficient.

Mr. David Buchanan[3] is the chief speaker of the Protectionist party in New South Wales, and the oration which he delivered to an audience of working men in Sydney, now published in pamphlet form, offers a clear and characteristic statement of the democratic argument against Free Trade. In America and Australia Protection is advocated not as a means of maintaining agricultural rents, but as a means of securing constant employment and high wages for native labour. In reading Mr. Buchanan's highly coloured descriptions of the ruin wrought by foreign competition, and the universal prosperity which would result from excluding foreign goods, we are painfully impressed by the difficulties of popular government. It would not be easy to put the case for Free Trade in a form nearly so well adapted to rouse the enthusiasm of uneducated men. And yet there is nothing in the

[3] "Speech on Fiscal Policy." By David Buchanan, Esq., M.P. Sydney: Lee & Ross. 1880.

whole argument which the merest tyro in economic science would not refute with ease. Mr. Buchanan's theory of foreign trade is the old exploded theory of Sir J. Byles—a slightly modernized version of the mercantile system. "The entire price, or gross value, of every home-made article constitutes net gain, net revenue, net income to Australian subjects."* The notion that a manufacturer's net income consists of the gross value of all the goods he produces is too wildly absurd to call for criticism. So far as we can perceive, Mr. Buchanan thinks that home-made goods are always paid for in kind, and foreign goods in money. He invariably speaks of money going out of the country to buy foreign goods; and he would probably be unable to explain why England, for example, while importing more goods than she exports, is importing money at the same time. Great part of this speech is taken up in recounting what Protection has done for the United States and Victoria. On this point of course Mr. Buchanan's statements are all perfectly general. Free Traders have proved over and over again that the adoption of protective measures has been the one check on the growing prosperity of our American and Australian kinsmen. The United States have destroyed their shipping, cut down their commerce to the narrowest limits, and laid fetters on their agricultural industry; they have made living expensive to the farmer and the working man; and they are not at this moment advancing so rapidly in the accumulation of wealth as Great Britain. In Victoria the same results are seen. Mr. Buchanan talks as if there were no unemployed men, and no men working at starvation wages in protective countries. But we know that there are many idle hands in Victoria, that vagrancy is becoming a positive plague in the United States, and that Protection is the policy of those European countries where wages are lowest and discontent most rife. In the face of these facts we are almost justified in saying that a speaker who tries to persuade working men that Protection means certain and universal prosperity is playing the part of a bad citizen. No man has a right to advise the public except on subjects which he has carefully studied, and it is plain from every page of this pamphlet that Mr. Buchanan has not studied economic subjects and is not qualified to speak about them, unless a fluent tongue and a confused head are taken to qualify a man to speak on any subject which happens to excite his sympathies.

From the little manual[4] prepared for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Social Science Association we obtain a good general notion of the services rendered to legal and social reform by that somewhat miscellaneous body. Founded in 1857, it has succeeded in providing an organization of which reformers generally have been glad to avail themselves. The English legislation of the past fifty years is a very remarkable study. We are not aware that so many important reforms have ever in any country been peaceably effected in the same space of time. In the latter half of this important half-

[4] "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science." A Manual for the Congress. By J. L. Clifford-Smith, Secretary. London. 1882.

century the Association may claim to have borne its full share of the labours by which subjects have been prepared for Parliamentary treatment and commended to the attention of Ministers and legislators. There is sometimes a want of logical unity in their schemes, and they interpret the term "Social Science" without much scientific precision. But, regarded as a practical body, the Association is well entitled to approval and support. Much has been done in the way of amending the law, but much remains to be done; and it is well that we have an organized body of people devoted to the work.

Civil Service Reform in the United States makes slow but not altogether unsatisfactory progress. We have before us a Report[5] presented by a Special Committee of the National League, urging on local associations the duty of requiring candidates to state publicly their views on the subject of Reform. In this country we have always been accustomed to question candidates closely on all matters which interest the electors; but in America a politician who has obtained the nomination of some party convention is apt to consider himself dispensed from the duty of explaining himself to the electors at large. The people have the control of the caucuses in their own hands, but they are slow to use it, for the man who tries to let in light on the operations of party managers must be prepared to face the unscrupulous hostility of men accustomed to tyrannize, who will not surrender their power without a struggle. Here and there efforts are being made in the right direction; and we may hope that in time the politics of the great Republic will be purified of the stain of "procured legislatures and corrupted Courts." The report before us contains a deplorable account of the wicked and wasteful management of public charities in King's County, N.Y., under the system of appointment by favour, and of the improvements introduced in a comparatively short time by the application of sounder principles. The National League aims at destroying the root of the Spoils System altogether by abolishing appointment by favour, and establishing in its place the system of open competition which has proved, on the whole, so successful in England. It is quite plain from the facts already placed before the public by the League, that the Spoils System is a fraud even from the point of view of those who are trying to work it for their own advantage. For every individual who obtains a secure and comfortable position there are twenty disappointed office-seekers of the type of Guiteau—men who waste their time and substance in the vain pursuit of corrupt gain, until their whole minds are embittered and they become the fit agents of any sort of villany. When we count up the strength implied in the names which appear on the Committee of the League, we cannot but feel hopeful as to its ultimate triumph; when we consider that an association so strong in talent and respectability has often been doomed to disappointment and temporary defeat, we realize how strong are the forces of corruption.

---

[5] "National Civil Service Reform League." Report on the Expediency of asking Candidates for Public Office their Views on Civil Service Reform. New York. 1882.

Among the books of travel of the past quarter, the first in importance is Mr. O'Donovan's account of the Merv Oasis.[6] The author's adventures have been followed with interest in the columns of the daily paper whose correspondent he was in Central Asia; but they are sufficiently important, both from the geographical and from the political point of view, to deserve a more permanent record. In the first of these bulky volumes Mr. O'Donovan traverses ground which is tolerably familiar to many English readers. Starting from Trebizond, he made his way by Batoum and Tiflis to Baku, and crossed the Caspian to Tchikislar in company with General Lazareff. After waiting some months in the hope of being allowed to join the Russian expeditionary force, he received a tolerably plain intimation that his presence was not desired by the military authorities. His orders were to return to Baku, but this would have been to surrender all hope of exploring Central Asia. Mr. O'Donovan, therefore, took a somewhat hasty leave of his inexorable hosts, and rode away in a south-easterly direction across the Attrek Delta to Asterabad. Pursuing his journey along the northern verge of Persia, he arrived at Meshed, where a further delay occurred. It would be impossible in a short space to convey any adequate idea of the complication of difficulties thrown in the way of English adventurers in those regions by Persian officialism, the intrigues of Russian agents, and the shifting currents of Turcoman politics. We must refer to Mr. O'Donovan's pages all who wish to understand the dangers and delays from which he boldly set himself free by striking out a straight path across the desert to Merv. On attaining the object of his journey, he found himself in the midst of new perils. Not long before, on the fall of Geok Tepe, the Mervlis had resolved to place themselves under the protection of "Koompanie" (their notions of English power being inseparably bound up with the traditions of the East India Company) and to hoist the British flag. If, therefore, Mr. O'Donovan was taken by his hosts for a Russian agent, he would probably be killed; if, on the other hand, they believed his assertion of English nationality, they were sure to suppose him an agent fully empowered to represent the Indian Government, and to expect from him such assistance as a correspondent of the *Daily News* was not in a position to give or to promise. As it happened, the Mervlis took the more favourable view of their guest's character; he was treated as the representative of British power, and, on a revolution taking place, he was actually associated with two hereditary chiefs in a supreme Triumvirate. It may well be supposed that the sons of the desert were not anxious to part with a personage whom they supposed to be the agent of the only Power to which they can look for protection against Russia. Mr. O'Donovan found it almost as hard to get out of Merv as he had found it to get in. To add to the unpleasantness of his situation, the evacuation of Kandahar was approaching, and it seemed certain that when the news

[6] "The Merv Oasis." By E. O'Donovan. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.

should reach Merv, the popularity of England would be considerably impaired. At last, by dint of diplomacy, Mr. O'Donovan managed to take his departure unmolested, and returned by way of Meshed. In the course of his residence at Meshed and Merv, he was enabled to collect a great deal of information, which will be valuable to geographers, to students of tribal customs, and to politicians. His observation confirms the worst accounts we have heard of the weakness and inefficiency of the Persian Government. He makes it tolerably plain that Russia will soon endeavour to rectify her frontier at the expense of Persia by extending it to Attrek. These are only a few of the important points on which new light is thrown by this valuable and most readable book.

We had occasion to notice in the last number of this Review the account given by Mr. E. A. Floyer of his travels in unexplored Balochistan. This new volume, from the pen of General MacGregor,[7] is more military in style than Mr. Floyer's, as befits the report of a journey undertaken in order to obtain information for the use of the military authorities in India. Starting from Gwadur (a telegraph station on the Persian Gulf, only a few degrees more tolerable than Jask as described by Mr. Floyer), General Macgregor and Captain Lockwood proceeded by different routes through the ravines and over the ridges of the Makran to the valley of Panjgur. The country was much disturbed at some points by rumours of the activity of a certain Azad Khan, and it was necessary to use precautions to avoid the neighbourhood of this dangerous person. From Panjgur the two English officers penetrated as far as the Persian boundary, correcting some of the observations made by Pottinger when he passed that way, and obtaining correct data as to a frontier question which may some day turn out to be important. Retracing their steps they separated once more so as to explore a larger area, and by different routes arrived at last at Jacobabad. The knowledge which they had secured was dearly purchased. Soon after his return to India, Captain Lockwood's health broke down, and after an illness of some months he died. We need hardly remark on the value of the notes and sketches taken by two competent observers in a country of which so little is known. In point of general interest this book is by no means deficient. It is not so amusing as Mr. Floyer's; but General Macgregor had not the advantage of knowing Balochi, and was therefore not able to extract much information or conversation from his attendants, with the exception of his guides. He confirms all we have been told of the avarice of the Baluchis, and if the good points for which they receive credit really belong to them, he did not succeed in discovering them to any great extent.

We all know pretty well what to look for in a new book by Mr. G. A. Sala.[8] Whatever the subject may be, we are prepared

---

[7] "Wanderings in Balochistan." By Major-General Sir C. M. Macgregor. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

[8] "America Revisited." By G. A. Sala. Second Edition. 2 vols. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1882

for allusions to all kinds of books and periodicals, parenthetic observations on the delights of living in Mecklenburgh Square, and full particulars of the methods of Mr. Sala's work for the *Daily Telegraph.* It must be admitted, however, that there is always something to reward the reader who devotes an idle hour to the perusal of this characteristic mixture. In "America Revisited" Mr. Sala has a subject which exactly suits him. He knows the United States well, he is interested in the multifarious activity, the quaint peculiarities of language and manners to be noted among Western men. The best part of this book is the description of New Orleans—a city which remains half French to this day, and is consequently quite different from anything to be seen in the Northern States. But there is no part of the Republic which fails to yield some good story, or some subject for humorous comment. Perhaps the gem of Mr. Sala's collection is the disappointed gentleman who finds the overland route far below what his guide-book has led him to expect. "Where's your grizzlies?" says the embittered critic. "You might have imported a few grizzlies to keep up the name of your railroad. Where's your antelopes, scudding before the advancing train? Nary an antelope have you got for to scud." We rather think the true American idiom is "nary antelope," not "nary an antelope," and should like to see this important point discussed in "Echoes of the Week." The two volumes are profusely illustrated, and afford light reading of excellent quality.

Mr. C. E. Bourne[9] has compressed into two little volumes, apparently intended for boys, a fairly readable summary of the chief narratives of African Exploration, from the Periplus of Hanno to the present year.

Mr. Nordhoff's description of California[10] contains much that will be of use to those who visit the Far West for health or pleasure, or with a view to industrial enterprise. Beginning with an account of the route by which the Pacific States are usually approached, he gives us a brief history of the Central Pacific Railroad, which is in itself a strong proof of what may be done by indomitable energy in an entirely new country. Only twenty years ago the Sierra Nevada interposed a barrier between the East and the West, and goods could not be conveyed from New York to San Francisco except by the ocean route round Cape Horn. Five Sacramento merchants, headed by Mr. C. P. Huntington, resolved to carry a railway through eight hundred miles of desert, and the bold design, which was at first decried on all hands by practical men, has proved, as all the world knows, completely successful. Difficulties financial, political, and engineering were overcome in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on the authors of the scheme, and Mr. Nordhoff is almost justified in saying that "if the Americans were not the most modest people in the world" the Central Pacific Railway would be more famous than

---

9 "African Discovery and Adventure, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Livingstone. And African Discovery and Adventure from the Death of Livingstone to the year 1882." By C. E. Bourne. London: Sonnenschein & Co.

10 "California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence." By Charles Nordhoff. New Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

any public work of the age. We have heard much of the scenery of California, but English readers are as a rule not intimately acquainted with the salubrious character of its climate, and the extremely profitable nature of its agricultural industries. It seems to be not exactly a country for men with nothing but their labour to dispose of, though even a labourer of saving habits has excellent chances. But it is an admirable field for settlers possessing a small capital and some knowledge of farming, provided they are observant and ready to take to any kind of cultivation which seems likely to be profitable. The irrigation problem is being solved by combined effort, and wherever a constant water supply can be obtained, the variety of staple products which may be raised is astonishing. Mr. Nordhoff appends to his book a series of tables illustrating the merits of the Californian climate. The book itself is provided with maps and engravings which add considerably to its value and interest.

The Highlands of India[11] is a book with a purpose. General Newall is one of the strongest advocates of the system of "military colonies," which has so often been pressed on the attention of the Indian Government. He appears to think that this scheme is distasteful to the English public on political grounds; but we can hardly suppose that any large section of people in this country would object to any measure which could be shown to be well adapted to facilitate the defence of our Indian Empire. If districts which are at present only partially occupied can be settled in this way without undue interference with existing rights, the experiment is well worth trying. In some parts of his argument General Newall lays himself open to criticism. He suggests schemes of annexation, or virtual annexation, which could hardly be adopted without imperilling the character of our Government. "If Cashmere were ours" it would make a fine site for a Reserve Circle; and "if Nepal were ours" it would complete our defences on the Himalayan frontier. We are not of those who consider that Indian frontier questions can be dealt with as similar questions are dealt with in Europe; but there is a limit to the concession we can fairly make to military necessities. The rulers of Cashmere and Nepal have given us no reason to treat them as if they might be annexed at any moment at the bidding of the Viceroy in Council. And we ought always to remember that a perfect frontier is only a dream of military critics—a dream which sometimes fails to come true after much expense has been incurred in the attempt to realize it. Subject to this qualifying remark, we are glad to have General Newall's detailed statement of his views. He has given us a careful and clear description of the sites which he thinks suitable for Reserve Circles in the northern, southern, and central hill countries of India. His measurements and notes will no doubt be useful to all interested in the question of Indian defence, whether they agree with him or not.

---

[11] "The Highlands of India, Strategically Considered." By Major-General D. J. F. Newall, R.A. London: Harrison & Sons. 1882.

For the benefit of his past pupils all over the world, Dr. Hime, of Londonderry, has composed a treatise on Morality,[12] which has now passed into a fourth edition. Of the necessity of such warnings and counsels as are contained in this little book there can be no doubt. Immorality, in the special sense of the word, is one of the vices which cling to our civilization and cause a fearful waste of life and energy. And much of the sin which abounds is due to the prevailing ignorance of the laws of health and the prudishness which usually prevents preachers and teachers from making any allusion to subjects which are literally of vital interest to their hearers and pupils. Dr. Hime speaks from a religious and Christian standpoint; he attaches much importance to the efficacy of prayer; but he does not rely on mere religious emotion to the exclusion of common sense, or put prayer in the place of precaution. He writes with much zeal and evident honesty of purpose. We hope his book may be read by the class of men for whom it is designed.

Among the educational publications before us we have to notice an Arithmetic[13] and an Algebra,[14] prepared for the use of schools in the United States. Both these works are written in a very intelligible style. The examples are chosen to convey a great deal of useful information on scientific and commercial subjects. The idea is a good one, and might be further developed. If calculations of actual importance were substituted for the apples and oranges which figure in so many scholastic examples, the more intelligent pupils in our schools would soon perceive the value of the instrument in their hands, and would cease to regard the learning of arithmetic as a mere purposeless drill.

Another mathematical schoolbook worth notice is the edition of the first two books of Euclid by Mr. Dodgson.[15] Believing that, for purposes of teaching, no treatise has yet appeared worthy to supersede that of Euclid, the editor has made only such alterations as may serve to make his author's method clearer to the mind of the beginner. How far he has succeeded is a question for the teacher rather than the critic.

A paper on Arnauld as a logician, read by Mr. Framjee Vicajee[16] before a Students' Society at Bombay, affords evidence of careful reading and considerable aptitude for abstract speculation. The author is a follower of the late Professor Jevons, and his estimate of Arnauld's method is based on that author's "Principles of Science."

From the Italian Ministry of Agriculture we have received a

[12] "Morality: Addressed to Young Men." By M. C. Hime, M.A., LL.D. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1882.

[13] "A Practical Arithmetic." By G. A. Wentworth, A.M., and Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882.

[14] "Elements of Algebra." By G. A. Wentworth, A.M. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882.

[15] "Euclid." Books I. and II. Edited by C. L. Dodgson, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[16] "Antoine Arnauld: his Place in the History of Logic." By Framjee R. Vicajee. Bombay. 1881.

series of returns[17] exhibiting the plan and results of the census of 1881 and some other statistical inquiries, and a return of the financial position of the Communes for 1880-81.[18] The new volume of the Annali di Statistica[19] contains chapters on various Italian subjects and an account of the Austrian and French Savings Banks.

M. Körösi[20] continues to send forth from the Statistical Bureau of Budapest his annual return of the finances of the great towns of Europe. His tables relating to his own city are very carefully prepared, and illustrate the method which he has advocated at various meetings of the International Congress.

Mr. Poole's little book on Staffordshire customs and legends[21] contains some scraps of local lore which are worth preserving.

The Ceylon Handbook and Directory for 1882[22] seems to comprise almost all the information required by administrators and business men. Due prominence is given to the facts and figures relating to the great planting industries.

SCIENCE.

MR. ANDREW WILSON has attempted one of the most difficult tasks that the ambition of naturalist or literary man could prescribe, in his book termed "Chapters on Evolution." It is quite possible that from the author's point of view the work successfully discharges the duty of expounding evolution in the light of natural history fact. But for that higher success which comes from clearness of idea, and the adjustment of means and materials to ends, the book from the artistic point of view is too fully stored with fact, and too much designed to teach natural history from the point of view of evolution, to make evolution itself evident by means of natural history evidence. But seeing that the author in his opening chapter disclaims all intention of estimating the value of the various agents by which evolution is known to be caused, and adheres throughout to the recognized authorities in this department of biology, we cannot go beyond his own method of treatment; and, as a popular exposition of natural history facts bearing on evolution, must regard the work as a useful and valuable contribution to literature. But the book is in no sense original, even

---

[17] 1. "Risulbati Parziali del Censimento." 2. "Censimento della Populazione." 3. "Disegne di Legge," 1881. 4. "Statistica delle Casse delle Morti." 5. "Movimento delle Stato Civile : Comporti Internazionali," 1865–80.

[18] "Bilanzi Communali." 1880 & 1881.

[19] "Annali di Statistica." Serie 3a. Vol. I. 1882.

[20] 1. "Bulletin Annual des Finances des Grandes Villes." 2. "Die Hamptstadt Budapest in Jahore," 1881. 3. "Ville de Budapest : Recensement du 1 Janvier," 1881, London : Trübner & Co.

[21] "The Customs, Superstitions, and Legends of the County of Stafford." By C. H. Poole. London : Romney and Co.

[22] "Ceylon Handbook and Directory," 1882. Colombo : A. M. & J. Ferguson.

in its plan; and it is unfortunate that the best exposition of natural history evidence in favour of evolution, which this is, should want the weight of the author's judgment upon the many aspects of the subject which necessarily require critical treatment; for without critical treatment a work of this kind rather belongs to the province of general literature than to science. It has also occurred to us that a further knowledge of the geological side of the subject is demanded both from the author's general statement of the modes of study, and the facts available in evidence.

But after all that can be said as to the shortcomings of the book is stated, it must be recognized as the ablest popular exposition of evolution which has thus far appeared, and the only one in which an attempt is made to present the many-sided aspects of the subject in the light of facts divested of technicality, and impartially stated.

The volume is divided into sixteen chapters: The first gives a clear statement of the views of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, and a brief analysis of the treatment adopted in the remainder of the book. The two succeeding chapters expound the general structure of plants and animals, and are entitled the Study of Biology, and the Constitution of the Plant and Animal Kingdoms. The fourth chapter, concerning protoplasm, explains the properties of this substance as it appears in some of the lowest forms of plant and animal life, and in cell structure. Then commences a statement of various evidences: first, from rudimentary organs; secondly, from the modifications of tails, limbs, and lungs of animals; thirdly, from the likenesses, or homology of the parts of an animal or plant; fourthly, the evidence from missing links in existing Nature, which have been supplied by the discovery of extinct vertebrata; fifthly, chapters nine, ten, and eleven deal with the evidences in support of evolution which may be drawn from the development of animals. The twelfth chapter is concerned chiefly with the metamorphoses of insects. The next chapter treats of the colonial, or compound animals; and to this succeed chapters on the fertilization of flowers, and on degeneration. The last chapter is termed Geology and Evolution. Thus it will be seen that the treatment is somewhat uneven, the only aspect of the question stated at any length being the evidence from embryology, so that the book has rightly been termed "Chapters on Evolution,"[1] as indicating its discussion of subjects which especially commended themselves to the author. The illustrations are in many cases helpful, though somewhat rough, and reproduce well-known figures, though several of them appear for the first time in a popular treatise.

Everything that was possible for engraving, printing, and paper to do for Professor Nicholson's Synopsis of the Animal Kingdom[2] has

[1] "Chapters on Evolution." By Andrew Wilson, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S. With 259 illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

[2] "Synopsis of the Classification of the Animal Kingdom." By Henry Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., &c., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

been done admirably; but the book itself is probably the most unsatisfactory volume that has ever been offered by a professor to natural history students. There may be circumstances connected with Professor Nicholson's mode of teaching his own class which justify its appearance, but the mere enumeration of divisions of the animal kingdom with the names of typical genera of the orders, and figures of a few of the types of structure they include, even when supplemented with select references to authorities, does not seem to be work that was worth producing. The only portion of the book which is really well done is the index.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin publish a book on wild animals and birds by Dr. Andrew Wilson.[3] This is a beautifully-illustrated account of the following animals:—Gorilla, monkeys, lion, tiger, jaguar, lynx, wild cat, fox, pole-cat, brown bear, polar bear and walrus, American bison, chamois, elk, deer, wild boar, hippopotamus and elephant, hare, lammergeier and osprey, the eagle, owl, ptarmigans and quails, the heron, albatross and gulls. There are about four pages of text to each plate. The text necessarily deals chiefly with the habits of the animals, but includes rather a better account of their scientific characters than is usual in popular works. The plates are among the most beautiful examples of woodcutting which we have ever seen in natural history work, and no pains have been spared to make the volume an acceptable gift book.

"The Winners in Life's Race"[4] is the somewhat fanciful title given by Miss Buckley to a popular book on the Vertebrata. All Miss Buckley's books are pleasantly written and meet a want for general conceptions of science such as the reader is necessarily contented with, who is not prepared to encounter a certain amount of technicality, which is inevitable when knowledge has to be presented in an exact form. Hence a few typical facts of structure, a few of the more distinctive habits, and occasional references to the geological history of the tribe constitute the leading features in the structure of the volume, which is divided into twelve chapters and passes in review the whole vertebrate province, from the amphioxus to the mammals, which occupy about half the book. The last chapter is entitled "A bird's-eye view of the rise and progress of back-boned life." The illustrations are clear, and frequently give ideal restorations of the oldest known types of the several groups. It is essentially a book for young people, and rather calculated to feed the sense of wonder and nourish an interest in Nature than to minister to the acquisition of scientific knowledge; yet it is a book that many boys and girls will find pleasure in and be grateful to the writer for having stored with varied knowledge, which is frequently drawn from recent sources.

[3] "Wild Animals and Birds: their Haunts and Habits." By Dr. Andrew Wilson. Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

[4] "Winners in Life's Race; or, the Great Back-boned Family." By Arabella B. Buckley With numerous illustrations. London: Edward Stanford. 1882.

The Boston Society of Natural History is issuing a series of guides for science-teaching which are designed to aid teachers in the Boston public schools. We have received the seventh of these admirable pamphlets, on "Worms and Crustacea," by Alpheus Hyatt.[5] The section on worms extends over twelve pages, and is illustrated by five figures. The remaining fifty-two pages are devoted to the Crustacea. The lobster is especially treated at length, and the other principal types are all defined and compared with each other, and illustrated by thirty-five woodcuts. We can cordially recommend this little book as an admirable introduction to practical natural history teaching, though we fear that the time has not yet come when the public schools of this country will be able to avail themselves of such a handbook; but now that the means of instruction are at hand, it is to be hoped that head-masters of our public schools, and other masters, will endeavour to cultivate in their pupils the faculties of observation and comparison which are involved in gaining knowledge directly from specimens.

We have received a pamphlet of twenty-three pages entitled, "Tabular View of the Geological Systems."[6] It gives a table of divisions of the strata, a comparison of the ammonite with the nautilus, and brief accounts of the chief subdivisions of the strata, mentioning districts in which they occur and a few fossils. There is a table of chemical composition of common minerals, and about sixty definitions of terms. This little book is characterized by a remarkable want of accuracy; it is professedly written as a cram book for army examinations, but is altogether inadequate to the end proposed, and possesses no merit of any kind.

Professor Green's "Physical Geology"[7] has been to a great extent rewritten, and enlarged by the introduction of new matter, so that in its present form it is not only the best treatise on physical geology which could be put into the student's hands, but is an excellent text-book. The most important change is in the amplification of the sections relating to mineralogy and the metallic ores. It has always been doubtful whether it were expedient to include a treatise on mineralogy under the head of geology when there are many good text-books of mineralogy in existence, and although the matter has been carefully considered by the author, we cannot but express our belief that the study of mineralogy is too technical to be made a preliminary to geological work, and that it is not till after the student has mastered the general physical facts which concern water-formed rocks and the occurrence of rocks in general, that he can have need for, or opportunity of using, a knowledge of mineralogy. If this subject is necessary at

---

[5] "Boston Society of Natural History." Guides for Science-teaching. No. VII. Worms and Crustacea. By Alpheus Hyatt. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882.

[6] "Tabular View of the Geological Systems, with their Lithological Composition and Palæontological Remains." By Dr. E. Clement. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein.

[7] "Geology." By A. H. Green, M.A., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in the Yorkshire College, Leeds, &c. Part I. Physical Geology. With illustrations. Rivingtons. London. 1882. Third and enlarged edition.

all it can only be as a means for the discrimination and detailed study of igneous and metamorphic rocks and mineral deposits which are associated with them, but the sujbect is not presented in this connection, and about as much space is devoted to mineralogy as to the entire subject of rocks which are not of water-formed origin, so that, although the composition of igneous and metamorphic rocks is nót neglected, they are not treated in such detail as might have been expected, there being no discussion of their microscopic characters and no satisfactory account of their geological occurrence, such as the student needs in the endeavour to practically utilize theoretical teaching. All this portion of the book seems to us much too general, and the same remark applies to the description of metallic ores and deposits, for the mere statement of mineral characters and discussion of the mode of occurrence of lodes and other mineral accumulations leaves the student entirely uninformed concerning the physical geology of the subject. We scarcely know whether it may be considered a defect that the book includes some subjects which more properly belong to physical geography, such as the chapter considering how the present surface of the ground has been produced, for the geologist necessarily bases his work upon physical geography; but there is the same difficulty here for the student in frequent citation of foreign examples rather than British. On the whole we believe that if it were worth while to have rewritten the book in its present form, it ought to have been worth while, seeing that the author was free to follow any plan he pleased, to have given much more space to the practical side of his subject, and to have treated it fully in all departments so as to have made a homogeneous book which would have endured; but we can only conclude that Mr. Green has preferred to write for his own students rather than to meet the wants of the present state of science. We accept his contribution thankfully, but it leaves the field open and the want felt for a more systematic treatise on physical geology. The illustrations throughout are excellent, the references to further sources of information copious and useful, and the book is excellently printed.

"The Solution of the Pyramid Problem"[8] is a title that may well bring pleasure to those who have hitherto been oppressed by the mysteries which successive writers have pretended to find in the structure of the pyramids of Egypt. Without a word of preface Mr. Ballard plunges into the results of his investigations into the peculiarities of the Gizeh group of pyramids. He finds that the pyramid Cheops is situate at the acute angle of a righ tangled triangle, of which the base perpendicular and hypothenuse are to each other as three, four, and five. The pyramid called Mycerinus is situate at the great angle of this triangle. Having shown that the pyramid Cheops is situated on a more beautiful right-angled triangle, the author proceeds to elaborate calculations, with a view of arriving at the Babylonian cubit which was the original measure of the pyramids. It of course follows

[8] "The Solution of the Pyramid Problem; or, Pyramid Discoveries with a New Theory as to their Ancient Use." By Robert Ballard, M. Inst. C.E. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1882.

from the author's calculations that the builders of the pyramid were familiar with the accurate figure of the earth. The purpose for which the pyramids were erected, according to Mr. Ballard, was to aid in surveying the country; so that after boundaries had been obliterated by the inundations, they might be readily restored by means of the pyramids, which are regarded as natural theodolites. We fail to find any facts which enable us to recommend this technical work for general reading; but it certainly contains curious information and ideas concerning the location of the pyramids.

The best elementary treatise on physics of small size which we have seen comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic.[9] Its key-note is printed conspicuously on the cover in the dictum, "Read Nature in the language of experiment," and the work endeavours systematically to carry out this principle by briefly describing experiments which illustrate the properties of matter and force which are discussed. Mr. Gage's teaching is designed for the higher schools of the United States, and in the hands of an intelligent teacher we believe it likely to produce excellent results. In most English schools it would probably be found possible to get through the course in a year, which is the time assigned to it in the author's teaching. The volume is divided into six chapters, which treat of the properties of matter, dynamics, heat, electricity, and magnetism and light. Each chapter is divided into sections and every section into paragraphs. Questions are added at the end of each section, which are more systematic than those usually given, and are suited to the capacity of beginners. An appendix gives metric tables, specific gravities, and other information, which for various reasons was excluded from the text. It would be impossible to speak too highly of this class-book as an introduction to the study of physics as distinguished from the mere preparation for examinations which too often is the main object kept in view in English schools.

This is the second year of publication of the Report on the Meteorology of Tokio. It is issued by the University of Tokio and written by Professor Mendenhall.[10] We cannot but congratulate the Japanese on having turned their educational appliances to so excellent an object, and it may be safely said that no university in this country studies meteorology in so practical a manner or issues reports of similar value to the nation. The subject is divided in the usual way. The barometer observations for 1880 show a maximum of 30·5 inches and a minimum of 29·1. The temperature observations show seventy-two days in 1880, in which a minimum of 32° or under, was reached, as against fifty days in 1879; January in both years being the coldest month. A maximum temperature of 90° or over was only recorded in 1880, on two

---

[9] "A Textbook on the Elements of Physics for High Schools and Academies." By Alfred P. Gage, A.M., Instructor in Physics in the English High School, Boston, Mass. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882. London: Trübner & Co.

[10] "Memoirs of the Science Department Tokio Daigaku (University of Tokio). No. 7. Report on the Meteorology of Tokio for the year 2540 (1880)." By T. C. Mendenhall, Ph.D., Professor of Experimental Physics in Tokio Daigaku. Published by Tokio Daigaku. Tokio: 2541 (1881). London: Trübner & Co.

days in August, while in 1879 there were twelve days in July and in August in which that temperature was reached or passed. The wind is carefully observed; the maximum rate of movement occurred on the 20th of March, and gave an average of 23·6 miles per hour for the whole day. The prevalent direction of the wind is difficult to determine, but there is a marked excess of high winds from the north and north-east. A typhoon of unusual violence occurred on the 3rd and 4th of October. It reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour, though it is believed at one time to have exceeded 100 miles an hour. The barometer fell to 28·7 inches. The earlier part of the storm was accompanied by an unusual fall of rain, 4·6 inches accumulating in two or three hours. The pressure of the wind was about 50lbs. to the square foot. The wettest month of the year is June, the driest month was December. Rain sometimes falls for eight days in succession, and sometimes there are seventeen days without rain. Rain falls on 160 days in the year. Snow fell on three days in February and March to the amount of 1·3 inches, when the snow was melted. The total rain-fall for the year was 62·8 inches. During four months of the year observations are made every hour. The report includes articles on the height of Fujinoyama and its meteorological conditions as compared with the sea level. There is also an interesting article on fires in Tokio, from which it appears that in the more populous parts the average age of a house is about seven years, and that in the winter of 1880 and 1881 the number of houses burned was 26,200. In this season there were only four fires in two months, and these destroyed one eleventh part of the city. The greater number of fires travel from the north and north-west. They are most numerous in March, which is the windiest month in the year, and although July is a windy month it is not marked by fires, because there is then much less need for artificial heat. The fires are due largely to the use of kerosine oil, but others are due to incendiarism. There is no organized system of fire brigade. Each department of the report is accompanied by numerous and clearly arranged tables and charts.

We have also received an article on the Wave Lengths of some of the Fraunhofer Lines of the Solar Spectrum by Professor Mendenhall.[11]

The Indian Government have issued the twelve Indian Meteorological Memoirs which have been published between December, 1876, and October, 1881, in a single volume, with an index.[12] We noticed the more important of these memoirs at the times of publication. In their completed form, as the first volume of a series, they form an

[11] No. 8.—"The Wave Lengths of some of the Principal Fraunhofer Lines of the Solar Spectrum." By T. C. Mendenhall. Published by Tokio Daigaku. Tokio: 2541 (1881).

[12] "Indian Meteorological Memoirs; being occasional Discussions and Compilations of Meteorological data relating to India and the Neighbouring Countries." Published by order of His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Council, under the direction of Henry F. Blanford, F.R.S. Vol. I. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing. 1876–1881. London: Trübner & Co.

indispensable work of reference for all persons who are interested in the Indian meteorology.

We have also received the valuable observations in meteorology recorded at Calcutta, Lucknow, Lahore, Nagpur, Bombay, and Madras from June to November, 1881.[13] As usual, these reports are entirely tabular.

The Annual Report of the Department of Mines, New South Wales,[14] gives the usual detailed information concerning the mineral produce of the Colony; from which it appears that, in 1881, tin held the first place, the value of tin exported being £724,000. The value of the coal raised in the year was £603,248; the gold raised in the year represented a value of £566,513; while the copper exported was worth £355,062. The less important minerals are iron, shale, antimony, silver, bismuth, lead, and asbestos. The aggregate result is an increase for the year 1881 as compared with 1880 of £395,317, the increase being most important in tin and gold, and relatively great in iron, antimony, lead, and bismuth. In the future, cobalt and manganese are likely to be added to the list of metals mined.

Sir Thomas Brassey's third volume on the British Navy[15] is devoted to its shipbuilding policy, and is a careful collection of opinions on the types of ship required for naval warfare, on the dimensions of war ships, armour, turret ships, armaments, rams, torpedoes, and other matters. The compilation appears to have been made with great judgment, and constitutes a most important mass of evidence on a great question in which science merges in political considerations.

The question of the utility of books of like nature to that now to be considered,[1] rests almost as much on the spirit in which these are read, as on the spirit in which they are written. The knowledge to be conveyed is, of necessity, limited to such as can be expressed in untechnical language, whilst it is precisely nowadays that the technical part of medicine includes so large a proportion of the mass of medical knowledge. There yet remains, shall one say unfortunately, much which, though it require for its full estimation an intimate acquaintance with dissecting-room and hospital-ward, still, which may be imparted, and much, indeed, which it is almost a matter of duty that each member of society should make himself acquainted with, if

[13] "Meteorological Observations Recorded at Six Stations in India, in the year 1880 corrected and reduced." Published by order of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, under the direction of Henry F. Blandford, F.R.S., Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1882.

[14] "Annual Report of the Department of Mines, New South Wales, for the year 1881." Printed in accordance with Resolutions of both Houses of Parliament. Sydney: Thomas Richards. 1882. London: Trübner & Co.

[15] "The British Navy: Its Strength, Resources, and Administration." By Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., M.P., M.A. Vol. III. Part 3. Opinions on the Shipbuilding Policy of the Navy. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

[1] "The Family Physician." Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 1882.

it really be the duty of the citizen to regard the welfare of the community at large and individually. "The Family Physician" purposes to give information in untechnical language on the principal ailments to which the body is subject, as also on the means at our disposal, if we would avoid or, failing this, would successfully combat disease. Need one give the caution that the book is intended to supplement, to assist, not to replace, the medical man. The information contained, we may as well say once for all, is thoroughly reliable, the style is clear and calculated to interest; whilst not one of the least charms is a vein of humour which we strike occasionally. Were the information in the least to be distrusted this could not be tolerated, but since the writer or writers may be thoroughly relied on, we need not grudge a smile—here and there—over a historical detail. The book is divided into sections, whilst in each of these an alphabetical ordering of the headings is adopted. The advantages ot such plan is manifest, for at the same time reference is made easy and the extreme difficulty of a philosophic arrangement avoided. The illustrative method is extensively adopted, an anecdote (more professionally we should say a "case") now and again serving to illustrate the symptoms of a disease, the characteristic features in the action of a drug. Thus hemlock speaks to us in Socrates; opium in De Quincey and Coleridge; Indian hemp in Bayard Taylor. No better method when judiciously carried out can be adopted; it is the old principle, that example is better than precept, which impresses the memory in exact proportion as it excites the interest. Very excellent introductory chapters preface the various sections; the first of these serves as a general introduction and clears the way by defining such terms as, as for brevity's sake, are unavoidable in a medical work. Definitions are severe tests of the power of handling a given subject, and we cannot refrain from quoting an illustration which is made to serve as a definition of the word "endemic." Ague is taken as an example, it is said: "If you want ague, you will have to go to it, it will not come to you." Nothing certainly could be more practical. The section on children's diseases we would recommend for special consideration, since on this point there is so much ignorance for which the children suffer. In particular is this the case with reference to infant feeding and in relation to this the article "Rickets" should be looked up, a disease which is so essentially preventible by a little care. Another article of special import is that on "Vaccination;" there is so much prejudice at present afloat, that it is well to look on the other side of the picture, and note what the disease was. "Diseases of Adults" follows; but in a book of over 1,000 pages it is quite impossible to make separate mention. One of the most useful sections is that on "Materia Medica," which, though not neglecting old friends, quite brings us up to date. The introductory chapter to the section on "Hygiene" quotes very largely from Dr. Poore. It presents a very graphic picture of sanitation, or rather its absence, in olden times, and shows by contrast with the present the advances made in this most important department of

medicine. The subjects of food, water, air, exercise, &c., are all in turn considered; some very excellent remarks on the cooking of meat are included in the general subject of food; and in relation to digestion, Dr. Beaumont's well-known experiments are largely referred to. The articles on "Nursing," "Invalid Diet," "Domestic Surgery," can only be mentioned by name. A list of over a hundred prescriptions also finds a place in the volume; though reliable, this constitutes perhaps the least useful portion of the book, for the places on this earth are few from which the medicine-man is absent. In conclusion, we can only repeat our statement that we have here a very excellent work.

This book[2] revives old memories; it conjures up visions of alchemist and astrologer, and introduces us to the philosopher's stone in the shape of a "vital force" which explains everything but itself. One can scarcely help thinking that, through some unaccountable delay, the book has strayed into the present century. It is impossible to criticize it in detail. There are 154 pages, some very mysterious diagrams to represent the flow of the "vital power," and, in the last chapter, lecture iv., to illustrate the "Alpha and Omega" of disease. But for space we would gladly quote, to escape the suspicion of exaggerated criticism; as it is, we must leave those who are interested on this point to judge after reference to the original. We are here presented with the third volume of a work[3] to be completed, probably, in some twelve or thirteen volumes, though it is to be imagined that forecast as to magnitude can scarcely be more than speculative, seeing that the present volume of over a 1,000 pages but brings us down to "Dz." If one consider that this work is but an index, a work of reference purely, and limited, moreover, to medical subjects alone, one cannot but marvel at the vast mass of material which, in this one department of human knowledge alone, there has been accumulated. Emerson defines civilization as consisting in "the learning the secret of cumulative power, of advancing on oneself." It is fitting that the nation of Emerson should have undertaken the task of giving practical expression to the above definition. But a very short time back the mere labour of endeavouring to discover what, from among the huge mass of work recorded, there had been done on any given subject was most arduous—indeed, was getting more and more arduous as, with each year, the number of workers increased. Now, this search is rendered quite easy for us. A very great feature in the Catalogue is, that the references include articles in journals and pamphlets, the whole period of reference stretching back to the last century. All separate works, all pamphlets, all journal articles which have appeared since then, and are to be found in the Library of the United States Army, are here catalogued. As to this library,

---

[2] "The Laws of Life and their Relation to Diseases of the Skin." By J. L. Milton, Senior Surgeon at St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. Chatto & Windus. 1882.

[3] "Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army." Vol. III. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1882.

every endeavour has been made to render it representative; hence the "Index-Catalogue" is almost as valuable in our own representative libraries as over in America. The merits of a book like this are scarcely to be judged of by individuals. The book is meant for the nation, and the judgment will have to be of the many. The task is a gigantic one; but there has been already sufficient expression of opinion on the previous volumes to assure Dr. Billings that the value of the undertaking is appreciated. It is, indeed, something to be able to start from the point our ancestors had reached, to leap from their shoulders, instead of endlessly retracing paths already travelled.

One need scarcely say that a subject which so nearly concerns us as memory must be of exceeding interest to all. The study is, however, of acknowledged intricacy, and the reader of the "Diseases of Memory"[4] must be prepared to give his undivided attention. The subject-matter is ably dealt with. The first part, nearly a third of the book, treats of memory *as a biological fact*—*i.e.*, as a something definable in terms of matter and motion, in terms of structure and function, in a word memory is viewed objectively. Hitherto the subjective element in memory has engrossed the attention to the exclusion of aught else. The present treatise, whilst recognizing the existence of the subjective element, sets forth its dissociability from an objective element and, concentrating attention on this latter, studies the laws governing its growth and decay. The author points out that, "by common usage the word Memory has a triple meaning: the *conservation* of certain conditions, their *reproduction*, and their *localization in the past.*" Of these three elements, the first two constitute objective memory, the last, the third element, is subjective or psychological, it is a something superadded to and completing but scarcely constituting memory in the same sense as holds for the first two elements. The author declares his adhesion to the doctrine of Huxley, Clifford, and Maudsley, which treats consciousness as an accessory, as "an adjunct of certain nervous processes," which it may or may not attend, "but on which it is as incapable of reacting as is the shadow on the steps of the traveller." One might object that here is a shadow which some of us prize more than the substance, but the contention is not for materialism, and undoubtedly memory does present an objective aspect for study. As to the seat of memory, this is pointed out as being admittedly the seat of the original impression: there, where the original, vivid, presented image is formed, the subsequent, faint, represented image—*i.e.*, the remembrance—will occur. The conditions for consciouness are then dwelt upon —viz., a certain intensity of stimulus, a certain duration of stimulus. It is then pointed out how the repetition of a given act again and again facilitates its recurrence, the effort of remembrance growing less and less, till finally the duration of the process may be so short that the requirements for consciousness are no longer present, and the originally

[4] "The Diseases of Memory: an Essay in the Positive Psychology." By Th. Ribot. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

conscious act becomes unconscious, automatic; witness the slow conscious efforts of the child learning to balance itself, and the ready unconscious, automatic performance of the same by the adult. The acquirement of nearly every craft affords ample illustration of the same phenomenon. The mechanism of conscious memory is next considered; though of special interest, space will not permit of our entering upon it, yet we may mention the apt comparison which is made to vision, the memory being represented as localizing or seeing in time as the eye does in space. This chapter ends with a re-statement of the opening proposition, that, as the remembrance is repeated, as the nervous paths are travelled again and again, the tendency is toward a completer organization of the particular group of associations; little by little, as the paths become beaten, as the resistance consequently becomes lessened, conscious memory makes its exit, and unconscious organic memory takes its place. The rest of the book is devoted to the diseases of memory: general amnesia, partial amnesia, and exaltations of memory or hypermnesia being in turn considered. Illustrative cases are throughout given, but not in excess of what is absolutely needful. Under general amnesia the subject of periodic forgetfulness, with the formation of two distinct memories, has special interest, more particularly with reference to certain considerations on the nature of the "Ego;" these, however, must be passed over. Chief interest centres around the statement of the law governing the destruction of memory, according to which the most recent acquisitions are first lost, memorial failure thereafter gradually invading those of older date, consolidated by frequent repetition; in the end stage even instinctive unconscious memory may become affected. There can be little doubt but that this is a true statement, and it is borne out by that which has been already noted with regard to the growth of memory, which shows an inverse order—viz., from the unorganized to the organized, from the unstable to the stable, recent acquisitions being relatively unstable as compared with those of older date. The chapter on partial amnesia starts with the reduction of memory to memories; we speak commonly of memory as a whole, forgetting that our knowledge is acquired by various organs, each in connection with a definite, separate part of the central nervous system. If this be so, memory must be collective in its signification; for each department of knowledge there must be a corresponding memory; I remember your voice as I also remember your face. The subject is important, for partial amnesia, as it is witnessed, would be quite incomprehensible if memory were not multiple. Amnesia of signs is considered at some length, but for this we must refer the reader to the original, for the subject of aphasia is far too complex to admit of cursory treatment. It is of great interest, however, to note that the law of the destruction of memory is here borne out, the *particular*—*i.e.*, the least frequently recurring and therefore least organized—being affected before the *general*—*i.e.*, the more organized; the order of dissolution is: proper names, common names, verbs and adjectives, interjections and the language of sentiment, finally gestures. This is the order in which a man becomes

speechless, as his memory fails, and it appears that the inverse order is that in which the nations have learned to speak, the order of evolution of the Indo-European languages furnishing according to the author actual proof of this. The chapter on exaltation of memory possesses less of interest, and indeed the argument is, so to speak, complete without it. A final chapter recapitulates shortly, whilst giving in addition certain physiological considerations on the subject of conservation and reproduction, the two elements of organic memory. We shall trust the book may bear fruit and that an unfolding of the nature of the diseases of memory may proceed yet a step further and reveal to us something capable of practical application in the education of memory, something as to its treatment when failing.

Dr. Bennett's book[5] is a useful contribution towards the subject of medical electricity; it is clearly written, and we may mention, as a good though negative feature, that much space is not wasted on the description of electrical appliances: not that such can be dispensed with, but that it is already to be found in so many textbooks. A series of plates illustrating the situation of the various motor points of Ziemssen and Duchenne, and the lie of the more superficial nerves precede the text. The treatise is a technical one, and as such does not admit of detailed criticism here, yet it may interest lay readers in these days of electricty to learn that this physical agent is doing good service in medicine; that a muscle and nerve which the will can no longer influence, the connecting paths having been severed by some mechanical accident or other, that such *paralyzed* structures may yet be called into play by means of electricity, and their nutrition maintained through longer and shorter periods, in many cases till the paths from the great nervous centres are again open. On pp. 62, 63, a useful summary in tabular form is given of electrical effects and the legitimate inferences to be drawn therefrom as to the state of nervous and muscular structures. At least one-half the book is occupied by illustrative cases, these are grouped, and instead of individual comment each group is ushered in by some preliminary statements. It is difficult to dogmatize on the point, but it appears to us that comment applied to each case, somewhat after the geometrical method, with a "because of this," "therefore that," would be of more value from a teaching point of view; we may be led through a reasoning process which we shall not enter of our own accord. It is essentially "method" which we need to cultivate and inculcate nowadays, for individual facts are accumulating beyond all possibility of remembrance. The series of cases is, however, very useful as it stands, and constitutes the most valuable feature in the book.

Two lectures delivered at King's College during the present year, and subsequently printed in the *British Medical Journal*, form the principal part of the present small volume,[6] the additional matter com-

[5] "A Practical Treatise on Electro-Diagnosis in Diseases of the Nervous System." By A. Hughes Bennett, M.D. H. K. Lewis. 1882.

[6] "The Contagiousness of Pulmonary Consumption and its Antiseptic Treatment." J. Burney Yeo. Churchill. 1882.

prises some notes and opinions on the antiseptic treatment of consumption, together with a short consideration of various suitable vaporizable substances. The germ theory of disease has long been exercising the medical mind, at the present moment it is *the* subject of all others under discussion. We are beginning to see, or at any rate to imagine we see, in many of the diseases characterized as infectious, the, till now, invisible agents whose existence has yet, on various grounds, been assumed for some time past. The first lecture deals with the question of the contagiousness of phthisis—*i.e.*, pulmonary consumption, apart from all consideration as to the nature of the disease. The doubtful nature of the evidence is made apparent, and the very legitimate inference drawn that, if no more certainty concerning so terribly common a disease is obtainable, the contagiousness must, if present, be to an incomparably smaller degree than obtains for the typically contagious diseases—*e.g.*, measles, scarlet fever, small-pox. It is precisely this, on clinical grounds, indeterminable state of things which has rendered the demonstration by Koch, of Berlin, of an organism which he states to be specific to phthisis, of prime importance. If this organism, which has now been detected by so many observers, be really specific to pulmonary consumption, the vexed question is practically settled. The second lecture deals with the treatment of phthisis, with special reference to the specific and therefore contagious nature of the disease. On this theory the universally adopted treatment, dating as far back as Galen, by pure air—viz., sea voyages, high altitudes, &c.—becomes at once common sense, the treatment being "aseptic." Apart, however, from supplying a rationale to a recognized, though empirical, treatment the importance of the question of crowding together consumptive patients in special hospitals becomes apparent, as does also the practical, systematic application of antiseptic treatment to this disease. This subject is, on its own merits, of such importance as to give ample warrant for the republication of these lectures.

Early this year Prof. Esmarch, of Kiel, delivered five lectures on first aid to the injured,[7] acknowledging that in doing so he was following the ambulance lectures instituted in England five or six years ago by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. It is obvious that in the small compass of one hundred pages nothing like the whole of a course of lectures occupying five hours could be given. We have, however, a good summary of the course generally given in the St. John's ambulance classes. Starting with an account of the structure of the human body and the functions of its principal parts, the lecturer then passes on to the main classes of injuries to which it is liable:—contusions, wounds (under which heading the important subject of hæmorrhage comes), fractures, dislocations, burns, scalds, and frost-bite—other emergencies are then considered, such as drowning and suffocation from various causes; and here a full description of the methods of artificial respiration is given. Under the heading poisoning but little is said which

---

[7] "First Aid to the Injured: Five Ambulance Lectures." By Prof. Esmarch. Translated from the German by H.R.H. Princess Christian. Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.

would enable any one to distinguish between the chief forms, and a list of methods of treatment is given which, used indiscriminately, would probably do more harm than good. This is not the only place in which the complaint, that the explanations and examples are insufficient or altogether absent, may be made. The fault might easily have been remedied; but, with ambulance classes going on throughout the winter and spring, any one interested in this very important subject can easily fill up the omission for himself, and it is absolutely necessary that a class should be attended in order to learn *practically* what to do when emergencies such as the above arise. The transport of the wounded is considered in the final lecture and stretcher-drill is taught.

This is a very small book,[8] but it might with advantage have been smaller. Indeed, why it was written is difficult to discover; certainly, it cannot have been with the idea of imparting knowledge. A little history, with some very old and well-known facts relating to affections of the hair, make up the volume.

Criticism, to borrow an expression from algebra, has already reached the second power. In the absence of the original work on the "Simplicity of Life,"[9] it would not be well to carry this process any further. The contents are purely relative to the original work and the criticisms thereon; and without these before us, we are scarcely in a position to express an opinion either way.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A HISTORY of a long period should either consist merely of a skeleton of leading facts, selected to show the principles which underlie and which govern the course of events, or else the narrative should deal sufficiently with details to give the reader a feeling of human interest in what is otherwise too much like a mere record of the moves in a game of chess. Mr. Creighton, in his history of the Papal Schism,[1] has not kept these principles quite clearly enough before his mind, and the result is that the long accounts of the petty manœuvres, both political and military, of Italian politics are very wearisome to read, and almost impossible to retain in the mind when read. The principal events are, however, treated in a much more satisfactory manner; and when the character of individuals, and the growth and influence of ideas have to be discussed, the author's insight and philosophical breadth of view at once awaken an interest which was inclined to slumber. It appears strange that a book with this title should end with the Pontificate of Pius II. in 1464; but though these two volumes are complete in themselves, the author

[8] "The Etiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Baldness and Greyness." By Tom Robinson, M.D. Henry Kimpton. 1882.

[9] "A Critique on the Criticisms of the Simplicity of Life." By Ralph Richardson, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis. 1882.

[1] "History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation." By M. Creighton, M.A. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

intends to carry on the work down to the Council of Trent, when the division of Europe into two distinct religious parties was practically completed. The necessity of unity, of one common head for all Christendom, which was inherited from the days of the Roman Empire, was felt strongly enough to keep up the mediæval Empire long after the feebleness of the successors of Charles the Great had made it merely a name. But as the cohesion of the different units of Christendom in temporal matters became weaker, so the Papal Monarchy gathered strength, as the only possible expression of a universal belief and desire, and, if used temperately for the common good, instead of for the enrichment of individuals and the aggrandizement of the office, it might in time have become a useful tribunal for settling international disputes and preventing needless wars. The attack on the Papal claims in the early part of the fourteenth century is very well and clearly worked out. The Franciscans had shown the people a type of a Spiritual Church, distinguished by enthusiasm for doing good, by poverty, and at that time even by learning, which the founder had prohibited, which contrasted strongly with the worldly aspect of the Church presented by the Pope and the Curia. Their General, Michael de Cesena, and the Englishman, William of Occam, "the invincible doctor," had already denounced the Papal claims on theological grounds. The former asserted the divine freedom from error of the decisions of a General Council as opposed to those of a Pope; while the latter went further, and denied infallibility even to a General Council and to the recognized Fathers and Doctors of the Church. He endeavoured to set up the Holy Scriptures, and the belief of the Universal Church, as the only canons of what might be called eternal or necessary truths, which he distinguishes, more or less clearly, from purely ecclesiastical and temporal matters. Similar principles, as far as the Papacy was concerned, were advocated by Marsiglio of Padua, in his "Defensor Pacis." Starting with a definition of the legislator as being the will of the majority of the citizens, which is the source of the ruler's authority, he shows how the spiritual jurisdiction destroys civil government; and he denies to the priest any authority but that of preaching and administering the sacraments, and of advising, not compelling, the people to accept God's law—in fact, relegating the punishment of heresy entirely to the next world. He ascribes the existing primacy of the Pope to concessions by, and usurpations from, Princes, and denies the necessity of Papal coronation for the Emperor. The arguments throughout are almost exactly similar to those urged subsequently by the supporters of Henry VIII. in his contest with Clement VII. and Paul III.; and though Marsiglio's name is scarcely if at all mentioned in these writings, there can be no doubt that the "Defensor Pacis" was really the storehouse from which Starkey, and others of his companions, drew their material, as Wyclif perhaps did before them. Mr. Creighton's view of Wyclif is based on Shirley's Preface to the "Fasciculi Zizaniorum," and is very fair. Whether the publications to be expected from the new Wyclif Society, especially

the "De Dominio Civili" and "De Dominio Divino," will materially increase our knowledge of his theories, remains to be seen. The difference between the Italian and the Englishman cannot be better summed up than in Mr. Creighton's own words:—

> "Wyclif's teaching on the relations between Church and State lacked the precision as well as the political knowledge which characterized Marsiglio of Padua. Marsiglio was a political philosopher, who started from Aristotle, and from the experience of self-governing communities. Wyclif was a schoolman, who limited his analysis to the particular discussion of the foundation of *dominium* or lordship, and his political conceptions did not rise beyond the technicalities of the feudal system. He regarded God as the Lord of the world, who apportioned to all in authority their power, which was held under them; dominion in things temporal and spiritual alike was held of God; and popes and kings were bound to recognize that their sovereignty depended upon its exercise in accordance with the law of God. Mortal sin was a breach of the tie of allegiance, and in itself destroyed the basis of power. In Wyclif's phraseology, dominion was founded on grace."

A dangerous doctrine to statesmen, like that of the Fifth Monarchy men, whose axiom, "The saints shall inherit the earth," was interpreted by the corollary, "We are the saints." The same principle, that one predestined to damnation, or living in mortal sin, has no jurisdiction over Christians, was put forward by Huss, and is some sort of excuse for his desertion by Sigismund. It is pleasant to turn from the constant wars and plunderings in Rome and Italy, narrated in the first volume, which make one feel thankful that anything was left worth seeing, to the Pontificate of Nicholas V., who did his best to make Rome a city fit for the Popes, though even he was Philistine enough to use the Coliseum as a quarry and to pull down some of the temples. As an example of Mr. Creighton's power of describing character and summing up the purposes of the men whose lives he writes, this is what he says of Pope Nicholas:—

> "Himself a scholar and a man of letters, he strove to mould the Papacy into the shape of his own individual predilections, which indeed fitted well enough with the aspirations of Italy in his day. He did not try to become powerful by arms or statesmanship, but rather withdrew from the current of Italian politics. . . . . . Rome was to sum up all that was best in Italian life, and was to transmit it to the rest of Christendom. Revered in Italy as the capital of Italian thought, Rome was to be a missionary of culture to Europe, and so was to disarm suspicion and regain prestige. . . . . If the Papacy could not venture on reform, the next best thing was to identify itself with art and learning. To this demand of Germany for reformation, Nicholas V. answered by offering culture. His policy was so far wise that it enabled the Papacy to exist for sixty years before the antagonism broke out into open rebellion. In personal character Nicholas V. was a student, with a student's irritability and vanity as well as a student's highmindedness. He loved magnificence and outward splendour, and demanded the utmost decorum from those around him. To his household he was a kind master, but impatient, hard to satisfy, and of a sharp tongue. He was easily angered, but soon repented. He was straightforward and outspoken, and required that every one else should be the same; he was remorseless to any one who equivocated or expressed himself clumsily.

He was staunch to his friends, though they all had to bear his anger. He did not pay attention to his health, but studied at all hours of the day and night, was irregular in his meals, and was too much given to the use of wine as a stimulant to his energies. Æneas Sylvius puts down as his greatest fault, that he trusted too much in himself, and wished to do everything by himself; he thought that nothing was done well unless he were engaged in it."

Dr. Zimmermann's[2] point of view is that the Reformation was slowly prepared for by the Church Councils held in the fifteenth century, and among seventy-one authorities consulted, he claims to give Juan de Segovia the prominence that a great historian and eye-witness deserves. As a learned Spaniard, an elegant writer and orator, he was called upon to take a very active part in those events of the Great Schism that centre round the Council of Basle in 1433. So many disputations and missions were entrusted to him, so accurate was his memory and so careful his register of each day's debate, that he should be regarded as an indispensable authority, and yet he is too little known even to scholars to whom his "History of the Council of Basle" should be precious. Dr. Zimmermann's own style is easy and business-like; he is treating of a vast effort where business power was in chief request. He writes for students, but any one who is educated enough to know what the Church has always bid for, and who has been associated with some kind of administrative work in our own time, will positively relish his story of Pope and Emperor, Cardinal and University, the Church Councils, their Committees and Sub-Committees on Papal Finance, or the Parish Priest's housekeeper; on popular enthusiasm for reform in Papal taxation that was widespread as Christendom, and hated only less than the Turk who threatened her borders; on clerical shortsightedness and obstruction. Clearly it was because the clergy would not learn and refused to estimate the popular movement aright that the Reformation swept over Europe. Great was the stimulus all this gave to discussion and publication of books and tracts, some "high and dry," some "radical" and cutting deeply to the root of society, as Rousseau's writings on the Social Contract did three hundred years later. He had the printing press and a thinking public; Juan de Segovia and the radical young priests at the Church Councils had to contend with a hierarchy that tolerated as clerics children, idiots and persons unable to read, and a public that, however victimized by these, had not learnt our modern secret of logical and organized resistance. Dr. Zimmermann writes as graphically as though he, a modern of the moderns, had been present amid the red-hatted cardinals at Pisa, Constance, or Basle, and gravely shared their discussions—the burning of Huss and other heretics, abolishing clerical celibacy, promulgating dogmas of Papal supremacy or the Immaculate Conception, winning France, England, Poland, Aragon, or Castile to the allegiance of one Pope or the other, and had never betrayed by a smile that the time would come when travellers from all these nations would watch the Campo Santo,

[2] "Die Kiichliche Verfassungskampfe in xv. Jahrhundert." By Dr. Zimmermann. Breslau: Eduard Trewendt. 1882.

rafts on the Rhine, or steamers on the Bodensee, and sadly or smilingly recognize the theologians as the professional gravediggers of human energy and the struggle against them as a part of the world's education.

Mr. Doyle, whose history of America in Mr. Freeman's Historical Course for Schools was so well received by the public, is now engaged on a more ambitious scheme, the History of the English Colonies in America down to the period of their separation from the mother country.[3] The first instalment contains the history of four of the great slaveholding States, Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, from their first colonization to the end of the seventeenth century, and a future volume will deal with the New England Colonies in a similar way. Though in each case the settlers endeavoured to transplant English ideas and institutions and adapt them to the requirements of a new mode of life, the difference of the original constitution and composition of the three colonies (taking the two Carolinas as one) produced marked differences in the result, and no doubt accounts for some characteristics which the union of the States has not been able totally to destroy. Virginia was (to use an American phrase) "run" by a company for profit alone, and the population was largely recruited from the prisons—in fact, before negro slavery was usual, most of the whites were practically in a state of serfdom. This necessitated a most Draconian code of laws, the more atrocious from its vagueness. For instance, using "disgraceful words," or committing any act to the disgrace of any person in the colony, was punished by being tied head and feet together for a month. The religion was that of the Puritan section of the Church of England, and attendance at daily service was enforced by a penalty of six months in the galleys, and at Sunday service on pain of death. It is a fact worth noting that all the American Colonies were more or less intolerant, whatever was the dominant form of Christianity in them. No sect will give religious liberty unless forced to do so in its own defence, and perhaps none less than the sect which especially advocated and still advocates freedom of conscience.

> "They have left unstained what there they found,
> Freedom to worship God,"

the poetess sings, but in prose, the Quakers found in the Catholic State of Maryland the security which the Independents of New England denied them. The first Virginian Assembly which was summoned by the authority of the Company, was founded on an English model, each freeman voting, and each county and hundred returning two members, with a few additional members assigned to certain private plantations. After the revocation of the Company's patent the Assembly consisted of two bodies: councillors appointed by the Crown, and burgesses, who sat together. By this arrangement

[3] "The English in America, Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas." By J. A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls' College. Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

the Council must have had more power in controlling legislation than if they had sat as a separate Chamber, and the more so as they held most of the offices of State. The burgesses, however, had complete control of the purse, and of the sword as well; so that, practically, power was not unequally divided. The minutes of the Company, now in the Congress Library, have had a strange history. At the close of James the First's reign, Lord Southampton, the treasurer, fearing that his enemies at Court might attempt to destroy them, had them secretly copied. His fears were probably well-founded, for the originals no longer exist. The copies were bought by an American antiquary, and afterwards belonged to Jefferson, at whose death they came to their present and fitting place.

Maryland, on the other hand, was started by a single proprietor, with almost regal powers. The first Assembly was a universal meeting of all the freemen. Then, as the colony extended, proxies were used, but soon exchanged for a system of representation. The right of the proprietor to summon members to the Assembly was also given up, and two Chambers were constituted as in Virginia. The political history of the Carolinas is principally remarkable for the elaborate and fanciful Constitution drawn up by Locke, with its nobility of landgraves and caciques, which practically was never acted on at all; and for the fact that the charter empowered the patentees to grant liberty of conscience. But it is not fair to give the idea that the whole book is taken up with political disquisitions. The first part is all the romance of adventure and discovery, and very well Mr. Doyle tells it. The story of the Huguenot colony in Brazil, started by Coligny, will be new to most readers; and though Raleigh, and Ralph Lane, and Captain Smith are familiar names even to schoolboys, it is pleasant to be led through the scenes of their exploits by a writer whose sympathy for their spirit of enterprise does not impair his power of discriminating the true from the false.

Much new information concerning a later period of American history than Mr. Doyle treats of is supplied by the recent publication of the correspondence of Major-General Arthur St. Clair,[4] the friend and colleague of George Washington. Born in Thurso in 1734, and brought up at the University of Edinburgh, he began life as a medical student under the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, but not liking the profession, procured a commission in the Royal American Regiment of Foot, and served with distinction both at Louisburg and Quebec, in which engagement he took the colours from the hand of a dying ensign and carried them throughout the fight on the Plains of Abraham. On the cessation of the war with France he married and settled at Boston, and from that time America became his home and his country. Soon after the War of Independence broke out he was appointed to lead a Pennsylvanian Regiment to the assistance of General Arnold at Montreal, and covered the retreat from Canada.

---

[4] "The St. Clair Papers." By Wm. Henry Smith. 2 vols. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. 1882.

The evacuation of Ticonderoga, for which St. Clair was so much blamed at the time ("We shall never be able to defend a post," wrote John Adams, "till we shoot a General"), is shown by Mr. Smith to have been absolutely necessary in consequence of the smallness of the American force. He represents St. Clair as undertaking what he knew to be a hopeless task, and preferring to save his men for future service than to increase his own reputation. To quote his own words: "I know I could save my character by sacrificing the army; but were I to do so, I should forfeit that which the world could not restore, and which it cannot take away—the approbation of my own conscience." Mr. Smith even goes further than this, and argues that the evacuation of that fortress and of Mount Independence, far from injuring the American cause, really resulted in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga. In 1787 St. Clair was appointed Governor of the North-Western Territory, and many stirring scenes of frontier life and Indian warfare will be found recounted in the letters of General Harmar, printed in the second volume. The political aspect of his Governorship is also full of interest, especially his direction of the change of Government when the territories became entitled to it, in favour of popular rights and morality even in dealing with his enemies, the Indians. St. Clair's subsequent life is a striking instance of the ingratitude of people towards those who have served them. In the dark days of the Revolution he had advanced considerable sums of money for recruiting purposes, and, when Governor of the territory, had become responsible for several thousand dollars necessary to procure supplies for carrying out the instructions of the Secretary of War. There were difficulties and delays in settling these accounts, and in 1796 all the papers were destroyed by a fire at the War Office. Application was finally made to Congress, "and payment was refused because of the Statute of Limitations." The result was that the whole of his property was sold, an estate worth $50,000 going for about $4,000, and himself, his wife, children, and orphan grandchildren were reduced to poverty. A few days before his death, General Cass describes him as living "in a rude cabin, supported by selling supplies to the waggoners who travelled the road," and his death was occasioned by a fall from his cart while driving to market—a strange death for a General who, in one battle, had had four horses killed under him, and eight balls through his clothes and hat. The monument on his tomb at Greensburg is but a humble one: "Erected," so says the inscription, "to supply the place of a nobler one due from his country;" and Mr. Smith hopes that this book of his will supply that want, by enabling the American people to form a juster opinion of the abilities and virtues of one of the heroes of the Revolution.

The present state of the constitution of the United States is very well described by Mr. Sterne, a member of the New York Bar, in a handy little book[5] which will be useful to refer to for all kinds of

[5] "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States." By Simon Sterne. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

questions, legislative and judicial, which are suggested by the current politics of America. He shows how the three classes of colonies, the provincial establishments like Virginia, the proprietary Governments like Pennsylvania and Delaware, and the Charter Governments, such as Massachusetts, formed a Constitution based on English law, influenced by the theoretical teaching of the French Encyclopædists. One result of a written Constitution is worth noting, that the courts of law have the power to decide that the acts of the highest legislative authority are contrary to the Constitution, not as in England merely to interpret and enforce the will of the legislature. The check upon this power rests in the right of the Senate to impeach, on a majority of two-thirds, any member of the Supreme Court, the members of the Senate who make the impeachment being themselves responsible to their constituents. The "Woman's Rights" party in England, who look to America for precedents and hints, more especially since several States have acknowleged the right of women to practise at the Bar, will be sorry to find that "a question was raised before the Supreme Court of the United States, whether a Government which excluded women from the suffrage was a Republic, and the Court held that it was." Mr. Sterne is sound on the question of Civil Service Reform, and disapproves of the system "which makes each Presidential election a raffle for one hundred thousand offices." The Articles of Confederation of 1777, and the Constitution of 1787, and the successive amendments, down to the last, which guarantees to negroes the rights of citizenship, are printed in full in the appendix.

That the gradual improvement in morality and humanity which has characterized European law, is due to the influence of Christianity, will be acknowledged more or less by every one, whatever may be their opinions about Christianity as it is, or Christianity as it might have been. The exact measure of its influence has been very carefully worked out by Mr Brace,[6] an American gentleman, to judge from some slight peculiarities of expression. He divides his subject into three periods, the Roman, the mediæval, and the modern, and traces the changes which have come over legislation in such provinces as the paternal power, the position of women, slavery, and war. He is very careful to discriminate between the Church and Christianity, and considers that the effect was produced on Society rather by the thousands of obscure persons who were really imbued with Christian ideas, than by the organization and government of the so-called Church of Christ. He must not forget, however, that the worst cruelties of the Inquisition and of the Crusades were held to be logically deduced from the principles of the Founder himself and his immediate successors, by men whose intellects and whose moral natures were, in other spheres of action, beyond reproach. Let us take one subject—the position of woman, and see how he works it out. By the three ancient forms of Roman marriage the wife was completely in her husband's power as his adopted daughter or ward, though not kept in

[6] **"Gesta Christi; or, a History of Humane Progress under Christianity." By C. Loring Brace. Hodder & Stoughton. 1882.**

seclusion as in Greece. By another form, *sine conventione*, she retained her relations to her own family and held her own property, but the morality of Roman ladies was not improved by this easy form of marriage which admitted of as easy a divorce, "*octo mariti, quinque per autumnos*," as Juvenal says of one very much married lady. One of the first results of Christianity was to secure to her what she had brought to her husband, at his death, or a dissolution of the marriage, and to constitute her a legal tutor to her children. Some expressions in Justinian seem to imply that this was due to the growth of a higher morality, consequent on the christianizing of the empire, but the laws relating to divorce fluctuated under different Emperors, and more was perhaps gained for the freedom of women than for public morality. In pre-Christian Germany, though a wife was under her husband's absolute authority, and could even be sold by him, women, perhaps, from their courage and chastity, to which both Tacitus and Salvian witness, were looked upon as companions and counsellors, and even as prophetesses, but this did not free even a single woman from the necessity of being under the tutelage of some of her kindred. In the northern nations, including France and England, the principal distinct improvements effected by the Church were the abolition of marriage by purchase, the limiting divorce to cases of adultery, and the confirmation of the wife's dower, a most important safeguard in half-civilized countries. So far, so good, but the connection between Christianity and chivalry which raised women socially by setting a sentimental as well as a practical value on love, is scarcely made out. Nor can recent legislation, either here or in America, be assigned to the same cause, except in so far as "each human being under the faith taught in Galilee, is an independent responsible existence, having a right from all others to the same justice and consideration which he is bound to extend." The modern tendency, especially in America, is towards facility of divorce. This certainly cannot be claimed as a fruit of Christianity, and why should equality, which has run parallel with it? However, Mr. Brace considers the present position of woman to be so clearly the result of Christianity that he prophesies that agnosticism will destroy her purity and sanctity, and "on her would especially fall the degeneracy and melancholy of the race." In opposition to Mr. Brace's view, it must not be forgotten that even Paul looks upon marriage as a concession to human weakness, and that for many centuries woman was regarded by the most zealous Christians rather as a temptation to be avoided, than as an influence for good. In fact it was the Code Napoleon, which can scarcely be said to have been inspired by Christianity, which first abolished all legal distinctions of sex. The conditions which have rendered this possible are the steady gain in civilization and education which reduce the supremacy of physical over mental power, and throw the responsibility of the security of person and property on society, instead of leaving it to the individual.

As to war and slavery the case is better made out; but after all it was a Christian who said, at the sack of a town, "Kill them all, the

Lord will know his own." And the refusal of the earliest converts to Christianity to serve in the Imperial army was chiefly due to their scruples about taking the *sacramentum*, which was necessarily Pagan, and as soon as the Empire was nominally Christian, the scruples cease. With reference to the *Droit de Seigneur* or *Mercheta mulierum*, to which Mr. Brace alludes, misprinting the word *Macheta*, the evidence for its existence is by no means strong. It is constantly mentioned; but those writers who mention it always refer it to some other country, French to England and English to Scotland, and even there it has never been run to earth. It is considered by some persons, who have studied the subject, to be a fiction founded on the custom of paying a fine to the lord for permission to marry. There are several other misprints and errors in the Latin quotations in the notes beside the one referred to. We all know that Nero made his horse a consul, an example that was improved upon by a prince of Roumania; but it is new to be told that Tacitus speaks of a Roman lady whose "Maritus equus Romanus fuisset."

Mr. Bancroft differs, *toto cœlo*, from his countryman, Mr. Brace, as to the influence of Christianity. In his new book on Central America,[7] he devotes many pages to proving that the Spaniards were not more cruel than other European nations, "except as they possessed more piety and power," ascribing what excess there was to their conscientiousness and religiousness, saying distinctly that "the age of savagism is always cruel, and so is the age of Christian civilization." He overshoots the mark, however, when he says that he fails "to discover in America, by Catholic Spaniards or heathen savages, deeds more atrocious than some committed in India and China, within the century, by Protestant England, the world's model of piety and propriety." His conception of cruelty must be a new one. It is not necessary to defend all that Englishmen have done in foreign lands. But where can be found, either in India, or China, or anywhere else, actions to compare with the murder of Anacaona, Queen of Jaragua, and her caciques, by Nicolas de Ovando—by no means a solitary instance of causeless brutality? Or, if he parallels that by the wars with Indian rulers and executions of natives, the mutilations and tortures described by Las Casas have no counterpart in the history of English colonization. He is right in ascribing this cruelty to the colonial governors and not to the Home Government. For, strange to say, though Ferdinand and Isabella forgot all the precepts of humanity in their treatment of their enemies the Moors at home, both they and their successors endeavoured to protect the Indians from the persistent wrong-doing of their subjects. The "Laws of the Indies" were founded on a clause of Isabella's will enjoining her successors to see that the Indians were kindly and justly treated. By these laws protection is guaranteed to them by all officers. In fact, Spaniards ill-treating the natives were punished, by a law of Philip II., more severely than when the victim was a Spaniard. They were not in

[7] "The History of the Pacific States of North America." By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. I. Central America. Trübner & Co. 1882.

any way to be enslaved or forced to labour, and those under eighteen were not to be employed as porters, a long-forgotten precursor of factory acts. In the courts of law counsel was assigned to them free of cost, and there was a *defensor* appointed whose duty this was. In fact, as far as laws could do, Spain attempted to make her new subjects Christian and civilized and happy. How futile this was to curb the passions and vices of the Spaniards, when once they were landed in the New World, can best be learned from Mr. Bancroft's book, which narrates the history of the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco Nunez de Balboa, and the history of the Spanish settlements in Honduras, Darien, and generally in Central America, to the year 1530. It is the first instalment of a history of the western half of North America, from the Isthmus of Panama to British Columbia, which is expected to fill at least twenty-five volumes. Mr. Bancroft's known zeal in collecting material is a guarantee for the completeness of his work, and as to the style, to use his own words, "there is only one way to write anything, which is to tell the truth, plainly and concisely."

Mr. Ashton recognizes the first duty of a historian, and acts upon it—he neither invents nor improves, but merely compiles. The result is that we have in his "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,"[8] a very vivid picture, and one which, like a faithful portrait, carries its honesty on its canvas. The illustrations are successful, and carried out in the same spirit. Though the author frequently apologizes for their inferiority, no apology is needed, for their uncouthness and realism are a characteristic part of the history of the times. The style is easy and ready but somewhat careless, and we cannot always distinguish between quotation and original matter. There is a general and natural dislike to the use of the words male and female, where man and woman would serve equally well, which Mr. Ashton does not seem to share. Thus, on p. 93, vol. i., "how were the *females* of the middle class to amuse themselves?" He has made good use of the advertisements in the newspapers of the time. They give minute descriptions of articles, such as property lost, to be sold, or to be bought, which would probably not be found elsewhere. Although the habits of the three great social factors of the time are similar to ours, the contrast in tone and manner to our times is very striking, and certainly encouraging to us. The women of the fashionable classes spent their time in dress, visits, shopping, and scandal, as they do now; so also the men, in shopping and dress, in scandal at their clubs, in dissipation and immorality. The women of the middle classes were exclusively domestic, and, like the modern German lady, resembled a glorified cook or nurse. But still a vast difference is at once apparent between that time and this. It lies in a fundamental change, which is becoming every year greater and more obvious. Social life in the days of Queen Anne was distinct from, and almost opposed to, public life. The great wave of

[8] "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." 2 vols. By John Ashton. Chatto & Windus. 1882.

public spirit, which has stirred the national community to its depths, had not commenced. The public, social, and philanthropic work now undertaken by private individuals of all ranks and conditions, is an outcome of the stirring of public spirit, and has tended, more than anything else, to a fusion of private and class interests in common national necessities. The most notable example of the far-reaching effect of this change is amongst those women of the middle classes who, in former days, never cast a thought to matters outside of the kitchen and the nursery, and who now are impelled, by the spirit of the age, to carry their sympathy and intelligence outside of the home. The number of women in middle-class life who fulfil their home duties, and at the same time carry on some parochial, municipal, or semi-public work, is immense, and is still largely on the increase. When once women of the middle classes—cut off, as they always have been, from general intercourse with their fellows, isolated, and engrossed in personal cares—are reached by a force which changes their habits of thought and life, we may surely conclude that such a force is fundamental and permanent in its nature. There is an interesting chapter on marriages. Child-marriages appear to have been very frequent, and were indissoluble when the children were of "the years of consent" (*e.g.*, fourteen and twelve), and where no criminal cause for divorce was proved. It seems strange that a law, felt to be senseless and unreasonable nearly 200 years ago, should still be in force. In endeavouring to break one of these marriages, a lawyer ably pleaded that it was senseless to give childen the power of disposing of their persons for ever at an age when we will not let them dispose of five shillings—an argument which remains unanswered to this day. Besides these child-marriages, irregular marriages, without banns or license, were very common. In fact, all means, legal or illegal, which promoted the privacy of a marriage, were in favour; the reason given was the expense and uproarious rioting with which ceremonious marriages were accompanied. The furnishing of houses was exceedingly scanty and simple: indeed, what is known as Queen Anne furniture has a look of austerity and plainness which is quite out of keeping with our modern luxurious, rather overloaded drawing-rooms. Wall-papers began to be offered to take the place of wainscotting or tapestry, and were generally made in imitation of wood, damask, or leather. It is curious that birdsellers congregated in St. Martin's Lane then as now. In 1661 women were still considered a novelty on the stage, and one of the attractions advertised in the reign of Anne was then, as at the present day, a novelty in the form of a play entirely supported by women. There was not much genius on the stage, and what there was was monopolized by the fair sex—Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Bracegirdle (of immortal memory), and Mrs. Verbruggen. The end of the last volume contains an account of crimes, prisons, and workhouses, which, together with the disorderly condition of the streets and the prevalent tone of profligacy, is at once the most painful and most suggestive part of the book—painful because, though our

prisons and our workhouses have been and are being reformed, we certainly have not improved, and have probably deteriorated, in all that pertains to the moral conditions of our social life.

Mr. Thorold Rogers in his "History of Prices" has stated that the most prosperous period for the English workman was about the middle of the fifteenth century. But on the other hand we find that cities and boroughs were becoming very much impoverished about that time. At Winchester[9] the burgesses had to appeal to the King in 1452 for assistance in repairing their town, which they were too poor to do themselves. Many streets and churches had fallen down, and the population was lessened by more than a thousand households. Wallingford and other towns in the west were in a similar condition. This was partly due, no doubt, to the reduction of the population by pestilence and war, but as the weavers and fullers complain that they have to shut up their mills for want of work, the wages of artisans cannot have been improved, whatever was the case with the agricultural labourers. The churches never recovered after, standing empty, except when they were used to keep cattle in. Many of them were pulled down, and the parishioners assigned to other parishes by an Order of Council during the Commonwealth. This again has its parallel in many other towns. For a time the town seemed to be on the way to recover its old importance and prosperity, when Charles II.'s projected palace in the site of the castle was being commenced by Wren. It was to have been a magnificent building, a central dome to be visible, so it was said, from the sea, two chapels on each side with smaller domes, and the whole surrounded by a park ten miles in circumference and connected with the Cathedral by a magnificent new street. But the projector died long before it was finished, and as his brother abandoned the scheme, "this city once more fell back into its former stagnant condition." The book on which these remarks are based is a very pleasantly written history of the city of Winchester, not the result of much original research, but mainly a compilation from Milner's and Woodward's histories, corrected and supplemented by more recent historical works, and arranged in the form of a connected chronological narrative. Most of the main facts are more or less familiar to all who take an interest in the city, or even in English history, but even Winchester boys, perhaps, do not know that their school was honoured by Edward IV. sending them a live lion to look at: and that in Elizabeth's reign their reputation for Latin verse was so high, that copies written by the boys in honour of Sir Francis Drake were affixed to the mast of the *Pelican* when the Queen visited him at Deptford. It is worth noticing also that the corporation, during the Commonwealth, instituted vote by ballot about the same time that it was proposed to adopt the same plan in the House of Commons.

Most of the shorter histories of the East Indies are written solely from an English point of view, and pass over the first two thousand

---

[9] "Historic Winchester: England's First Capital." By A. R. Bramston and A. C. Leroy. Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

years or so in a very summary manner. But Dr. Hunter—partly, perhaps, because he is writing with the view of his book[10] being used in Anglo-Indian Schools—pays as much attention to the earlier as to the later periods, and more than half of his space is devoted to the first Aryan Conquests, and to the successive inroads of Greeks, Scythians, Mahommedans, and Tartars. His account of the religious and civil institutions of the people is particularly clear and appreciative, while his narrative of the chain of events which have brought the whole peninsula under English rule is marked by perfect fairness and impartiality. The printing and arrangement of the book are such as to make it very easy of reference: an important thing in a history, too often overlooked.

There will, perhaps, not be as many English wintering in Egypt as in past years, but still there are sure to be a good many. Those who are going there cannot do better than take Stuart Poole's little book[11] as a relief from the severe information supplied by guide-books, and as giving them in a pleasant way some idea of the problems of Egyptian history. For Mr. Poole is very anxious to have more of these problems solved; and when we recollect that the first clear event in the history of that marvellous country—the foundation of Memphis, centuries before Abraham's time—was accompanied by a great engineering work like the turning the course of the Nile, which proves long previous civilization, we can understand the eagerness with which Egyptologists insist on the importance of trying to discover how and where this civilization was obtained. Mr. Poole is very eager for proper excavations, and very hard, and deservedly so, upon the tourist plunderers "who destroy a document of the world's history or a record of antique belief, to carry away a few hieroglyphics he cannot understand." He instances two very flagrant cases where "a lady ordered her dragoman to cut out Joseph's head, as she thought it, from the only picture of the arrival of a Shemite family in Egypt; and how others broke in by night and demolished a sculptured wall, to steal the single known figure portraying the wife of a Chief of the Land of Spices—both priceless documents of history and ethnology." As a protest against this destruction for the sake of mere acquisitiveness and curiosity, Mr. Poole quotes the remarks of an Arabian traveller five hundred years ago, who, in spite of the iconoclastic tendencies of his religion, argues in favour of the preservation of ancient buildings on thoroughly scientific principles, putting in, perhaps as a sop to the vulgar, that they bear witness to the truth of the Koran. In something of the same spirit, and with a view to catch the attention of every one who can read the one book that all English people read, Mr. Poole takes as his text the cities mentioned in the Bible. One of them, Hanes, is only mentioned once, and probably very few could tell offhand where the name occurs. The Septuagint

---

[10] "A Brief History of the Indian People." By W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., LL.D. Trübner & Co. 1882.

[11] "The Cities of Egypt." By Reginald Stuart Poole. Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.

and other early translators of the Bible knew nothing of it; Gesenius guessed, but merely guessed, that it was Heracleopolis; and Mariette has proved its position at Ahnas-el-Medeeneh, about seventy miles above Cairo. The mounds which mark the site have scarcely been touched, but they surely contain the records of two of the dynasties whose history has hitherto been a mere blank, all that is known being that one of the kings went mad and was eaten by a crocodile. But it is not the history alone that is important. Where did "all the wisdom of Egypt" come from? Was their belief in the immortality of the soul—an immortality of which the happiness or misery depended solely upon the deeds of this life, merely derived from the dyspeptic dreams of a savage? What philosophy did Plato, and what mathematics did Eudoxus, learn at Heliopolis?—the parent of Alexandria, and through them of the Spanish and Italian Universities, and even of Oxford and Cambridge themselves. These and many other questions may be answered some day, and then learned men like Mr. Poole must not disdain to let inferior mortals know what it is they have found.

The use of the spade in teaching history is as fully recognized now as its use in warfare, but it not only requires careful using on the part of the hand that wields it, but observant eyes and a systematic mind to control it, coupled with a rigid self-denial from founding theories upon an insufficient induction of facts. Dr. Munro's investigations of the Crannogs[12] (or Pfahlbauten, as they are called by Dr. Keller) in the West of Scotland, rather point to the conclusion that they were used, if not originally constructed, during the Roman occupation, as Samian ware is found in them, together with metal objects, which belong to the same period. The ornaments on the combs and other domestic implements are distinctly Celtic in type, and, in fact, most of the Crannogs hitherto discovered are in districts formerly occupied by Celtic races, a large proportion being in the Scottish half of the kingdom of Strathclyde. None at all have been found within the territories of the Angles, and the only relic which can certainly be said to belong to these people is a forged gold *triens* found at Buston, one of a class hitherto found only in England, and which probably were made, according to Mr. John Evans, in the sixth or seventh century. The elaborate construction of the islands and gangways, consisting of piles bound together by a pavement of mortised oak beams, is thoroughly explained and elucidated by careful plans and drawings, and most of the relics of any interest are illustrated also. One curious point which Dr. Munro brings out is the great change in the climate of Scotland. No such trees as were used by the lake dwellers can grow now on the same soil; and more surprising still, in the Middle Ages, wheat and other grain were cultivated, as shown by the records of monasteries, in places where no human industry could now succeed in raising such crops. Several specimens of canoes have been found, all dug out, but some strengthened by ribs; in fact, the

---

[12] "Ancient Scottish Lake Dwellings or Crannogs." By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D., F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882.

woodwork throughout is of a very high order, not only in construction, but in the case of one or two slabs found at Lochlee, in ornament also. The ubiquitous fylfot, of course, turns up—here on the head of a bronze pin. The book is throughout a model of the careful record of facts, which require the most intelligent and patient observation to make the record of any value.

These crannogs, as well as the *pfahlbauten,* are referred to by an anonymous writer,[13] who wishes to make recent anthropological investigations square with Biblical chronology—not Archbishop Usher's, he is wise enough for that, and adopts the calculations of Hales, by which fourteen centuries are added to the tale. The writer certainly hits some blots in the calculations of the older geologists and antiquarians. He shows, for instance, that the length of time required for the deposit of stalagmite in Kent's Hole has been very much overestimated, and that the so-called human bone found under glacial clay in the Victoria Cave, Settle, was really the bone of a bear; but his scientific accuracy may be gauged by his giving *ursus* as a synonym of *bos primigenius,* and by his translating *bison priscus* as red deer. His style is disfigured by Americanisms, such as *erupt* and *scientist,* though the preface is dated from Birmingham.

The most interesting parts of the present number of Dr. Grove's "Dictionary of Music"[14] are the biographical notices of Schubert and Schumann—the former by Dr. Grove, and the latter by Dr. Spitta, of Berlin. Dr. Spitta's sketch of Schumann has been already republished in Germany by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härteb, and we hope that the London publishers of the Dictionary may before long be enabled to issue the biographies of the chief musicians in a separate and reasonably cheap volume, which would be most welcome to a large class of musical readers who cannot take the whole work. The life of Robert Alexander Schumann can only be rightly written now in the spirit of contemporary biography; for, though the master has been gone since 1856, he not only lives for us in his music, but in his second musical self—his honoured widow and great interpreter. Schumann is perhaps the one artist who has attained the highest rank both as a critic and a composer. His sympathies were of the widest. He was completely large-hearted, and free from the jealousies which have marred so many other artists. We think Dr. Spitta says very rightly that his songs will stand side by side with those of Mendelssohn and Schubert, but that, of the three, Schumann is the most profound and intellectually suggestive, and that his symphonies are the most important that have appeared since Beethoven's. Dr. Grove's sketch of Schubert is really delightful. It is worthy to stand by the best of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" or Macaulay's biographies. It has only one drawback—namely, that it is written by Dr. Grove himself. The unfortunate result of this is, that we are

[13] "The Remote Antiquity of Man not Proven: Primeval Man not a Savage." By B. C. Y. London: Elliot Stock. 1882.

[14] "Dictionary of Music." Parts xv.-xvi. Edited by George Grove, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co.

told nothing of the author's labours of love in Vienna, of the important works he has brought to light, or of how he has been the chief means of making Schubert known in England. Franz Peter Schubert was the son of a parish schoolmaster, and was born in Vienna in 1797. Dr. Grove gives us a pretty picture of how a very small, dark-haired, spectacled boy of eleven got into the Court Chapel school at Vienna, and how the big boy of the school band saw what a "clever fellow" he was; and how nervously he owned to having composed "when he could get the paper," which the big boy (Spaun was his name) promised he should not want in future; also how he got a holiday on Sundays, and played quartets with his father and brothers, passing over the old gentleman's blunders till they became too flagrant, when he would say, in his gentle, shy way, "Herr father, something must be wrong there." In spite of shyness, Schubert was a bright, genial being; and it is therefore amusing to find the ludicrously gruesome subjects he selected for composition as a little boy—"Hagar's lament over her dying son," a "Corpse Fantasia" to some ghastly words by Schiller, and "Der Vater-mörder" (The Parricide), dated 26th December, 1811, "a pleasant Christmas piece," as Dr. Grove observes. In 1814 Schubert became an under-teacher in his father's parish school, to avoid the conscription, and from this time he was a most prolific composer. Dr. Grove tells us that on the 15th of August, 1815, he composed eight songs, and seven more on the 19th.' No wonder that he forgot what he had written, and a friend, showing him a copy of one of his own songs, a fortnight after he had composed it, he said, "I say, the song's not so bad; whose is it?" At the end of his short life, Schubert was brought into interesting connection with three of the greatest musicians. He visited Beethoven on his death-bed twice, by Beethoven's own wish. He went on a walking expedition to Haydn's grave in October, 1828, and, returning to Vienna in ill-health, he procured the scores of Handel's oratorios, probably the set of Arnold's edition that had delighted Beethoven when dying. When he examined these he said, "I see now how much I have to learn," and arranged to take lessons in counterpoint. But it was too late. He was probably sickening for typhoid fever. Unable to eat, and constantly sick, with a foreboding of death upon him, he asked his brother to bury him as near Beethoven as possible. Then he became delirious, and would say they had taken him from his own room. When his brother explained that this was not so, he replied, "Beethoven is not here." He died on the 19th November, 1828, aged thirty-one years and nine months. Pergolesi is the only other musician who, dying at the same age, has left works of anything approaching equal importance. Dr. Grove's Dictionary gives a list of 1,131 works by Schubert, but he wrote much besides. In many of his songs he was his own poet. This is not the place to enter upon any criticism of his works, but we hope the little we have been able to say of the life may induce our readers to study Dr. Grove's most admirable biography. As regards the rest of the number before us, the articles on "Schools of Composition," by Mr. W. S. Rockstro;

"Scottish Music," by Messrs. Muir, Wood, and T. L. Stillie; and "Singing," by Mr. H. C. Deacon, will be found interesting. We could wish that a little more detailed criticism had been devoted to such important works as Haydn's "Seasons" and Handel's "Semele," but the present number maintains the very high level of its predecessors. If we are not producing artistic giants in these days, we are at least being well taught what the giants have done before us.

Professor Clerk Maxwell's[15] success as the first holder of the Chair of Experimental Physics at Cambridge is so well known to all who have followed the recent progress of science in England, that no one will quarrel with his biographer for saying that he "enriched the inheritance left by Newton, and consolidated the work of Faraday." The son of a Scotch lawyer, who himself dabbled in scientific experiment, and used his reason on the smallest details of life, even the shape of his boots and his shirts, he inherited, as happens in so many cases, his father's accidental, instead of his professional, qualities, and carried them out to the end. One of his earliest recollections was that of lying on the grass, looking at the sun and *wondering*, a wonder which afterwards was never satisfied without some attempt to exchange it for knowledge. Throughout his childhood his constant question was, "What's the go of that?" "What does it do?" Nor was he content with a vague answer, but would reiterate, "But what is the particular go of it?" A striking instance of the way he thought about what many boys only see, is told by Professor Fleeming Jenkin, "who remembers hearing him say that when he first saw the twisted piles of candles with which grocers decorate their windows, he was struck by the curious and complex curves resulting from the combination of these simple cylinders, and was resolved to understand all about that some day." There is a solemn warning to parents conveyed in the hint of his biographer, that a certain hesitation of manner and obliquity of reply, which clung to him for many years, were brought on by the harsh treatment of a tutor. These peculiarities to a certain extent interfered with his success as a lecturer at Aberdeen, though he had overcome them by the time he accepted the professorship at Cambridge. His childish fondness for dogs was turned to good account in later years, for he taught his pets to allow the interior of their eyes to be examined with an instrument made for the purpose, and even to sit upon an insulating stool to be electrified. In one of his letters there is a sentence which very aptly describes his own attitude towards religion. "Some people keep water-tight compartments in their minds." He appears to have been slightly influenced, perhaps against his will, by F. D. Maurice, but in spite of that, to have retained his Scotch Calvinism to the last. His letters give the impression that he assumed certain dogmas to be beneficial to society, and therefore refrained from testing their truth, not the habit of mind one would expect in a professor of experimental philosophy, but in this respect he but imitated his great predecessor, Faraday. Besides biography and correspondence,

---

[15] "The Life of James Clerk Maxwell." By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., and Wm. Garnett, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

the book contains a few papers on colour vision and other scientific subjects, and some verse, mostly humorous.

Sir William R. Hamilton[16] is an instance of a very different kind of bringing up. Instead of his childhood, being, like Maxwell's, a period of thought and observation, it was, like John Stuart Mill's, perpetual acquisition. At three he could read, and used Johnson's Dictionary for his spelling-book. At four he could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and "cried most piteously" over an argument with another pupil about the advantage of points. At nine he wont be satisfied till he learns Sanscrit, and at twelve he composes a Syriac Grammar. No wonder that he writes, "I sometimes feel as if the bottle of my brain were like those mentioned, I think, in Job, 'full and ready to burst;' but when I try to uncork and empty it, like a full bottle turned upside down, its contents do not run out as fluently as might be expected; nor is the liquor that comes off as clear as could be wished. Perhaps I am not long enough in the bottle to be decanted." A very wise sentiment for a boy of thirteen. At Trinity College, Dublin, he wrote prize poems, and took the classical and scientific gold medals, and at twenty-one was elected Professor of Astronomy, before he had taken his degree, and there this volume leaves him, for though it contains seven hundred pages, it does not carry him beyond his twenty-seventh year. Too much space is taken up by accounts of his relations, and by letters which are of very little interest. What is the use of printing an extract like the following: "The question about the names of the antediluvian patriarchs was put to me some months ago. I examined the original words along with uncle, and found that they are susceptible of such a meaning. The coincidence is undoubtedly curious." There is no explanation given of what the question or the coincidence is, and it is simply so much space wasted. His father's letters show great self complacency in having such a wonderful son. It is surprising that his sisters grew up to love him when they were lectured in such a tone as this: "Boys are supposed to be idle, girls are supposed to be industrious; but your young brother is determined not to relax a moment in his pursuits. Providence is very gracious in giving me such a son, and you such a brother. Now, my dear children, as life is uncertain, and I may be called away, value as you ought such a brother and prove yourselves by your industry and attention deserving of his support and countenance." Like Maxwell and W. K. Clifford, he was very fond of gymnastics, an amusement which scientific men especially affect, probably because it gives the greatest amount of physical benefit with the least expenditure of time. The correspondence, which constitutes the bulk of the book, is very interesting, as the thoughts of such a man of course must be, but it is rather long-winded and a trifle dull. Here is one good story, however, but even that might have been better told in fewer words: "I was riding to Curragh the other day in company with a Scotch friend, a vehement admirer of Dugald Stewart, Reid, Smith, and in a word of all sensible people, who preserve a character for sense

[16] "Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton." By Robert Perceval Graves, M.A. Vol. I. Dublin University Press. 1882.

by never allowing anything like genius to appear, and get on in the world not by the aid of great heads, but by a much more useful help—viz., sharp elbows. We became engaged in a philosophical discussion, and I was declaiming about "eternal truths," when the pony he was riding lost his footing, in consequence of his master's forgetting to hold the reins, and after staggering for about two minutes tumbled on his knees and deposited his rider on the top of his head. He rolled over two or three times, and looking up at me, before he had time to rise, exclaimed, "This comes of your eternal truths." He then jumped up, ran to the pony, who was lying flat on his back in the middle of the road, raised him, mounted, gathered himself well in the saddle, and said, "Now listen, hang your eternal truths! and there anent we will have no more such like gibberish! As soon as you are at home you may mystify yourself and me, and the creature, as much as you like, but while I am on horseback I will have no more conjuring. I thank God that I have not broken my head." Among his correspondents were both Wordsworth and Coleridge, and several letters from, as well as to, them are printed.

This volume[16] does not pretend to take the place of a biography; it is merely the "Recollections," and some of the correspondence, that passed between Mr. Caine and Rossetti during the last three or four years of his life. It is pleasant reading, not only because the subject-matter is full of interest, but also because the style is clear and unaffected, the diction finished, and the whole collected in a spirit of affectionate respect for the poet. A refined and polished manner pervades the "Recollections." Few men have had the power to influence social artistic taste to the extent that Rossetti influenced it; and this is all the more remarkable because the effect produced in certain directions was unconscious. As a relaxation, and a means of diverting his thoughts from his loss and loneliness, he took to collecting curiosities in art, furniture, and literature. "Little did they think, who afterwards followed the fashion he set them, that his primary impulse was, so far from a desire to 'live up to his blue ware,' that it was more like an effort 'to live down to it.'" Again, he was the leading spirit of that little clique, to which also William Morris and Burne Jones belonged, which had for its object the advocacy of the views of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. He was "illustrious in two arts," and liked to be described as a "poetic painter." "The Blessed Damozel" and "Jenny," two of his finest productions, were written at the age of nineteen and twenty-one. Of the latter he says:—"It is a sermon, and on a great world—to most men unknown, though few consider themselves ignorant of it." Of "The Blessed Damozel" he says:—"I saw that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and so I determined to reverse the conditions, and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven."

[17] "Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti." By T. H. Caine. Elliot Stock. 1882.

A life of Franz Liszt[18] can scarcely fail to be interesting, not only on account of his peculiar individuality, but also because his is a life which led to much comment, friendly and otherwise; and many will turn to these volumes, hoping to find a confirmation of their pet theories of a man about whom every one has a theory. The dignity and seriousness of the work are very much spoilt by the translator, who, it is to be hoped, knows the German language better than she knows the English language. Almost all German writing has to be freely paraphrased in a translation into English in order to avoid a gushing and sentimental style. In this case the translator or authoress has been literal to a degree, as—"There are limits it must be acknowledged to our judgment, as far as it is possible at the present time, and its final conclusion must be reserved for days to come." Again—"The musical programmes bring more and more his name into repute." There is a saying that Religionism and Animalism are related. The life of Liszt is an instance. "He could believe himself to have experienced the truth that religion gives a kind of *glowing* chastity in the place of passionate love, and purifies our sighs." In the first volume—"Franz had given himself up to *interior enigmas;* now he was radiant with joy, now sunk in sorrow; he knew the wherefore of neither, but both carried him beyond himself, to a something which filled his inquiring nature with a holy yearning and foreboding; .... and drove him to prayer, to church, to the confessional." In the next volume we have his *liaisons* with G. Sand and Daniel Stern (Countess d'Agoult). In vol. i. "he learned the knightly virtue of protection" to women, and his ideal of woman was "an unconditional love which believes, hopes, and suffers all;" but at the end of the second volume he insinuates to the woman who has fulfilled this ideal and lost her name for him, that her mission is not complete—that she cannot be a genuine "Beatrice" to his "Dante" unless she dies at the early age of eighteen!

A great deal of thoughtful care and conscientious work are contained in this little volume of 200 pages.[19] There is no episode more painful to the modern mind in all Torquato Tasso's unfortunate life than his relations with his patron, the cardinal of Este. Such relations are no longer possible between a mere grandee and a man of genius. A number of quotations from Tasso are carefully chosen and show the master in his many moods. One of the happiest is the chorus in the "Aminta."

> "I know not whether all the bitterness
> This lover tasted serving, love still keeping,
> Despairing, sadly weeping,
> Can be made sweet again in perfect measure
> By any present pleasure:
> But e'en if dearer gladness
> Should seem, through coming after sadness,

---

[18] "Franz Liszt, Artist and Man." By L. Ramann. Translated by Miss Cowdery. W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

[19] "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. Tasso. By E. J. Hasell Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

I do not, love, entreat thee
With this thy greatest bliss to greet me;
With such high blessings others bless;
Me may my nymph accept
After entreaties brief, brief service paid;
Never may our kisses borrow
Seasoning sweet
From such grievous sorrow."

The singular beauty of his moral character is rare indeed, still more rarely found in combination with genius. "The perfect purity of his life, from the day when he entered his prison to its end, was in Italy in those days an amazement to his contemporaries." He was free from envy and jealousy and too generous, truthful, and outspoken to hold his own against the plots and intrigues of a Court. "When advised to use his favour with Alphonso to the injury of his enemies, he is said to have replied, "I should like to take away my enemies' ill-will, not their dignities or honours."

The series which Mr. Morley has now nearly completed, gives us, in a very readable form, most interesting accounts of the lives, writings, and positions in the literary world of our "Men of Letters."[20] The three books before us are characterized by extreme fairness in dealing with the subject in point, and criticisms, whether of private life, or literary efforts, are marked by so much discrimination and judgment, that one feels safe in accepting them as the outcome of careful unbiassed study of the best authorities, rather than the prejudiced expressions of a devoted admirer or detractor.

Mr. Traill, for instance, in his admirable life of Sterne, draws attention to the harshness of parts of Thackeray's powerful essay on that author, fully admitting at the same time the justice of many of the charges brought against him. The account of Sterne's early life is very well told; but it seems hard on old Roger Sterne to call the birth of the only child out of seven who in any way rose to fame, the "misfortune which befell him at the hands of Lucina," coupling it with being "broke and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children." We quite agree with Mr. Traill in finding it difficult to implicitly believe Sterne's account of the results of his writing his name on the whitewashed ceiling at school, but to add that "the urchin's freak was only too unhappily characteristic of the man. The trick of befouling what was clean, and because it was clean, clung to him tenaciously through all his days," attaches extraordinary importance to a freak, the like of which we should think every schoolboy has indulged in, since there were pens to write, or knives to carve with. Sterne's conduct to his wife, and his numerous flirtations, are not pleasant subjects for a biographer to deal with; but Mr. Traill's treatment of them is most careful and excellent in its good taste; and he justly points out that Mrs. Sterne's inability to appreciate her husband's drolleries can be no sufficient excuse for his ever having

[20] "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. Sterne. By H. D. Traill. Swift. By Leslie Stephen. Macaulay. By J. Cotter Morison. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

"some Dulcinea" in his head, as in two years' courtship there was surely time and opportunity for him to discover her capabilities. There seems to be no evidence of how Sterne's sermons were appreciated by his flock, but some of the second set which he published must have satisfied even those of his readers who were most expectant of a completely new style. From a criticism on Methodism which Mr. Traill quotes, in which Sterne asks whether "it is a wonder that the mechanical disturbances and conflicts of an empty belly interpreted by an empty head should be mistook for workings of a different kind from what they are;" one almost might think he agreed with the French anatomist who held that religious emotion was due to a secretion of the lesser intestine. Plagiarist Sterne certainly was, to no small extent, of which Mr. Traill gives us ample proof. His sentimentality may deserve all Thackeray's ridicule, but most people will agree with Mr. Traill that "there is an imperishable element about his humour."

Mr. Leslie Stephen's sketch of Swift is one of the best of the attractive series to which it belongs. It is, on the whole, the pleasantest and most discriminating life of Swift that we have read. It does justice to the kindly side of his character, and reduces to their proper level such indifferent jokes as the "Bickerstaffe Papers" and the "Windsor Prophecy," which had been previously lauded by admiring biographers as masterpieces of wit. Mr. Stephen's chapter on the "Drapier Letters" explains the absurdity of Swift's proposition, from the point of view of a political economist, in a few clear sentences, sufficient to enlighten without boring the ordinary reader. At the same time, he does justice to the keen insight with which Swift saw the weak point in his enemy's case, and exposed the disgraceful nature of the "job." There is a curious omission in Mr. Stephen's book of all mention of Thackeray's remarkable lecture on Swift, published in his "English Humorists." The picture of the Dean there given is so vivid that, in spite of some inaccuracies, those who have read it can hardly fail to form their idea of Swift upon it. We are therefore sorry that Mr. Stephen has not noticed it, and also that he is a little hard on Johnson's sketch of Swift in his "Lives of the Poets." Boswell, it is true, suspected the prejudice of which Mr. Stephen speaks, and, characteristically, asked Johnson if Swift had ever offended him, but the doctor replied that he had not. Possibly any feeling against Swift that he may have had arose from disapproval, combined with reluctant admiration of the "Tale of a Tub," which he said was so powerful that he sometimes doubted if Swift had really written it. A well-annotated edition of "Gulliver's Travels" is wanted, and we have often regretted that neither Thackeray nor Macaulay undertook the task, for which, however, Mr. Leslie Stephen displays great fitness in his present work.

Mr. J. Cotter Morison gives us, in six chapters, the principal episodes in Macaulay's life, with elaborate criticisms upon his character. as shown by his domestic life and through his writings. There is no doubt of Mr. Morison's admiration for the domestic virtues displayed by Macaulay to the very end, for he certainly would find it

difficult to write more strongly on the subject. Such sentences as the following leave nothing more to say:—"As to his (Macaulay's) conduct as a son, as a brother, and as an uncle, it is only the barest justice to say that he appears to have touched the furthest edge of human virtue;" and "his thinking was often, if not generally, pitched in what we must call a low key, but his actions might put the very saints to shame." It is not, however, so easy to discover Mr. Morison's actual views on Macaulay's character, when he leaves the side of it of which the only real criterion can be acts, and discusses that which displays itself in the works he has left behind. Mr. Morison takes pains to inform us that the attempt to impart "vital religion" to Macaulay signally failed; and yet we are informed that "on no other occasion did Macaulay descend so low" as in an attack on spiritual religion, which, to again quote verbatim, "is veiled with much prudence and skill." "Neither in public nor in private had Macaulay any gift for expressing either tender or lofty emotion," in Chapter II.; while in Chapter III. we read: "Macaulay attains a heroism of sentiment which Scott never reaches," referring to the "Lays of Ancient Rome." We must give Mr. Morison credit for touching upon the charge of unfaithfulness, and want of accuracy with great caution; and he fully acknowledges that Macaulay was completely incapable of "conscious duplicity and untruth." A sentence from the very last page, summing up Macaulay's character, is curious enough to be worth quoting: "He is not one of those writers whom we seek 'when our light is low,' telling us 'of the things which belong unto our peace.'" Surely, rather a malapropos criticism on an essayist and historian, unless Mr. Morison is in the habit of "seeking comfort in time of trouble" from different sources from the generality of mankind.

Henry D. Thoreau[21] is one of a series of American "Men of Letters." It is written in a prosaic and sober manner. Nearly 200 pages out of the 300 give little or no information about Thoreau. The last 100 pages are almost entirely made up of quotations from Emerson and Channing. They are strung together by a thread that does not always unite the different and disunited parts. His life in wood and field must always be the point of interest in Thoreau's life. One chapter is devoted to it, which fails to bring home to the reader the picture he seeks. One quotation gives a charming description of his friendship with a heifer, which begins thus:—

"One more confiding heifer, the fairest of the herd, did by degrees approach, as if to take some morsel from our hands. . . . . She by degrees drew near, with her fair limbs progressive, making pretence of browsing; nearer and nearer, till there was wafted to us the bovine fragrance. . . . . Then she raised her gentle muzzle towards us, and snuffed an honest recognition, within hand's reach. . . . . She was as delicately featured as a hind; her hide was mingled white and fawn colour; on her muzzle's tip there was a white spot not bigger than a daisy. As I walked the heifer followed me, and took an apple from my hand, and seemed to care more for the hand than the apple. So innocent a face I have rarely seen on any creature. . . . . She smelled as

[21] "Henry D. Thoreau." By F. D. Sanborn. Edited by C. D. Warner. Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

sweet as the clethra blossom. For horns, though she had them, they were so well disposed in the right place, but neither up nor down, that I do not now remember she had any."

Mr. Alcott's description of him is pithy. He says he is "Virgil, and White of Selborne, and Isaac Walton, and Yankee settler, all in one."

BELLES LETTRES.

OF minor poets and their making of books there is no end. They, like the poor, are always with us. Possibly in Art as in Science the domain of the infinitely little demands the minutest research. But hitherto the requisite faculty of insight has been granted only to the creator of minor verse. Once and again on the understanding that one good turn deserves another, he will condescend to interpret his brother's verse also. And then, indeed, is the fooling admirable. We cannot pretend to have noted and distinguished the infinite gradations between the barely tolerable and the wholly intolerable in the entire batch of verse-books which lie before us. We have set ourselves the more profitable task of appraising at their just value some few which appear to deserve attention. The greater portion of the verse which comes under our notice, printed on thick and ever thicker paper, would seem to be the work of one author writing under various *noms de plume*. He has read, our poet of many disguises, portions of Mr. Tennyson's works in his boyhood, or perhaps childhood; and hence his first and real impulse to verse writing. But Tennyson has grown commonplace, and it is necessary to give savour to the lump by the judicious admixture of more highly spiced compounds. The result is, that we are reminded now of Mr. Swinburne's earlier Lyrics, now of Rossetti, occasionally of Mr. Browning, and even of Mrs. Browning. A little hollow sensuality—the amatory dalliance of waxworks—a little cheap scepticism, which keeps on the safe side by a patronizing recognition of the Deity, an assumption of simple elegance in the treatment of social or domestic incident, a nice assortment of archaic words, with some technical skill in stringing them together, make up his stock-in-trade. To have something to say, and to say it in the best possible language, is not his object, it is the "out-doing Nokes in azure tricks," at which he strives with more or less success. We must not, however, dwell too long on our imaginary author, whose various writings we have dealt with on the converse of the Wolfian method. To adopt his own nervous style—Him will the Time spirit with swift smiting most surely slay.

The author of "The Trinity,"[1] a nineteenth-century Passion Play, who writes anonymously in his preface, deprecates criticism by admitting that his work is "wanting in all historic spirit; the lines limp, being rather prose than verse; the subject one far too close to most

---

[1] "The Trinity." A Nineteenth Century Passion Play. E. Johnson, Trinity Street, Cambridge. 1882.

men's hearts to be thus treated; the writer evidently callow both in life and thought." Nor can we unsay for him what he has said of himself. But we are ready to admit that the poem deserves serious if not favourable consideration. In the first place, it is of considerable length, and must have cost both thought and labour. Your true minor poet contents himself with a few scanty effusions in ballad metre, which he regards as "Lyrics," or at most, with some desultory narratives, which, perhaps, he will call Dramatic Idylls. But a drama of any sort is a serious undertaking, and if there be any sign of imaginative power in the idea, or in the execution of the work, we are bound to regard the author as something more than a mere literary trifler. We may as well admit at the outset that "The Trinity" is not addressed to the orthodox reader. Indeed, it is probable that many who have long since ceased to regard themselves as Christians of the palest type, will read these pages with distaste, if not with a stronger feeling. It is safe to intrude upon the sanctities of the past or the distant, but nothing short of the highest genius can afford to treat with even apparent levity that, which be our religious opinions what they may, is not far from every one of us.

If we have once persuaded ourselves that the sanctuary is empty, it is so easy to rush in, but common prudence and common humanity should restrain us from dragging the bystander after us against his conscience and against his will. At any rate, we venture to think that it is something more than the violation of a canon of taste to choose as the subject of a drama Jesus of Nazareth as he was, according to M. Renan.

Our readers will not suppose that we object to the work on the score of its bold and uncompromising rationalism, but because, professing to be a work of art, it must inevitably outrage the feelings of the majority. In keeping with its character as Passion Play, there is hardly any plot. Judas, disappointed by the unwillingness or inability of Jesus to take his fortune at the tide and place himself at the head of the popular party, betrays his leader to the Pharisees. The latter, who are beginning to fear for the security of orthodox views with regard to the law, and for their own safety, and who have long since resented the new Prophet's outspoken denunciations of an immoral morality, take advantage of the popular reaction to bring about His condemnation and crucifixion. The Scripture narrative is but lightly adhered to, the real purport of the events being as it were read between the lines. But the main interest of the piece centres in the character of the Magdalene. Here the author has achieved a success. We instance the following lines which strike us as powerful and beautiful:—

> "Aye, I have borne
> A greater trial than thine;—for I have sunk
> From what a woman means to what I am.
> Is not this world more harsh to me than thee?
> Thou hast been once deceived; but always I
> Must stand the outcast, scoff, and finger-point
> Of womankind—the plaything of a blockish man.

The hypocrite turns pointedly aside;
The pure of heart with unwilled shudder gives
Me ample room,—and so alone I pass,
Scorning and scorned, along the street of life.
They think all power to love is dead in me—
These home-bred maidens, these ne'er tempted dames.
When comes the time, their duty fancies love,
And bids a ne'er-tried virtue turn its heel
On vice.—False! false! were but occasion mine,
I could excel a thousandfold their love,
As much out-passion their poor paltry zeal
As this cursed fairness tops their commonplace!
Alas, it cannot be! I—I am ever damned!"

As might have been expected, in spite of the audacity of the attempt, the character of Jesus is not worked out with force or consistency. At times He moves across the stage with the pompous unreality of the "central figure" of a modern religious picture; at other times the character falls below the dignity and integrity of the ordinary hero. There is a cobbler who plays the part of the cynical onlooker and impartial critic, siding neither with the Prophet nor the Pharisee—a fairly original conception. The comic element in the speeches of the fool and other minor characters suggests a somewhat nerveless imitation of the bye-talk of the Elizabethan dramatists. The author has shown that he possesses considerable power of thought together with a pleasing facility of style. We trust that in the future he will exercise the one and the other on a more suitable and a more modest theme.

Of a very different sort is "Love's Martyrdom," a play and poem by Mr. John Saunders.[2] Written twenty-seven years ago for the stage, after a short and not very successful run of seven nights, it was finally withdrawn. It is now offered to the theatre, the press, and the public, entirely reconstructed. The author prints in his preface two highly interesting letters from Dickens and Landor, to whom he had sent his play for criticism and approval. Dickens, while he speaks in favourable and even flattering terms of the piece as a whole, recommends with excellent sense and judgment various corrections and excisions for the purposes of stage representation. This good advice the author seems to have rejected. Landor, on the other hand, though offering "twenty-one suggestions for the amendment of words and phrases," not only bestows the warmest praise on "this noble work" as a whole, but singles out various passages for eulogy, as, for instance, pp. 8, 9, "Worthy of Shakespeare, and very like his best," p. 24, "*After many days*," "I would rather have written this than all the poems that have been written in my lifetimé," p. 87, "Supremely grand," &c. Well, both the poetry and the prose of W. S. Landor are of the rarest excellence, and after such an imprimatur as this we can hardly suppose that Mr. J. Saunders will pay much heed to the artless strictures of the "irresponsible reviewer." We must, however, in spite of the overwhelming authority of these lofty names, be permitted to treat the work

[2] "Love's Martyrdom. Play and Poem." By John Saunders. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1882.

on its own merits and "as it strikes a contemporary." The plot is this:—Franklyn, a wealthy and misanthropic hunchback, is about to wed with his ward Margaret, with whom he is passionately in love, and who, not without some trepidation, loves him in return. He has a younger brother, Clarence, between whom and Margaret there have been in the past some childish and inconsiderable love passages. Mindful of this, and to make assurance doubly sure, Franklyn has offered to give Clarence the chance of winning Margaret if he can, and Clarence has refused. The latter is now bid to the wedding, and, were it not for his friend Freelove, the villain of the piece, whom he brings with him, all would have gone smoothly. In one of the earlier scenes of the play Laneham, an artist, presents to his friend Franklyn a picture, which, with unconscious irony, he has named "Love's Martyrdom," and which, in pursuance of some morbid fancy of Franklyn's, represents the wedding of Clarence and Margaret. Laneham's sister Julia, who in the picture plays the part of bridesmaid, has been seduced, as is presently shown, by Clarence, but is loved with a violent and unscrupulous passion by his friend Freelove. In order to bring about his own ends, Freelove cunningly endeavours to revive the old boyish love of Clarence for Margaret, and in so doing contrives to make the hunchback furiously jealous, and Margaret equally furious at his unreasonable jealousy.

The first result of these machinations is that after much hesitation the brothers engage in a duel, in which Clarence is wounded; the second result is that Franklyn, in an agony of penitence, offers to give up Margaret to him, and that Margaret, in her natural resentment at being handed about from brother to brother, consents to the plan. On the very day on which the wedding, the real martyrdom of love, is to take place, Freelove decoys Julia on false pretences to a distant place, trusting that in her confusion and misery at the unfaithfulness of Clarence, he will at length gain his own ends. Fortunately, however, Laneham discovers the stratagem, meets and kills Freelove, gallops back in time to forbid the banns, reveals the weakness of Clarence and the villany of Freelove, and thus enables the jealous lovers to confess their mutual passion before it is too late. Franklyn is wedded to Margaret, but Julia refuses Clarence with scorn. Trusting to our own unaided judgment, we should be prepared to admit that the merit of the piece is sustained throughout at a level of commonplace excellence. The great defect is that all through the play the action is too slow, the narrative too diffuse. In spite of much admirable blank verse, occasionally rising to the height of poetry, we are tempted to laugh where we ought to be overcome with passion and horror. The time of the drama is the sixteenth century, so far as may be gathered from a scene being laid in a monk's house in ruins, and from Franklyn's memories of the burning of a martyr in the castle yard. But we are irresistibly reminded of the frock coat, the satin stock and fur collar of the earlier years of the reign of Queen Victoria; and the language and sentiments of the characters do not counteract the mischievous illusion. Conceive the high-born maiden a daughter

of the "glad renaissance" describing the present of a "drawing" thus:—

> "It was given
> To me some years since by a youthful friend,
> The younger Franklyn, who is now at College;"

or the youth of the period delivering himself as follows:—

> "If I must speak this—
> When Margaret's father, some two years ago,
> A widower in bad health, sought milder skies."

Or the villain with "intent to deceive"—

> "Far too heroically right for me
> To imitate."

There is much to be said for the sparse use of archaisms, but in a sixteenth-century drama the ideas and sentiments should belong to that century, and need not be brought up to date. There is only one song throughout the piece, which Landor, in his letter to the author, says is very like the finest in Beaumont and Fletcher. We quote one of three stanzas:—

> "What! they say Love is blind, my sweet?
> He taught me first to see!
> The very flowers beneath my feet
> Were only flowers to me,
> Till Love informed them with thy grace,
> Thy beauty, and thy bloom
> Ah, now in all 'tis *thee* I trace,
> Thy breath in their perfume."

Subject to Landor's judgment, we should have said that one line was very like a not unknown verse in "Peter Bell," and that the rest was very like, indeed, the verses which used to grace the pages of the "Literary Souvenir," and other similar prints.

It is only fair to give in full one out of many striking passages. It is Franklyn who is speaking:—

> "Hearken but to this,
> My mother's story: After many days
> Of struggle, anguish, danger, sweetly borne,
> She gave me birth. 'Twas nought to her just then,
> The babe's deformity. Heart-thanks to heaven
> Flew up, and quick returned with blessings laden,
> For her own darling's head. While thus she lay,
> In the deep holy calm, the happy lull,
> The ineffable relief from o'erwrought pain
> That mothers only know, my father came;
> And then she smiled, as mothers only smile
> Who wait to see the father greet the son
> And first-born. Oh, my God! Ask not what words
> Brake from him, seeing me. Enough, enough!
> The smile was quenched for ever; and ere long
> The tender life died too."

Verse like this is certainly very fine, if not supremely grand, and we venture to think that Mr. Saunders would succeed better as the writer of poetic narrative than as a dramatist.

Here for a little space we take leave of the amateur and pass on to work which lies on the farther side of success. Whatever Mrs. Webster's pen finds to write is written with rare grace and with considerable power. For her new drama, "In a Day,"[3] we have little but words of praise, and we regret that the space at our disposal will not allow us to do full justice to so delicate a work of art. The scene is laid in Roman Achaia. Myron, a wealthy Greek, is enamoured of his slave, Klydone. In the morning he declares his love, and professes himself ready to enfranchise and to wed her; but in the afternoon he is falsely accused of complicity in a plot against the Roman Government, and in the evening he drinks the appointed cup of hemlock and dies. From this fate his friend Euphranor, who had vainly endeavoured to interest him in a scheme of national revolt, fails to save him, and Klydone, who had submitted to torture, but in her agony betrayed him, drinks of the same cup and dies. And her father, Olymnios, slave in name but lord of his own will, who braved the torture successfully, dies of a broken heart. The little piece is short, in keeping with the subject, "Our days are even as a span long," but it is full of the "tender grace of a day that is dead," of the joyousness of mere living, which is already melancholy, and of death that is without sorrow because it is without either fear or hope. The character of Myron is original and interesting. He is the child of pleasure, but she has been a kind mother to him, teaching him the secret of the more blessed giving, as well as the simpler love of joy and gladness. And yet is he the son of pleasure, for he can do all things but live without enjoyment. Nor is Klydone above her fate. She was utterly unlike a slave, but she was a slave, and she failed in spite of herself. Here is Myron's argument against life in a new country :—

> "No; best end now.
> A lifelong stranger on unnatural earth,
> Blind of these beautiful familiar hills,
> These houses of my townsfolk, this curved sea,
> Where every rock that chafes the limpid blue
> Bears the known name and face of early friends,
> My dull ears wearied with sharp alien speech,
> My heart sick for the lack of wonted ways:
> That's exile. And there's penury to add;
> Cross, timid, counting, chaffering penury.
> No. Tell him no. I am too much a coward."

We can only add a few lines from Klydone's answer :—

> "Oh, count nought desolate, save to be alone,
> See all there is in life, all in dear love.
> Wert exiled; take the earth to be thy country.

[3] "In a Day." A Drama. By Augusta Webster. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1882.

> Wert poor; the poor have wealth that is their own:
> Peace from the prying world, frank unrestraint,
> The infinite liberty to be oneself."

We have only to add one word which is not of praise. In many places the style is too difficult. Where the thought is profound, obscurity of language is perhaps pardonable, but where the fancy is subtle, there should the diction be clear. It ought not to be necessary to sit down before a concert and take it by force. The songs, though admirable of their kind, are too artificial in our judgment, and follow too closely the fashion of the day.

"Ariadne in Naxos,"[4] by R. S. Ross, is the work of a scholar. Whether it makes for originality or lively interest to write in English the semblance of a Greek play is a question to itself, and which can only be decided by the verdict of time. As we found it, the play is far too long, and the style in too many passages bald and unnatural. No intervention of fate or fury can make the conduct of Theseus colourably heroic. Deliberate and protracted baseness on the part of heroes is not a suitable theme for lofty verse. The latter half of the play is to our thinking by far the best. The character of Dionysus is delightfully treated, the whole of his long speech, pp. 133–142, extremely beautiful. In this passage Mr. Ross has shown that he can write as a poet should. There is much elaboration of lyrical stanzas in the part devoted to the chorus. We found them dull reading, but we admit that there is much technical skill in the composition. We would submit that "flaws" does not rhyme to "abhors;" but we must hasten to add that this strange slip is the first and last of its kind.

"A Life's Love"[5] is a collection of sonnets old and new, by Mr. George Barlow, together with some poems, which are now published for the first time. This is a bulky volume, beautifully printed on stout paper. Mr. Barlow has unquestionably got the knack of writing musical verse. He has studied the composition of the sonnet, and he possesses not only a great command of poetical language, but he is gifted with a delicate fancy; and we are ashamed of so commonplace a metaphor he can ring all the changes of the chimes of love. We believe that in a peal of twelve bells there are, more or less, seventeen billion changes, and we see no reason why Mr. Barlow should not, with a fair start, write seventeen billion sonnets. But it is one thing to understand the composition and another to have comprehended the nature of a sonnet. A sonnet must contain a thought—must be about something. Mr. Barlow's sonnets are manifold reflections on an emotion. Many of them are really beautiful, and we cannot but regret the expenditure of so much poetical material on so slight and unimportant a fabric. Here is one of the sonnets, charming enough to make many of our readers turn to Mr. Barlow's volume and judge for themselves.

---

[4] "Ariadne in Naxos." By R. Ross. Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1882.

[5] "A Life's Love." By George Barlow. Remington & Co., New Bond Street. 1882.

"WEAK AND WEARY.

"I wander ever onward, weak and weary:—
At times there comes a great desire for rest;
The days are sad, the nights are dark and dreary;
I long to sink into my love's soft breast,
My home, my abiding place, my snowy nest,—
I long to run and hide my head therein,
My face all scarred and marred with shame and sin,—
And yet she loves me! why, she knoweth best.
My sweet, my life, my all, my golden treasure,
My bower of buds and blossoms of delight,
What joy for us, what pale pursuit of pleasure,
What sound of sighs and kisses through the night!
What echoes of low laughter without measure
From dewy eve till morning clear and bright!"

"Proud creature" should the author be of "The Praise and Blame of Love!"[6] Who would not envy such an attire for the offspring of his muse? Seriously, the book is a beautiful specimen of modern printing, and the sunflower on the title-page, though not perhaps a very startling emblem just now, almost persuades us to be æsthetics. The best lines in the book are in a Scottish version of the famous ninth ode of the third book of the "Odes of Horace." The following verses, in spite of some affectation, are sound at core:—

"LOVE.

"Not the naked dame who rose
Once a maid from foamy seas,
Not the little god who throws
Loverward his dizzy woes,
Taught your gentle eyes to please.

"Eros, Aphrodite, all
Gods and ladies of renown,
Curves and limbs and hair that pall,
Wondrous soft, 'divinely tall,'
Seem to fade and vanish down.

"Steeps and hollows where the night
Holds them glad or sad or dead,
Blinding nevermore the sight
Of the lovelorn luckless wight
Mad to die or mad to wed.

"God endued your heart with love,
Eyes with light and lips with wile;
Love that weds its waiting love,
Love that stays with only love,
Love of love, not knowing guile."

If this young writer will study classical models, and keep himself from contemporary idols, he may do well.

We cannot say that we have enjoyed reading the "New Medusa,"[7]

---

[6] "The Praise and Blame of Love." Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick, 1882.

[7] "The New Medusa, and other Poems." By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. 1882.

and other poems, by Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton. The matter of his verse is for the most part distressful, and the treatment purposely weird and horrible. Mr. Lee Hamilton, so it would seem, writes from a sick room, and he puts this forward as an excuse for the morbid character of his poems. "The New Medusa" is powerful but extremely unpleasant. "The Mandoline," somewhat in the manner of Mr. Browning, is vivid and dramatic.

If Mr. Lee-Hamilton would divert his imagination from the darker side of Nature and history, and give his mind to pleasanter things, his gift for verse would in itself be a source of happiness, and, in spite of the bonds of pain and sickness, he would perhaps once again find himself free.

In his modest and not unpleasing epilogue to Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and other poems,[8] Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen tells us that he writes from Australia, that he desires to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Longfellow, and would be judged by the humble if somewhat obscure standard of

> "What the American
> Could write two centuries ago."

We read with pleasure the tale of Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and can recommend it to our readers. A good tale well told justifies publication. But the other poems are very poor stuff. In "Sappho" the thought is not worked out, and the end of "Ethel" does not answer to the beginning. Mr. Sladen should have contented himself with publishing a much smaller volume.

"Poems,"[9] by Mr. Henry Peterson, contain the "Modern Job," published in 1869; "Faire Mount," in 1874, and some shorter pieces. The opening scenes of the "Modern Job" are thoughtful and interesting, but the end is feeble. The fault of the whole poem is that the "Modern Job" is in part the Ancient Job over again—and we prefer the original narrative—and in part it has nothing to do with Job whatever. The transmutation of Job is conceivable, by a Great Genius. Of the lesser poems, we care most for "Oh! my Pythias!"

We cannot say much for "Verses of Varied Life,"[10] by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, except that the book is nicely got up. We will quote the first four lines:—

> "The strong River of Thought has an aye changeful course,
> Yet for ever it springs from the same changeless source,
> Where God-given Truth in its grandeur doth reign,
> The regal physician of man's mental pain."

---

[8] "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," and other Poems. By Douglas B. W. Sladen, an Australian Colonist. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1882.

[9] "Poems." By Henry Peterson, including the "Modern Job." Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, and Southampton Street, Covent Garden. 1882.

[10] "Verses of Varied Life." By H. T. Mackenzie Bell. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. 1882.

And the last three of "Architectural Ornaments:—

> "All, all make up a noble whole,
> And fill the heart with feelings which
> 'Twere better that it ne'er forgot."

That which lies between these extremes is of similar quality.

It is a pleasure to turn to "Ane Booke of Ballades,"[11] by Jeanie Morison. The writer has entered into the spirit of the old Scottish ballads, and, as far as may be, produced modern ballads in the same style. It would seem, to judge by the general taste for revivals, that, like the grown-up children we are, "our whole vocation were an endless imitation." Be that as it may, Miss Jeanie Morison has imitated her models very prettily indeed.

The "Bostán of Sádi,"[12] the Garden of Fragrance, a translation from the original Persian, must have been a work of considerable labour. As a translation it will not be without value. But these many thousand—say, at a rough guess, eight thousand—lines of moral platitudes, expressed in prosaic terms, and not so much draped as "concluded" in rhyming Anapæstic Tetrameters, do not add much to our pleasure or our knowledge. Here is a fair specimen:—

> "One was cutting the branches and trunk of a tree;
> The lord of the garden his doings did see.
> He said, 'If the work of this person is vile,
> Himself, and not me, he is hurting the while.'
> Advice is salvation, if taken aright;
> Overthrow not the weak with the shoulder of might!"

Students of Persian may find the book useful, but as a poetical rendering it is without literary merit.

The author of "Lord Sterling's Stand,"[13] and other Poems, writes with spirit, and his verse may be recommended to the lovers of metrical narrative. "The Aztec Emperor" is a fair specimen of an historical ballad, but "contestants" is not a pretty word. The third part of "Christabel" leaves that poem still unfinished. Will Mr. Babcock forgive us for saying that it is really not so bad! But "Christless dead," "slippery pave," "dashed like mad," "in and aid her," are, we think, post-Coleridgeian phrases.

From the same side of the Atlantic comes "Webster: an Ode."[14] The object of this ode, which is printed in large type and with wide margins, and of the notes, which are printed with wide margins and in small type, is to do honour to Daniel Webster, and to clear his memory from various charges of a public and private character. After

---

[11] "Ane Booke of Ballades." By Jeanie Morison. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1882.

[12] "The Garden of Fragrance." Translation of the "Bostán of Sádi." Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1882.

[13] "Lord Sterling's Stand," and other Poems. By W. H. Babcock. Lippincott & Co., Southampton Street, Covent Garden. 1880.

[14] "Webster: An Ode." New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. London: Trübner. 1882.

due and reverent study of this portentous work, we can but exclaim, with Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious!"

"The Treble Angel and Two Maidens"[15] is quite beyond us. If it has any meaning at all, it lies far too deep for our comprehension. But perhaps it is a joke, and if so, it is a pity that the author has not, like the German master in "Vice Versâ," "gompressed him."

"An Experiment in Translation,"[16] by Mr. W. F. Shaw, is a metrical rendering of selected satires from Juvenal and Perseus and of some of the odes of Catullus and Martial. Within certain lines the experiment is a success. To that large class of readers who have learned a little Latin and forgotten that little, this translation will bring back what they have lost. But we question if the modern scholar, whose intellect has not been "ruined" by a classical education, would, even with the help of the notes, get a fair idea of the style and matter of these four authors. In spite of careful selection, the book is not *virginibus puerisque.*

An edition of the "Orations of Lysias,"[17] by Mr. Shuckburgh, is intended for use in the upper form of public schools. We can heartily recommend this work, which is practically the introduction of a new classic. The notes are clear and to the point, and—rare excellence in school-books—both interesting and instructive.

Messrs. Macmillan issue four more of their series of Elementary Classics:[18] (1) "Cæsar, Gallic War," Book I.; (2) "Virgil, Æneid," Book I.; (3) "Xenophon, Anabasis," Book I., by Mr. A. S. Walpole, M.A.; and (4) "Cicero, Select Letters," by Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A. They are all excellent, but we especially welcome the Letters, which supply a want. We cannot help wondering whether, like coaches and cathedrals, classical school-books are being brought to perfection on the eve of their extinction—*absit omen!*

"Anacreontis"[19] is a dainty little edition of thirty-five selected odes. We recognize the fineness of American typography, but we cannot take pleasure therein. Perhaps this is due to insular and invincible ignorance.

Functional Elements of an English Sentence,[20] by the Rev. W. G. Wrightson, is an educational work of great interest and high merit. It is adapted for the use of the teacher or the advanced student of the science of language. A new system of analytic marks is offered for the use of beginners.

---

[15] "The Treble Angel and Two Maidens." By Ovidius Mason, jun. E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane. 1882.

[16] "Juvenal,' &c. An Experiment in Translation. By W. E. Shaw, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1882.

[17] "Lysias. Orationes XVI." By Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

[18] "Xenophon—Anabasis. " Book I. A. S. Walpole, M.A. "Cæsar—Gallic War. Book I. A. S. Walpole, M.A. "Virgil—Æneid I. A. S. Walpole, M.A. "Cicero—Select Letters." Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A. Macmillan's Elementary Classics. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[19] "Anacreontis." By Isaac Flagg. London: Trübner. Boston: Ginn. Heath & Co. 1882.

[20] "Functional Elements of an English Sentence." By the Rev. W. G. Wrighton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

From the Essays of Dryden,[21] edited by Mr. C. D. Yonge, we offer two brief selections for the consideration of poets and others. The first is from the Essay on Satire. "For unnecessary coinage as well as unnecessary revival runs into affectation," and the second is from the Essay on Translation. Dryden says of Lucretius, "In short he was so much of an atheist that he forgot sometimes to be a poet." Mr. Yonge's introduction is clear and instructive.

"The Annals of Tacitus,"[22] by Mr. G. O. Holbrooke, will prove a useful edition to those to whom that of Orelli is inaccessible, or who prefer their foot-notes in English. It contains some convenient genealogical tables and four excellent maps. An ample index is a notable feature and deserves commendation.

In Messrs. Macmillan's Foreign School Series we have Molière's comedy, "L'Avàre,"[23] with an introduction and notes by Mr. Louis M. Moriarty. Each scene is prefaced by a clear and concise explanation of the action. The notes, both verbal and grammatical, while admirably adapted for the use of students, possess, besides, considerable philological interest.

From "The Clarendon Press Series" we have received the Horace of Corneille[24] with introduction and notes by Mr. G. Saintsbury. The Prolegomena consists of essays on the "Life and Writings of Corneille," "French Tragedy before Corneille," "The Tragedies of Corneille and Racine," "French Tragedy after Racine," "The Stage in the time of Corneille," and finally of an introductory essay on Florence. These essays show the writer to be well versed in French classical literature, and they, as likewise the notes at the end of the volume, are well adapted for the use of students.

"Nora,"[25] a play by Henry Ibsen, translated from the Norwegian by Henrietta Frances Lord, is not a very memorable piece of artistic work in the form in which it reaches us. Of the dialogue we do not venture to speak, for the force and grace of dialogue rarely survive in a translation, but the characters appear to us to be unnatural, and the plot and *dénouement* unsatisfactory. We learn, however, from the prefatory notice, that Ibsen's plays in general, and "Nora" in particular, have been written to illustrate certain theories—the exact nature of which is by no means made clear—which the author entertains on the marriage question. This, in our opinion, fully accounts for a certain air of unreality which more or less pervades the sayings and doings of all the characters in "Nora," for in a play with a pur-

---

[21] "Essays of John Dryden." By C. D. Younge, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[22] "The Annals of Tacitus." Edited by George O. Holbrooke, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[23] "L'Avàre (Molière). Louis M. Moriarty. Macmillan's Foreign School Classics. 1882.

[24] "Corneille's Horace." Edited by George Saintsbury. Clarendon Press Series. Oxford. 1882.

[25] "Nora," a Play. By Henry Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Henrietta Frances Lord. London: Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1882.

pose" (other than that of holding the mirror up to Nature) the *dramatis personæ* are not so much men and women as puppets arranged to illustrate the theories of their creator.

In opening a new book by so popular an author as Mr. Stevenson, one naturally expects to be charmed, and especially as in the present case the book has, in a few months, reached a second edition; we must confess, however, that "The New Arabian Nights"[26] fails to realize our anticipations. The stories seem to us far-fetched and improbable, without ever rising above commonplace; some of them are even silly and frivolous—*e.g.*, "The story of the young man with the cream tarts." In all of them there is a straining of the sensational effect which sometimes attains to ghastliness, but never to romance. The style, too, is frequently forced and affected; one pervading affectation being the use of French idioms literally translated into English. Quite un-French, however, is a certain haziness of expression which in its milder form dimly shadows forth the writer's meaning, leaving much to the ingenuity and goodwill of the sympathethic reader; while in more aggravated cases it expresses something which the writer assuredly did not intend. A somewhat amusing instance of this latter kind is to be found in the story entitled "The Adventure of the Hansom Cabs" (vol. i. p. 131), where one of the characters is in such poignant suspense that he breaks out into a sweat of agony, or, according to Mr. Stevenson, "an agony of sweat," a form of words more suggestive of the Turkish bath than of intensity of emotion. If, however, Mr. Stevenson has a slight tendency to amphibology, he may comfort himself with the reflection that it is a thorough English defect. Has not Mr. Arnold told us that we "want lucidity"? A graver fault than any mere defect of style is the morbid tone which more or less runs through all the stories. They are feverish, unwholesome reading. The original "Arabian Nights" no doubt left much to be desired on the score of moral edification, but they possess in an extraordinary degree the merit of local colouring. Perhaps no other book, whether of fiction or of travels, ever brought the East so clearly and fascinatingly before the eyes of European readers. In that sunny land of mirage and unreality, peopled by Genii, and where everything is brought about by enchantment, a stringent moral code could hardly be expected to obtain, but Mr. Stevenson's tales are Arabian only in name, the suicides, robberies and murders, which form their subject matter are perpetrated in our own day, not further off than London or Paris, and the treatment and colouring are essentially modern and realistic. Consequently in our opinion they much too nearly resemble glorified and mundane "Penny dreadfuls"—with royal princes, general officers, physicians, and clergymen for *dramatis personæ*—to be regarded as legitimate successors of "The Arabian Nights."

We notice with warm welcome a new and very handsome illustrated

---

[26] "New Arabian Nights." By Robert Louis Stevenson. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

edition of the original Arabian Nights Entertainment[27] "*The real Simon Pure*," and never have we seen the fascinating companion of our youth more "daintily dight." Type and paper are both of the finest quality, while M. Lalauze's graceful and delicate etchings lend an additional charm to the text. The Thousand and One Nights of Schéhérézade occupy four goodly volumes, and uniform with them is Beckford's Vathek and Dr. Johnson's Rasselas in one volume.

The truth of the old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," receives a signal illustration in Mr. Howells' "Modern Instance;" indeed, we hardly know of what the book is "a Modern Instance,"[28] unless it be of the truth of that proverb. The hero, Bartley Hubbard, when first introduced to the reader, is certainly not a young man actuated by high aims or aspirations; his ideal is simply success in life to be attained by "smartness." His mental resources, which are considerable, are concentrated on this one great object But to set against this single-minded devotion to "the almighty dollar"—supposed, perhaps erroneously, to be a national characteristic—he has many redeeming qualities. He is not wantonly nor willingly untruthful, he is sweet tempered and amiable, indefatigably industrious, and addicted to no gross vice. In fact, one sees no reason why, under favourable circumstances, he might not have become, and remained, a fairly estimable member of society. Yet, from his first appearance on the scene, all the virtuous characters in the book speak of him with a degree of contempt and even disgust, which, to the reader not yet in the secret of his future development, seems exaggerated and uncalled for. Even at the close of his career, when all his faults and basenesses are arrayed in order, one cannot but see that circumstances have a large share in his becoming the "hound" and "scoundrel" which he was prematurely called; in fact, there reigns throughout the book an ethical standard which is rather superfine and *dilettante* than truly just and noble. This protest once entered, there is little else which does not call for unqualified praise. The dialogue is everywhere racy and natural; and the pictures of American life, whether in a New England village, or in Boston, are most vivid and entertaining.

"Messer Agnolo's Household,"[29] by Mr. Leader Scott, is a picture of Florentine life in the Cinque Cento period, into which is woven a very romantic story. The author has managed to give a thoroughly Italian atmosphere to his book. In his minute descriptions of manners, costumes, and even furniture of the time, he never seems to be at fault. He has chosen an uneventful interval—that when Lorenzo dei Medici

---

[27] "The Thousand and One Nights." The Arabian Nights Entertainments, with an Introduction by Jonathan Scott, LL.D.; with original Etchings by Ad. Lalanze. Also the "History of the Caliph Vathek." By W. Beckford, Esq. 4 vols; and "Rasselas." By Dr. Samuel Johnson. 1 vol. Nimmo & Bain, King William Street, Strand. 1883.

[28] "A Modern Instance. By William D. Howells. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Davis Douglas. 1882.

[29] "Messer Agnolo's Household." By Leader Scott. Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

held his court—in order not to interfere with or throw into the background the "Household" life which he paints so well.

In "Treherne's Temptation,"[30] Mr. Carr has set himself a very difficult task, which he has performed with skill and power. The story is full of interest from beginning to end—the plot unusually good and thoroughly worked up. It would be unfair to the reader to even hint at the unravelment of this romantic novel. One of the chief charms of the book is the description of easy Continental life; whether in Paris, or at Baden-Baden, the author is always equally at home, and evidently fond of his subject. The characters are remarkably well drawn, and distinctly defined—the Vicomte a most polished and perfect specimen of a French noble. His very weaknesses are charming. Our sympathies are always with him, and with his nation because of him. The German element in the book is not the least agreeable feature of it, and though the calamities of 1870 are still too recent to be forgotten, we find the Frenchman and the German meeting on neutral ground, and content to condone the bitter past in the rose garden of their English friends. The very servants and dogs add their quota to the enjoyment to be derived from this most agreeable novel. We must not omit to notice that there is a great deal of interesting talk about music. The quotations, too, from Heine, are full of meaning and appropriateness. If there is a fault in the book, it is a little affectation in the oft-repeated comparison by the individuals of their several nationalities, and in the spelling of the words English, French, and German with small letters.

"Damocles,"[31] by Margaret Veley, has been compared to works by Miss Bronte and Nathaniel Hawthorne, but we cannot see that such comparison is deserved. Such morbid fancies and such reiterated and melancholy forebodings, together with an ill-defined shadowy story, are anything but edifying to read, or pleasant to remember. The sword of Damocles never actually falls, but it would be almost better if it did, than to "die daily" in expectation of it.

The lovers of a good novel cannot fail to enjoy the perusal of "Val Strange,"[32] by Mr. D. C. Murray. The plot is interesting without being too complicated. The incidents are varied and entertaining, and give rise to several highly dramatic situations, which are well treated, All the characters are natural and well sustained, and some of them have the power of enlisting the warmest sympathies of the reader; but the central figure is undoubtedly "Hiram Search," the American, who, in our opinion, deserves to rank as an original and successful creation.

In "Jobson's Enemies"[33] Mr. Jenkins presents us with a most unusual

---

[30] "Treherne's Temptation" By Alaric Carr. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co., Waterloo Place. 1882.

[31] "Damocles." By Margaret Veley. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co., Waterloo Place. 1882.

[32] "Val Strange." A Story of the Primrose Way. By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

[33] "Jobson's Enemies." By Edward Jenkins. 3 vols. London: Strahan & Co., 34, Paternoster-Row. 1882.

novel. In external appearance and size its three volumes resemble school dictionaries rather than the ordinary three-volume novel; nor in its internal structure is the work less of an exception to its class. It begins with the grandfather of the hero; of him many characteristic anecdotes are given, and sufficient is said to afford a pretty accurate idea of his personality, social status, and surroundings. Next we are introduced to the immediate parents of "Jobson," and we follow their fortunes, together with those of his maiden aunt, Bertha Jobson, through the whole of the first volume, and part of the second, before Jobson himself comes to man's estate, and the proper action of the story begins. But the time and space have not been wasted, for not only have a succession of pleasant lively scenes and interesting incidents passed before the eyes of the reader, but he has gained an intimate knowledge of the surroundings amid which the hero's childhood and youth have been spent, and is enabled to trace their influence on the gradual formation and development of his character. This is by far the most agreeable part of the book. The sketches of English society, both civil and military, in Barbadoes, in the first half of the present century, are well drawn, in spite of some anachronisms which after all occur about things of little moment. Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, infantry officers did not wear moustachios in 1830, neither in those days did ladies at a ball carry programmes whereon to inscribe their partners' names; still less did they dance the polka, which had not then been invented. Colonial life in Canada is also well treated, though here, too, the author seems occasionally to draw his materials from a state of things much more recent than the period which he is professedly depicting. Several of the more prominent figures in the first part of the work—that which deals with the childhood and youth of the hero—are finely conceived and well painted. The latter portion of the story is painful, and its close tragic; but no other *dénouement* was possible. With a character so uncompromising and unconciliating as that of Thaddeus Jobson worldly success was impossible, and even domestic happiness was hardly to be hoped for. Notwithstanding his powerful intellect and many noble qualities, nay, in some degree owing to those qualities, his enemies found their most potent auxiliary in Jobson himself.

When we received Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Kept in the Dark,"[34] we little thought that it was the last product of that prolific pen. We felt that any criticism or analysis of it would be sorely out of place while the life of the brilliant author trembled in the balance. But, now that he is dead, we can only remember with deep regret that we shall have no more of the graceful literature which for nearly forty years has delighted his readers, and we offer these few words as a respectful tribute to the memory of one of the manliest and most genial authors that ever lived.

One of the most obvious criticisms on Mr. Besant's "All Sorts and

---

[34] "Kept in the Dark." By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

Conditions of Men"[33] is that the story is impossible; but, as the second title of the book is "An Impossible Story," that point is once for all conceded, and criticism is disarmed. The author, indeed, says in his preface that he does not see why the story should be impossible, but we think he will find few who will regard it in any other light. Still, whether possible or not, it is a charming story, and by no means uninstructive. To many readers the East London here so vividly portrayed, with its two millions of inhabitants, will be a new revelation; to nearly all it is more completely a terra incognita than some of the remotest regions of Europe, or even of America. "Probably," says the author, "there is no such spectacle in the whole world as the immense, neglected, forgotten great city of East London. It is even neglected by its own citizens, who have never yet perceived their abandoned condition. They are Londoners, it is true, but they have no part or share of London; its wealth, its splendours, its honours exist not for them. They have no institutions of their own to speak of, no public buildings of any importance, no municipality, no gentry, no carriages, no soldiers, no picture galleries, no theatres, no opera—they have nothing." The chapter headed "Sunday in the East End" is very striking and too sharply realistic not to have been drawn from the life. It is prefaced by the following reflections:—"Strange and wonderful result of the gathering of men in great cities! It is not a French, or an English, or a German, or an American result—it is universal; in every great city of the world, below a certain level, there is no religion. Life is nothing for ever and ever, but work in the week with as much beer and tobacco as the money will run to, and loafing on Sundays with more beer and tobacco." For the wondrous projects by which the "joyless city" is to be regenerated and the dreary wilds of Stepney, Mile-end, and Whitechapel turned into an earthly paradise, we must refer the reader to Mr. Besant's agreeable pages; but if his schemes are somewhat Utopian, his advice to working men is eminently sound and practical. He would have them eschew politics, and distrust equally the promises of all political parties. "Abolish the House of Lords, if you like," says one of the principal characters in a speech delivered at a working man's Radical club. "How much better will you be when it is gone? You can go on abolishing. There is the Church. Get it disestablished. Think how much better you will all be when the churches are pulled down. Yet you couldn't stay away any more then than you do. You want the land laws reformed. Get them reformed, and think how much land you will get for yourselves out of that reform. Whether the House of Lords, or the Church, or the Land Laws stand or fall, that, my friends, makes not the difference of a penny-piece to any single man among us. You who agitate for their destruction are generously giving your time and trouble for things which help no man. And yet there are so many things that can help us." The speech is too long to be quoted *in extenso*, but it is replete with truth and good sense. Its substance

[33] "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." An Impossible Story. By Walter Besant. 3 vols. Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

is: Learn what you want, and still more what you lack, and then set to work and procure it by your own united efforts. Nothing really worth having can be given to us by Governments, nor by any one but ourselves.

Criticism is indeed an irksome task when it is exercised on such a subject as Mr. Richardson's "Killed at Sedan."[36] If he means to continue the craft of authorship, we recommend him to undergo a severe course of study in English composition. He would thus at least learn to avoid sentences of more than half a page in length, and other similar faults, which would disgrace a schoolboy's theme.

The incidents narrated in Mr. de Fonblanque's novel, "The Blackest of Lies,"[37] are of a highly sensational character and the plot is a most unusual one. The principal *dramatis personæ* are, the heroine, victim of "the blackest of lies," an enthusiastically pious clergyman, stung into piety by not undeserved remorse for past misdeeds; an ex-Roman Catholic priest, who is perhaps the most unscrupulous and cold-blooded fanatic who has appeared in fiction since Eugene Sue's "Rodin," and finally two wonderfully sagacious and high principled American gentlemen—father and son—of whom it may be said that "whatever was done" (to any purpose) "they were the doers of it." Among actors of secondary importance, we have a lady of fashion—sister of the remorseful clergyman—her husband, and, we regret to say it, her lover. Out of these materials a very interesting, and, as we said before, a somewhat sensational tale is woven.

We do not quarrel with Colonel Colomb's "For King and Kent"[38] for being a Royalist story, nor even for being an entirely one-sided story; a novel may be all that without ceasing to be good; but nothing can excuse a novel for being tedious. Now, though we are far from condemning "For King and Kent" as an utterly dull and tedious book, we cannot but think that it is in this direction that it is most open to criticism. The personal adventures of the London apprentice, whose autobiography it is supposed to be, are hardly sufficiently exciting to carry us through the dulness of historical expositions and political reflections, which, too one-sided to have any independent interest, merely retard the action, and spin out into three volumes a story that, if compressed into one, would have been far more readable.

"Life among my Ain Folk"[39] is rather a dreary little book. We have no doubt that it presents a sufficiently true picture of the life of the Scotch peasantry, from amongst whom its characters are exclusively chosen, but it requires the transforming touch of genius to render the story of such lives interesting, and that touch is .not here

---

36 "Killed at Sedan." By Samuel Richardson, A.B., B.L. 1 vol. R. Washbourne, Paternoster Row. 1882.

37 "The Blackest of Lies." A Novel. 3 vols. By Albany de Fonblanque. Remington & Co., New Bond Street. 1882.

38 "For King and Kent" (1648). A true Story of the Great Rebellion. By Colonel Colomb. 3 vols. Remington & Co., New Bond Street. 1882.

39 "Life among my Ain Folk." By William Alexander. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882.

forthcoming. The dialect too, in which the work abounds, is of a repulsive character, that, again, is most likely true to the life—the dialect actually spoken in some part of Scotland—but none the less it is repulsive, and how different from the dialect of the Border, made at once familiar and classic to all English-speaking people by the Waverley Novels! It is but justice to add that entertainment does not seem to be the final cause of "Life among my Ain Folk" so much as the administration of religious instruction in a narrative form.

"The Farm in the Karoo,"[40] by Mrs. Carey Hobson, is a very agreeable narrative of a year spent in South Africa by three young English gentlemen. The story is very slight, but it is made the vehicle for an immense amount of varied information respecting Cape Colony, its inhabitants, its climate, its fauna and flora, its ostrich farms, and many other specialities too numerous to mention in detail. In fact the whole book is a series of pictures bringing the scenes it depicts so vividly before the reader, that he has something of the feeling of having seen it with his own eyes. The illustrations, too, are very good, especially that entitled "The Outspan," page 131.

Another volume professing to be mere "impressions de voyage," is "Gleanings from Western Prairies,"[41] by the Rev. W. E. Youngman. It is written in a lively entertaining style, but conveys little additional information to those who have from time to time read books of travel in the great Western Continent. The author, as he fully informs us in the prologue, is a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and the book, as is natural, bears traces of its origin. To use an expressive French phrase, "Ça sent la sacristie."

At the approach of Christmas the full tide of children's books begins to flow, and this time it almost threatens an inundation. Where a generation ago one or two picture books were carefully treasured in "*mama's*"—not "*mother's*"—drawer, or old aunt's cabinet, now every nursery is strewn with a profusion of children's literature, largely embellished with illustrations both showy and artistic. Many of the volumes before us are "old friends with new faces." Of such is the new version of Grimm's Tales—now presented as "Household Stories,"[42] from the collection of the Brothers Grimm, translated from the German by Lucy Crane. The translation is probably more accurate than those of the old edition, but we cannot help regretting the loss of some of the time-honoured phrases which delighted our youth, and which stamped themselves on the memory for ever. "The wind whistled through their hair," seems tame to those who were thrilled by the much more sensational refrain, "And on they went over stock and stone till

---

[40] "The Farm in the Karoo." By Mrs. Carey Hobson. Juta, Heelis & Co., Fleet Street. 1883.

[41] "Gleanings from Western Prairies." By the Rev. W. E. Youngman. Jones & Piggott (late Rivingtons). Cambridge. London: Kent & Co., Paternoster Row. 1882.

[42] "Household Stories," from the collection of the Brothers Grimm. Translated om the Germ·· by Lucy Crane. Macmillan & Co. 1883.

their hair whistled in the wind," with its accompanying etching of the Prince riding on the fox's tail. Cruikshank's drawing of Rumpetstiltschen, too, was inimitable, and presented to our mind far more completely the individuality of the discomfited dwarf than any recent conception of him.

We are rather sorry than otherwise to see "Alice through the Looking-glass"[43] dramatized for children to act. In this tale, and in its predecessor, "Alice in Wonderland," Mr. Louis Carroll discovered the very fount of fun—fun of which the intense absurdity found its greatest novelty and charm. It was excellent fun for grown-up children, and to turn it into a play for little folks to act in their imperfect and non-appreciative fashion, is to rob it of much of its subtle cleverness, and change it into commonplace. The other plays in the same volume are much more suitable to youthful amateurs, and are extremely cheerful and amusing, and will form a pleasant diversion for those who have a turn that way.

Another child's book, "Heidi's Early Experiences,"[44] is exceedingly pretty and graceful. It inculcates all the virtues that are most attractive in youth, so that any child who reads the adventures of Heidi would long to imitate her. Respect for age, unselfishness, and a great and tender love of animals, crowned by a simple faith, are the chief characteristics of the little Swiss girl. Any reader, great or small, who follows her fortunes, will be rejoiced to find that her "Experiences" come to a happy conclusion.

We have to notice some "Tales of Olden Times"[45] for children, which are somewhat dull and prosy—more calculated, we think, to send children to sleep than to improve their minds, or awaken in them an historical taste.

Another pretty volume, in similar binding and type, is "Tales from the Edda,"[46] telling of the wondrous achievements of Thor and Odin. It may be doubted whether some of these are not of too awful and lugubrious a nature to be wholesome food for infant minds. A child's nerves might very easily be upset by hearing of the horrors of the Ragarök and the great Death Ship.

"The Book of Shadows"[47] is very clever and ingenious; and in "Cat and Dog Stories," and "Pussy Cat Purr," in the same series, we have the usual monster cats and dogs of the period, all more or less dear to the hearts of children.

"The Three Foolish Little Gnomes"[48] is admirably illustrated.

---

[43] "Alice through the Looking-glass," and other Fairy Plays for Children. By Kate Freiligrath. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row. 1883.

[44] "Heidi's Early Experiences." By Johanna Spyri. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row. 1 vol. 1882.

[45] "Tales of Olden Times." By Ella Baker. W. Swan Sonnenschein. 1882.

[46] "Tales from the Edda." Told by Ellen Zimmerman. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway and others. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row.

[47] "The Book of Shadows," "Cat and Dog Stories," "Pussy Cat Purr." Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row. 1882.

[48] "The Three Foolish Little Gnomes." By W. S. W. Anson. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row. 1882.

The frontispiece of the little men with their large faces recommends the whole book.

"The Horkey,"[49] a Provincial Ballad, is worthy of mention, for it is a charmingly got up book. No doubt the poem will find favour with Suffolk people, who are familiar with the subject; at any rate, its pictures are enough to secure its popularity.

Extravagance and absurdity can no further go than in the "Bedlam Ballads,"[50] and their illustrations. The systematic inversion of terms and ideas is cleverly carried out, showing that the little book has a "method in its madness."

Mr. Haweis's "Humorists"[51] is a reproduction from his notes of a series of lectures, of which the four first were delivered by him at the Royal Institution, in 1881, and again in the following year, at the London Institution. The authors chosen by Mr. Haweis as types of American humour, are Washington Irving, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. In treating of American humorists it would be an unpardonable omission not to pay a tribute to Washington Irving. That he was a humorist is no more doubtful than that he was an American; yet he cannot be in any way regarded as the founder of the existing school of American humorists. There was, in truth, nothing distinctively American in his humour. His style, like that of all American authors of his day, was formed entirely upon English models. It was in the immortal pages of "Sam Slick" that English readers first tasted the charm of real American humour, and since then the grave whimsical pleasantry which seemed at first to be an individual peculiarity has developed into a national type. For the most part it is enhanced and made more incisive by being couched, as we find it in the great originator of the *genre*, in the American vernacular, but, under all varieties of form and expression, the humour of the "Biglow Papers," of Artemus Ward, of Mark Twain, and of all American comic writers with which we are acquainted, is essentially that of Judge Halliburton's wise and witty "Clockmaker;" and we cannot but regret that Mr. Haweis has passed him over in silence; for our own part, we doubt whether America has sent us any thing cleverer, or more truly humorous than "The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick."

Mr. Haweis's lectures upon O. W. Holmes and J. R. Lowell have the defect of leaving the humoristic side of these writers almost unnoticed. As delicate and discriminating eulogies on the literary ability, high moral teaching, and deep religious sentiments exhibited in the writings of Messrs. Holmes and Lowell, the lectures are unexceptionable, but of humour there is hardly a mention. The lecture

---

[49] "The Horkey, A Provincial Ballad." By Robert Bloomfield. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[50] "Bedlam Ballads." By Samuel Chill White. W. Satchell & Co., Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, 182.

[51] "American Humorists." By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883.

on Artemus Ward is by far the best of the series. Mr. Haweis here shows a power of appreciation which is in itself a rare gift. We recollect on the first night of Artemus Ward's lectures at the Egyptian Hall, so grave, and as it were latent, was his fun, so serious and artless his manner, that for the first few minutes the audience remained cold and unmoved, till a few quick and sympathetically attuned spirits acting as fuglemen, the whole house was speedily *en rapport* with the lecturer, and prepared to laugh on trust before the jokes were out of his mouth. Now in Mr. Haweis's description of this lecture, which he tells us he heard but once, there is not a point which has escaped him, not a humorous or witty word which he has not noted; even the little tricks of manner, the apparently innocent and astonished looks cast by the gifted lecturer on his delighted audience—everything has been seen, heard, and understood by Mr. Haweis. Such appreciation is rare, indeed, and may well qualify a man to discourse on humour and humorists.

The reprint by Messrs. Macmillan, of Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall,"[52] and "Old Christmas," is profusely illustrated, and the type is clear and good, but we cannot think the form—closely resembling that of a child's copy-book—an attractive one.

We have to acknowledge four more volumes of "Shakespeare's Works,"[53] from Messrs. Kegan Paul's beautiful Parchment Series, as well as Select Letters of Shelley (same series), edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Garnett.

Major Hime's "Wagnerism—a Protest"[54] is but a brochure of less than ninety pages, but nevertheless it is a weighty and important work. It appears, too, at a most opportune moment, when the arrogance of the new school and their intolerance of any music but their own have inclined the public to lend a favourable ear to everything that is to be said on the other side of the question. Major Hime seems to be especially fitted to give expression to the feeling of revolt against the overweening pretensions of the author of "The Music of the Future." His little book is brimful of sound argument and musical erudition, nor is its author's erudition by any means limited to music. He quotes with equal facility Latin, French, German, and Italian, and his quotations are always apposite and correct. His opposition to Herr Wagner is neither exaggerated nor fanatical; he freely acknowledges that he has "received genuine pleasure from parts of Herr Wagner's dramas" (pp. 44–45). His protest is against the absurd pretension that all other music, except that of Palestrina, Glück, and Beethoven is to be swept away, and Herr Wagner is to reign evermore as the high priest of music (p. 45). He not inaptly compares these pretensions with those of Auguste Comte, of whom he incidentally remarks that

---

[52] "Bracebridge Hall" and "Old Christmas." From Washington Irving's Sketch-book. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[53] II. III. IV. V. Vols. of "Shakspeare's Works;" "Shelley's Letters." With Introduction by Richard Garnett. Parchment Series. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

[54] "Wagnerism—a Protest." By Major H. W. Hime, R.A., F.R.S. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1882.

"He will not be remembered for his 'Law of the Three Stages,' but for the profound historical insight that enabled him to write the fifth and sixth books of his 'Philosophic Positivism'" (p. 46). Criticisms such as these have something of the character of a Hall mark, imparting to Major Hime's little book a sterling worth far beyond the mere passing interest of a controversial pamphlet.

In our last issue we promised to notice Messrs. Black's four new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica,"[55] which were "crowded out" by excess of matter. A critique, which should do justice to this stupendous and admirable publication, would in itself occupy the whole of the space which we have at our command. In the narrow compass within which we must confine our remarks on any one book we can but say that, wherever we have opened these volumes, we have been instructed and delighted by the concise yet exhaustive manner in which each of its vast range of subjects is handled. Every article, whether on the biography of French littérateurs, on natural history, or on lace, its history and manufacture, seems to be treated by a specialist.

We have also received Vol. II. (Part I.) of Messrs. Cassell's "Encyclopædic Dictionary."[56] The plan of the work is excellent, and the execution careful and conscientious.

The fourth volume of Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary"[57] completes the work of which we made honourable mention in our last number. Its copious notes and well-chosen illustrative quotations, and its encyclopædic manner of treating many words to which an ordinary dictionary would give mere barren definitions, make it an invaluable book of reference.

"The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language,"[58] by C. Mackay, LL.D., is little else than a glossary of Scotch words and idioms. As such it will be very useful to English readers of Burns, from whose works most of the quotations are taken, and in a less degree to students of early English writers, for, as Dr. Mackay truly observes, "Four centuries ago, the English or Anglo-Teutonic, when Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were still intelligible, had a much greater resemblance to the Scoto-Teutonic than it has in the present day."

Dr. Buchheim has published, in a well-known series, primarily intended for educational use, an edition of Lessing's "Nathan,"[59] which will be found worthy of the attention of the most advanced student. In this, his last great work, Lessing carried tolerance to the highest

---

[55] "Encyclopædia Britannica." Ninth edition. Vol. XIV. Edinburgh: Messrs. Adam & Charles Black. 1882.

[56] "The Encyclopædic Dictionary." Vol. II. Part I. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. London, Paris, and New York. 1882.

[57] "The Imperial Dictionary of the English Language." With Supplement and Appendix. Vol. IV. By. J. Ogilvie, LL.D. Blackie & Son: Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin. 1882.

[58] "The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language." By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Alexander Gardner, Paisley. 1882.

[59] Lessing's "Nathan der Weise." Edited, with English Notes, by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D., F.C.P. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

point, and, indeed, has been thought like certain popular preachers of our own day, to have been unjust to Christianity. Dr. Buchheim refutes this charge, and proves from the "Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," written at the same period as "Nathan," that Lessing believed in revelation, and in Christianity as a revelation. Those of our readers, by the way, who are familiar with this treatise, will have remarked how much it suggests of the Bishop of Exeter's Paper in "Essays and Reviews." To speak of a less important matter than its lofty moral, "Nathan" is noteworthy as being the earliest German play written in the metre of Milton. In this edition Dr. Buchheim has spared no labour to make his work complete; and we may safely assert that his will be the classical edition of "Nathan" in England for many years to come. An ample introduction, full of critical erudition, explains the history and purpose of the work, and develops its plan, language, and characters. To each act is prefixed a clear argument. The text itself is printed in Roman type, in deference to the wishes of many English readers, and, we may add, in accordance with the tendency of modern Germany. A hundred pages of excellent notes at the end of the volume simplify every difficulty of language, and explain every point of literary or critical interest. In a word, this work is fully equal to many other publications by Dr. Buchheim, of which it has been our pleasure to speak highly.

INDIA AND OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.

INDIA.—The progress of events in Afghanistan during the past three months has been unmarked by any occurrence of distinct importance. The condition of Afghan Turkistan is known to be disturbed, though a reassuring telegram has recently come to hand; but the difficulty of communication across the broad and lofty barrier of the Hindu Kush is rendered well-nigh an impossibility in the winter months, and we are thus deprived of any trustworthy information, except by the roundabout route viâ Meshed, regarding current events in that distant dependency. On the north-western confines of Afghanistan matters are assuming a more critical aspect. The news of M. Lessar's survey from Askabad to Herat has recently reached this country and formed the subject of the close and anxious consideration of the Royal Geographical Society. The object of the survey is frankly confessed to be the determination of the most suitable line of country for the prolongation of the Trans-Caspian Railway, which now terminates at Bami, but which it is the full intention of the Russians to carry on as far as Herat. This prospect is naturally one of a nature to excite some anxiety, and amid the numerous distinguished Anglo-Indian civilians and military men in which the Royal Geographical Society is so rich, the contingency was enough to create undisguised alarm. It is now proved that the length of a railway from Askabad to Herat would be 390 miles, of which the first 200 and the last 90 miles would require no earthwork at all, while the intermediate section, 100 miles long, would require no more engineering labour than an average railway in Russia in Europe. Such a work will, of course, require time and money for its accomplishment. But when we consider that both have been found for the first, and by far the most unremunerative half of the work, no reasonable doubt can exist that both will be forthcoming to enable the line to be brought up to the walls of Herat, and by this means to be made a successful commercial undertaking. Herat, the western metropolis of Afghanistan, is situated at a point where important caravan routes from Bokhara, Cabul, Afghan, Turkistan, Candahar, Seistan, and various provinces of the Persian kingdom unite. From the earliest times it has played the part of a great mart for all the varied wealth of this part of Asia. Once connected by an iron road with the Caspian, and Russian goods will have the freest access to this important market. Down the broad flood of the Volga and across the expanse of the Caspian to Mikhailovsk and Krasnovodsk, Russian manufactures will be carried in such increasing quantities that the appointment of a consul to watch over the interests of Russian traders will soon become a necessity. And whither cotton goods and hardware can be conveyed, we may be assured that war material and troops could, in the event of necessity, be as easily brought. Such a

prospect will undoubtedly give rise to feelings of uneasiness among the more loyal of our frontier subjects, and will necessitate fresh defensive measures which our large Indian military budget can but ill brook.

These are the considerations which have weighed with many thoughtful Indian statesmen, and led them, at this early stage, to mark the approaching danger. It may be replied that the mere institution of a survey affords no sufficient ground to adopt active measures on our side; but to this it should be urged that when the railway is once commenced, diplomacy will be powerless to avert its completion. It is precisely because it is within the power of the Russians to lay such a railway along the fringe of the eastern confines of Persia and so to avoid any violation of Afghan territory that the project appears invested with such reality. The counter measures suggested by the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society are the construction, on the British side, of a railway from Sibi to Candahar and Herat. And after weighing well the responsibilities and difficulties of such a policy, we feel bound to say that it is the only apparent course open to us. Possibly the Russian railway may not be commenced for some years, and diplomatic representations may succeed in postponing the enterprise still further. But of its eventual completion no student of Central Asian politics can have any real doubt, and, though the prophecy may appear hardy, England will be compelled in self-defence to adopt a similar measure with the view of ensuring her tenure of India. Whether the prospect of England and Russia meeting in the plain of Herat is one fraught with danger to the cause of international amity, or whether the enormous gain to civilization in shortening the road to India is not likely to prove the surest guarantee of peace is a question which the future may be safely left to solve. Most unprejudiced people will prefer to look forward to it as a period when the proximity of the two nations will have enabled them to arrive at a frank and thorough understanding of each other's policy, and when the perpetual disquietment of the Central Asian question will have been for ever laid to rest.

Among various interesting subjects of Indian internal administration which have come to the front during the past three months, may be cited that of gaol industries. The question of utilizing convict and prison labour so as to recoup the public exchequer in some slight measure for the vast expense to which it is put in supporting and guarding prisoners, and yet to avoid any unfair interference with free labour, has given rise to much contention in this country, and we can hardly feel surprised at finding the same problem call for settlement in India. In fact, in the latter case the matter is even more urgent than it is in England, for the British Isles are in an advanced state of civilization, while the terrible poverty of the natives of India has led bodies like the Famine Commission to lay stress on the necessity of doing everything to foster industrial pursuits throughout the country. The complete dependence of the vast majority of the population on agriculture and the variable conditions of climate, has shown the paramount necessity of developing alternative occupations, and the danger of stifling nascent handicrafts through the formidable competition of gaol labour has

evoked strong remonstrance from more than one quarter. Sir George Birdwood, whose solicitude for and efforts to promote Indian art are so well known, drew attention to the decline in the manufacture of Indian carpets as evinced by a comparison between those in the 1851 (London) and 1878 (Paris) exhibitions. The charge was repelled with force of diction rather than of argument by Sir Lepel Griffin, but the shaft struck home, and in a resolution published towards the close of September, the Government openly acknowledged that in many places the products of gaol labour had supplanted and competed with private industry. While making this admission, however, it was pointed out that there are varieties of employment which do not interfere with private enterprise. Large extra-mural works were particularly mentioned, and the local governments were directed to prepare schemes for such works, and for the establishment of convict camps in their neighbourhood. In regard to indoor employments, the use of steam machinery in gaols is now to be absolutely prohibited, while the weaving of coarse jute, cotton, or woollen fabrics by hand-looms, brick and tile making, hand-sawing of timber and oil-pressing are the industrial occupations to which prison labour is generally to be restricted. The weaving of fine cloths, curtains, and the like are nowhere to be permitted. Carpet and rug making may be allowed where the trade is already a gaol speciality, and until private enterprise shows itself ready to supply the demand. Boot and sandal making, carpentry, and all ordinary artisan work are to be discontinued. The price of articles sold must be fixed on fair commercial principles, allowing for wear and tear of plant and the current value of labour and a percentage of profits.

The land revenue systems of India give rise from time to time to questions of great importance and difficulty, the fact being that the introduction of any change affects at once both the mainstay of the public exchequer and the means of livelihood of by far the largest part of the native population. It has been felt for some years that the serious droughts to which Indian husbandmen are exposed would morally justify the remission or suspension at such times of the land revenue demand, in the same manner as the destruction of crops by hailstorms, floods, or similar calamities is held by the rent law of the North-West Provinces to afford ground for a like indulgence. This view was brought before the Government of India, who have ascertained that the endeavours made in the years immediately succeeding the famine to prevent the revenue from pressing too heavily on the people were unfortunately in many places altogether inadequate to avert serious mischief. The Government have accordingly laid down rules for the guidance of the revenue authorities in the temporarily settled districts of Upper India and the Central Provinces, leaving out the case of Bombay and Madras, where the settlement systems already provide more or less for such suspensions or remissions. The principle recognized is that in the extreme case of a failure of the crop, occasioned by drought so severe as to cause famine, nobody should be forced to borrow in order to pay the Government demand, if he have no surplus above what he needs for support of himself and family. As a

preparatory measure each estate is to be examined and placed in one of three categories as regards its capabilities and productiveness—viz., (1) areas of which the produce is to a great extent secure against failure; these may be termed "secure areas"; (2) areas of which, in seasons of abnormal character, remissions or suspensions of revenue are likely to be needed. These to be classed as "insecure areas," and (3) areas in which cultivation is so fluctuating as to render an annual adjustment requisite. These are to be called "fluctuating areas." The first of these, the "secure" category, is to be considered as secure from drought or inundation, and is not intended to be treated as secure from hailstorms, devastation by locusts, and similar calamities. Generally speaking, estates of which 50 per cent. and upwards of the cultivated area is secured by irrigation, are to be considered as secure. In insecure areas a graduated scale of suspension, corresponding to a graduated scale of loss of crop, is to be adopted. It is quite the wish of the Government that the cultivators should benefit as much as the proprietors of land from these measures, so the latter are bound under severe penalties to make corresponding reductions in rent.

These are the general principles on which remissions and suspensions of revenue are to be allowed in all the administrations except Madras and Bombay. Local modifications of the scheme will of course suggest themselves, but the general measures appear well suited to avoid the harshness of a rigid and inelastic enforcement of the revenue demand, which, it should be observed, the original framers of the Indian revenue system never contemplated at all.

A very interesting account of Kashgaria and its inhabitants has been published by Mr. Dalgleish, who has recently returned to India after eighteen months' sojourn in Yarkund and neighbouring cities. The most important result of his journey and experiences has been to demonstrate that the Chinese are extremely friendly disposed towards the English. Great civility was shown by the Amban, or chief magistrate, to Mr. Dalgleish, and full and unrestrained leave was given him to visit various towns and observe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Strong efforts are being made by Russia to establish a market for her goods in Kashgar and Yarkund, and a consul has recently been appointed by her to see to the due working of the Russo-Chinese treaty. It is said that Mr. Ney Elias, recently British Commissioner at Ladakh, has been selected by the Viceroy, with the sanction of the home authorities, to conduct a mission into Eastern Turkistan with the object of placing commercial arrangements between that country and India on a satisfactory footing.

It was not to be expected that a great measure like Lord Ripon's scheme for the extension of local self-government would be received with unqualified approval by the different local administrations. The Bombay Government, in particular, appears to have received the proposals of the Viceroy with ill-disguised aversion, and, in recalling the fact that the urban and rural population of the Bombay Presidency have for many years past enjoyed a large share of local self-government under Acts of 1869 and 1873, and have made thereby large advances in civilization, have attributed to the Supreme Government

an intention to subvert this system and confer unlimited powers upon the local bodies. The objections of the Bombay authorities, indeed, have been altogether drawn up in exaggerated terms, which the Government of India has had but little difficulty in refuting, mainly on the testimony of Bombay officers. The opportunity has been seized by Lord Ripon of explaining in detail the principles and application of this important measure of reform, and in calling upon the local administration to give it a trial in a loyal and ungrudging spirit.

A fourth University has been founded in India. Universities at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay have already existed for some years, and now, thanks in great measure to the liberal co-operation of the chiefs, nobles, and people of the Punjab, the Legislative Council of the Government of India have been enabled to pass a Bill for the incorporation of a University for that province. The way for this measure had not been unprepared, for as early as 1865 the late Sir Donald McLeod called for suggestions for the improvement of Oriental learning, and the extension of a sound vernacular literature, by transfusing into the language of the country the knowledge, literature, and science of the West. The subject was warmly taken up by a Society, called the Anjuman-i-Punjab, which amplified the recommendations of the committee of European officers called to consider the matter into a proposal for the establishment of an Oriental University at Lahore. The establishment of the Punjab University College was a preparatory step to its incorporation as a University, which has now received legislative sanction. Power has been given to the Senate to appoint a separate Oriental Faculty, and that body will assume, to a certain extent, the position of a Board of Education for the Punjab, which will be consulted by the Government in all matters affecting education. It will, in fact, in such matters, become an embodiment of the principles of local self-government, as recently enunciated by the Government of India.

While reviewing all these various efforts made by our Indian authorities to provide for the development and general welfare of the country, it is refreshing to turn aside for a moment to see how the results of British rule in India strike an intelligent foreigner. A Chinese official, named Huang Mao-t'sai, has lately been travelling through Hindostan, and has industriously recorded his *impressions de voyage* in a series of notes which have been published in four volumes in China. Mr. Huang is no servile admirer of our doings. He objects *in toto* to our foreign policy, according to which the English first "stealthily beguile," next "encroach by degrees," and finally "swallow up" their small frontier neighbours. Evidently, in this respect, he regards us much as Anglo-Indians look upon the Russians. But for the manner in which the subject races are treated by our officials, he has the strongest admiration. "There are," he says, "in India, no idle officers; each has his sphere, into which no other intrudes. The will of each high functionary is controlled and kept in check by the advice of a Council. Salaries are sufficiently liberal to prevent extortion. All are animated by a regard for their own good

vince; the law is faithfully executed, and public spirit prompts to efforts for the general good." Under such an administration the people are well contented in spite of the tax-gatherer. "The ground is taxed, houses are taxed, shop signs are taxed, all manner of beasts are taxed, all handicrafts are taxed, and even fire and water are taxed. There are other taxes, more than I can mention, yet you do not hear one murmuring word from the people!" Why is this? It is owing to two causes:—Firstly, they regard the humane government of the English as a great improvement on the oppressive cruelty of their native rulers; and, secondly, they know that the revenue thus collected is expended for the good of their country, in making roads, founding schools, and so on. He takes exception to one law—that by which begging is forbidden in Calcutta, and he exclaims, "Alas! the legislation of the English is not in favour of the poor."

Without in any way offering an apology for begging, it is difficult to resist a slowly-growing conviction that Mr. Huang is not very far out, and that our legislation in India has been moulded too much on legislation in England, and is not, or rather has not been, in favour of the poor. That this truth is forcing itself on the attention of our rulers is pretty evident from the course of recent legislation. The Dekkhan riots which led to the appointment of a Commission to investigate the cause and to the subsequent passing of the Dekkhan Agricultural Relief Act (a Bill to amend which is now under consideration) originated from the fact that the ryots through ignorance and poverty had fallen hopelessly into the hands of the money-lenders from whence they could not possibly be extricated without the help of Government. The resolution in favour of making suspensions or remissions of revenue in case of great need, is another step in the same direction—that of affording measures of relief to the poorer classes of cultivators whose means are too scanty to enable them to tide over a bad season, while another important Bill, to consolidate and amend the law relating to loans of money for agricultural improvements, has been brought forward in a similar spirit of concession to, and care for, the more indigent and unprotected natives. It is proposed, in connection with this measure, to establish agricultural banks, which, on condition of their being regulated by Government and open to the inspection of Government officers, will be permitted to recover their advances through Government agency. In the speech in which Major Baring supported the motion to refer this Bill to a Select Committee, he mentioned various points of detail, which are certainly open to criticism, and to which it is to be hoped that the Committee will give very careful consideration, but the general principle of the measure is conceived in a liberal spirit, which fully recognizes the inability of the poor underfed and ignorant cultivator to maintain without assistance or guidance the terrible struggle for existence in which he is involved in so many parts of India.

It will thus be seen that during the past quarter the interest chiefly centres on legislative work, a subject which, though dry and unattractive, deserves attentive study, as embodying the very essence of improvement and reform. We cannot, however, conclude this brief

review without recording the departure from India of an able and accomplished officer, who has rendered very material service to that country in a department little calculated to attract public notice. The Department of Marine Surveys was established in India in 1875 for the purpose of providing a qualified agency for the survey of anchorages, river mouths, and ports, and so affording a much needed want to the many thousands of vessels that now frequent the Indian seas. Previously to that time nothing whatever had been done (beyond two or three spasmodic local efforts) since the abolition of the Indian Navy. The Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, which has been greatly reduced since the days of Admiral Beaufort, was not in a position to spare vessels for surveying purposes in India, and the Indian Government were forced to provide a small department to look after their own wants in this respect. Under the superintendence of Commander A. D. Taylor, late Indian Navy, the little Department, with the poorest appliances, did most excellent work. Every frequented spot along the long periphery of the peninsula of Hindostan and round about Ceylon and other islands, was mapped out and accurately sounded, while energetic measures were taken to diffuse the circulation of the charts at a price accessible to the poorest navigator. Notices to mariners were carefully compiled and translated into different languages, and the utmost care was taken to keep all the publications of the departments up to date by the prompt record of all trustworthy new information. But from the first this modest but useful department has led a threatened existence. The money grant necessary for its support was grudged by the financial authorities, and the Admiralty viewed it with undisguised jealousy. It has now been transferred to the Military Department, and under the care of Commander L. Dawson, R.N., we may rest assured that its interests will not be overlooked. It would be ungrateful, however, to refrain from according a meed of praise to Commander Taylor whose enthusiasm, energy, and high professional ability have created the Department and, through its agency, rendered such signal service to the Indian maritime community.

THE COLONIES.

It is commonly reported that during the first quarter of the year 1883 more than one of our colonies will come to the financial centre of the world—to London—seeking for capital. We have consistently pointed out in this Review the excellent and sound opportunities for investment that these colonial loans offer. The rapid development of the colonial empire has run ahead of the knowledge that inspires investors in England. In addition to this, in an unlucky hour, the ominous term public debt was tacked on to these Government loans. With proverbial certainty this "bad name" has brought on these loans a certain amount of distrust, if not of discredit, which was altogether unnecessary and undeserved. The Royal Colonial Institute has done a very great service, not only to the cause of colonial progress,

but also to the material interests of all British capitalists, by giving the whole subject most exhaustive ventilation.

The paper in which the subject was introduced was by Sir F. D. Bell, the agent-general for New Zealand. And as in popular estimation New Zealand is the colony that has chiefly erred on the side of excessive borrowing, it was as well that the subject should be treated by one so thoroughly well-versed in New Zealand affairs. The whole discussion was confined in the so-called "debts" of our colonies in Australia and New Zealand.

It is of the greatest importance for the London financial world to hold correct ideas on the important matter of these colonial government loans. We therefore present the following summary of the present state of the case.

The high importance of Australia to the investor is seen when we remember that already nearly one-fourth of the English capital that is invested outside England is invested in Australia; already nearly twenty millions sterling finds its way to England as interest on capital invested in public or private loans in Australia: already the stream of private enterprise sees fit to invest increasing amounts in Australian developments. Underlying all this is the one main fact that the Australian colonies are young communities in the heyday of marvellously rapid growth. Between 1870 and 1880 New Zealand actually doubled its population. At the accession of Queen Victoria the commerce of the Australias was insignificant. To-day it is of the same magnitude as the whole trade of the United Kingdom at the commencement of this reign. And this new Australian trade has this very special interest for English capitalists, in that it is and must for many years continue in the main to be an exchange of Australian raw materials for English manufactures. Sir D. Bell well emphasized this point when he said "one of us Australians is worth more to the English *manufacturer* than a dozen Americans, eighteen Frenchmen, or twenty Germans." This growth of these Australian colonies is more rapid than the growth of any other community in the world, not even omitting the United States. To discount this certain future is a perfectly legitimate and a surely profitable method of investment.

If we compare the Australian financial position of to-day with what it was twenty years ago we come to the following results:—

Year.	Population.	In millions sterling.				
		"Debt."	Revenue.	Assets.	Exports.	Railways.
1860	1,300,000	10	7	192	22	7
1880	3,000,000	96	22	600	49	58

The various Governments of the Australian colonies already hold in their hands loans to the amount of one hundred millions, from which

is due as interest annually nearly five millions sterling. The practical question remains, what security have the investors that the interest will continue to be paid and that the capital is not annihilated.

The answer is contained in the question, on what have these loans been expended? Sir F. D. Bell accurately summarizes the necessary information:—

Railways	£60,000,000
Roads and other Public Works . .	20,000,000
Irrigation	10,000,000
Miscellaneous	10,000,000
	£100,000,000

Four-fifths of these loans have been expended on railways, roads, bridges, telegraphs, post-offices, courts of justice and other Government buildings, hospitals and schools. In brief, four-fifths of the money advanced has been merely transmuted into the substantial and material surroundings necessary to the existence in Australia of a thriving population. Immigration brings this population. In short, nine-tenths of these loans have been expended in making the hive and providing the swarm. Is there security that the accruing results will repay this initial outlay?

In the first place, What is the security that the annual interest of four to five millions will be paid out of profits? Three-fifths of this —three millions, that is—should come from the railways. And the remarkable fact is that the Australian railways already yield a nett earning of 4 per cent. on all lines taken together. This is significant when it is remembered that a great proportion of these railways at present in existence serve the purpose not of supplying means of communication to already populated neighbourhoods, but of penetrating previously unpopulated wilds and opening these new lands to settlement. The nett earnings on many local lines, where there already is population, exceed 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. This is an earnest of what may be confidently expected whenever population has followed along the tracks of the railways. That they now yield in the aggregate 4 per cent. nett profit is sufficient, and amply sufficient, to prove that from the very first the holders of three-fifths of these Government loans in Australia are secure of their full interest.

As for interest on the remaining two-fifths, that we must look for in the general prosperity of the colonies, which is at once cause and effect of this ready application of capital to the new found wants of these go-ahead communities. Immigration we know at once supplies population and labour; the two most important necessities in reaping the highly lucrative harvest that is yielded by fertile virgin lands. The various public works we have enumerated—from roads and post-offices to schools and courts of justice—are all necessities of colonial growth. These two classes of expenditure, coupled to the remaining head of miscellaneous, tell how loaned capital has enabled the Australian colonists from the first to spread over their fertile domains a

at work of civilization and security, and to provide themselves from the first with the very best facilities of communication which this century can boast.

The result is seen in the fact that to whatever industry we turn we find an *annual* output of wealth far more than sufficient not only to provide interest, but sinking fund as well. Sir F. D. Bell calculates the annual nett profits of the pastoral and agricultural interest alone at £20,000,000 sterling. The aggregate earnings of all the various enterprises now at work within the Australian colonies already exceed £160,000,000 sterling per annum. From this very large annual income have to be deducted the various working expenses, but foremost among them is the payment of interest on capital borrowed.

In the second place it may be worth while briefly to ask what security is there that the capital itself is safe. What are the realizable assets of the Government that have borrowed this £100,000,000 There are the various works on which large portions of this money have been expended. There are the railways and all their rolling stock, and there are the various public buildings—all of these assets improving in value year by year. But beyond all this lies the fact that these Governments hold a vast realizable asset in the Government ownerships of all lands the property in which the Government has not yet parted with for State purposes. The aggregate payment into the various Australian treasuries of revenue from land last year exceeded £5,000,000. This source alone yielded more than the sum required to pay the interest on the "debts." It is true that much of this came from the sale of land. But this sale of land in Australia is in great degree merely a means of increasing the population and founding thriving communities, which from that time forth add their valuable quota to the industrial output of the colony. If the money derived from the sale of land was devoted solely to the purpose of paying the interest and sinking fund of these loans it might easily be shown to be well spent. It would be in a sense a mere transferring the land into capital. In exchange for its lands the colony becomes possessed of railways, roads, public buildings, postal and telegraph services, schools, and population.

The land is not sold out of the country but in the country. The value of freehold lands in Australia has risen from £50,000,000 sterling in 1860 to £180,000,000 sterling in 1880. There has been called into being in Australia in twenty years £130,000,000 of wealth-producing power. This is a distinct and invaluable asset. Australian land is thus a possible asset always. It becomes an actual asset so soon as it is sold or let.

All these, and there are other, sources to which investors may securely look for the payment of the interest and for the safety of the capital of their loans, exist outside and above more direct means which all Governments own—the rights of taxation. The money worth of these rights depends upon the power of the people to pay taxes. In this respect the inhabitants of Australia are ahead of the inhabitants of any other part of the world. The gross annual earnings or the gross annual savings per inhabitant are greater in Australia than elsewhere;

and that means that in Australia there is greater capacity to bear the burthen of taxation.

To summarize then: In answer to the question what security is there that the Australian colonies can pay the interest and give security for the capital they borrow—we have the fact that almost all of the loans have been expended on works that already yield direct returns sufficient to supply both interest and sinking fund. Beyond this there are funds and resources yielding already annual *profits* sufficient to pay off the whole of these so-called "debts" in any one year.

A final protest should be made against the use of this term "debt." The phrase came into vogue soon after that of "standing armies." "Public Debts" are contracted by various countries for the one special purpose of paying the immediate demands of destructive war by discounting the profits of the period of peace that was to follow. Such anticipations are at best a repaying or recouping of actual destruction of capital. But in English colonies loans are contracted by the local Governments purely for purposes of most profitable work. They are spent, in short, in planting civilization, complete with its scientific, educational, religious, industrial, and commercial machinery, on virgin lands of great promise. It is the very antipodes of a destruction of capital.

The sole question remaining is that of the bona fides and the political sagacity of those into whose charge is placed the immediate control of this capital. Colonial statesmen recognize this important condition of their existence. In regard to "bona fides" wherever the English parliamentary system has taken root "mala fides" on the part of the Government has become an impossibility. As for sagacity it is true there has occasionally been a falling off from the best expectations, but as a rule, in the past, the political sagacity has seldom been at fault. In this respect we may safely look for improvement in the future. The career of a colonial statesman is daily widening and increasing in the largeness of its horizon and the magnitude of its responsibility. English parliamentary life has received most useful accessions of fresh blood from Australian statesmen. Australian parliamentary life has received in the past much invaluable assistance from the infusion of new blood direct from England. A grand guarantee for the future of this political sagacity is a continuance of such useful interchange of experience and power.

The hands of *Canada* are so overfull just now with the profitable task of opening up new territory that there seems special appropriateness in the proposal, now agreed to, that the British Association will hold its Parliament of Science in Montreal in the year 1884. Popular attention is thus sure to be drawn back to that more thoughtful and staid aspect of human affairs which can ill be dispensed with even temporarily. During the meeting science will no doubt be brought to bear upon many of the more active phases of Colonial life. It will be well if even the question of tree planting is given a prominent place. The timber trade has been the staple of Canadian prosperity;

and now an altogether new step is being taken out of the wooded East into the treeless West. It may be that Canadian forests for years to come may stand the steady drain setting in upon them from so many parts of the world. But Canada herself is rapidly filling up with people, and fast grows the home consumption of lumber. Those who have visited the great North-West know how well it deserves its title of the great Lone Land. And they know, too, that there are savages and floods and droughts and rivers wandering whither they will; and that all these things will form serious impediments to prosperous settlement. The antidote to all of them is tree planting. The present generation can do itself great good by adopting betimes a vigorous planting policy, and it can bless by the same means future generations with a mine of wealth in timber. It is a matter for the Canadian Government to take in hand at once. It has been suggested that Government might well go so far as to make free gifts of land in suitable localities on the condition that one-half of the section was always kept planted with timber.

In Manitoba and the North-West a curious trouble has developed itself. When the Canada Pacific Railway Company obtained its concession a stipulation was agreed to that that company should enjoy the monopoly of constructing all railways that were to be constructed in the province within the next twenty years. Recently, however, the local Manitoba Legislature has passed Acts for the construction of local railways, and these Acts were disallowed by the Dominion Government on the ground that they were contraventions of the Canada Pacific concession. The Local Legislature naturally resented this action and obtained dissolution. The feeling of the Local Government Party is that purely provincial roads have nothing to do with the Pacific concession. The question at the bottom of these troubles is—Are these proposed local lines to be rivals or feeders of the Canada Pacific? There is good ground for the contention that much of the support given to the promotion of some of these proposed local lines was given with a direct view to their becoming feeders of American lines that are notoriously jealous of the coming influence of the Canada Pacific. A solution might be found in a policy of allowing all lines that are distinct feeders of the Canada Pacific and disallowing all others. The consent of all parties, saving only the agents of the far-away American lines, would be probably at once given to such a policy.

Immigration into the North-West is continuing at a rapid rate, though naturally the winter's lull has come. Indeed, for new hands from Europe the winter is a bad time of year in which to arrive in Canada. In the Queen's Speech at the close of the Autumn Session mention is made of the fear that there will be distress during the winter in some parts of Ireland. Already the Lord Lieutenant had taken steps to give effect to the emigration clauses of the Arrears Act which regulate the emigration of poor people. It is not the place here to inquire into the causes of this threatening distress. There is an ominous sound in the very fact of there being emigration clauses

in an Arrears Act. The result is that emigration is placed definitely under Government control. Applicants are to be selected by the Poor Law Guardians, and the selected assisted or sent out of the country. Agents are to be specially appointed in American ports to look after the details of this scheme. If the Government are collecting statistics from these emigrants something might be learned by discovering how many of these paupers were accustomed in other years to make a living out of the expenditure of the gentry who in the "good old days" were wont to come to reside in Ireland for the sake of the shooting and hunting. In many districts "Boycotting" has successfully thrown away the pack of hounds; and it has been calculated that in a season's hunting from £12,000 to £15,000 is spent in the district by those who attend the hunt. It is to be hoped that the Cape and the various Australian agents-general are watchful of these things and ready to turn portions of this emigrating trade to their own prosperous colonies.

Concerning the *West Indies* the chief news of the quarter is contained in the *Gazette* statement: "The Queen has been pleased to appoint Colonel William Crossman, R.E., C.M.G., and George Baden Powell, Esq., M.A., to be Her Majesty's Commissioners to inquire into the public resources, expenditure, debts, and liabilities of Jamaica, Grenada, St. Vincent, Tobago, St. Lucia, and of the Leeward Islands. Her Majesty has also been pleased to appoint Charles Alexander Harris, Esq., to be Secretary to the aforesaid Commissioners." Thus, at last, a thorough grip is to be taken of West Indian affairs. We shall look with deep interest for the Report and for the policy which will thus be inaugurated. It is a most fortunate thing for the several West Indian Colonies that the Home Government has decided and been able to bring to bear on their affairs the absolutely independent judgment and world-wide experience of these two Royal Commissioners.

Coincidently with the issue of this important *Gazette* notice, comes the sad information of the destruction by fire of a great and important portion of the capital of Jamaica. The fire raged in that crowded quarter of the town which is, or was, situated in the dead flat by the harbour. The destruction of property was very great, and seven thousand were rendered destitute and homeless. But there is this great consolation: that quarter of the town was so radically ill-provided that it appeared impossible to effect much sanitary improvement. Now it will at least be possible to commence all things "de novo," and reform away what had for years all the external attributes of a very hotbed of fever.

The wise proposals of the local Government to simplify and modernize the Customs tariff at *Barbadoes* will, it is to be hoped, some day become the law of the island. The new scheme has been well and carefully elaborated, even though it appears to lack thoroughness. If Barbadoes do not betimes revise its Customs and port

arrangements it may lose the chance that now offers for it to become a great port of call for the rapidly-increasing steamer traffic between the two Americas.

It has been matter of common remark that nowhere has sanitary science achieved more practical results than in the West Indies. Whether it be a more judicious mode of living, better sanitary arrangements, or an actual falling off in the malignity and frequency of epidemic visitations, there is no doubt but that nowadays the West Indian Colonies are not especially unhealthy. Curious confirmation of this comes when we find the North American Fleet wintering at *Antigua* instead of Bermuda because of the superior salubrity of the West India Island.

Jamaica still occupies the unenviable, even though hopeful, position of attracting most attention among the West Indian Islands. The Florence case has brought matters to a head, and as we wrote in THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for last October "there are rumours that extensive fiscal reforms may become necessary at no very distant date." This is undoubtedly a considerable turn for the better in the material prospects of the island; and political or financial troubles must not be permitted for one moment to check this somewhat tardy promise of an era of prosperity. Great things are expected of the railway extensions, and what with this and with the "round the island" steamer, wisely started by the Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrove, the planters of Jamaica will have little left to complain of in facilities of transport. A good sugar crop this year is, it may well be hoped, the precursor of more to follow. The labour difficulty is as far from solution as ever; and if the Royal Commissioners in the end solve this difficulty they will deserve the lasting gratitude of every one interested in Jamaica.

Across the Atlantic, on the *West Coast* of Africa, war and diplomacy are to the fore. There are wars of unusual magnitude proceeding among the native races; and, although at the moment there is no prospect of armed interference on the part of the English authorities, such wars are a severe check on the trade and the revenue of our West African Colonies.

The diplomatic action of the French is however promising at no distant date to bring European influence more directly to bear on the back-country. No less than three new expeditions are in the field, and the construction of the long talked of railway from the Niger to Senegal is actually rising from a possibility into the rank of probabilities. The country, of course, can never afford more than a foothold for white traders. The climate is prohibitive even of planting on any definite European scheme. But trading factories prosper only where the nations are prosperous, and the advent of European influence will do more than anything to maintain peace and allow the natives of these vast rich and fertile districts to accumulate produce and establish a profitable market for European wares.

While the West Indians are seeing with great concern a prospect a material falling off in the quantity of rum consumed, the planters of *Ceylon* are looking forward to supplying something of the increasing demand which the growth of temperance habits in England is creating for tea, coffee, and cocoa. The drinks of temperate climates are more than ever supplied from the tropics. Unfortunately, the prospects of the coffee crop are not good.

A question that merits most anxious consideration is the financial arrangements of the new Colombo harbour works. The best course is undoubtedly to make now some explicitly provisional arrangement as to dues—but to continue and complete the whole plan for protection. If the dues as arranged are specifically curtailed in their action to five years, by that time there will be sufficient evidence as to the prospective increase of trade to justify some final scheme of charges that will set the matter at rest.

A remarkable movement has recently been inaugurated for the furtherance of emigration of Singalese labourers to *Queensland.* Whether and how far the movement will assume any considerable dimensions remains to be seen. It is evidence, however, of the go-ahead wisdom of the Queenslanders. If they rightly look to the labour history of British Guiana they will see that it is not only in number but in variety of immigrant labour that the best guarantee exists for the adequate supply of this essential commodity.

In *New South Wales* there is much natural exultation over the triumphs of Australian wines at the recent Bordeaux exhibition. Victoria and South Australia as well as New South Wales exhibited. To mark the recent great growth of this industry it may be well to tabulate the prizes gained at Bordeaux, together with the acreage and output of the Australian vineyards.

Colony.	Prizes at Bordeaux. Medals.			Acreage under Vines.	Wine made 1881.
	Gold.	Silver.	Bronze.		Gallons.
New South Wales	5	9	11	4·725	584,000
Victoria . . .	9	15	9	4·280	574,000
South Australia .	2	5	3	4·335	950,000
Total	16	29	23	13·340	2,108,000

At no distant date Australian wines, worked up by such open competition to a high standard of excellence, will appear in all the great markets of the world in their own name, and no doubt win for themselves a sound and lasting fame. We would again warn the growers to avoid the use of established European titles, and to endeavour to bless the world with some wine of new character and new name.

Welcome rains generally throughout the colony have put a rose-colour on agricultural and pastoral prospects. Everywhere, however, scarcity of labour is the cry. Even the rapid increase of population fails to keep pace with the rapid growth of the demand for labour. Wage-earners are consequently doing uncommonly well, and there is little doubt but that if the Australian Governments combined to give assisted passages, assisted so far as to make the cost the same as that to the United States, there would be a rush of population from Europe of most profitable dimensions.

The question of more united action among the various Australian Governments has again been ventilated in *Victoria.* Mr. Munro brought forward a motion in the Assembly to the effect "that this House is of opinion that the Government of Victoria should invite a conference of representatives from the Governments of all the Australian colonies at an early date for the purpose of ascertaining their views as to the propriety or otherwise of taking the necessary measures for securing the federal union of the said colonies." The reiteration of these proposals is evidence of the interest this important question excites in the public mind. Nevertheless, as we have before suggested, the time is hardly yet ripe for any positive action in the matter. Victoria herself remains one great stumbling-block in the path of such union by her Chinese devotion to a prohibitive and excluding Customs tariff. Victoria, before many years are over, may be forced to adopt a wiser policy. Nor are any of the other problems that would be solved by union as yet actually pressing on these people. Defence, it is true, again and again comes forward; but that raises the question of federal action between mother country and colonies rather than between colony and colony.

The new railways in Victoria are to cost £2,500,000. They will penetrate a variety of districts which will thus be opened up; and there is little doubt but that from the first these railways will yield profits. That they will yield dividends sufficient to provide the full interest on the loans may, however, be doubtful unless and until Victorians put their commercial policy on a sounder and more prosperous footing. These railways, unlike the established lines, are specially to penetrate new districts; but hampering Customs duties will do much to check any consequent opening up of these districts.

A curious point in question with railway making has been decided in regard to these new lines. They are to be without fences. There was full discussion of the point in the Assembly. Four hundred pounds a mile was the estimated cost of fences and gates along a railway line. This is all to be avoided in the new 830 miles, and a saving of £30,000 effected. Experience in other little populated countries goes far to prove that dispensing with fences does not tend to make more frequent trials of strength between railway trains and "the coo'."

In former numbers we have called the attention of the bimetallists and others agitated at the prospect of a dearth of precious metals, to the fact that there seems to be in Australia generally a tendency to a materially increased output of gold. In Victoria there is a steadily

growing increase in the number of men employed in the gold industry; sure and certain evidence that the prospects of increased output are good. A measure of this renewed activity is due to the anticipations of what the new diamond drills will do. In the important matter of "prospecting," these drills enable places to be thoroughly tested at an expenditure of time and labour not one-tenth that of the doomed system of actual sinking of shafts.

No colony in Australia suffers more from drought than the province of *South Australia.* It is therefore with special pleasure that we note the welcome reports of abundant rains from most parts of this extensive territory. It is hoped there will be, in consequence, an exceptionally abundant wool crop.

The direction taken by the most recent commercial development is the establishing direct and continuous steamer communication between South Australia and *Western Australia.* It seems generally acknowledged by those in its neighbourhood that this latter colony is on the eve of an era of rapid progress. And in some cases when the opening up of new and fertile areas absorbs all local attention the merchant and the trader from elsewhere reap a great harvest in supplying the bases from which these profitable operations are carried on. South Australia evidently intends to secure a major portion of this prospective trade.

In *New Zealand* the final steps are being taken to anglicize the whole of the territory. The King's County, hitherto "tapu" to European civilization, is now to be opened up. To the North Island, this means, at last, the possibility of making a main trunk line of railway for the whole length of the island. It also means the final end of the Maori race as an independent political body. Rapidly dwindling in numbers; cared for almost to excess by the "coming race;" its every tradition and custom carefully inquired into and recorded;—this remarkable nation of the Pacific sinks speedily to a death that is altogether peaceful. There is no anguish; no absorption; no famine or pestilence, but simply and purely a passing away of a nation from off the face of the earth.

The advent of the European is the unexplained cause. The increase of population in New Zealand proceeds as rapidly as ever. Not only are new strangers tempted thither but those already there are sending eagerly for friends and relations to join them; a very sure and certain proof that in New Zealand the means of making a livelihood, if not a fortune, are found, on actual experience, to be singularly abundant. An immediate consequence of this great influx of population is a remarkable rise everywhere in the price of land. In many colonies when Government first offers any plot of Crown lands for purchase it is considered all well if the prices realized exceed 25*s.* and 30*s.* an acre. In New Zealand a price of £12 to £15 is now common.

New Zealand is the only one of our southern colonies that has a public debt, in the true sense of the term, of any appreciable size.

The Maori loans have cost New Zealand some six millions sterling. But it is at once evident that the peace and prosperity and consequent growth that have followed upon the troublous days of war have seen grow up in New Zealand a community thriving beyond all precedent, and already earning sufficient each year to pay off many such debts.

The native difficulty in *South Africa* has not yet arrived any nearer to a satisfactory solution. Indeed at the present time there would seem to be cause for serious anxiety, were it not for the hope that with the coming of the crisis approaches the day for the final adequate solution of the problem.

On the one hand there is *Basutoland*. The Cape Government have declared their intention resolutely to try all "the resources of civilization," or failing these to appeal to the final arbitrament of war to uphold their supremacy in Basutoland. All this is and will be a severe drain on so small a community; and the question will now be asked, "for whose good is all this?" Pure patriotism and the pride of empire are costly undertakings; and it is not obvious that the rule over the Basutos is of any direct profit or advantage to the colonists of the old Cape Colony. Meanwhile the various chiefs continue to be played one against another, and although there is no prospect of immediate danger, neither is there prospect of immediate settlement of this vexed and vexing question.

On the other hand, at Cape Town, Cetywayo has signed the conditions which are to be the basis of the new state of affairs in *Zululand*. He is to be landed in Zululand in January, and to be installed King at Ulundi by the British Resident. It is to be hoped that this time authentic records will be made and kept of all that is transacted in the way of oaths and promises, so that Lady F. Dixie may not have again to point out to the world the confused basis on which the affairs of that kingdom may be found to rest.

As for this "partial restoration, with proper safeguards and conditions," no doubt the return of Cetywayo "from over the Sea" to his own people will have at once a powerful cementing effect. John Dunn will probably hold to his own; but native rights will find it difficult not to return to the allegiance of their old king. It will remain to be seen how far we can or shall desire to maintain such distinctions of frontier between Cetywayo, John Dunn, and Usibibaure, as we are now setting up.

Cetywayo will proceed direct to Zululand and not land in *Natal*. This colony, indeed, is wisely held aloof from the whole affair, and is having no connection with the restoration. Imperial troops are, however, remaining on in Natal for the special reason that matters are so unsettled. And, indeed, no one can profess to be able to foresee the precise results of this restoration, especially in regard to the prospect of armed quarrelling or strife.

In the *Transvaal* fighting amongst and with the natives is the order

of the day. What will come of all this except arrest of progress and loss of capital it is difficult to foresee. The community must issue from the contest grievously impoverished. And there is little if no ground for supposing that these struggles are at all the prelude of any period of peace, during which losses may be recouped and firmer ground taken towards ensuring peace in the future. Indeed, the recent deputation into Natal to urge on Sir H. Bulwer the desirability of the re-annexation of the Transvaal is but one of the signs of wide-spread discontent and mistrust of the future.

The outcome of Cetywayo's return to Zululand will be watched with special anxiety in reference to the doings on the borders of the Transvaal, where certain Boers are undoubtedly attempting to encroach upon native lands and rights. It is undoubted that but for the fact of the power of the whole British Empire being always present in the background, the supremacy of the Boers over the natives would be seriously endangered. It will not be long before some readjustment of the relations between the Transvaal and the Queen's Government will become necessary, and that it will be in the direction of closer reliance on British power and responsibility is to be hoped in the best interests both of the Boers and the natives. Both in the Transvaal and in the Free State the fact that all commercial communication with the outside world is necessarily carried on through English colonies is moving influential parties in both States to look for more intimate commercial and even fiscal relations with Natal and the Cape. It is only by some such form of mutual assistance and communion that the Europeans in South Africa can hope to realize any profitable "modus vivendi." And even so all depends on the fact that they have at their back the powerful British Empire. The sooner these fundamental conditions of their presence in South Africa are accepted, and made the basis of an expressed system of State relationship, the better for all concerned.

THE

WESTMINSTER

AND

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL 1, 1883.

Art. I.—Humanism in Germany.

THE forty years which preceded the Reformation have long been recognized as a period of intense intellectual activity—an age alike of conscious and unconscious protestation. Everybody was protesting; claiming for themselves freedom of thought and freedom of action. Much of this protest, it is true, was of a blind, clumsy character, yet the revolt against established forms was none the less real. In every conceivable phase of life there was a rebellion of the individual against the old religious socialism and its failing institutions. The old method of teaching, the old theological philosophy, the old legendary history, the old magical natural science—these, one and all, with a myriad other matters, were to be rudely bundled out of the way; they were so many restrictions to freedom of learning, freedom of investigation, and freedom of thought—and these formed the goal towards which the new spirit of individualism was, albeit unconsciously, striving.

The mediæval theory and system of education were entirely subservient to religious ends. All forms of knowledge were ultimately to lead to the great mother of all learning—Theology. So long as the Church was a progressive body, so long as her theology was not definitely fixed, nor her dogma thoroughly crystallized out, so long as monk and priest were the best educated men in the community, and, as such, the great teachers of the folk—so long this system was productive of good. For a time philosophy might well submit to be handmaiden to

theology; while the latter was herself developing, there was nothing to absolutely check philosophy's own growth. Philosophy, as the handmaiden of theology, is usually termed scholasticism. All that seems meant by this name is that philosophy must submit to the control of theology in all points of possible variance between the two. The gain to Christian culture of early scholasticism can hardly be overrated; Greek philosophy was adopted and preserved for future generations, and was doubtless not without its influence in moulding and expanding Catholic theology. Such men as John Scotus, Anselm, and Abelard represented the foremost thought of their day; and the assertion that true philosophy and true religion are one and the same was, historically, not so very preposterous, even when by true religion mediæval Christianity was understood. As the theology of the Church took a more and more concrete and fixed form, owing to consecutive heresies and the need for a sharply defined dogma, more drastic measures had to be adopted to make philosophy dovetail with theology. The teaching of Aristotle must be somewhat forcibly modified, that it might give support to the doctrines of the Church. Still there was a vast amount of genuine thought (now-a-days sadly neglected!) in the later scholastics, such as Albert the Great, the so-called "Universal Doctor," Thomas Aquinas, the "Angelic Doctor," Duns Scotus, the "Subtle Doctor," and William of Occam the "Invincible Doctor." These men did probably all that was possible to harmonize natural and revealed religion; to preserve the peace between reason and faith. With them scholasticism wrote itself out. Philosophy could go no further till she was free of theology.

As the general knowledge of man develops, his formulated system of thought—his philosophy—must develop too; but in this case his philosophy was choked beneath a stagnant theology. As Carlyle would express it, mankind was outgrowing these youthful clothes. Yet the Church would not give up her theology—that, in her eyes, was a fixed and eternal truth. Accordingly, these old thinkers, these universal, angelic, subtle and invincible doctors, were brandished about by monk-learning, and used as a means of crushing any spark of new truth which did not quite dovetail with a crystallized theology. "You do not believe the Angelic Doctor? You say the Subtle Doctor is in error? You have doubts as to the incontestibility of the Invincible Doctor? You are a heretic—this deserves to be purged with fire!" Shortly, although the theologians might themselves squabble over the merits of their various learned and holy doctors, yet each gave their favourite a position of far greater importance and authority than they were inclined to allow even to one of the Evangelists. It is easy to note how the whole of learning must,

under such a system, fall into a dead formalism, there was no place left for individual thought; all ingenuity was consumed in composing commentaries on the various great scholastics. On the small book of sentences of Peter the Lombard, tons and tons of folios, in the form of commentaries, were written—sufficient to stock a fair-sized library. All intellectual power was frittered away in gloss and comment—all freedom of thought crushed beneath this scholastic bondage. To speak lightly of the Angelic Doctor, or to laugh at Peter the Lombard's sentences was a crime worse than blasphemy. What wonder that the intellect of man rose in revolt against such a system?—that a race of men grew up protesting against this slavery—declaring that this dead formalism should no longer obscure the light?—What wonder that, as this new spirit grew stronger and stronger, and became more and more conscious of its power, it waxed intolerant and even abusive of the old monkish learning; held up its supporters to the world's ridicule as "obscure men" and mocked the childish petticoats which it had itself only just laid aside? This new spirit which is to shake off the old bondage and divide Germany into two hostile camps is the so-called *Humanism*; its adherents are the so-called *Humanists*, or, from their proficiency in the classical languages, *poets*—their opponents are the monks or scholastic teachers, the "obscure men," or the "propagators of sophistry and barbarism."

Such is the spiritual origin of Humanism; its outward historical birth has been usually associated with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, whereby great numbers of Greeks were scattered over Southern Europe, especially Italy. These men endeavoured to earn a livelihood by teaching their language, and so grew up a considerable number of Greek students. This Greek, with its all-valuable literature, was new life to the souls of men cramped in the old formal thought. The intellect of man began to breathe afresh, taking in long draughts of this new atmosphere. It found in this classic literature a truth, a freedom, which the mediæval scholasticism no longer presented. It discovered something which was worth studying for itself; the end of which was not a barren theology—nay, which in the end might be opposed to theology, for it would lead to a new system of Biblical criticism and a new system of Biblical exegesis, which would refuse to submit itself to Catholic dogma. The monks were not slow to recognize this feature of Humanism. "He is a poet and speaks Greek, therefore he is a bad Christian," cried the more ignorant of their number. "The monk is a cowl-bearing monster," retorted the Humanist.

To Italy, however, those who would trace the outward growth of German Humanism must turn. Rudolf Agricola, the pupil

of Thomas à Kempis and Father of German Humanism, spends seven years in Italy, studying the classical languages. "In autumn," writes Erasmus, "I shall, if possible, visit Italy, and take my doctor's degree; see you, in whom is my hope, that I am provided with the means. I have been giving my whole mind to the study of Greek, and as soon as I get money I shall buy first Greek books, and then clothes."

Reuchlin, afterwards the great champion of German Humanism, learns Greek from two exiles, one in Basel and the other in Paris. "To the Latin was then added the Greek," he writes, "the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for a finer education. Thereby we are led back to the philosophy of Aristotle, which can first be really grasped when its language is understood. In this way we so won the mind of all those who, not yet wholly saturated with the foolish old doctrines, longed for a purer knowledge, that they streamed to us and deserted the trifling of the schools. The old dried-up sophists, however, were enraged; they said, that what we taught was far from Romish purity, it was forbidden to instruct anybody in the learning of the Greeks, who had fallen away from the Church."

Such opinions sufficiently mark the connection between the Humanists and the study of Greek. They show, too, how the new culture must ultimately step into open antagonism with the old scholasticism. These Humanists will soon discover a truth in classical literature which cannot be subordinated to Catholic theology. For the first time in the history of culture, Hebraism and Hellenism will step out as conflicting truths. Men will for the first time become dimly conscious that they owe as much to the Greek as to the Jew. They will begin to feel with Erasmus that many saints are not in the catalogue, and scarce forbear to cry with him, "Holy Socrates, pray for us!" They hesitate to believe that the souls of Horace and Virgil are not among the blest.

"Whatsoever is pious and conduces to good manners," writes Erasmus, "ought not to be called profane. The first place must indeed be given to the authority of the Scriptures; but, nevertheless, I sometimes find some things said or written by the antients, nay, even by the heathens, nay, by the poets themselves, so chastely, so holily, and so divinely, that I cannot persuade myself but that, when they wrote them, they were divinely inspired, and perhaps the spirit of Christ diffuses itself farther than we imagine; and that there are more saints than we have in our catalogue. To confess freely among friends, I can't read Cicero on Old Age, on Friendship, his Offices, or his Tusculan Questions without kissing the book, without veneration of that divine soul. And, on the contrary, when I read some of our modern authors, treating of Politics, Economics and Ethics, good God! how cold they are in comparison with these! Nay, how do they seem to be insensible

of what they write themselves! So that I had rather lose Scotus and twenty more such as he—fancy twenty subtle doctors!—than one Cicero or Plutarch. Not that I am wholly against them either; but because, by the reading of the one, I find myself become better, whereas I rise from the other, I know not how coldly affected to virtue, but most violently inclined to cavil and contention."

No words can paint better than these the protest of the Humanists.

Whilst the revival of classical learning came to satisfy man's growing desire for fresh fields of thought, it must be noted that this revival would have been impossible had it not at first been encouraged by the Church, had not its first promoters been stout supporters of her dogma and forms. The theologians were at first unaware of their danger, unconscious of what was involved in this new spirit of individual investigation. They did not perceive that the final outcome of an Agricola or a Wimpheling would be a Crotus Rubianus or an Ulrich von Hutten. Only experience taught them that "the egg hatched by Luther had been laid by Erasmus;" that all forms of Humanism and all types of anti-popedom were alike phases of one great revolt, one great protest which was the necessary outcome of the birth of individualism. The relation of the Humanists to the Church supplies us, however, with a basis upon which we may divide the whole movement into successive schools. We have first the so-called *Older Humanists*. These men worked for the revival of classical learning and a new system of education, but they remained staunch supporters of the Church, and never allowed their culture to lead them beyond the limits of Catholic dogma. Secondly, a school of Humanists, whom we will venture to call the *Rational Humanists*. They protested strongly against the old scholasticism; they protested against the external abuses of the Church; they took a rationalistic view of Christianity and its creed; but they did *not* support Luther, or they soon deserted him, being conscious that his movement would lead to the destruction of all true culture. These men were the most conscious workers for freedom of thought among all the sixteenth-century Reformers. The majority of them still professed themselves members of the Catholic Church; rightly or wrongly, they held it possible to reform that institution from within, and so to modify its doctrines that they should embrace the natural expansion of man's thought. The leaders of the Rational Humanists were Reuchlin and Erasmus. Their party and its true work of culture were shipwrecked by the Reformation storm. Lastly, we have the so-called *Younger Humanists*. A body of younger men of great talent, but much smaller learning, who were ready to "protest" against all things. The wild genius of many of them hated any form of restraint,

and their love of freedom not infrequently degenerated into license. Some of them were, in their fiery enthusiasm, self-destructive; others with age became either Rational Humanists or supporters of Luther. The presiding spirit of this Younger Humanism was Ulrich von Hutten.

In order to trace more clearly the bearings of these three schools it may not be amiss to consider shortly a few of their members. Of the Older Humanists, first of all must be noted the three pupils of Thomas à Kempis, namely, Rudolf Agricola, Rudolf von Langen and Alexander Hegius, afterwards Rector of the Deventer School, these men have been not inappropriately termed the Fathers of German Humanism. To them we may add the names of Wimpheling, the "Preceptor of Germany," who may be said to have revolutionized the schools of Southern Germany; and of Abbot Tritheim, who helped to found the first German learned society—the Rhenish Society of Literature—and whose biographical dictionary of ecclesiastical writers is still a very useful book. These men, one and all, worked for the revival of learning, not only in the matter of the classical tongues, but in all branches of knowledge. To them is in a great measure due those few years of intense intellectual activity which preceded the Reformation, and caused Ulrich von Hutten to exclaim: "O century! O literature! it is a joy to live, though not yet to rest. Study flourishes, the intellect bestirs itself. Thou, O Barbarism, take a halter, or make up thy mind to banishment!" But while the Older Humanists insisted on the importance, and worked for the spread, of the new learning, they did not hold the end of their studies to be human culture, but means to a religious life. They in no wise saw any innate opposition in classical literature to the dogma of the Catholic Church. "All learning," writes Hegius, "is pernicious which is attained with loss of piety." "The final end of study," says Murmellius, another of their number, "must be no other than the knowledge and honour of God." In like spirit, Rudolf Agricola recommends the study of the old philosophy and literature, yet "one must not content oneself with the study of the antients, since the antients either were utterly ignorant of the true aim of life, or guessed it only darkly, as seeing through a cloud, so that they speak, rather than are convinced, of it." Therefore one must go higher, to the Holy Scriptures, which scatter all darkness, and preserve from all deception and error; according to their doctrines we must guide our life. "The study of the classics shall be applied to a proper understanding of the Holy Scriptures." Wimpheling tells us that the true greatness of Agricola consisted in this: "that all literature and learning only served him as aids to purify himself from all

passions and to work by faith and prayer on the great building of which God is the architect." When we note that Hegius, by "piety," meant a child-like belief in the Catholic faith; that Murmellius, by "a knowledge of God," meant an acquaintance with Catholic dogma, and that Wimpheling understood, by the "great building of which God is the architect," the Catholic Church; when we note these things, we may be sure that the Older Humanists were very far from throwing off entirely the old scholastic bondage. The new learning was to be for them subservient to the old theology; they attempted to put new wine in the old skins. Perhaps the inconsistency of their standpoint might be best expressed by terming them *Scholastic Humanists.*

One of the most remarkable of these Scholastic Humanists, a man whose immense learning almost made his scholasticism a caricature, was the famous, much-abused opponent of Luther —Dr. Johann Eck. This man, we are told by the Protestants, was vain, ambitious, and wanting in all religious principles, the sole aim of his life, according to D'Aubigné, was to "make a sensation." On the other hand, the Catholics tell us that he was a man of unusual talent, possessing a rare freshness and elasticity of mind, and with deep inner conviction of the truth of the Catholic Church. How are we to judge the man whom Luther termed the "organ of the Devil," and Carlstadt the "father of asses," but upon whose gravestone stands written that "great in doctrine, great in intellect, he fought boldly in the army of Christ," and whose University for long years preserved his desk, his hood and cap, as valued relics of an honoured master? If there is anything which makes us inclined to doubt the Protestant assertions, it is the abuse that party poured upon him in the grave. Luther writes that the impious man has died of four of the most terrible diseases, including among them raving madness; while the polished Melanchthon does not scorn to mock the great opponent with the epitaph:—

> "Multa vorans et multa bibens, mala plurima dicens,
> Eccius, hac posuit putre cadaver humo."

Let us at least be as just to the peasant's son of Ottobeuern as we are to the peasant's son of Eisenach. In Eck's writings there is, as a rule, a moderation of language, and a depth of research, from which Luther might have learnt a lesson. That he employed a vast learning and no little talent in defending a narrow dogma is a charge which may be brought against any professional theologian—even Luther. He was not unconscious of the abuses of the Church; but he believed in reformation from within: above all, he held that her doctrines and her abuses

were matters to be kept distinct, and respect for the one did not involve approval of the other. We, who naturally fail to sympathize with this supporter of the old theological bondage, may at least allow that he acted honestly, and fought for his real convictions. The man who, in his youth, was the friend of Brant, Reuchlin, and Wimpheling, the leaders of German thought; who, in early manhood, helped to humanize the University of Ingoldstadt, and who raised himself, by a life of study, from the peasant ranks to the foremost place among Catholic theologians, deserves, at least, our respect, though he applied his talents in a forlorn cause. If we find in him a certain pride of his own learning, which now-a-days might have earned him the title of "prig," the cause is obvious when we read the account he himself gives us of his own education :—

"After I had learnt the elements, Cato was explained to me together with the Latin Idioms of Paul Niavis, Æsop's Fables, the comedy of Aretin, the Elegy of Alda (?), and Seneca's Treatise on Virtue; then the letters of Gasparinus, the Josephinus of Gerson, St. Jerome's prologue to the Bible; Boethius on Discipline, Seneca's Ad Lucilium, the whole of Terence, the first six books of Virgil's Ænead, and Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy. I was practised also in the five treatises of Isidore on Dialectic. In the afternoons my uncle read with me the legal and historical books of the Old Testament, the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles; I read also a work on the four last things, one on the soul, a part of Augustine's speeches to the Hermits, Augustine of Ancona on the Power of the Church, an introduction to the study of law, the four chapters of the third book of the decretals with the glosses. Panormitanus' Rules of Law I learnt by heart in alphabetical order. Over and above this I heard in school the Bucolics of Virgil, Theodulus, and the six tractates of Isidore. The curate of my uncle explained to me the Gospels, Cicero's work on Friendship, St. Basil's introduction to the study of literature and Homer's Trojan War. Of my own accord I read the whole History of Lombardy, the greater part of the Fortress of the Faith, and many other Latin and German books, although at that time the study of literature was not in its bloom."*

Having accomplished all this, Eck went at *twelve years* old to the University of Heidelberg, and in his *fifteenth year* was made Master of Arts by the University of Tübingen. Such an education must necessarily have a "prig" creating tendency. It may with much profit be compared with that of Melanchthon some few years later, and that of John Stuart Mill in our own day.

Those who will take the trouble to investigate the course of Eck's boyish studies will see at once why he combined scholasticism and Humanism. That he was a scholastic, subordinated

* *Seneca de Virtutibus* and *Cato* are the well-known mediæval apocryphal classics.

all his culture to theology, his works sufficiently prove; that he was a Humanist the following quotation will evidence. It is not unworthy of Ulrich von Hutten:—"I praise our century wherein, after we have given barbarism notice to quit, the youth is instructed in the best fashion; throughout Germany the most excellent speakers of the Latin and Greek languages are to be found. How many restorers of the fine arts now flourish, who removing the superfluous and unneedful from the old authors, make all more brilliant, purer and more attractive; men who bring the great authors of the past again to light, who translate afresh the Greek and Hebrew. Truly we may hold ourselves fortunate that we live in such a century!"

Other types of the Older Humanists, who present us with instructive pictures, are the Abbot Tritheim and Rudolf Agricola. The worthy abbot seems to have been an "all-round" genius, who corresponded with the learned of Europe upon all topics, and was never tired of collecting information of every kind. Well versed in Hebrew and Greek, he did not neglect to cultivate the natural sciences just bursting into life, and he did it in no slavish way. Of astrology, to which men of greater name than he have fallen prey—(Melanchthon's "belief in the stars" was a subject of constant annoyance to Luther)—he would hear nothing. "The stars," said he "have no mastery over us." "The spirit is free, not subject to the stars, it is neither influenced by them nor follows their motions." In his library at Sponheim, the collection of valuable books and manuscripts was the admiration of the learned world. Visitors from all parts of Europe, doctors, masters of arts, nay, even princes, prelates, and the nobility came to study therein, and were put up, even for months, free of expense by the genial abbot. Round him, too, gathered the distinguished members of the Rhenish Society of Literature, under their president Dalberg. Conrad Celtes, Reuchlin, Wimpheling, Zasius, Peutinger and Pirkheimer, the two latter representatives of the culture of the citizens of Augsburg and Nürnberg respectively. These men met together in a sort of discussion club to criticize each others writings and theories in all fields of knowledge. For Tritheim, however, the authority of the Church is to be decisive on all points, and the highest study is theology. Strangely enough, he teaches that theology must busy itself more with the Holy Scriptures; he does not see how, in so doing, he is raising the question whether the Bible and Catholic theology are in perfect agreement—that he is preparing the way for Luther with his: "I will believe no human institution, no human tradition, unless you can prove it in the Bible." No, for Tritheim the Catholic Church and the Bible confirm one another, and he tells us that the Church alone, on doubtful points, must interpret

Scripture, and he who dares to reject her interpretation has denied the Gospel of Christ. The worthy abbot is clearly very far from protesting; he cannot see that the ultimate outcome of the studies he fosters will be to make each man *think* for himself; to make each man pope, church and priest of his own faith. Shortly, he is unconscious of freedom of thought.

Rudolf Agricola, termed by his contemporaries a second Virgil, and whose services to German Humanism have been compared with those of Petrarca to Italian, was one of the kindliest figures of the whole movement; the culture of his country was the aim of his life; not only the educated, but the great mass of the folk should be made to feel the influence of the classical spirit. The great classics should be brought before the masses in German translations and with German footnotes.* He recognized the need of cultivating the language of the folk, for only through it could the folk be made to participate in the newly acquired fields of knowledge. While many of the later Humanists were scarce able to speak their native tongue, Agricola found time to compose German songs, and loved to sing them to his zither. To him is probably due the impulse to the study of German history and antiquity, which brought such rich fruits in Strassburg, under the guiding hands of Wimpheling and Brant. Perhaps, thus, indirectly may be attributed to him the fact that Brant wrote his "Ship of Fools," the greatest German literary work of the sixteenth century in the vulgar tongue. Such men must suffice as types of the Older Humanists.

Their enthusiasm rapidly spread throughout Germany; everywhere sprung up new centres of intellectual activity; the men of all ranks and all occupations were beginning to think, to demand a *why* for everything. Within fifty years from 1456 new universities appeared at Greifswald, Basel, Freiburg, Ingoldstadt, Trier, Tübingen, Mainz, Wittenberg, and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, while a great impulse was given to the development of the old. Nor did this spirit reach the universities alone, the imperial towns became centres for the spread of the new culture. Round Pirkheimer, in Nürnberg, who, though a Rational Humanist, was in friendly communication with men of the old type, gathered an unsurpassed group of men; Regiomontanus, the greatest astronomer of the time, Hartmann Schedel, the historian and antiquary, and a host of lesser men of science and literature; these men were assisted in their work by a noteworthy band of artists: Wolgemuth and his apprentices prepared the woodcuts for Schedel's great historical work, and Dürer

* Thucydides. Homer, Livy, Ovid, &c., appeared in German translations soon after 1500, adorned with copious woodcuts.

engraved charts of the heavens for Regiomontanus. On all sides intellectual activity. From Nürnberg there is a constant interchange of letters with the whole Humanistic world; not the least pleasing of these are those of Pirkheimer's sister, the Abbess Charitas, with the great men of her brother's circle. This Humanistic nun seems to have been a woman of surpassing power, and to quite justify the somewhat extravagant praise of Conrad Celtes. Her memoirs present us with a most remarkable picture of womanly courage and perseverance under the brutal persecutions which befell her cloister in the Reformation days. In all branches of art and technical construction—nay, even in pure Humanism—Nürnberg stood second to none of the German towns or universities. A like, if not quite so famous, activity developed itself round Conrad Peutinger in Augsburg, who worked especially for the study of German antiquity, editing the old German historians, and, by his *Sermones convivales de mirandis Germaniæ antiquitatibus*, creating an interest for the national past. A lasting witness to Peutinger's historical spirit is the monument in the Franciscan church at Innsbruck to Kaiser Maximilian, the patron of these Nürnberg and Augsburg Humanists.

These few remarks may perhaps suggest rather than prove the extreme mental activity which was created throughout Germany by the Older Humanists, but it must be remembered that these men were strong Catholics, and that this intellectual movement was entirely in the hands of the Church. The universities (Erfurt alone, perhaps, excepted) were under her thumb, and this new thought was only allowed in so far as it did not conflict with the old theology. All knowledge might be pursued so far as it was conducive to faith, but it must be at once suppressed if it proclaimed a new truth beyond the old crystallized belief of past centuries. This specially is the view of Wimpheling, the "Preceptor of Germany," Geiler von Kaiserberg, the folk-preacher, and Sebastian Brant, the author of "The Ship of Fools," who were the leaders of the Strassburg school of Older Humanists. "Don't," they cried to the folk, for that is the audience to which they appealed, "be led away from the faith, if dispute arises concerning it, but believe in all simplicity what the Holy Church teaches. Don't let your reason meddle with things it cannot grasp. Go home and cure your own sins, your idleness, drunkenness, luxury, love of dancing, dress and gambling; when you have done that, which, however, is no light matter, then go and fight for the unity and purity of the faith; go and fight for the defence of the empire. Battle for Kaiser and Church! Restore again the all-embracing empire, and the all-embracing Church to their old grandeur! Study by all means, if you can, but always

remember the end of your study is the understanding of Holy Scripture, the refutation of heresy ; in all this you will have need of the unerring rules of the Catholic faith." Such preaching shows us at once that for these men the old socialistic notions were still sufficient guide in life ; they still believed in Kaiser and Pope, and tied culture to the apron-strings of theology. They still believed it possible to vivify the old institutions. They were unconscious of the movement they had themselves set agog. They knew nothing of the protest, the revolt man's reason was about to make against all the old forms of belief ; they did not see that religion is a thing which, like all thought, grows and develops, and that the Christianity of yesterday will no more suit the man of to-day, than the clothes of his grandfather. That the very culture they were themselves propagating must ultimately oppose a theology which had ceased to keep pace with the progress of thought. For this reason we may term them Scholastic Humanists, not from any contempt, because they did good and true work, but since they remained in the old bondage, and did not grasp the coming struggle between culture and the formulated religion.

This is the distinguishing mark between the Older and Rational Humanists—the latter declined to accept the old theological tutelage. "We are going," said the Rationalists, "to think over these matters for ourselves. We are not going to submit our studies to any antiquated formalism." And, after thinking over these matters, they ceased to have any very great respect for the old institutions. For themselves they threw off entirely the old mental yoke, but that did not mean that they proposed the destruction of the Catholic Church. No! they held it possible that its framework might be modified to suit the new state of affairs. They did not preach to the folk who were incapable yet of thinking : "These old forms are nonsense ; shake them off and destroy their supporters." That sort of work was left to others. The Rational Humanists merely said : "Our first business is to spread culture, to educate the folk, to tell them the truths we have discovered ; then it will be time enough for a vast public opinion to react on the Catholic Church. All we insist upon at present is the right to teach, to clear away ignorance of all sorts, even that of monk and priest. The 'obscure men' shall not silence us, but we do not term them a 'devil's litter,' to be destroyed by force. We are going to educate them, we are going to educate the folk to understand something better ; our labour is not that of a day but of long years. Some abuses, however, are so obvious, and so strike at all national life, that we shall insist upon their removal at once. We must have the misuse of indulgences, pluralities, simony, the

misapplication of the Church's temporal power, seen to immediately, please." Such is the teaching of the Rational Humanists, varying, of course, in the individual from active propaganda to quiet disbelief in the Catholic dogma. Of the two leaders of this party, Reuchlin and Erasmus, it is needless to say anything now. We have already mentioned the names of Pirkheimer and Celtes. One of the most remarkable Rational Humanists, however, Conrad Mutian, is less generally known, and may be taken here as a type of the class. Like so many of the first men of his time, Mutian was educated under Hegius, at Deventer, and afterwards completed his studies in Italy. He finally retired to Gotha, where he had been presented to a small canonry, and devoted his life to study. Attracted by his personal influence and the charms of his character, a group of young men, whose names where soon to be sounding throughout Germany, gathered round the genial canon. He may truly be termed the "Preceptor of Younger Humanism." From the Canon's house, behind the church at Gotha, spread the fiery youths who were to subvert all things, and protest against all forms of discipline. Here might have been found Eoban Hesse, who tried most things, but proved alone faithful to poetry; Crotus Rubianus, the deviser of that immortal satire, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; Justus Jonas, later secretary to Martin Luther; Spalatin, afterwards most respectable of Reformers, and last, but greatest, we may mention Ulrich von Hutten, the glowing prophet of Revolution. There this little band gathered round the older canon, were fired by his eloquent talk, and adopted his radical and rationalistic notions without tempering them by his learning. From this centre was directed the battle of Humanism against Scholasticism; from thence went forth the biting satires in aid of the Humanistic champion, Reuchlin, in his contest with obscurity; from thence the youthful Humanistic evangelists spread through the German Universities; calling upon the students to protest against the so-called "barbarism" and "obscurity" of the theologians and monkish teachers. The University of Erfurt, close at hand, was soon won for the good cause, Heidelberg and Wittenberg followed; everywhere, where a "poet" commenced to lecture on the classics, his lecture-room was crowded with students, and the theologians had to expound the works of subtle and invincible doctors to empty benches. Satirical dialogues, Latin epigrams, street mocking and even ill usage, were cast in a perfect torrent upon the old teachers. Youth, ever ready for something fresh, and dimly conscious of the barrenness of the old, seized upon this new culture without fully grasping its meaning or penetrating to its full merits. Students no longer desired to be bachelor or master but to be "poet," a

skilful composer of Latin verse, and ready in the wit of Horace and Juvenal. These "Latin cohorts" despised everything savouring of German as barbarism, even to their names, so that a Schneider became a Sartorius, a Königsberger a Regiomontanus and a Wacher a Vigilius.* In this youthful party Humanism degenerated, and while Erasmus, Reuchlin and Mutian viewed Luther's propaganda with distrust, the younger Humanists flocked to the new standard of protest and revolt, and so doing brought culture into disgrace and shipwrecked the revival of learning in Germany. It was a foretaste of the future, when in 1510, as the outcome of an anti-scholastic riot of the Erfurt students, the mob destroyed the University buildings, the colleges and bursaries, and, worst of all, the fine library with all its old documents and charters! It is but party bigotry which induces the Catholic historians to attribute these disasters to the teaching of Erasmus and Mutian; they were the output of that spirit of protest and revolt which accompanied the birth of individualism. The Rational Humanists, while working for freedom of thought, strove, so far as lay in their power, that that freedom should be achieved by a gradual evolution, the more violent religious party produced a revolution. Nothing will show more strongly the spirit of Rational Humanism than a few quotations from the letters of the Canon of Gotha to his young friends:—

"I will not lay before you a riddle out of Holy Scripture," he writes to Spalatin, "but an open question, which may be solved by profane studies. If Christ is the way, the truth and the life, what have men done for so many centuries before his birth? Have they gone astray, wrapt in the heavy darkness of ignorance, or did they share salvation and truth? I will to thy help with my own view of the matter. The religion of Christ did not commence with his becoming man, but has existed for all time, even at Christ's first birth. Since what is the true Christ, what the peculiar son of God, if it be not, as St. Paul says, the wisdom of God? which, not only the Jews in a narrow corner of Syria, but even the Greeks, Italians and Germans possessed, although they had different religious customs." "The command of God which lights up the soul has two chief principles; love God and thy neighbour as thyself. This law gives us the kingdom of heaven; it is the law of Nature, not hewn in stone as that of Moses, not graven in brass as the Roman, nor written upon parchment or paper, but moulded in our hearts by the highest teacher. Who enjoys with pious mind this memorable and holy Eucharist does something divine, since the true body of Christ is peace and unity and no holier host exists than reciprocal love."

* It is often extremely difficult to conceive how some of the poets arrived at their classical names. Thus, plain Johann Jäger of Dornsheim became Crotus Rubianus, and Theodorici, Ceratinus! Perhaps the most ingenious adaptation was that of the Erfurt printer Knapp, who styled himself Cn. Appius.

In a letter to Urban* he writes:—

"Who is our redeemer? Justice, peace and joy, that is the Christ which has descended from heaven. If the food of God is to obey the divine commandments, if the highest commandment is to love God and our neighbour, so consider, my Urban, if those fools rightly enjoy the food of the Lord, who swallow holy wafers and yet against the Sacrament of Christian love disturb the peace and spread discord. The true Christ is soul and spirit, which can neither be touched with the hands nor yet seen. Socrates said to a youth, 'Speak, that I may see thee.' Now note, my Urban, that we only reveal by our speech the spirit and the God which dwells in us. Therefore we only share heaven, if we live spiritually, philosophically or in a Christian manner, obeying the reason more than our desires."

In this letter he goes so far as to say the Mahomedans are not so wrong, when they say that the real Christ was not crucified. Another time he writes to Urban:—

"New clothes, new ceremonies are introduced, as if God could be honoured by clothes or attire. In the Koran we read 'who serves the eternal God and lives virtuously, whether he be Jew, Christian, or Saracen, wins the grace of God and salvation.' So God is pleased by an upright course of life, not by new clothes; since the only true worship of God consists in not being evil. He is religious, who is upright; he is pious, who is of a pure heart. All the rest is smoke."

Yet again we read:—

"There is only one God and one goddess, but there are many forms and many names—Jupiter, Sol, Apollo, Moses, Christ, Luna, Ceres, Proserpine, Tellus, Mary. But be cautious not to spread that. We must bury it in silence like the Eleusinian mysteries. In matters of religion we must use the cloak of fable and riddle. Do you with Jupiter's grace, that is with the grace of the best and greatest god, silently despise all little gods. If I say Jupiter I mean Christ and the true God. Yet enough of these all too high matters."

Mutian had need of caution; the "godless painters" were exiled by even the Protestants for much less than this! He, who cast aside confession, neglected the services of the Church, and laughed at fasting, had need, even in the neighbourhood of Erfurt, to be very careful. Another letter tells us:—

"Only the stupid seek their salvation in fasting. I am tried and stupid. That is due to the food of stupidity, to say nothing more severe. Donkeys, forsooth donkeys they are, who don't take their usual meals and feed on cabbage and salt fish." "I laughed heartily," he writes to Peter Eberbach, "when Benedict told me of your mother's lamentations because you so seldom went to church, would not fast, and eat eggs contrary to the usual custom. I excused this unheard-of

* Not the better known Urbanus Rhegius, but Heinrich Urbanus, a very interesting personality of the Gothic circle.

horrible crime in the following fashion. Peter does wisely not to go to church, since the building might fall in, the images tumble down; much danger is always at hand. But he hates fasting for this reason, because he knows what happened to his father, he fasted and died. Had he eaten, as he was formerly accustomed to do, he had not died. As my hearer continued to knit his brows and asked: 'Who will absolve you bad Christians?' I answered *Study and Knowledge.*"

Still a last quotation:—

"Where reason guides, we want no doctors. The school is the grammarian's field of action; theologians are of no use there. Now-a-days the theologians, the donkeys, seize the whole school and introduce no end of nonsense. In an university it were enough to have one sophist, two mathematicians, three theologians, four jurists, five medical men, six orators, seven Hebrew scholars, eight Greek scholars, nine philologists, and ten right-minded philosophers as presidents and governors of the entire learned body."

These extracts will perhaps convey some notion of the man who gave the tone to Younger Humanism. With his ridicule of fasting, saint-worship, and outward religion, we might at first sight suppose he would have supported Luther. But, like Erasmus, he saw that the Reformation movement would destroy all true freedom of thought, and he remained formally in the Catholic Church. Luther's journey to Worms was followed by the so-called "priest-riots," and the Lutheran mob stormed the house of the Canon of Gotha. From this time Mutian's circumstances grew worse and worse; a few years afterwards he appeals for a little bread and money for necessaries to the Elector Friedrich, but no aid came. Yet a little struggle with bitter poverty, and he dies calmly with the words, "Thy will be done!" amidst the turmoil of the Peasant Rebellion, the first outcome of the Reformation. He finds at last that "Beata tranquillitas," which he had in vain inscribed over his door at Gotha. His death is very typical of the death of neglected culture amid the noise of mob-protestation and the braying of rival theological trumpets.

But though this nigh-forgotten Canon of Gotha was the preceptor, he was by no means the creator of Younger Humanism. Strangely enough that spirit had a far longer history than the renascence of the fifteenth century. The Younger Humanists are the direct descendants of the strolling scholars, who, from the twelfth century onward, continued to protest in life and writings against the Catholic hierarchy in particular, and the habits of civilized society in general. These strolling scholars are the material out of which Younger Humanism was shaped. It adopted their traditions, their wild method of life, and later, in

its battle with monkdom and Rome, even their very satires and poems. It is impossible now to consider at any length this most interesting phenomenon of European history. A few remarks may serve to show its relation to Younger Humanism. We find these strolling scholars at home in England, France, Italy and Germany; they are banded together into societies, as those of the Goliards and the "Ordo Vagorum." They wander about from school to school all over Europe. Latin is their common language, and the capacity for drinking and singing the qualification for admission to their order. At first they were all clerks, but later they became not so exclusive, and their numbers were recruited from all classes. They led a wild careless life, an open protest against all forms of social order. A monk, a long-beard, a jealous husband are the favourite subjects for their satire; a good tavern, jovial company, and a merry-eyed damsel their idols. Their hate for the Church is intense; not so much for her dogma as for the greed and stupidity of her priesthood. They pour out line upon line of bitter satire against Rome and the temporal power of the Pope; they are in the field centuries before Wyclif, and yet do much for the propagation of his opinions: traces of them may be found throughout the fifteenth century, and Luther shows knowledge of their songs. These numerous songs against the dominion of Rome are a curious memento of protestation and individualism struggling in dark corners for more than three centuries before the Reformation. There is a genuine ring of true poetry about some of these verses which makes them one of the most valuable literary productions of mediæval Latinity. Strolling scholars, too, had their "poets" and "archpoets" long before Humanism was thought of. The Church in council and synod in vain issued decrees against them; that they should not be given charity; that they should be excluded from Mass; that they should be imprisoned and punished. They flourished all the same, they continued to make satires on the Church, to lie about on the public benches, to drink in the taverns, and make love to the burghers' daughters. They read their Horace and Juvenal, and filled themselves with the classical spirit, long before the days of Humanism. They parodied the songs of the Church in drinking songs; they parodied the words of Scripture:—"In those days were many multitudes of players of one soul and with no tunic;" or, again, "In the spring-time the wine-bibbers were saying to one another, let us cross over even to the tavern;" or, "What is to be done that we may gain money? The Pope replied: It is written in the law which I teach you: Love gold and silver with all thy heart and with all thy soul and riches as thyself; do this and live."

For these strolling scholars, as for Wyclif, Huss and Luther, the heads of the Catholic Church are the disciples of Antichrist. More pleasing than their Church and monk satires are their love and drinking songs, some of the former possess surpassing grace, and the humour of the latter it undeniable. There is no want of genius, but it is genius which has sunk to the tavern, has joined the order of vagabonds, and delights in roving over the face of the earth and protesting against all forms of established order. This is the heritage of the Younger Humanists; they are the strolling scholars coming again into prominence. No one can truly appreciate the spirit or origin of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* who has not read the satires of earlier strolling scholars; the one is a natural outcome of the other. Such men as Ulrich von Hutten and Hermann von dem Busche are really strolling scholars under a new name. They led a restless wild life, now listening in the halls of the universities, now doing service as soldier, or even the day after as highwayman. There is a charm about their life which it is difficult to cast aside; there is the stamp of genius, though it be too often saturated in wine, or openly dragged through the mire. If, in modern times, breaches of social custom have been on more than one occasion cast into the shade by the greatness of a poet's talent, we shall not find it hard to forgive Ulrich von Hutten lesser offences for a wider and more enthusiastic genius. Such, then, is the spirit of Younger Humanism; the men who will by satire, wit, and even violence destroy the old scholastic theology; they will be among the first to protest, to revolt; they will join Luther, they will join Sickingen; they will eagerly deform and upset, but, unlike the Rational Humanists, they are incapable of reconstrucing. What the effect of such a party gaining the mastery in the universities would be, is too obvious. The old learning toppled over and carried the new culture with it. Such would be the end of Humanism and the beginning of Protestantism—the meeting of Ulrich von Hutten and Martin Luther. All energies, all intellectual vigour were turned into theological channels. Culture in the higher sense understood by an Erasmus or Mutian, disappeared.

"All learned studies lie despised in the dust," writes the Rector of Erfurt in 1523, "the academic distinctions are scorned, and all discipline has vanished from among the students." "So deep are we sunk," moans even Eoban Hesse himself, "that only the memory of our former power remains for us; the hope of again renewing it has vanished for ever. Our university is desolate and we are despised."

In a like melancholy tone, Melanchthon writes of the state of affairs in Wittenberg: "I see that you feel the same pain as I

over the decay of our studies, which so recently raised their heads for the first time, yet now begin to decline." Surrounded by narrow uncultured spirits, Melanchthon declares Wittenberg a desert without a congenial soul.

But not only utter dissoluteness and disorder ruled among the students, their numbers too, at all the universities rapidly decreased. In the fourteen years before the Reformation, 6,000 students matriculated at Leipzig, in the fourteen following years less than a third that number. In Basel, since 1524, we are told the University lay as if it were dead and buried, the chairs of the teachers and benches of the students were alike empty. In Heidelberg, in 1528, there were more teachers than students. In Freiburg, the famous jurist, Zasius, must content himself (1523) with six hearers, and these French! The University of Vienna, which formerly numbered its 7,000 students, was frequented only by a few dozens, and some of the faculties were entirely closed. Everywhere the same complaints—no students, or useless students. The old scholastic system was destroyed, but the study of the antients, which was to replace it, had disappeared likewise; the minds of men were directed into one channel only. Youth had no thought of study, but was eager for religious disputation, for theological wrangling. The rival trumpets are resounding throughout the schools, and their noise is rendering dumb all honest workers. Luther has brought back a flood of theology on Europe, and men can and will no longer delight in the sages of Greece and Rome. That was what Erasmus meant when he declared that, "Wherever Lutheranism reigns, there learning perishes."

Art. II.—Thomas Hardy's Novels.

1. *Desperate Remedies.* 1871.
2. *Under the Greenwood Tree.* 1872.
3. *A Pair of Blue Eyes.* 1873.
4. *Far from the Madding Crowd.* 1874.
5. *The Hand of Ethelberta.* 1876.
6. *The Return of the Native.* 1878.
7. *An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress.* 1878.
8. *The Distracted Young Preacher.* 1879.
9. *Fellow Townsmen.* 1880.
10. *The Trumpet Major.* 1880.
11. *A Laodicean.* 1881.
12. *Two on a Tower.* 1882.

THE high position which the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" holds among contemporary English novelists is now generally recognized. When, however, that novel appeared anonymously in the pages of *Cornhill*, now nine years ago, Mr. Hardy's name was almost unknown. At that time it happened that the writer who stood at the head of English novelists had been silent for some years, and it seemed obvious to one or two critics that "Far from the Madding Crowd" was written by George Eliot. It was soon manifest that this was a mistake. Not only was this new novel without the massive quality, and the serious sustained power of George Eliot's work, but it possessed a vivid freshness, a quaint, unconventional simplicity equally without correspondence in George Eliot. Even when this was seen, many people were still uncertain about the sex of the new writer, and reviewers of Thomas Hardy's works were occasionally doubtful whether to speak of "him" or "her." The cause of this uncertainty is not hard to find. The minute observation, the delicate insight, the conception of love as the one business of life, and a singularly charming reticence in its delineation, are qualities which, if not universally characteristic of woman's work in fiction, are such as might with propriety be attributed to it—at all events from an *a priori* standpoint. And it must be remembered that it seems now to stand beyond question that the most serious work in modern English fiction (contrasting in this respect with French fiction) has been done by women. M. Taine has defined the novelist as nothing else nor

more than a psychologist. Such a definition seems certainly defective; it fails to take into account the constructive element. Perhaps it would be more approximately correct to say that the novelist is a psychologist who is also an artist. It may certainly be asserted that no definition can be adequate which fails to give a foremost place to the elements of art and psychology, or that *art* of psychology which Mill called ethology. And, if that is so, it would be hard to find any English novelists whose names may legitimately precede those of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot; certainly not Dickens, who so signally failed in the adequate and accurate realization of character, or Thackeray, whose art-instincts (one must not forget "Esmond," the splendid exception) only ruled at lucid intervals. It is not difficult to differentiate Mr. Hardy's art from that of the women novelists just mentioned, and indeed no woman could have created a series of heroines of so persistently narrow range and such consummate fascination within that range. But it is not too much to say that with them he may claim to rank. Notwithstanding, however, that this distinguished place is generally conceded to Mr. Hardy, very few attempts have been made to determine what are those new things in literature which entitle him to that position. The object of the present paper is to point out at least the most prominent of these, and it may be well to state them at the outset. He has created a group of peasants, for the like of whom, in strong and living individuality, in wealth of quaint humour, we must go back to Shakspere; he has given us a gallery of women—"Undines of the earth," they have been felicitously called—whose charm is unique; they have no like anywhere; he has added a fresh delight to certain aspects of Nature.

The English agricultural labourer is a figure which few novelists have succeeded in describing. Few, indeed, have had an opportunity of knowing him. George Eliot, who has represented so much of the lower strata of English rural life, has not reached him. At best he is only visible in the dim background. We look in vain through "Adam Bede" or "Silas Marner" for the counterpart of Jan Coggan or Grandfer Cantle. But we may find them in miniature in the clowns of "Hamlet" and "The Winter's Tale." It is surprising, indeed, to see how close is the relationship between those clowns of Shakspere's and their modern representatives in Mr. Hardy's novels. The humour of them is often not to be distinguished. And, save when we go back to those light and sure sketches, it is difficult to find anywhere fit comrades for the quaint and worthy fellowship, so racy of the earth, who greet us from the pages of "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Return of the Native." They seem to be born of the earth in a more special sense than her

other children. The forms which pass in procession along the ridge in the twilight at the beginning of "Under the Greenwood Tree," who look, as they are silhouetted on the sky, like the processions on the walls of Egyptian chambers, have grown to have something of the contours of the things among which they live; their "nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." And Mr. Hardy reveals the same lines in the contours of their mental and emotional nature. Perhaps the most marked general characteristic of them is their limited range. They never soar very high, or, indeed, at all; but, on the other hand, they never sink very low. Timorous they often are without a cause. Mr. Hardy represents them as, on the whole, a rather feeble folk, but they are never besotted, never coarse; the only effect of an immoderate pull at the cider-can is to render the receiver's humour rather more *spirituel* than usual. And that humour, how delightful! It is the grand characteristic of these men, a delicate and involved humour, which carries itself solemnly, with a tone of gentle banter in it, which is instinctively tolerant without always seeing a reason for tolerance. There are many distinct individualities, but in this respect they are all alike—this humour is common to them all.

And then, secondly, we have to note Mr. Hardy's heroines, those instinct-led women, who form a series which, for subtle simplicity, for a certain fascinating and incalculable vivacity which is half ethereal and half homely, can hardly be matched. It is true that they are all sisters—the Viviette Constantine of Mr. Hardy's latest novel has features in which one may easily trace a resemblance to the Cytherea Graye of his earliest. But this is a fact which few probably of Mr. Hardy's readers have ever regretted. No one, who has once felt the charm of the dream-wrapt faces which Mr. Burne Jones loves to delineate, has cared that the artist should seek for fresh types of loveliness; and it is equally easy to be content with the type of womanhood which Mr. Hardy gives us in all its delicate variations. So great, however, is the general resemblance among the fresh and piquant figures in this gallery of fair woman, that there is scarcely a dominant quality in one of them which is not shared by the whole group. Ethelberta's notions about love are not distinguishable from Fancy Day's; the same maxims of conduct which are explicit in Cytherea Graye are implicit in Paula Power. What we notice about them first, perhaps, is the mingling of simplicity and piquancy. It is true that simplicity, in the sense of direct candour—the truthful nature of a Shirley or a Dorothea Brooke—lies nowhere in them. Such strong simplicity is a force which breaks through circumstance; and what we see here, rather, are young healthy creatures, chiefly instinct-led, in their reaction with circumstance, circum-

stance mostly against them, but which they are rarely wishful, very rarely able, to break through. So interesting are they thus, that they scarcely need the bright natural vivacity which never fails them. They are fascinating to us at once, and irresistibly, because they are so simple by nature, so involved by circumstance. What we see in them, then, is the individual and egoistic instincts in a reaction with circumstances which is only faintly coloured by an elementary altruistic consciousness. Morals, observe, do not come in. Not that these beings yield in a passive unlimited way to the stream of occurrences. Shakspere has given us in Mrs. Quickly, as Coleridge pointed out, this absolute submission to circumstance. But Mrs. Quickly is not instinctive. Mr. Hardy's heroines are characterized by a yielding to circumstance that is limited by the play of instinct. They are never quite bad. It seems, indeed, that this quality in them, which shuts them out from any high level of goodness, is precisely that which saves them from ever being very bad. They have an instinctive self-respect, an instinctive purity. When they err, it is by caprice, by imagination. Even Eustacia Vye has no impure taint about her. One feels compelled to insist on the instinctiveness of these women. There is, in truth, something elemental, something *demonic* about them. We see at once that they have no souls. And that is why the critic, who called them "Undines of the earth," was striking the keynote of every one of them. In their ever-varying and delicate moods and caprices, which are never untouched by the elemental purity of nature, in their tenderness, in their unconscious selfishness, Fancy, Elfride, Eustacia, Lizzie, Anne, they are all Undines. And few, probably, will care to say that they are, for that, less women.

But even these untamed children of Nature are not quite without some principles of conduct, though generally their obedience to such rules is an involuntary and unreasoned obedience. The traces of these guides to conduct are slight, but they are distinct. And it is interesting to compare this morality with that of Charlotte Brontë and of George Eliot, both writers whose books are deeply impressed with ethical conceptions, although those conceptions were very different in each. With Charlotte Brontë morality is always a very simple thing. It is duty against passion, and for her passion has no rights. The wave of passion must always be broken against the rigidity of moral law. It never occurs to her even that the question admits of being put in any other way. Only there is a great pang of self-sacrifice. And Charlotte Brontë never underrates that pang. Right is simple to her, nowise easy. George Eliot, on the other hand, with that large and profound outlook which makes her words of such significance, sees that the problem is at the very

outset far more complex and difficult of solution than Charlotte Brontë thought. Morality is not a mere dead formula to be obeyed blindly. If Maggie Tulliver had been in Jane Eyre's place, she would not have acted as Jane Eyre acted; it is probable that she would not have left Rochester. "The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it." But George Eliot will not sacrifice the desires of the individual because they are contrary to a general principle; she will seek to make those desires true to their relations, "to *all* the motives that sanctify our lives," as Maggie Tulliver says. And George Eliot pronounces, not too severely, the condemnation of those whose ready-made method of attaining truth admits of no reference to the circumstances of the individual lot, and who cannot see that complex human lives may not be laced up in formulas that refuse the divine promptings of insight and sympathy. But with Mr. Hardy the individual self with its desires is neither *per se*, a devil to be resisted, nor a soul to receive its due heritage in the fellowship of souls. It is an untamed instinctive creature, eager and yet shy, which is compelled to satisfy its own moderate desires for happiness before it can reflect its joyousness on others. It is instinct only that saves so egoistic and primitive a moral conception—if it can be so termed—from becoming utterly evil. In so far as it is a guide to conduct, it stands at the opposite pole to Charlotte Brontë's. Mr. Hardy is not concerned, as George Eliot is, with the bearing of moral problems on human action, and his heroines do not talk the language of morals, but a very exquisite language of love. And it happens, therefore, that only one of them, and that the earliest, has expressed her thoughts on such questions. The passage in which she does so is worth quoting:—

"Though it may be right to care more for the benefit of the many than for the indulgence of your own single self, when you consider that the many, and duty to them, only exists to you through your own existence, what can be said? . . . . And they will pause just for an instant, and give a sigh to me, and think, 'Poor girl,' believing they do great justice to my memory by this. But they will never, never realize that it was my single opportunity of existence, as well as of doing my duty, which they are regarding; they will not feel that what to them is but a thought, easily held in those two words of pity, 'Poor girl,' was a whole life to me; as full of hours, minutes, and peculiar minutes, of hopes and dreads, smiles, whisperings, tears as theirs; that it was my world, what is to them their world, and they in that life of mine, however much I cared for them, only as the thought I seem to them to be. Nobody can enter into another's nature truly, that's what is so grievous."

Cytherea is speaking for all her sisters, for Elfride, for Eustacia, for Viviette. And it is to the credit of these latter that they act thus for the most part unconsciously, and are rarely able to formulate their actions in any large or precise way.

We have been quoting from "Desperate Remedies." As Mr. Hardy's first essay in fiction it need not long detain us. There is very considerable energy about it, a carefully constructed and rather complex plot; it is marred by those crude and unconnected attempts at emotional disintegration which are the characteristic of the sensational novel. An air of preternatural liveliness pervades, at all events, the earlier portions, and marks the young novelist. All the notes, however, by which we recognize Mr. Hardy's work, except, perhaps, the Nature-love which first appears in the next, are struck in this first story. Manston is a very melodramatic predecessor of Wildeve and Troy. Springrove is only differentiated by his sketchiness from Stephen Smith or George Somerset, all three architects. And Cytherea, too, is, though undeveloped, in all points one of Mr. Hardy's heroines; nowhere more so than at the last page. When we turn to "Under the Greenwood Tree," we feel at once that we are far away from the murky atmosphere of "Desperate Remedies." Mr. Hardy has found his vocation and exercises it already like a master. The interest which comes from plot is here, and, generally henceforth, in abeyance, and we have instead certain original and clearly-seen aspects of Nature and character. It is a sketch, short and slight, of rural life, but a sketch of the freshest and most delightful order, only comparable, if at all, with the best of George Sand's rural studies, with "La Mare au Diable." "Under the Greenwood Tree" is the history of the love affairs of Fancy Day, village schoolmistress, and daughter of Geoffrey Day, gamekeeper. We first hear of Fancy Day—note the sunny coquettishness of the name—at a meeting, one Christmas Eve, of the village choir (who are about to go a traditional round of carol-singing), which takes place at the cottage of Reuben Dewey, the tranter or carrier. Mr. Penny, the cobbler, has just produced Miss Fancy's boot which he had forgotten to take home.

"There, between the cider-mug and the candle, stood this interesting receptacle of the little unknown's foot; and a very pretty boot it was. A character, in fact—the flexible bend at the instep, the rounded localities of the small nestling toes, scratches from careless scampers now forgotten—all, as repeated in the tell-tale leather, evidencing a nature and a bias. Dick surveyed it with a delicate feeling that he had no right to do so without having first asked the owner of the foot's permission."

Mr. Hardy, be it observed in passing, has, like Sir Frederick Leighton, devoted special study to the foot, to what may be called the psychology of it. In "The Hand of Ethelberta," for instance, on one occasion "Picotee curled up her toes, fearing that her mother was going to moralize." As Mr. Spinks observes in the present chapter:—"I know little, 'tis true—I say no more; but show *me* a man's foot, and I'll tell you that man's heart." In due time the choir arrive at the schoolhouse, and we eventually succeed in obtaining a momentary vision of a young girl with a candle framed as a picture by the window architrave, with twining profusion of hair falling down her shoulders, and "bright eyes looking into the grey world outside with an uncertain expression, oscillating between courage and shyness." Then, said lightly and warmly, comes:—"Thank you, singers, thank you," and the vision has vanished. Some time afterwards, however, Dick Dewey, the tranter's son, was found still gazing up at the lattice. We need not follow the successive stages of Dick's lovemaking. He is a shy and awkward youth, and small favours go far with him. Mr. Hardy's heroines are, on principle, seldom more demonstrative than they can help; they think it advisable that the man they incline to should not be too certain of their favour. Of course, Dick is not without rivals. He is somewhat unnecessarily jealous of a certain Mr. Shinar, farmer and churchwarden. But Mr. Shinar is not the most formidable claimant for Fancy's hand. The vicar himself, Mr. Maybold, had been attracted by the fresh charm of that "bright little bird," as Mr. Hardy calls her. Dick, however, has really gained Fancy's affections, as he succeeds at last in learning from her. She gives a still more decisive proof by thinking, quite unfoundedly, that Dick has been paying too much attention to somebody else, and tries to make him jealous by telling of Shinar's advances. Dick, for all his awkwardness and bluffness, has sense, and while she is superior in intellect and quickness of perception, Dick's moral strength always, unconsciously to himself, predominates. He discovers that she is trying to make him jealous and she is immediately reduced to submission:—

"'And I know what you've done it for,—just because of that gipsy-party!' He turned away from her and walked five paces decisively, as if he were alone in a strange country and had never known her.—'You did it to make me jealous and I won't stand it.' He flung the words to her over his shoulder and then stalked on, apparently very anxious to walk to the colonies that very minute.

"'O, O, O, Dick—Dick!' she cried, trotting after him like a pet lamb, and really seriously alarmed at last, 'you'll kill me! my impulses are bad—miserably wicked,—and I can't help it; forgive me, Dick! And

I love you always; and those times when you look silly and don't seem quite good enough for me,—just the same, I do, Dick!'"

Soon a crisis arrives at which Fancy's love is brought to a test. Mr. Maybold has hitherto kept silence; he knew nothing of her relations to Dewey, and unexpectedly came and asked her to be his wife. Dick had just seen her for a few minutes, after attending the funeral of a friend in the rain, and this is her reflection as he goes away:—"I like Dick, and I love him; but how poor and mean a man looks in the rain, with no umbrella and wet through!" Then the vicar walks up, not without an umbrella, and, after a few preliminaries, brings out the object of his visit:—"Fancy, I have come to ask you if you will be my wife?"

She is startled, agitated; she almost pants. "I cannot, I cannot, Mr. Maybold—I cannot. Don't ask me?"

But he grows eloquent, and at last:—

"Will you, Fancy, marry me?"

Another pause ensued, varied only by the surging of the rain against the window-panes, and then Fancy spoke in a faint and broken voice:—"Yes, I will."

The next day the vicar learns accidentally from Dick himself that he is engaged to Fancy. He immediately writes to her, asking if she can honourably forsake Dick. But Fancy has already discovered her mistake, and has written asking if she may withdraw her too hasty answer. He sends these few words in reply:—"Tell him everything; it is best. He will forgive you." She never does so, and that is the flaw in the sweet bird-nature of Fancy Day. With all her superiority of intellect and refinement, the generous and straightforward Dick, dull and awkward as he is, is easily master. We are reconciled to their union:—

"'O Dick!' she exclaimed, 'I am so glad you are come! I knew you would, of course, but I thought, Oh, if you shouldn't!'"

"'Not come, Fancy! Het or wet, blow or snow, here come I to-day! Why, what's possessing your little soul? You never used to mind such things a bit!'

"'Ah, Mr. Dick, I hadn't hoisted my colours and committed myself then!'

* * * * * *

"Dick fanned himself with his hat. 'I can't think,' he said thoughtfully, 'whatever 'twas I did to offend Mr. Maybold,—a man I like so much too. He rather took to me when he came first, and used to say he should like to see me married, and that he'd marry me, whether the young woman I chose lived in his parish or no. I slightly reminded him of it when I put in the banns, but he didn't seem to take kindly to the notion now, and so I said no more. I wonder how it was!'

"'I wonder!' said Fancy, looking into vacancy with those beautiful eyes of hers—too refined and beautiful for a tranter's wife; but, perhaps, not too good."

No, not too good. These Undines are not too good. Woman, in Mr. Hardy's world, is far from being "the conscience of man;" it is with the men always that the moral strength lies. It is only necessary to think of Bathsheba Everdene and Gabriel Oak, of Eustacia Vye and Clym Yeobright, of Anne Garland and John Loveday. The women may be clever, practical, full of tact; they are always irresistibly fascinating; but veracity, simplicity, rectitude are with the men. Maggie Tulliver was strong; if once her moral sense was lulled, it was native to her, and she soon awoke to it. But when Elfride Swancourt consents to go to London with Stephen Smith, and, on getting there, immediately returns, it can scarcely be said that the mental process was in her case the same. She is throughout full of irresolutions, and that hesitation at the final leap which sends her home is only one of those irresolutions. The line of least resistance is only accidentally coincident with the line of right conduct.

Elfride Swancourt brings us to "A Pair of Blue Eyes." In that story, the delicate power and fine insight of Mr. Hardy's work were first fully revealed. Elfride's character, in a last analysis, would probably be indistinguishable from Fancy Day's, but the elements are here united in a more complex, a more unstable, manner. There are finer possibilities about her; she is more refined, she is braver, she is more candid. She has, too, a sweet and clinging tenderness which is not hidden by the *grata protervitas* which characterizes all Mr. Hardy's heroines. In "Under the Greenwood Tree" we breathe throughout an atmosphere of pure comedy; Elfride is shrouded from us at last in a tragic gloom. And this tragedy is wrought with an art so like artlessness, so overwhelming in its simple and passionate pathos, as Mr. Hardy has never quite attained since. "A Pair of Blue Eyes" contains the first serious study of Mr. Hardy's favourite hero, who belongs to the class that enters modern literature as "Wilhelm Meister," and finds its most prominent recent representative in "Daniel Deronda." It is true that in Goethe's novel, and in George Eliot's, larger issues are involved than anywhere in Mr. Hardy's. "You seem to me like Saul, the son of Kish, who went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom." That, as Goethe said, was the moral of "Wilhelm Meister." With George Eliot the case was generally quite opposite. The ardent young soul started in search of kingdoms, and found at last a certain exquisite satisfaction in tending asses. If Daniel Deronda seems an exception, it must be acknowledged that the kingdom he attained is only dimly shadowed forth. Mr. Hardy,

however, is mostly indifferent to these things; his hero passes through no such process of development one way or another. In general he is a sensitive being, gentle and pure as a woman, characterized by nothing so much as his receptivity. In fact, critics who cling to the Byronic ideal would probably extend to him the appellation they give to Wilhelm Meister and Daniel Deronda; they would call him a milksop. Nevertheless, he succeeds in escaping weakness; perhaps because, as George Eliot says, receptiveness itself, like fortitude, is a rare and massive power; perhaps because of a certain moral strength which we have seen in Dick Dewey and which is elsewhere brought out still more distinctly. There is a little piece of psychological analysis in this book which is worth quoting; it is one of the few passages in which Mr. Hardy attempts such analysis:—

> "His constitution was made up of very simple particulars; one which, rare in the spring-time of civilizations, seems to grow abundant as a nation gets older, individuality fades, and education spreads—that is, his brain had extraordinary receptive powers, and no great creativeness. Quickly acquiring any kind of knowledge he saw around him, and having a plastic adaptability more common in woman than in man, he changed colour like a chameleon as the society he found himself in assumed a higher and more artificial tone. He had not many original ideas, and yet there was scarcely an idea to which, under proper training, he could not have added a respectable co-ordinate."

This is true, not only of Stephen Smith, but of Egbert Mayne, of George Somerset, even of Clym Yeobright. There is a remarkable passage in "Daniel Deronda" (book iv. chap. 32), in which George Eliot has analyzed a stage of Deronda's development, which may very well be compared with the passage just quoted, to illustrate both the points of contact between George Eliot's hero and Mr. Hardy's, and the respective analytical powers of the two writers.

With all its great and fascinating qualities, "A Pair of Blue Eyes" is by no means free from faults. Mr. Hardy was breaking new ground, reaching after higher things than those he had so perfectly expressed in "Under the Greenwood Tree." This may be noticed especially in regard to a characteristic which appears first in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and to which the pathos of it is so largely owing, which constitutes, indeed, a new point of departure in Mr. Hardy's art. This is a quality which at its best should be called a kind of tragic irony, but which too often appears as a series of impossible coincidences and situations, connected sometimes with a pointless cynicism. These are the more irritating to the reader, as that by which Mr. Hardy's work is so fascinating, far from consisting in any tricks of cleverness, lies,

rather, in the fresh and direct qualities of genius. In the book before us, the incident of the lost earring is so subtly indicative, it is so suggestive of pathos, that it becomes a touch of genius. In Elfride and her father, unknown to each other, leaving home at the same hour to be privately married, we have another coincidence, not perhaps much more absurd than the other, but, because it is unnecessary, because it is more than the situation requires, it becomes, not a touch of genius, but rather of farce. And in " A Pair of Blue Eyes" there are many such touches of farce. It is impossible, however, to leave it with a note of dispraise. Nowhere else are certain qualities of Mr. Hardy's work, its sensitiveness, its sincerity, so conspicuous. The pathetic figure of Efride, with her eager and delicate instincts, her sweet hesitations, her clinging tenderness, has a charm for the memory, which no other of Mr. Hardy's heroines possesses in so great a degree.

We have noticed that in "A Pair of Blue Eyes" occurs the first development of Mr. Hardy's irony. A step in the development of his humour is also to be noted. William Worms, with his iterated conviction that "life's a strange bubble," is a rather wearisome personage, but he represents the first important appearance of that vein of humour which henceforth marks Mr. Hardy's rustics. He is the prototype of Joseph Poorgrass. It is in the next of the series, "Far from the Madding Crowd," that we find this humour at its richest and strongest. Jan Coggan, Mark Clark, Cainy Bell, and above all, Joseph Poorgrass, with his saintly profile, his multiplying eye, his cheerful sigh, and his "scriptural manner, which is my second nature," these, and the rest of that pleasant company which met at Warren's Malthouse, form a group of distinct and humorous individualities which one is not easily tired of contemplating. The pages in which they are delineated will be counted among the good things in our literature. It cannot be denied that many hard words have been said about these agricultural labourers, who are almost the most interesting personages in " Far from the Madding Crowd," and who form a Greek chorus in nearly all Mr. Hardy's novels. It is said that they doubtless talk after a sufficiently clever and amusing fashion, but that no agricultural labourers ever did talk so, none ever could, that they are in short utterly unnatural. In defence of such a statement, it is permissible to quote Mr. Barnes, as loving an exponent of Dorsetshire as Mr. Hardy, and the ponderous and unapparent humour which he offers as the native brand. Mr. Blackmore's Devonshire humour, too, a pointless and good-natured *bonhomie*, hearty rather than refined, and redolent of roast-beef and plum-pudding, that traditional basis

of the British constitution, has little in common with the *spirituel* qualities of Mr. Hardy's. On the other hand, a critic who claims to speak with full knowledge has stated emphatically that he "believes there is not, in all Mr. Hardy's works, one exaggerated or untrue word in his descriptions of those whom he knows so well." It must be remembered, too, that, as Mr. Hardy paints them, a large part of the humour of these rustics is bound up with their use of scriptural language. They have a very exact knowledge of the Bible. Grandfather William quotes Jeremiah; Maryanne compares herself, like the Psalmist, to a pelican in the wilderness. We know that Poorgrass studied the Bible, for he mentions once how he was "sitting at home, looking for Ephesians, and says I to myself, 'Tis nothing but Corinthians and Thessalonians in this danged Testament.'" And nobody who knows how deeply the English Bible has been assimilated by our peasants, will be prepared to assert that Mr. Hardy has herein departed from the truth of Nature. The similarity these rustics bear to some of Shakspere's clowns has already been alluded to; and when the critics who deny them the right of existence have succeeded in dismissing the gravediggers in "Hamlet," it will be time to lay hands on Joseph Poorgrass and Grandfer Cantle.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" is, on the whole, perhaps the finest, as it is certainly the most popular, among Mr. Hardy's novels. Not because it is faultless, but because it is more than any other distinguished by power. It is not deficient—Mr. Hardy's work never is—in subtlety; but here the subtlety is subordinate to the production of effects which are broad and strong rather than subtle. There is a certain sure and easy sense of mastery about it, which dominates the growing tendency towards extreme elaboration. From the first page, with its minutely realized portrait of Gabriel Oak, to the last, where Gabriel and Bathsheba are united, and the familiar group of rustics join in their chorus of delightful comment, there is nothing so distinct about "Far from the Madding Crowd" as this adequacy of power. It is here also that Mr. Hardy has lavished most freely his intimate knowledge of rural life. The description of the storm, with its elaborate details of Nature's hints of the coming catastrophe, given by the toad, the spider, the dog, the sheep, could not be surpassed for vivid intensity. And the same may be said of that last episode in the life of Fanny Robin, creeping painfully to Casterbridge Union, counting her weary progress along the road by the rails she had to pass, and helped on her way by a big dog. "There is a dog outside," murmured the overcome traveller, "where is he gone? He helped me." "I stoned him away," said the man. The whole scene which ends

with this simple touch of pathos, Mr. Hardy has never excelled for subdued dramatic power. The defect of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" lay in an abuse of its chief excellence, its irony. And the grave faults which disfigure "Far from the Madding Crowd" may, in the same manner, be described as an abuse of the splendid dramatic power shown in such scenes as this. Having tried to indicate the great qualities of this work, it is impossible to pass on without noting that this drama often degenerates into melodrama. The scenes just mentioned, the storm, and Fanny Robin's last journey, touch the extreme verge of dramatic vividness, if they rarely overpass it. Serjeant Troy, who belongs to the same class as Wildeve, is thoroughly successful. Boldwood, however, drawn on the whole in hard and unsympathetic outline, we are compelled to consider a failure. His mad passion for Bathsheba is marked by a crudity, a want of reality, an exaggeration which strikes a discordant note in the last volume of "Far from the Madding Crowd."

In this novel that delicate and playful fancy, which no reader of Mr. Hardy's books can fail to notice, first attains a perfectly facile expression. There are traces of it in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," where, on one occasion, "the very stones of the road cast tapering dashes of darkness westward, as long as Jacob's tent-nail." But here it is always springing up with a wantonness which is sometimes charming, sometimes simply extravagant. Gabriel, before going to ask Bathsheba to marry him, exhausts his supply of hair-oil, thus producing "a splendidly novel colour, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a nutmeg, or wet seaweed round a boulder after the ebb." And when on another occasion he found Clark, Coggan and Poorgrass enjoying a prolonged period of refreshment at a public-house, instead of conveying the coffin containing poor Fanny's body, "the one lengthy and two round faces of the sitters confronted him with the expressions of a fiddle and a couple of warming-pans." But this wild fancy, half elfin and half goblin, is connected with a strain of fine and detailed observation which, at its best, rises to insight, and in Mr. Hardy's hands often takes the place of direct psychological analysis.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" was immediately succeeded by "The Hand of Ethelberta." Probably most readers who came to it fresh from the perusal of the former were disappointed. Like most of Mr. Hardy's books it represents a new point of departure and a new development; for he is a writer who moves within a limited range, but is yet capable of producing many variations within that range, variations in the defects as well as in the merits of his work. If "Under the Greenwood Tree" is

a comedy, and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" a tragedy, if it is possible to find traces of melodrama in "Far from the Madding Crowd," there is something of farce in "The Hand of Ethelberta." Mr. Hardy begins by accepting what may be called an impossible situation, and then works it out *ad libitum*. It is necessary to recognize this before the story can be appreciated at all. There is much of the irony of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," much of the dramatic power of the work which immediately preceded it, and the whole is worked out with a facile—a too facile—brilliance, which, since then, Mr. Hardy has wisely restrained. In method and style it may be said to occupy the same place among the author's works as "Maud" among Mr. Tennyson's. Ethelberta Chickerel (her mother had been a lady's-maid and was fond of grand names) was a butler's daughter who had formed a runaway match with a knight's son who immediately afterwards died. Upon this his mother became reconciled to Ethelberta, now Mrs. Petherwyn, educated her and brought her into society. The old lady subsequently died, leaving Ethelberta her town-house and nothing else, and "The Hand of Ethelberta" is an account of the after-history of this clever young adventuress. It is not difficult to find her relation to her sister heroines. Bathsheba was not like Elfride in that she was placed in different circumstances. There was independence and strength about her. She was a child of the people; her instincts were fundamentally the same as Elfride's, only less delicate, less refined in the manifestation. The breezy strength and healthfulness of her native downs is in her, and, with all her capacity for suffering, she would be always saved from going to the tragic end of Elfride. In Ethelberta we see nothing else than Bathsheba taken out of her healthy natural environment and placed in another of superfine civilization with which she is out of harmony. Mr. Hardy calls the story a comedy, and the pure comedy of it lies in the reactions between Ethelberta and her new environment. There is much else of a professedly comic kind, but the Montcleres, the Neighs, the Ladywells and so on, are caricatures of so genuinely hard and unsympathetic a character that they almost succeed in driving the reader away altogether. They are, indeed, outside Mr. Hardy's *genre*. Ladywell cannot compare for a moment with Mr. Henry James's Rosier. Nor is Christopher Julian, who "would receive quite a shock if a little dog barked at his heels, and be totally unmoved when in danger of his life," or the ever-blushing Picotee, with her "abstracted ease of mind which people show who have their thinking done for them, and put out their troubles as they do their washing," at any time very interesting. The interest of the story lies throughout with Ethelberta, and

Mr. Hardy seems to have devoted more elaboration to her than to any other of his heroines, except Eustacia Vye. Ethelberta, although she has really lost none of her native instincts, although she is at heart still a child of the people, is not by any means a lamb among wolves. She has succeeded in adapting herself to the maxims of the society into which she has been translated. These maxims ally themselves with that native insincerity from which Ethelberta, like most of her sisters, rarely emerges. Thus, when Christopher leaves off coming to see her, she is miserable; he calls when she is out, she is delighted:—

"'Now, won't I punish him for daring to stay away so long!' she exclaimed as soon as she got upstairs. 'It is as bad to show constancy in your manners as fickleness in your heart at such a time as this!'

"'But I thought honesty was the best policy?' Picotee said.

"'So it is for the man's purpose. But don't you go believing in sayings, Picotee; they are all made by men for their own advantages. Women who use public proverbs as a guide through events are those who have not ingenuity enough to make private ones as each event occurs.'"

On another occasion she travels from Knollsea to Coomb Castle (which we may identify with Corfe) to a meeting of the Imperial Archæological Association. To save expense she performs the journey on a rustic donkey, dismounting before she joins the party. When the donkey is found browsing among the ruins she disowns him:—

"'Many come and picnic here,' she said, serenely, 'and the animal may have been left till they return from some walk.'

"'True,' said Lord Mountclere, without the slightest suspicion of the truth. The humble ass hung his head in his usual manner, and it demanded little fancy from Ethelberta to imagine that he despised her. And then her mind flew back to her history and extraction, to her father—perhaps at that moment inventing a private plate-powder in an underground pantry—and, with a groan at her inconsistency in being ashamed of the ass, she said in her heart, 'My God, what a thing am I!'"

She is brilliant, she is ambitious, she has just enough heart to be very fascinating; she is very beautiful, this "squirrel-haired Ethelberta;" but when we leave her at last with all her desires apparently satisfied, the wife of a rich nobleman, it is scarcely with much regret. "Ethelberta's gradient had been regular: emotional poetry, light verse, romance as an object, romance as a means, thoughts of marriage as an aid to her pursuits, a vow to marry for the good of her family; in other words, from soft and playful romanticism to distorted Benthamism. Was the moral incline upward or down?" Mr. Hardy refrains from attempting

to solve that problem ; he is always more given to suggesting than to answering questions: and it may be well here to follow his example, and to pass on to "The Return of the Native."

Here again we have, above all, the life-history of a woman in its relations ; this time, as in the case of Elfride, ending in failure. Eustacia Vye seems at first to stand apart from Mr. Hardy's heroines. On closer examination, however, we may find that she has her natural place in the series. She follows Ethelberta, as Ethelberta followed Bathsheba. Ethelberta, thrown altogether under the wrong conditions—conditions with which she is unable to fight—undisciplined, and with little capacity for discipline ; Ethelberta, not without the spice of devilry in her composition, would not have acted very differently from Eustacia Vye. For the great flaw in Eustacia's nature—the cause of that want of adaptation to her environment which we soon see will make life impossible to her—lies in this lack of discipline. Mr. Hardy characterizes her well as "a rebellious woman." She was "the raw material of a divinity," her features suggested those of Marie Antoinette and Mrs. Siddons, and she lived on a heath with her grandfather, an old sea-captain, not altogether without a rough kindliness, but who was willing for the most part to leave her to herself. And with her passionate and abstract desire for love, her greedy egotism, her "instincts towards social nonconformity," her outcries against destiny, we soon learn how ill able she must ever be to carry on adequately that complex and continuous adaptation of internal relations to external relations, which is life. Superficially she was timid ; it was beneath that timidity that her stronger and more rebellious spirit dwelt. It is easy to see how hard it was for a woman thus morally featured to be sincere. And it is the cowardice of insincerity more than anything else which is the immediate cause of her failure in life. A worker in the fields of philosophy, whom we have but recently lost, has declared that, "technically considered, sincerity is, in fact, the prime virtue, which nothing else can substitute ;" and if it were possible to suspect Mr. Hardy of an ultimate moral aim, it would be the enforcement of this virtue. Somewhere, at some time or other, through some person or other, insincerity brings misunderstanding and misfortune among Mr. Hardy's men and women, and it is because Eustacia fails to hold fast that "very staff of our life" that she eventually fails. She cannot act so as to avoid mistakes, and she cannot face the consequences of those mistakes. In spite of all this, she is never without womanliness, never quite without a little of our love. Clym Yeobright, who contributes to the tragedy of "The Return of the Native," has many elements of nobility, though, it is true, of a formal and limited sort. His mother says of him that he can be as hard as steel, and, with a

nature so unsympathetic and unyielding, only varied by hysterical outbursts, he could never understand or influence Eustacia. The elements of tragedy lie in his nature as clearly as in hers. There is one decisive point in his history when his own fortune as well as that of Eustacia was within his grasp. It is after that discovery of her weakness and insincerity which causes their separation. The rebellious spirit of his wife lay crushed before him; but he is blind and prejudiced, and the opportunity of reconciliation passed for ever. In that consisted his failure to live the life that was presented to him. When all that he valued was gone, he became an itinerant open-air preacher or lecturer. "He stated that his discourses to people were to be sometimes secular, and sometimes religious, but never dogmatic, and that his texts would be taken from all kinds of books." It was an excellent programme. Eustacia once said that Clym reminded her of the Apostle Paul. One fears, however, that the resemblance was a little superficial. We find that some people complained of his want of spiritual teaching; it is rather doubtful whether he had a "vocation" at all. Mr. Hardy appears to have had a misgiving on this point. He takes the trouble to write out for us a long text of Yeobright's on one occasion, but of the discourse itself we have no hint.

In "The Return of the Native," Mr. Hardy has found more adequate expression than elsewhere for the instincts of love and art which bind him to the familiar heath-land of Wessex. The book is full of passages which show with what fine appreciation he has entered into the meaning of that country whose general aspect is one of weird and silent gloom. To Mr. Hardy it is rich with all the complex possibilities of an organic life; he has discerned its varying moods of day and gloaming and night; he has heard and understood its mysterious voices, from the almost inaudible recitative of the dead heath-bells in autumn to the wind's chorale at midnight. All the harmonies that air makes with earth Mr. Hardy has learnt to discriminate and to love; and he writes of them with at once the accuracy of a specialist and the enthusiasm of an artist. One instinctively recalls Emily Brontë, and the passionate love of that ardent and austere spirit for the bleak moors around Keighley, those moors which were the deepest springs of her spiritual life. There is the same instinct of Nature-worship, the same quality of freshness; but Mr. Hardy's treatment, subtle rather than keen, has little in common with the direct glance of the wonderful Yorkshire girl. It has little in common, indeed, with that of any writer of the descriptive school. There is much excellent word-painting of Nature which very soon wearies. The reason partly is that it comes not so much from Nature's seers as from her showmen, and the con-

tinuous strain of admiration is hard to keep up. When Madame de Staël went to Germany, Heine tells us, she rushed like a hurricane through that peaceful country, eagerly inhaling beauty and purity and *naïveté*. "How delightful you Germans are! How deliciously cool it is in your woods! What refreshing perfume of violets! You are a good people, and cannot conceive the corruption that reigns in the Rue du Bac." That is the attitude which many, even of our best descriptive writers, take up towards Nature, Mr. Black for instance. For in life, as it exists in our modern England, it is hard for most of us to live near the heart of Nature; we are compelled to adopt a method not unlike that of Madame de Staël, and it is a method that soon becomes wearisome. But in Mr. Hardy's pages we breathe a different atmosphere; we are conscious of the voice of one who has worshipped at the temple's inner shrine. We feel in his work not subtlety only, but a certain freshness of vision in looking both at Nature and at life, which is at once intensely original, and at its highest point altogether impersonal. Blake had it in a supreme degree; Wordsworth now and then; Mr. Ruskin at his best; the Brontës had it; this freshness of insight as regards peasant life is one of the points in which Mr. Hardy resembles Tourguéneff, although he can make no claim to the delicacy and precision of touch which marks the great Russian novelist. It is largely on account of this quality—this freshness of insight into certain aspects of Nature and human character—that Mr. Hardy's work is so interesting. In spite of what seems an exaggerated and almost microscopical minuteness of vision, he never wearies us; we may return again and again to his pages and the charm is still there. But it is a charm—at all events in Nature-painting—singularly hard to analyze. The following passage from "The Hand of Ethelberta" may not be the most characteristic that might be chosen; it is very distinctly Turneresque; but it illustrates this freshness of vision, and the truth of it may be witnessed by any one who knows the grand and delicate colour-harmonies which may be seen from the heights on the Dorset coast. Ethelberta is travelling from Knollsea to Coomb Castle on the donkey with whom we are already acquainted:—

"Turning to the left, along the lofty ridge which ran inland, the country on each side lay beneath her like a map, domains behind domains, parishes by the score, harbours, fir-woods, and little inland seas mixing curiously together. Thence she ambled along through a huge cemetery of barrows, containing human dust from pre-historic times.

"Standing on the top of a giant's grave in this antique land, Ethelberta lifted her eyes to behold two sorts of weather pervading Nature at the same time. Far below on the right hand it was a fine day, and

the silver sunbeams lighted up a many-armed inland sea, which stretched around an island with fir-trees and gorse, and amid brilliant crimson heaths, wherein white paths occasionally met the eye in dashes and zigzags like flashes of lightning. Outside, where the broad Channel appeared, a berylline and opalized variegation of ripples, currents, deeps and shallows, lay as fair under the sun as a New Jerusalem, the shores being of gleaming sand. Upon the radiant heather bees and butterflies were busy, she knew, and the birds on that side were just beginning their autumn songs.

"On the left, quite up to her position, was dark and cloudy weather, shading a valley of heavy greens and browns, which at its further side rose to meet the sea in tall cliffs, suggesting, even here at their back, how terrible were their aspects seaward in a growling south-west gale. Here grassed hills rose like knuckles gloved in dark olive, and little plantations between them formed a still deeper and sadder monochrome. A zinc sky met a leaden sea on this hand, the low wind groaned and whined, and not a bird sang.

"The ridge along which Ethelberta rode divided these two climates like a wall; it soon became apparent that they were wrestling for mastery immediately in her pathway. The issue long remained doubtful, and, this being an imaginative hour with her, she watched, as typical of her own fortunes, how the front of battle swayed—now to the west, flooding her with sun, now to the east, covering her with shade; then the wind moved round to the north, a blue hole appeared in the overhanging cloud, at about the place of the north star; and the sunlight spread on both sides of her."

Between "The Return of the Native" and Mr. Hardy's next important work, "The Trumpet Major," three short sketches intervened which must not be passed without mention. They were all three published in the *New Quarterly Magazine* for 1879-80, a defunct and inaccessible periodical, and it is to be hoped they will be republished. "An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress," is only another version in the old legend of young love. That story is always fresh and delicate in Mr. Hardy's hands. Egbert Mayne, the village schoolmaster, loves Geraldine Allenville, the rich squire's daughter, and she loves him. He is a man of the people, but Mr. Hardy attributes to him "luminousness of nature," and he writes a book which makes him famous. The squire is still unyielding, and, on the eve of wedding a lord, Geraldine comes in the night to Egbert, and is married to him the next morning. All such Romeo and Juliet stories must end in tragedy; the artist has too deep a conception of life for it to be otherwise, and in a few days Juliet is dead. Geraldine Allenville, except in the one decisive action of her life, has little of the demonic element that slumbers in most of Mr. Hardy's heroines, but she is among the truest and gentlest of his creations of delicate girlhood, and takes her place not very far

from Elfride Swancourt. "Fellow Townsmen" is interesting, chiefly because it contains sketches of characters which are not altogether like those Mr. Hardy has accustomed us to. They are not especially grand or fascinating, but they are sketched with a quiet and tender truth in which one might perhaps trace the influence of "Scenes of Clerical Life." Downe is such a sketch; Barnet has elements of a nobility which is not generally present in Mr. Hardy's heroes. Lucy Savile may be briefly described as an Undine *manquée.* Her nature, not a large one, suffers from a persistent defect of direct impulse; she does not spoil her life by her ill-regulated desires like Eustacia, or her irresolutions, like Elfride. Her mistake may be rather described as a repeated and almost deliberate refusal to seize the forelock of opportunity. And this gives to her life a sense of failure. But the most delightful of these brief tales is "The Distracted Young Preacher." The story of Lizzie Newberry, the young widow, who is one of the leaders of a band of smugglers, who goes out at night in her late husband's greatcoat to pursue an occupation in which she can see nothing wrong, which her father and grandfather have followed before her, who falls in love with her lodger, the handsome young Methodist preacher, who struggles between love and the smuggling propensities which are part of her life, a struggle which ends temporally in the conquest of the latter—all this, said to be "founded on fact," is told briefly and simply and vivaciously in Mr. Hardy's most delicate vein of comedy. Lizzie, sweet, practical, and womanly, not without a touch of the *grata protervitas,* full of healthy rustic nature, mingled with the inimitable grace which (with or without the rusticity) is part of the souls of Mr. Hardy's women, is a figure that lingers in the memory. The preacher is an honest and manly young fellow, and he comes back and marries her at last, but not before the band of smugglers had been broken up:—

"He took her away from her old haunts to the home that he had made for himself in his native county, where she studied her duties as a minister's wife with praiseworthy assiduity. It is said that in after years she wrote an excellent tract called 'Render unto Cæsar; or, the Repentant Villagers,' in which her own experience was anonymously used as the introductory story. Stockdale got it printed after making some corrections, and putting in a few powerful sentences of his own; and many hundreds of copies were distributed by the couple in the course of their married life."

In "The Trumpet Major," forsaking for a while the carefully elaborated method of "The Return of the Native," Mr. Hardy adopted a style which recalled "Far from the Madding Crowd." It is slighter and less powerful, possesses less unity of effect, but

the same fresh Dorset air blows through it, the same wanton fancy plays pleasant or mischievous tricks; it is marked by the same touch of melodrama. Uncle Bengy is clever, but he represents an element which is foreign to Mr. Hardy's genius, and which he fails to make interesting. On the other hand, how delightful a study is old Miller Loveday! All the bluff heartiness, the cheery hospitality of the traditional jolly miller, are there in full measure; he is what people of platonizing tendency call "typical." And his son Bob is an almost equally good representative of the traditional sailor; he, too, is a "type," presenting some curious points of similarity to that of the miller. John Loveday, the miller's other son, is the one unquestionably noble figure which Mr. Hardy has given us in any detail, and the book is worthily called after him. He is the son of Colonel Newcome, who was the son of Uncle Toby. Like those grand and guileless heroes, he is a soldier, and he enjoys the advantage of being considerably younger and considerably less ludicrous. It may be presumed that Uncle Toby, before he went to the wars in Flanders, was not yet given to whistling Lillibullero at critical moments, to the construction of miniature sieges on the bowling-green at Shandy, or to the other peculiarities which have rendered him famous to posterity. From all these, therefore, John Loveday is free, and we may say of this book, as of no other of Mr. Hardy's, that the hero is almost more interesting than the heroine. His strong, gentle, straightforward nature is incapable of gauging the delicate deflections of less noble natures. It need scarcely be said that in the relations of a man like Loveday with one of Mr. Hardy's heroines, even when she is so vaguely sinuous as Anne Garland, lies irony and pathos. And the best parts of "The Trumpet Major"—and its best parts are of Mr. Hardy's best—are concerned with the relations of John Loveday to Anne Garland and the kindly but insensitive Bob. These parts of the book are worked out with fine power and insight, and Anne Garland, tender, womanly, coquette, with the "row of round brown curls, like swallows' nests under eaves," peeping out between her forehead and the borders of her cap, is among Mr. Hardy's most perfect and delicate creations. We cannot quite forgive her for marrying Bob instead of John; but such failures of perception are customary with Mr. Hardy's heroines, and Anne's womanly instincts never forsake her. Observe with what subtle truth Mr. Hardy has rendered the sweet sharpness of her behaviour towards Bob, when she wishes to punish him for his adventure with Matilda. There is something homely in Anne's fresh and charming nature which separates her from the series which we found were formed by Bathsheba, Ethelberta and Eustacia. She comes nearer to

Fancy Day; but the hand that drew Anne Garland and the Trumpet Major has gained a new mastery of art since "Under the Greenwood Tree" was written, exquisite as was the early effort. There is here a precision, a delicacy, an easy adaptation of means to end, which can only come late. "The Trumpet Major" is full of passages etched in, as it were, with slight workmanship, where the touches are few, but where every line tells. It cannot be claimed for "The Trumpet Major" that it equals several of its predecessors in colour and intensity; it is inferior also in architectonics, though it is impossible to pass over without mention the beautifully wrought frame in which the story is set; the murmur of war which is never too obtrusive; Weymouth with the quaint Georgian flavour which is yet strong about it; Portland with its bold outlines and the wonderful atmospheric effects around. The "measured flounce of the waves" sounds throughout. It is not, however, by any impression of power and unity in the whole that "The Trumpet Major" is chiefly remarkable; but rather by its *verve*, its fresh and careless vivacity, the proof it offers that Mr. Hardy's genius is yet far from being exhausted.

"A Laodicean" has scarcely a single point of resemblance to "The Trumpet Major." All the characteristic features which go to make up the charm of the latter are here absent. Mr. Hardy had set himself to write a story which is perhaps more faultless, and certainly less mannered, than anything that he had yet produced. The fancy which ran wild in "The Trumpet Major" is here chastened to one or two delicate touches. The eager and animated narrative has given place to a single thread of love-story, and, for the rest, relies on the charm of exquisite workmanship. We have not, however, escaped the melodramatic element. Captain de Stancey's illegitimate son, Dare, a very choice villain, and Abner Power continue what has come to be a sort of tradition in Mr. Hardy's books. And, although they are perhaps especially objectionable in what claims to be "a story of to-day," it may be acknowledged that they are cleverly enough contrived. George Somerset, the hero, is a superior version of a character we are already familiar with. He succeeds in obtaining the reader's sympathies, although it is difficult to conceive of him apart from his love for Paula. Paula Power herself, the Laodicean, is through the greater part of the story an enigma, but in the end she acts with decision worthy of a Philadelphian, and we find her to be a more capable, human and lovable woman than perhaps Mr. Hardy has ever given us. The *dénouement* is worked out in his finest manner. He has written no other novel which succeeds so entirely in satisfying the reader's emotional sense. And the architectonics of the story, its admirable balance, the way in which any other conclusion is rendered im-

possible, although the reader is kept in suspense—all this witnesses to the perfect mastery of art which Mr. Hardy has attained. If "A Laodicean" can scarcely become one of its writer's most popular stories, it yet marks distinctly the continuous development and the versatility of his genius.

In "Two on a Tower," Mr. Hardy has to a great extent proceeded on the lines laid down in the previous novel. It is less delightful, but even more finished. Here, at length, we are freed from the depressing element of melodramatic villany. Louis Glanville, indeed, looks a promising villain, but on nearer view he grows less terrible, and "roars you as gently as any sucking dove." Viviette is a refined Eustacia with incoherent moral aspirations. She scarcely attracts us at first, but succeeds eventually in winning our sympathy. One characteristic which comes out here may be noted. Mr. Hardy has given to each of his later novels a distinct and dominating background. In "The Return of the Native" the Dorset heathland formed a landscape in the manner of Old Crome which was visible throughout. The bustle of military preparation is used with admirable skill and reticence in "The Trumpet Major." "A Laodicean" is an architectural novel, and "Two on a Tower" is astronomical. This method adds to the charm of freshness and variety which distinguishes Mr. Hardy's work; but on the whole is progressively unsatisfactory. The astronomical enthusiasm is wanting in spontaneity. We prefer Mr. Proctor for popular astronomy. If, however, "Two on a Tower" may be said to lack inspiration, it is still the work of a writer who has a finer sense of his art than any living English novelist; and, notwithstanding the light and delicate touch that Mr. Hardy has attained, there is no sacrifice of breadth.

We have now passed with necessarily brief notice the whole series of Mr. Hardy's works. And, looking at them as a whole, what one observes about them first is that they are all love-stories. There is something very fresh and delightful, turning from the writers with whom love is only interesting from the moral problems it may involve, or is at most the history of a passion, to find a writer of such distinct genius who has little or nothing to say about either morals or passion, and yet thinks love is the chief business of life, and can devote himself so frankly to the rendering of its devious ways. From the first Mr. Hardy showed how well he could deal with so old a theme. This is how Dick makes love to Fancy in "Under the Greenwood Tree":—

"'Now, Fancy, will you be my wife?'

"'Do you know, Dick, it was rather unkind of you to say what you did coming along the road.'

"'What did I say?'

"'About my trying to look attractive to those men in the gig.'

"'You couldn't help looking so whether you tried or no. And, Fancy, you do care for me?'

"'Yes.'

"'Very much?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you'll be my own wife?'

"Her heart grew boisterous, adding to and withdrawing from the cheek varying tones of red to match each varying thought. Dick looked expectantly at the ripe tint of her delicate mouth, waiting for what was coming forth.

"'Yes, if father will let me.'

"Dick drew himself close to her, compressing his lips and pouting them out as if he were about to whistle the softest melody known.

"'O no!' said Fancy solemnly; and the modest Dick drew back a little.

"'O Dick, Dick, kiss me, and let me go instantly, here's somebody coming!' she exclaimed."

That is a rustic love-passage of the most elementary kind, but rendered with what charming freshness, what delicate simplicity! The same qualities, with an added subtlety, are visible throughout "A Pair of Blue Eyes." "The Hand of Ethelberta" contains some such little scenes, dashed in with a brilliance and *verve* which, on the whole, are not Mr. Hardy's most prominent characteristics. In "The Trumpet Major," the scenes between Anne and Bob are among the finest of the kind in modern literature. The entire interest of "A Laodicean" lies in the love history of Paula. Independent, self-repressed, "deep as the North star," that enigmatical lady is supposed to be a sort of representative of the modern spirit. This is the way she responds to Somerset's advances:—

"'We cannot go in,' said Somerset. 'And we cannot shout for umbrellas. We will stay here till it is over, will we not?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'if you care to. Ah!'

"'What is it?'

"'Only a big drop came upon my head.'

"'Let us stand further in.'

"Her hand was hanging by her side, and Somerset's was close by. He took it and she did not draw it away. Thus they stood a long while, the rain hissing down upon the grass-plot, and not a soul being visible outside the dancing tent save themselves.

"'May I call you Paula?' asked he.

"'Yes, occasionally,' she murmured.

"Dear Paula!—may I call you that?'

"'O no, not yet.'

"'But you know I love you?' he insisted.

"'I can give a shrewd guess,' she said slily.
"'And shall I love you always?'
"'If you wish to.'
"'And will you love me?'
"Paula did not reply.
"'Will you, Paula?' he repeated.
"'You may love me."
"'But don't you love me in return?'
"'I love you to love me.'
"'Won't you say anything more explicit?'
"'Not a single word.'
"Somerset emitted half a sigh; he wished she had been more demonstrative, yet felt that this passive way of assenting was as much as he could hope for. Had there been anything cold in her passivity he might have felt repressed; but her stillness suggested the stillness of motion imperceptible from its intensity.
"'We must go in,' said she. 'The rain is almost over, and there is no longer any excuse for this.'
"Somerset bent his lips towards hers.
"'No,' said the fair Puritan decisively.
"'Why not?' he asked.
"'Nobody ever has.'
"'But!'—expostulated Somerset.
"'To everything there is a season, and the season for this is not just now,' she answered, walking away.'"

By-and-by the season comes, and the situation is to some extent reversed.

Mr. Hardy's way of regarding women is peculiar and difficult to define, not because it is not a perfectly defensible way, but because it is in a great degree new. It is, as we have already noted, far removed from a method, adopted by many distinguished novelists, in which women are considered as moral forces, centripetal tendencies providentially adapted to balance the centrifugal tendencies of men; being, indeed, almost the polar opposite to that view. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that it is equally removed from the method of those who are concerned to work out Tertullian's view of woman as *janua diaboli*. Mr. Hardy's women are creatures, always fascinating, made up of more or less untamed instincts for both love and admiration, who can never help some degree of response when the satisfaction of those instincts lies open to them. They are all ultimately that; but with what intelligence, what an innate grace, at once delicate and frank, these instincts are manifested, any one knows who has followed the history of Elfride Swancourt or Anne Garland. The charm of woman for Mr. Hardy is chiefly physical, but it is a charm which can only be interpreted by a subtle observation. Generally, he is only willing to recognize the psychical element

in its physical correlative. This dislike to use the subjective method or to deal directly with mental phenomena is a feature in Mr. Hardy's psychology which has left a strong mark on his art. It is nowhere more remarkable than in "A Laodicean." We are scarcely brought face to face even with Somerset. He moves before us, he draws out his plans, he makes love, but for the rest he is a shadow; we are only helped to reach the man himself by the fine suggestions of a keen observer. He is not so much a creation as an observation. And, if this is true of Somerset, it is true in a far greater degree of Paula Power. With the exception of a dawning glimpse towards the end, she is an enigma for us as she is for Somerset. This is throughout a distinct note of Mr. Hardy's art. He is not with the writers who are concerned above all with the interest that comes from plot, nor is he with those who, like Mr. Blackmore at his best, write stories of adventure. The interest here is an interest of drama certainly, but, above all, of character, of psychology. And Mr. Hardy seems to feel that the problems thus raised, fascinating as they are, much as the novelist has to do with them, are, after all, infinitely difficult of adequate presentation, that the utmost possible is by the exercise of a fine and suggestive observation to indicate them. For Mr. Hardy is not satisfied with a purely ideal arrangement of the elements of life; he aims at a realistic representation. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is described on the title-page as "a rural painting of the Dutch school." George Eliot claimed to be an artist of the Dutch school, and with justice; she was a disciple of Rembrandt. But Mr. Hardy is certainly not this. He has little in common with Rembrandt or Ostade or Douw. And, if he will have it that his work belongs to the Dutch school, while we may see in it, if we like, something of De Koninck, something of Teniers, the nature-life of the one, the peasant-life of the other, we should say that he is more especially the disciple of a great master who in his best moments stands alone. Only the vivacity, the grace, the fine catching of situations, the irony of Jan Steen among the Dutch painters is at all like Mr. Hardy's work. Such analogies are necessarily more or less fanciful, and Mr. Hardy is not a writer with many affinities. In his standpoint, as regards art and the treatment of women, there is occasionally what seems like an influence from Thackeray; but, if Thackeray has the more range, eloquence, style, Mr. Hardy possesses beyond question a more delicate insight, and a far finer sense of his art. He is not a Philistine, and he never proses. In spirit and psychological method, some of his later novels recall Beyle; this is especially the case with "Two on a Tower." From George Eliot, although he was once mistaken for her, Mr. Hardy is far

removed. And, to any one who has learnt to enjoy the massive style and method of George Eliot, the thorough analysis, the intense emotional atmosphere, it is hard at first to catch the suggestive quality, the light irony, the piquant traits which abound in "The Hand of Ethelberta."

There is an artist with whom Mr. Hardy is related on another side, and, indeed, no writer can deal much with Dorset scenes and Dorset folk, without having points of contact with Mr. Barnes. It is curious, however, seeing how few of them there are, in what strikingly different manner the two writers touch the same things. We have already seen the dissimilarity in their respective treatment of the Dorset humour. There is, too, an initial divergence in the use of the dialect itself. Mr. Barnes, with the accuracy of the philologist, has reproduced that dialect (except in his smaller and less successful volume, "Poems of Rural Life in Common English") with a minute and loving exactness, and we are grateful to him for doing so. But Mr. Hardy has chosen a method which is much better adapted for the purposes of the artist, a method which he has explained in a letter to the *Spectator* (Oct. 15, 1881):—"The rule of scrupulously preserving the local idiom, together with the words which have no synonym among those in general use, while printing in the ordinary way most of those local expressions which are but a modified articulation of words in use elsewhere, is the rule I usually follow; and it is, I believe, generally recognized as the best, where every such rule must of necessity be a compromise, more or less unsatisfactory to lovers of form." They contrast also as regards the way in which they look at Nature, and it is generally Mr. Hardy who sees her with the poet's eye. This is the way Mr. Barnes writes of one of the most familiar and characteristic features of the Dorset downs:—

"The zwellèn downs, wi' chalky tracks
A-climmèn up their zunny backs,
Do hide green meäds an' zedgy brooks,
An' clumps o' trees wi' glossy rooks,
An' hearty vo'k to laugh an' zing,
An' parish-churches in a string,
Wi' towers o' merry bells to ring,
An' white roads up athirt the hills."

We have seen, in a passage already quoted, how Mr Hardy refers to the same feature:—"The silver sunbeams lighted up a many-armed inland sea, which stretched around an island with fir-trees and gorse, and amid brilliant crimson heaths, wherein white paths occasionally met the eye in dashes and zigzags like flashes of lightning." There can be no question with whom the

imaginative insight lies here. At the same time, in the tender and faithful delineation of commonplace things, Mr. Barnes is incomparable. Mr. Hardy has written nothing to compare with so exquisite an idyll, perfect every way, as "Evenèn in the Village."

"Now the light o' the west is a-turn'd to gloom,
An' the men be at hwome vrom ground;
An' the bells be a-zendèn all down the coombe,
From tower, their mwoansome sound.
An' the wind is still,
An' the house-dogs do bark,
An' the rooks be a-vled to the elems high an' dark,
An' the water do roar at mill.

"An' the flickerèn light drough the window-peäne
Vrom the candle's dull fleäme do shoot,
An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone done leäne,
A-playèn his shrill-voïced flute.
An' the miller's man
Do zit down at his ease,
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipe an' his cider can."

Little has been said hitherto of the limitations of Mr. Hardy's art. But having tried to show what are the great qualities in his work, it is necessary to point out also, however briefly, where it seems to be defective. From a purely literary point of view, the style of all these novels, outside the dialogue, is often random and inaccurate. Mr. Hardy has not trained himself, as Mr. Henry James has, on the moderation, the precision, the perfect good sense of the French school. It is, perhaps, fortunate, but he suffers in consequence from the defects of his qualities. Want of strength and precision in the use of language are only perceptible, however, when Mr. Hardy speaks in his own person; his dialogue is generally succinct, often even epigrammatic, always delightful. A more serious fault in the eyes of the novel-reader is the persistent repetition of the same situations. The critical situation is nearly always the same: a woman more or less in love with two men at the same time. And she always, at all events in the first place, accepts them both, regardless of consequences. But in situations of more detail than this grand and general one, there are often curious repetitions. For instance, it is not unusual for three men to be in love with the heroine. And we shall find that, if one of these rivals comes to make a declaration, the other two are tolerably certain to come up in succession immediately afterwards. All three may even arrive at the same time, and be shut up in different rooms awaiting

their turns. This climax is attained in "The Hand of Ethelberta." Most readers will be able to find for themselves similar mannerisms of construction.

When we turn to the moral and psychological aspect of Mr. Hardy's art, there are one or two generalizations to be made regarding the limitations there found which are striking. The most obvious is the absolute fixity with which every character, even the most apparently sinuous, presents itself to Mr. Hardy. There is no flexibility, no capacity for development. As the man is now, so he always was, so he always will be. One wonders, indeed, how the characters of these people had a genesis at all; there are no children in Mr. Hardy's novels. Elfride, and Wildeve and Somerset are equally without flexibility; they can never change; there is no growth, no adaptation. This is the source of much tragedy. Eustacia offered an admirable subject for development to an artist and psychologist. She was, we remember, "the raw material of a divinity;" but she is always the same, and Yeobright is always the same, and the end is tragedy. It is everywhere so in Mr. Hardy's novels, and the result is a certain underlying harshness. Connected with this is the isolated way in which he regards the individual. It can scarcely be said in the life Mr. Hardy describes that the family, and not the individual, is the social unit; here are only individuals. It would almost seem that in the solitary lives on these Dorset heaths we are in contact with what is really a primitive phase of society, in which the links that bind man to man have not yet come to be perceived in any save a slight and fragmentary way. At all events this seems the simplest manner of accounting for that failure to grasp at all adequately even their most obvious obligations which characterizes the men often, the women generally, in these novels. To that also we may attribute the isolated and inflexible nature of the individual which has so deeply impressed Mr. Hardy. It would appear, then, that those qualities which we have found to be distinctive of his heroines, the absence of moral feeling, the instinctiveness, had a direct relation to the wild and solitary character of their environment.

This primitive social phase is accompanied by an even more primitive phase of worship. We have spoken of this, with its constant and loving reference to the shifting aspects of earth and air, as a kind of Nature-worship. It seems scarcely fanciful even to find in it some lingering echoes of the old tree-worship. Mr. Hardy is never more reverent, more exact, than when he is speaking of forest-trees. For instance, "Under the Greenwood Tree," opens as follows:—

"To dwellers in a wood, almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze, the fir-trees sob

and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality."

The fir especially is a favourite with Mr. Hardy. In "The Hand of Ethelberta," for instance, he speaks of "an open heath, dotted occasionally with fir-plantations, the trees of which told the tale of their species without help from outline or colour; they spoke in those melancholy moans and sobs which give to their sound a solemn sadness surpassing even that of the sea"

Of any theology, as of any philosophy, there are few traces in Mr. Hardy's works. Every man of fine sensibility has somewhere to seek a protection against the arrows of the world, and Mr. Hardy, like Heine, finds such a shield in irony. In the society he brings before us the clergy play a very small *rôle*. Joey Chickerel's qualifications for the Church are described as of the smallest and most peculiar kind. Mr. Maybold, good and honourable as he is, has few of the characteristics of the parish priest, and even he is by no means greatly relished by his parishioners:—

"'Ay, your parson comes by fate: 'tis heads or tails, like pitch-halfpenny, and no choosing; so we must take en as he is, my sonnies, and thank God he's no worse, I suppose.'

"'Ah, Mr. Grinham was the man!' said Bowman. 'Why, he never troubled us wi' a visit from year's end to year's end. You might go anywhere, do anything: you'd be sure never to see him.'

"''A was a right sensible parson,' said Michael. 'He never entered our door but once in his life, and that was to tell my poor wife—ay, poor soul, dead and gone now, as we all shall!—that as she was such an old aged person, and lived so far from the church, he didn't at all expect her to come any more to the service.'

"'And a' was a very jinerous gentleman about choosing the psalms and hymns o' Sundays. 'Confound ye,' says he, 'blare and scrape what ye like, but don't bother me!'

"'And he was a very honourable good man in not wanting any of us to come and hear him if we were all on-end for a jaunt or spree, or to bring the babies to be christened if they were inclined to squalling. There's virtue in a man's not putting a parish to spiritual trouble.'"

When Somerset asks Paula about her creed, she replies:— "What I really am, as far as I know, is one of that body to whom lukewarmth is not an accident but a provisional necessity, till they see a little more clearly." And this attitude of Paula's is one which we recognize as implicit throughout Mr. Hardy's novels. Any more definite standpoint is nowhere plain. If it were possible to find traces of any philosophy, it would be of Schopenhauer's.

"Der Mensch andert sich nie;" that is what so deeply impresses Schopenhauer, *velle non discitur;* and, as we have seen, it is that which impresses Mr. Hardy. The fragmentary ethical system of the novelist is like a pale reflection of the philosopher's, and there is the same sense of the isolation of the individual, the same feeling that there are narrow limits to what one being can be for another. In the "Parerga," there is, indeed, a short passage of which Cytherea's cry is but a paraphrase.

The time has not yet come for forming a final estimate of Mr. Hardy's work. We may hope that it is far distant. It may be safely said, however, that he will scarcely write another novel of the peculiar power, and, it might be added, the peculiar weakness, of "Far from the Madding Crowd." It seems more probable that he will pursue the vein of comedy which began in "The Hand of Ethelberta," and is, perhaps, the most characteristic outcome of his genius—that subtle and unimpassioned tracing of aspects of life at once delicate and simple, which are best touched by the fine observation, the tender irony, that we have found to be the most constant elements in Mr. Hardy's work. What fresh variations are possible within these limits it would not be well to predict, but it is probable that, of stories in this manner, "A Laodicean" and "Two on a Tower" will not be the last.

Art. III.—The Origin and Growth of Local Government in Counties.

THE long-promised and often-deferred Bill for transferring the financial and administrative duties of the Courts of Quarter Sessions in Counties to popular Elective County Boards or *Shire Moots* is now once again before the House of Commons. Many details of the Government scheme will no doubt be severely criticized and strongly opposed; but, as the general principles of the measure have received the support of both the great parties in the country, it may be confidently expected that it will pass in some form or other before the dissolution of the present Parliament. The Bill does not propose to interfere with the purely judicial authority of Magistrates in Quarter or Petty Sessions, as it is generally admitted that that authority is, on the whole, fairly and efficiently exercised; and, without endorsing the opinion of Lord Coke, on the one hand, that "the whole

Christian world hath not a like office as justice of the peace if duly exercised," or of Lord Chancellor Cowper on the other, that "the justices are men sometimes illiterate, and frequently bigoted and prejudiced," we may take the general verdict of the country, with regard to the justices of the peace in their judicial character, to be that expressed by Lord Tenterden, who speaks of them as "a class of persons to whom this country is under as great obligations as this or any other nation is, or ever was, to any members of its community, and who gratuitously devote a great portion of their time, and bestow much valuable, but often thankless, labour in the administration of many branches of the law." With regard, however, to the civil jurisdiction now exercised by the Justices in Quarter Sessions assembled, the management, so to speak, of the county exchequer, and the preparation of the county budget, whatever may be the opinion of the ratepayers in counties as to the necessity for legislative interference in the matter, or as to the probability of the more economical administration of the local funds, it seems clear that the sentiment of the nation at large demands in authoritative tones an extension to the rural districts of those principles of freedom and representative government, and of the direct control of expenditure by the ratepayers, which have so long been enjoyed by the inhabitants of towns.

Other generally accepted arguments in favour of the management of local affairs by local and representative authorities have been advanced by those in favour of the new Bill. Foremost among these are, first, the absolute necessity of establishing in counties a really efficient and supreme authority, which shall represent and be paramount to all the numerous and conflicting bodies which now transact county business:—

"'We have lived so long,' says the secretary to the Central Chamber of Agriculture,* 'under the present system of County Government and County Representation that we are hardly aware of the difficulties and disadvantages under which counties labour. They have really no head whatever; they have two figure-heads. They have the Lord Lieutenant, and they have the sheriff, and between these two figure-heads we lose real County Government. There is, indeed, a doubt as to which of the two authorities we should appeal for assistance or advice, or for calling us together on any subject of special interest. This one point shows the necessity of having a change, by which the ratepayers would be enabled to say before whom they should lay their grievances which they wish to press on the attention of the county.'"

The second argument in favour of more extended self-government is the valuable educating power representative County Boards

* "Report of the Farmers' Club," February, 1882.

would exercise on the members taking part in their deliberations. As the most important advantage that accrues, it is said, to any ordinary man who gets into Parliament, and at all devotes his mind to business when he gets there, is the acquisition of the knowledge of how the finances of the country are managed, so the knowledge of the administration of county finance will be of advantage to those who sit on County Boards, and of increased interest to those who send them there.

The very strong opinion lately expressed by the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, on the advantages of local government, his condemnation of the principle of centralization, and the pressing necessity for relieving the Imperial Legislature of the vast mass of mere parochial work which now encumbers its field of action, placing, as they do, the establishment of County Parliaments for the transaction of all business of a purely local character, well within the sphere of practical politics, make this latter argument of the greatest possible weight. County government, then, is chaotic; county government is to be extended; we enlightened politicians of the nineteenth century must set about educating ourselves, so as to fit ourselves at some future, and perhaps distant, time for the management of our local county affairs.

Strangely, indeed, must these words sound in the ears of the student of early English history and institutions, who knows that elective self-government in counties was the earliest form of government among our English forefathers, and who cannot fail to recognize in the so-called radical reform now suggested, only the revival of an old and time-honoured system, temporarily superseded by the centralizing tendencies of centuries of local anarchy and official usurpation.

Such, indeed, is the lesson to be learned from our national annals; and under the circumstances we venture to think that, in the present state of the public mind on this question, we may not be performing a useless or unnecessary task in attempting to unravel from the tangled web of general history the often weak and mazy, but never wholly lost, thread which connects the origin and growth of county self-government in bygone ages with the existing local institutions, so soon in their turn to be modified or swept away.

In order to understand the way in which the local government of counties has arisen and grown, it is necessary to bear in mind that the county or shire was not in any way an arbitrary or artificial subdivision of the kingdom, mapped out by a central governing authority. In nearly all cases the existing counties seem to have represented independent kingdoms, or national or tribal settlements, made at or about the time of the English conquest of Britain. These petty kingdoms enjoyed, for a time

at least, an independent local organization and government, which left many traces of vigorous existence for centuries after all the local jurisdictions were absorbed by, and merged in, the greater kingdom of all England.

The shire was not, strictly speaking, a sub-division of the kingdom; but the kingdom has been gradually formed by the union of semi-independent shires. As the shire or county represented the territorial acquisition of the conquering nation or tribe, so its sub-divisions, the *hundred, wapentake* or *ward,* and the *tûn, township* or *tything,* represented the area of land allotted to the clans and families respectively of which the tribe consisted. The union of a number of townships for the purposes of judicial administration, peace and defence, formed the hundred; and the aggregation of hundreds for the same objects constituted the shire. The foregoing divisions seem to have been purely territorial; the possession of land was an essential and primary qualification for political existence.

"The freeman (says Mr. Green)* was strictly the freeholder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged became inseparable from the possession of his "holding" in it. With the public life of the village the slave had nothing, the laet, in early days, little, to do. In its Moot, the common meeting of its villagers, for justice or government, a slave had no place or voice, while the laet was originally represented by the lord whose land he tilled. The life, the sovereignty of the settlement resided solely in the body of freemen, whose holdings lay round the moot-hill or the sacred tree, where the community met from time to time to deal out its own justice and to make its own laws."

The unit of local administration was the township, which, no doubt, originally represented the land allotted to a family or kindred, but which in many cases became conterminous with the estate of a great chief or thegn who had a tribe of dependants. Each township had an assembly of its own freemen, presided over by the *tûn-gerefa,* or reeve, where local disputes were settled, local officers or representatives to attend the hundred court were chosen, measures taken for keeping the peace, and *by-laws* (from the Norse "by" or township) enacted for the well-being of the little community. The township or tything also managed its own police, and was responsible for the safe custody and production of criminals, and bound to make good mischief done by them, which latter responsibility still exists in the liability of hundreds for damage by riot.

The township was, moreover, in many cases co-extensive with

---

* "History of the English People," vol. i. p. 10.

the parish, and many of the functions of the old township meetings are to this day performed by their lineal descendants, the vestry meetings, where parish affairs are still settled, and the local officers, churchwardens, waywardens, overseers, and the like are chosen by the parishioners.

The *hundred*, or *ward* as it is called in the northern counties, or *wapentake* as it is called in the Anglian districts, was formed by the union of a varying number of townships. The Hundred Court, or *gemôt*, was held once a month, and was attended by the thegns of the hundred, and by the reeve and four men from each township, and was presided over by the hundred-man, who was originally elected, but was frequently nominated by the chief thegn in the hundred. It took cognizance of all matters both civil and criminal, voluntary and contentious, and no suit might be carried to a higher court unless justice had been refused in the hundred. The judges of the court were originally the whole body of the suitors who attended, but the authority was subsequently delegated to a judicial committee of twelve. The jurisdiction of the hundred courts was considerably curtailed by the frequent grants of "franchises or liberties," in which the jurisdiction, or at least the profits of the jurisdiction, were vested in the hands of great churchmen or landed proprietors. The hundred seems, moreover, to have formed a rateable division of the county, and to have had the administration of fines and the profits of the common or folk-lands.

The County Court, *shire-moot* or *scir-gemôt*, was the general assembly of the folk of the shire, and its jurisdiction extended, not only over the suitors from the hundreds, but also over the lords who held private franchises, and over the church vassals and their men. It was convened twice a year by the sheriff or *scir gerefa*, and was attended by the *ealdorman* or earl, the bishop, the great thegns and lords of lands, and by the reeve and four elected men and the parish priest from each township. The County Court, under the presidency of the sheriff, appears to have transacted all the business of the shire in matters judicial, military and financial, and to have directed the management of the police of the county, the maintenance of proper watch and ward, and the adoption of measures for the apprehension of felons. Its judicial duties were those of a sort of court of appeal from the hundred courts, and it secured to suitors any right which they might have failed to obtain there. Its financial powers seem to have been very important; in addition to its powers of assessing and collecting rates for local purposes, it seems in earlier times, before the establishment of a representative House of Commons, to have had some discretion as to the granting or withholding taxes demanded by the king. The

County Courts seem, moreover, to have retained down to the time of Athelstane some shadow of legislative authority, a fact which proves conclusively the former existence of the shire as an independent political society.

The two chief persons in the Shire Moot were the Earl, or *Ealdorman*, and the Sheriff, who seem to have exercised a kind of dual authority from the earliest times. The Earl—the *princeps* of Tacitus—the *Comes* of the Normans—was originally elected by the general assembly of the nation; but the office appears to have become commonly hereditary in what was the old royal family of the shire, prior to its annexation: he sat with the sheriff and bishop in the County Court, and had the command of the military forces of the county. The sheriff, or *vice-comes*, was a royal officer, nominated by the king, and was the special representative of the royal and central authority, as the earl was, in dignity at least, of the old local independent power. He convened and presided in the Shire Moot, decided points of law therein, and was, as he is now, the chief executive authority for carrying out the decrees of the court. It was his duty to collect and pay over the various sums assessed upon the shire for supplying ships to the king, and to administer and collect the revenues of the folk-land, which, in course of time, came to be looked on as the royal demesne. Such, shortly, was the mode of government in counties up to the time of the Norman Conquest. The principle of self-government and self-taxation was theoretically complete and acknowledged—practically the local will was, to a considerable extent, controlled by the power of the sheriff, who was responsible to, and removable by, the king. The development of the feudal system and the growing power of the Norman kings, though they did not suddenly deprive the local courts and officers of their ancient jurisdiction, tended gradually to concentrate the administrative and judicial power in royal nominees. Thus, the sheriffs and bishops of English birth were replaced by Normans. The power of the earls was greatly weakened, and that of the sheriffs correspondingly increased. The great earldoms were mostly abolished. The Counties Palatine of Durham, Chester and Kent, maintained for defence against border enemies, alone retaining anything like an independent constitution. In all the other counties, the government, judicial, military and financial, was practically executed by the sheriff, who, as a royal officer, and as the first man in the county by position and authority, was a useful check on the growing power of the great feudal barons. The manorial courts of the barons, which were identical with the private franchises of the greater English thegns, whom they supplanted, gradually usurped much of the jurisdiction of the ancient hundred courts,

though in certain instances these courts exist to this day, in all respects constituted as formerly.

The police regulations of the English constitution were strictly enforced, and, indeed, increased by the Norman kings. The old custom of "frank pledge," or responsibility of the community for the good behaviour of its members, was continued in force, and in 1196 all persons above the age of fifteen were compelled to take the "oath of peace," whereby they bound themselves not to be thieves or robbers, or to harbour such, and to fulfil their duty of pursuing thieves when the "hue and cry" was raised. Certain knights in each county were appointed to administer this oath, and see that its provisions were carried out, and they are probably the earliest holders of the office of Conservators of the Peace, out of which the existing functions of Justice of the Peace were subsequently developed.

The growing power of the Crown during the reigns of the early Plantagenets and the oppressive character of the baronial and manorial courts had the effect of gradually centralizing the judicial power in the king's judges. In 1196 the king's justices began to make regular annual circuits, and thus the County Courts by degrees lost all their civil contentious business, and, by the 24th clause of Magna Charta, the jurisdiction of all the more serious criminal offences was taken away from the County Courts and the sheriff, and such offences were only to be tried by the Justices of Assize. At about the same period, so as to preserve to a certain extent the ancient local privileges, twelve lawful men of each hundred, and four lawful men of each township were directed to be sworn to present all reputed criminals in their district to the Assizes, and thus was established our existing Grand Jury. After this date the County Court, as a tribunal of justice, disappears from view, until its powers were revived in a different form in 1846.

The next step was the appointment by Royal Commission of Justices of the Peace for each county:—

"Before the regular institution of justices of the peace (says Burn)* there were conservators of the peace in every county, whose office was to conserve the king's peace, and to protect the obedient and innocent subjects from force and violence. These conservators by the ancient common law were, by force of the king's writ, chosen by the freeholders in the County Court, out of the principal men in the county, after which election so made and returned, the king directed the party so elected to take upon him and execute the office, until the king should order otherwise; and thus the coroners still continue to be chosen in full county, as also the knights of the shire."

* "Justice of the Peace," vol. iii. p. 108.

This semblance of election was, however, finally extinguished in the first year of Edward III., when it was ordained by Parliament that in every shire of the realm "good men and lawfull (which were no maintainers of evil nor Barrettours in the countrey) should bee assigned to keepe the peace," which, to use the words of Lambard,*

"was as much as to say that in every shire the king himselfe should place speciall eyes and watches over the common people, that should be both willing and wise to foresee, and be also enabled with meet authority to represse all intention of uprore and force even in the first seede thereof, and before that it should grow up to any offer of danger. So that for this cause (as I thinke) the election of the simple conservators or wardens of the peace was first taken from the people and translated to the assignement of the king."

In the thirty-fourth year of Edward III. the Justices of the Peace in Quarter Sessions assembled were constituted a Court of Record, and jurisdiction was given them to hear and determine at the king's suit all manner of felonies and trespasses done in the county, and by a subsequent statute in the same reign they were directed to hold their sessions four times a year. The principal and most influential justice was appointed "*custos rotulorum*," or keeper of the Rolls of the Peace, whose duty it was to preserve and produce when required the records of proceedings in the sessions. He was, and still is, the Chief Conservator of the Peace in the county, and his office, though now in all cases combined with that of Lord Lieutenant, is wholly distinct from that later creation and held by a different appointment.

The gradual absorption of the local jurisdiction by the royal officers appointed by the king is thus remarked on by Mr. Freeman:†—

"Things changed as the central government gradually came to be no longer looked on as an enemy. A time came when it was found that better justice was done by the king's judges, assisted by the men of the shire in their definite character of grand and petty jurors, than could be done in the old assemblies, where each man had his place, but where the different functions of judge, juror and witness were not accurately defined. But mark in how singular a way, in the case of one institution at least, the old system has come back again—the class of the royal *missi*, the Justices of the Peace in each shire have been so multiplied and their character has been so thoroughly changed, that an assembly of them is practically an assembly not of royal officers, but of the thegns of the shire in their local character. A Court of Quarter Sessions has become an assembly whose best rule of action

* "Eirenarcha," p. 20. Edition of 1619.
† "Norman Conquest," vol. v. p. 449.

could not be better described than in the words of Eanwene, when she bade the Scirgemôt of Herefordshire to 'do thegnly and well.' The shire has become an aristocratic commonwealth, ruled by an assembly not so very unlike what the gathering of the thegns of Herefordshire must have been in the days of Cnut. No royal *missus* is there, except in so far as all the thegns have themselves become *missi*. The thegns alone can speak and vote, but the rest of the men of the shire may, if they think good, look on, and they now have means of influence and criticism, which, though less direct, are perhaps as effectual as the ancient right to cry yea or nay. In the judicial business of the court, popular juries, grand and petty, keep up the ancient right of every free man to have a share in the administration of justice, and the judges of the court are the thegns of the shire, men commissioned indeed by the Crown, but whom no one looks on as royal officers. Indeed, whenever a cry is raised for the transfer of their judicial powers to other hands, it is sought to transfer it to men in whom the character of royal officers shall be more prominent."

The scheme of county government, as existing in the time of Edward III., continued with but little change till the time of the Tudors. The justices, in Quarter and Petty Sessions, holding their commissions from the Crown, discharged and supervised the police of the county, and acted as criminal judges in all minor offences—the sheriff, as representing the king, was the chief executive and administrative officer, and the acknowledged head of the forces of the county, both civil and military, while the shire and hundred moots, a shadow of their former selves, would still meet occasionally to assess the local rates and provide for the expenditure for the civil and military government of the county, and for the maintenance of bridges, roads, prisons and places of defence.

During the troubled times of the wars of the Roses, no doubt, the meetings of the freeholders for such peaceful purposes must have been few and far between, and by the sixteenth century they had practically ceased, for in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII. the first of a series of statutes was passed, which have by degrees vested in the Court of Quarter Sessions that financial supervision of county matters which was formerly exercised by the whole body of freeholders.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the military functions of the Sheriff were handed over to a new officer—the Lord Lieutenant, who appears at first to have been an extraordinary magistrate appointed only in times of difficulty and danger to command the military forces of the county—one of the earliest commissions of lieutenancy is dated June, 1545. The Lord Lieutenant is now appointed by the Crown under 2 Geo. III., and is, by his commission, the Chief Conservator of the Peace and

commander of the militia and yeomanry of the county. He has the appointment of the deputy lieutenants, and the Justices of the Peace for the county are now appointed by the Lord Chancellor on his recommendation. He shares with the sheriff the titular headship of the county, and disputes for precedence between the two have frequently occurred, both claiming to be the representative of the Crown, as they undoubtedly are in their respective departments. It seems, however, to be clear that the Sheriff during his year of office, both from the great antiquity of his post, and from the fact that he represents the civil power of the Crown, and the Lord Lieutenant the military power, which in this country has always been subordinate to the civil power, is the first man in the county, and entitled to precedence over the Lord Lieutenant, both in his office of commander of the forces, and of *custos rotulorum*, which latter office is now invariably held in conjunction with the Lieutenancy. By 22 Henry VIII. c. 5, the Courts of Quarter Sessions were first endowed with administrative functions. By that act the management of the county bridges was entrusted to them, and they were empowered to levy a tax on the inhabitants for their repair. From that time to this fresh powers and duties have been accumulated by statute in the willing hands of the county magistrates, among the most important of which, in addition to their strictly judicial duties of trying prisoners and hearing licensing and rating appeals, are the building and maintaining of reformatories and industrial schools, the granting of licenses to sell intoxicating liquors, the appointing of committees to visit prisons and lunatic asylums, the management of the county police and police stations, the repair and maintenance of pauper lunatic asylums, bridges and county buildings, the formation of highway districts, and appointment of inspectors of weights and measures, and of salmon fishery conservators. Each of these separate heads of expense was originally paid for by a separate rate, but by 12 Geo. II. c. 28, and now by 15 & 16 Vic. c. 81, power is given to the justices to levy a general rate for all such county purposes, and to appoint from among themselves an assessment committee for the purpose of preparing a fair and equal rate. The Court of Quarter Sessions has, therefore, become the chief fiscal authority in the county, but it is by no means the only, or indeed the largest, local spending department—many others exist wholly independent of Quarter Sessions, occupying distinct portions of the county, and spending large sums in the performance of their respective duties. Such are the Boards of Guardians of the poor, elected, by virtue of Act of Parliament, by the owners and occupiers of land in the united parishes forming a poor-law union, with whom are associated the Justices of the Peace residing in the district, as

ex-officio members, and who have the power of collecting and expending a rate for the maintenance of the poor. Such also are the Highway Boards, constituted in the same manner, and with the same powers of levying rates for the maintenance of county highways. To these may be added the Rural Sanitary Authorities, under the Public Health Acts, composed of the Poor-law Guardians of the district, to whom is committed the sole jurisdiction in sanitary matters in their respective Unions, and the Salmon Fishery Boards, School Boards, Commissioners of Sewers and Drainage Boards, who all discharge important duties in their respective spheres of action. Such then is the existing constitution of county government; an anomalous *régime* which has sprung up out of the growing wants of an increasing civilization, and which is found now to be unequal to the exigencies of the age.

At the head of the civil and executive government of the county still stands the Sheriff—next to him comes the Lord Lieutenant, the commander of the military forces, and successor in that capacity to the historic earls. The Courts of Quarter Sessions, consisting of local landowners nominated by the Crown, still exercise so much of criminal jurisdiction as has not been transferred by statute to the royal judges, and in addition to their former powers, they now levy and administer that portion of the rates which are of county interest. Below them, but in no way dependent on them, are a number of local elective boards, who administer and collect other rates for equally important but more local objects. There is no superior or paramount county authority like the old Shire Moot to control the minor assemblies, or to carry out any general enactment of importance to the whole county. For this reason, great measures for the benefit of rural districts, such as those for the Readjustment of Local Taxation, and for the Conservancy of Rivers, have been postponed again and again, while others, such as the Act for the Prevention of Pollution of Rivers, have failed utterly for want of some competent authority to put them in force.

Ever since the year 1836 schemes for the establishment of County Boards, wholly elective, or partly elective and partly *ex-officio*, as were the early Shire Moots, have been periodically brought forward and as periodically withdrawn; but now at last we seem, from the turn public opinion has taken, fairly entitled to expect the passing of a measure which is sure in the end to be beneficial, however much it may be at first repugnant to the ideas of those *laudatores temporis acti*, who, from want of familiarity with history, fail to recognize the proposed reform as a return to an earlier system.

It would be out of place in a paper of this kind to discuss in

any way the best constitution of, or mode of election to, the proposed County Boards; but it is quite open to us to express our sanguine hope and expectation that before long thoroughly representative Boards—that is, Boards thoroughly representative of all interests in their due proportion—will be constituted in every county in Great Britain, capable of discussing and representing all matters of purely local interest, and of ministering to all purely local wants, but dependent on the Imperial Legislature in all questions of imperial magnitude and imperial necessity. Were such a system fairly established and found successful, might it not supply a precedent for the realization of that grander scheme of an imperial federation of the Greater Britain which has charmed and dazzled the minds of so many patriotic Englishmen?

ART. IV.—THE LATE BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester, with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence. In Three Volumes. Vol. I., by A. R. ASHWELL, M.A., late Canon of the Cathedral, and Principal of the Theological College, Chichester. Vols. II. and III., by the Bishop's Son, REGINALD G. WILBERFORCE. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1880, 1882.

EVERYONE remembers President Lincoln's caution against the danger of "swopping horses in crossing streams." Such a misfortune happened to this book. Before the first volume was published, Canon Ashwell's death made it necessary to find a successor for the office of Bishop Wilberforce's biographer, and no one else being able or willing to undertake the task, at the instance of some of the Bishop's trusted friends Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, though feeling "that as a general rule a son is the person least capable of writing his father's life,"* undertook it himself, and the result of his labours and those of the Canon is the work before us.

It would have been better and more efficient if condensed. Each of the three volumes contains many of those particulars which everybody blames biographers for publishing, and which, nevertheless, everybody likes to read. Both authors are guilty of what Lord Brougham called "the great and growing evil of

---

* Preface to vol. ii.

the times, the making *deceased* persons public property without their consent, and making them commit offences without their consent."* This was written on the publication of the "Memoirs of Romilly," by his son, in which Romilly's most secret thoughts and weaknesses were unveiled, because the editor "found in their father's repositories a paper, or two papers, written partly for his own use and partly for the perusal of his children," and which it was clear to anyone who knew him he never meant to be published. They also published a MS. prayer found in one of their father's diaries, and thereby proclaimed to the world that he was not a Christian, the very last thing he would have felt himself justified in doing. "Surely," continues Lord Brougham, "the rule is plain, that no man's letters or writings are to be published after his death, which he himself, had he been alive, would not have wished, or at least allowed to be published, only making an allowance for any difference arising from his being dead—*e.g.*, the publication not affecting any interest which expired with his life."†

William Wilberforce, like his contemporary Romilly, had the misfortune to have his sons for his biographers.‡ Not only did they unhappily make their father posthumously guilty of the offence of disclosing to the world what happened on Pitt's death-bed, which Bishop Tomline told Wilberforce under a promise of strict secrecy;§ but it was truly said of their whole work that it would have been more valuable had the authors been less filial and consequently more critical in the work of selection.

The early Evangelical leaders in their diaries and letters were too apt to indulge in effusions of unctuous rhetoric. Sir Harry Trelawny, the friend of Romaine, having travelled home to Cornwall by the coach, announced his safe arrival to a friend in a letter commencing: "Thanks to the free, rich, and undeserved mercy of our Triune Covenant God I reached home in safety." William Wilberforce never went to such offensive lengths as the Cornish Baronet, but

"it was his habit (so says Sir James Stephen) to transcribe in a private journal the results of a most unsparing self-examination not unmixed with some passages from those prayers in which he was engaged without ceasing. The extracts from those manuscripts, which his biographers have published, bear the impress of the most perfect sincerity. They

---

* Letter of Lord Brougham to Macvey Napier, "Napier Correspondence," p. 333.

† *Ubi supra*, p. 334. See also on this subject the note in our last number on the article on "The Jubilee of the First Reform Act," in No. cxxiv. Oct. 1882.

‡ *i.e.*, the Bishop and Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce.

§ "Napier Correspondence," pp. 334–5.

attest his exquisite tenderness of conscience, his constant sense of present Deity, and his intense solicitude for an entire conformity to the Divine Will. Doubtless these were inestimable aids to himself, in his daily retrospect of his own spiritual progress. But having served that purpose, would they not more wisely have been committed to the flames than to the press?"*

Bishop Wilberforce, for a great part of his life, kept a journal, evidently on the model of that of his father, and both his biographers have been far too unrestricted in their publications from it.

From very early days the Bishop was a master of unctuous rhetoric. The original edition of the father's life contains this extract from his diary: "Dear S—— (evidently dear Samuel is intended)—has such an overcharged manner of expressing himself," and the habit remained unchanged to the end—in fact, sometimes the Bishop's peculiar rhetoric became his master. For example, in a letter to a friend he speaks thus of his consecration:—

"Even now it sometimes seems a dream that I have passed into that Holy State with such mighty ventures issuing forth on all sides. Every part of the service was most solemn; the prayers, Robert's sermon, with one affecting and beautiful allusion to our beloved father, the consecration prayers, the Archbishop's questions, and then his grave, earnest, subdued tones, and reverend aspect; and behind them I seemed to see the hand stretched out which nails had pierced, and to hear a 'Peace be unto you' which the earth cannot speak. Our dear Bishop was much affected, and I was greatly moved at coming within the rails and sitting down with them."†

In contrast with this rhetorical account of a consecration, we cannot refrain from parenthetically quoting a more prosaic one of the proceedings at the recent consecration of a Colonial Bishop. It seems to have been an odd jumble:—

"Bishop Jackson then proceeded in his most solemn tones to say, 'Brethren, it is written in the Gospel of St. Luke that our Saviour Christ continued the whole night in prayer, before He did choose to send forth His twelve Apostles. It is written also in the Acts of the Apostles, 'Let the Queen's mandate be read.' After this extraordinary statement, a begowned and bewigged functionary came forward and read the document in question and the Bishop gave a version of the exhortation more in accordance with the text of the ordinal."‡

We no more doubt the perfect sincerity of the Bishop than

---

* "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," title Wm. Wilberforce, edition 1875, p. 484.

† Vol. i. p. 317.

‡ *The Church Times*, Dec. 8, 1882.

we doubt that of his father, but when such effusions are read by the world they always sound unreal. The memory of Richard Hurrell Froude will never recover the ridicule cast on it by Newman and Keble through their indiscreetly publishing in his "Remains" the entries in his journal in which that fastidious and refined "Witness to Anglo-Catholic Views" records "that he looked with greediness to see if there was goose on the table for dinner," that "he meant to have kept a fast and did abstain at dinner, but at tea eat buttered toast . . . . and that on another occasion he was more successful, having kept his fast strictly, having taken nothing till near nine in the evening and then only a cup of tea and a little bread without butter"—but alas! insulted Nature—to quote Gibbon—would assert herself. Mr. Froude adds:—"but it has not been as easy as it was last."*

Such publications are open to the objection so forcibly expressed by Sir James Stephen, they

"too often foster in those who read them a rank undergrowth of hypocrisy. For one man who, like Mr. Wilberforce, will honestly endeavour to lay bare on paper the course of his life and the state of his heart, one hundred will make the same attempt dishonestly, having the fear or the hope of the biographer before their eyes. How fluent the acknowledgment of these faults, which the reader will certainly regard as venial, while he admires the sagacity which has detected, the humility which has condemned and the integrity which has acknowledged them."†

Mr. Keble, in the spirit of Sir James Stephen's remark, and with how sound a judgment our quotations show, advised Hurrell Froude to burn his confessions, and Canon Ashwell tells us that when Bishop Wilberforce, in his older years, was preparing the abridged edition of his father's life, his companion observed him striking out a large proportion of the long and numerous extracts, mostly of a devotional character, from his father's diaries, and the Bishop explained that he did it because their publication appeared to his maturer judgment to lay bare too much of the inner sanctuary of a man's spiritual life.‡

Should this work, as no doubt it will, go to a second edition, we trust Mr. Reginald Wilberforce will follow his father's example; but public attention has been more attracted by extracts from the Bishop's diary of a very different kind. They are short, sharp, racy comments and notes of conversations on men and events which are very fresh and readable, though it is not too much to say, as has been said of them, that they display an "almost

---

* Quoted by Sir James Stephen in "Essays," p. 454.

† "Essays," p. 484. ‡ Introduction to vol. i. p. xxvii.

malicious pleasure in the depreciation of others and a very self-complacent fondness for everything complimentary to himself." Lord Clive when censured for accumulating excessive wealth in India, referred to his means of enriching himself and exclaimed, "By God, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." In like manner Mr. Wilberforce, in reply to the censure pronounced on him by *The Times*' reviewer for publishing the Bishop's utterances, often extremely harsh and severe, concerning men many of whom are still living, writes: "Could you see the materials I have not yet published, you might marvel at my moderation." It is due to the Bishop's memory to say that there is no evidence that he designed his diary should be made public, though, knowing the habits of biographers and the tastes of their readers, he might have anticipated that it would see the light. His sudden death also may have prevented his giving any direction as to his papers.

The Dean of Chichester accuses Mr. Wilberforce of a more serious offence than indiscretion—the Dean asserts that the author, for the sake of telling a good story and making the Dean appear ridiculous, professes to give the *ipsissima verba* of a letter from the Dean to the Bishop, which letter the Dean denies he ever wrote. No such letter has been, nor apparently can be, produced. The Dean has made good his complaint, and the question arises, what other statements of alleged facts by Mr. Wilberforce may be exaggerated or wholly unfounded.*

But with all its faults, and they are many, the book is equally interesting and valuable. Not only is it the life of a prelate of whom it may be said, as does Gibbon of Cyprian of Carthage, that he "could reconcile the Christian virtues with the arts of the most ambitious statesman," and who, as the late Archbishop Tait, his successful competitor for the throne of St. Augustine, owned, was, so long as he lived, "the true Primate of the Church of England;"† but, through the amazing indiscretion of the authors, we are placed behind the politico-ecclesiastical machinery of the times, and a most curious light is thrown upon the inner working of our State Church system, and the secret causes of things with respect to which the outside world usually knows little or nothing.

It is difficult to comprehend the whole compound and mixed mass of such a character as Samuel Wilberforce, who, his intimate friend, Canon Liddon, confessed, was a "standing paradox."

---

* The story is related in vol. iii. p. 249. Conf. the Dean's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* of February 7, 1883.

† See the *Saturday Review* for January 20, 1883.

"There are few characters—we quote with assent the most discriminating of the many biographical sketches of the Bishop—more difficult to understand by the great mass of men, more especially if they happen to be influenced by party feelings, than those who, to versatility of genius, unite a sympathetic temperament—who have the power of adapting themselves, not only to different classes of society, but to varieties of opinion—who are at home under all circumstances, and are able to speak in all dialects. Their susceptible natures can pass rapidly from one class of feelings to another, as successive influences are brought to play upon them in a way which men cast in different mould cannot comprehend, and are apt to misjudge. This was pre-eminently the case with Samuel Wilberforce. His powers were very varied, and his ability of so accommodating himself to the society into which he was brought, as to throw a charm over all who came in contact with him, almost unrivalled. He was an indefatigable parish priest, a laborious bishop, who, for force of character and administrative skill, has had no equal in his day, a powerful speaker in the House of Lords, and at the Convocation, and wherever he went was felt to be a chief amongst men."*

"What think you of our host?" asked of a friend Richard Cobden, during one of his visits to the Bishop. "I say, if he had not been a priest, he must have been a Prime Minister." "It is lucky for some of us," the late Lord Chelmsford used to say, "that he was a bishop and not a lawyer, for had he been one of us he must certainly have been Lord Chancellor."† And the Bishop complacently enters in his diary that Lord Aberdeen said of him to his son: "Why did he go and get made a Bishop? He ought to have been Chancellor in our Cabinet."‡ One of his eulogists indeed thinks "he would have shone still more as a secular than an ecclesiastical politician;"§ but we agree with the able writer whom we have before quoted that "he was before and above all else an ecclesiastic."‖ Very early in life he wrote to a friend, "I am less and less of a politician. I am a strong Churchman, and, if a man is only a Churchman, I can forgive him anything else in the world."¶ But he could not forgive a man for not being a Churchman, "though he would sometimes meet individual dissenters with all the love and kindness of a brother, and address them with a suavity and effusive courtesy which would have deceived any who did not know the light in which Nonconformists were really regarded by the fascinating bishop."**

His Churchmanship had a narrowing influence on his character and conduct. In reference to the motion of want of confidence

* From "Anglican Church Portraits," by J. G. Rogers, B.A., p. 339.
† Vol. i. p. 283. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 283.
§ Article on the Bishop in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1874, p. 335.
‖ "Anglican Church Portraits," p. 326. ¶ Vol. i. p. 72.
** "Anglican Church Portraits," p. 334.

in the Palmerston-Russell Government, which was carried in the House of Lords in the session of 1864, he writes to Mr. Gladstone explaining why he voted with the majority :—

"If this was *your* Government, or even if you had in this Government for Church purposes the power you ought to have, I should never have voted against it, even if I thought the particular attack true and so could not vote for it. But what can I do? With a Government headed by Palmerston, with all his personal disqualifications, and directed by Shaftesbury, with a studied and wilful rejection of your influence in Church questions, how can I do anything to keep it in office? and if, as I believe, John Russell's tone has mainly caused our present entanglements, how can I (if I do not vote merely to keep in the Government) vote against this resolution, and yet the supporting what is counter to you gives me a pang I cannot describe."*

For Mr. Gladstone the Bishop evidently had almost boundless veneration and sincere affection, but neither his veneration nor the merits of Mr. Gladstone's commercial and financial policy weighed a feather in the scale with the Churchman, whose one idea was to get rid of a Ministry which made Low Church bishops and deans.

Sydney Smith said he never remembered a "real bishop." He died before Samuel Wilberforce was raised to the Episcopate. Whether in him the Canon of St. Paul's would have found his real bishop, we know not. Certainly the bishop had no pretentions to be "the grave elderly man full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and the preterpluperfect tense," the possession of which attributes was, in Sydney Smith's judgment, the primary qualification for a bishop. Mr. Gladstone tells us that Smith said to him, "Whenever you meet a clergyman of my age you may be quite sure he is a bad clergyman."† We do not know whether he included all three orders of the clergy in his universal censure. Certain it is that Bishop Wilberforce had little likeness to the bishops of Sydney Smith's earlier days. "I recollect," said a senior member of the University, "when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in without so much as a groom behind him."‡ In one sense he was a very real bishop. He claimed submission from clergy and laity alike, "not in virtue of the office to which he had been appointed by the State, but as one of the chief rulers of the Anglican branch of the Holy Catholic Church."§ The apostolic phrase, "I magnify my office," might

* Vol. iii. p. 139. † "Gleanings of Past Years," vol. vii. p. 140.

‡ Vol. i. p. 353. A curious statement of the views of the old school as to the dignity of bishops will be found in Fitzgerald's "Life of George IV.," vol. ii. p. 406, note. § "Anglican Church Portraits," p. 326.

have been ever on his lips. Those of his brethren who took lower views than he of their common office he held to be guilty of "unbelief in our Church's divine power," of utterly disbelieving in Christ's appointment;" adding with his usual unction, "Alas! alas! Lord forgive them."*

Such is the obscurity which hangs over the history of the early Church—that Canon Farrar is constrained to admit that—

"although we are fully acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of the early Christians. Yet the facts of their *corporate history* during the last decades of the first century, and even the closing details in the biographies of their very greatest teachers are plunged in entire uncertainty, when, with the last word in the Acts of the Apostles, we lose the graphic and faithful guidance of St. Luke, the torch of Christian history is for a time abruptly quenched."†

Therefore, that any man should profess that, "It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scripture and ancient authors that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in the Church—bishops, priests and deacons‡ —is a good illustration of Cardinal Newman's remark: "It very frequently happens that ten thousand people all say what not any one of them feels, but each says it because every one else says it, and each fears not to say it lest he should incur the censure of all the rest."§ Yet Samuel Wilberforce persuaded himself that Episcopacy was a supernatural institution, and he held and carried out to their logical conclusion the highest ideas of its authority. We believe the following excerpts correctly express his opinions: "What does that authority include? The exclusive possession of all the means of grace; the sole power of transmitting the Holy Spirit, the nomination of trustees for the Divine sacraments, of the stewards of absolution and the remission of sins,"|| and in strict accordance with these views he conclusively and indignantly retorted on one of his clergy who had been guilty of holding fellowship with Dissenters:—

"If there is no difference between us and Dissenters, what can our ordinal and all our reformed liturgy mean? How can we justify in God's sight continuing in a body which, by refusing to acknowledge their ministry, is guilty of the highest breach of charity, if there is no sufficient reason for maintaining separation. Either we Churchmen have ground from God's word for being thus distinctively Churchmen, or we are the most miserable schismatics."¶

---

* Vol. ii. p. 378; iii. p. 39.

† "The Early Days of Christianity," vol. i. p. 83.

‡ Preface to the Ordination Services in the Prayer Book.

§ Copeland's "Selections from Newman's Sermons," p. 100.

|| "Martineau's Miscellanies," vol. i. p. 409: article, The Battle of the Churches.

¶ Vol. i. p. 409.

It follows, although no one would have more vehemently denied it than the Bishop—

"That the sacerdotalism of the English Church is as absolute as that of the Roman. It matters little whether the sacraments be more or fewer, whether their *modus operandi* be a little more subjective or a little more objective; whether the right to absolve be used with the healthy or only with the sick—so long as a ritual purification of human nature is pronounced indispensable, and the patent right to effect it is conceded by a *jus divinum* to a certain body of men, the whole mischief of the papal scheme remains. The disconnection from Rome simply renders the evil provincial instead of universal, but the malady, by becoming insular instead of continental, does not abate its danger."*

A logical and consistent believer in the sacerdotal theory of the Church must end by submission to Rome, a fact which is abundantly proved by the cases of the Bishop's three brothers, his two brothers-in-law, his sister-in-law, and his own daughter and her husband, all of whom, while he was yet alive, seceded from the Anglican and were received into the Roman Communion. Fierce denunciations of Rome abound in this book, but in them we see nothing Protestant. The Bishop's anger with his Roman opponents arose from his holding the very same doctrine with them—viz., "That on the same spot there cannot be more than one bishop; that, if two appear, one or the other must be a pretender, and must be got rid of, unless both are to become ridiculous; that the very nature of their office is lost if the title be distributed."†

There is one characteristic of his Episcopate in which he has never been rivalled, or even approached; nor in it is he likely to be succeeded, except, if some accounts we hear be true, the new Archbishop of Canterbury may in a very modified degree be his successor. Bishop Wilberforce was called, and truly called, the "Bishop of Society." In Mr. Traill's interesting and clever "Lucianic dialogue" between Lord Westbury and the Bishop,‡ in which the mode both of thought and expression of each speaker are admirably imitated, the ex-Chancellor imputes to the Bishop that he was "not insensible to the consideration that high social popularity must greatly enlarge a bishop's sphere of usefulness, and that there is nothing unworthy of his apostolic mission in "courting it." The Bishop holds this to be true, and quotes St. Paul's saying that "he was made all things to all men, that he might by all means save some." Lord Westbury rejoins:—

---

* Martineau, *ubi supra*, p. 408.

† Martineau, *ubi supra*, p. 408. See on this subject vol. ii. p. 54 *et seq.*, and the Bishop's "Speech on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," *ibid.* pp. 118–19.

‡ In the *Fortnightly Review*, for February, 1883, p. 197.

"that social success is, in this sense, a proof of apostolical succession, and was doubtless sought by you for such evidential purpose. But, be that as it may, the Pauline descent of your lordship's versatility was unmistakable, and it must, indeed, have been gratifying to you to reflect that the display of those accomplishments which so charmed our dinner tables was indirectly tending to establish the validity of Anglican orders."*

"The Bishop," says Canon Ashwell, "was the most genial of companions, and of social powers almost, if not altogether, unrivalled. Few have ever surpassed him in keen sense of humour, in readiness of repartee, or in all that makes what the French call a *raconteur*, but for which no adequate word can be found in English. Add to which that the sparkling wit and marvellous *abandon* of humorous narration which distinguished him were aided by a voice of wonderful richness and an unrivalled power of manner."†

Even his sermons were those of "the Bishop of Society." What Macaulay says of Tillotson as a preacher was equally true of Wilberforce:—

"His reasoning was just sufficiently profound and sufficiently refined to be followed by a popular audience with that slight degree of intellectual exertion which is a pleasure. His style is not brilliant; but it is pure and transparently clear. He is always serious, yet there is about his manner a certain graceful ease which marks him as a man who knows the world, who has lived in populous cities and splendid courts, and who has conversed, not only with books, but with lawyers and merchants, wits and beauties, statesmen and princes."‡

But it is not less true that he used his position as a social favourite as a means of winning influence for good over those with whom he was thrown, and he was, as Canon Ashwell says, "one of the few men who could pass easily and naturally from the lightest topics to the gravest and most earnest conversation, and he continually turned the former to account in paving the way for the latter." We select one instance of this habit from his diary:—"At a breakfast at Lord Stanhope's he met Macaulay, who was in high spirits and great force." The entry continues, "walked home with Macaulay trying to get him more on religion, 'God' and causality."§ Apparently his efforts were not unsuccessful, for, in recording his attendance at Macaulay's funeral, he says, "grand service, deeply impressive. The world's greatness and littleness; how nothing abides; but how he used those wonderful faculties; his purity, affection, and manifest increase of seriousness, attention to worship, &c., *now* the things."

The career of Bishop Wilberforce may be divided into three portions. The first comprises his life at the University and as a

---

* In the *Fortnightly Review* for February 1883, p. 204.
† Vol. i. Introduction, p. xviii. ‡ Vol. i. *ubi supra.*
§ Vol. ii. p. 244. || *Ibid.* p. 436.

parish clergyman—the brief period of his Archdeaconate of Surrey, the still more brief period during which he held the Deanery of Westminster, and his elevation to the Bishopric of Oxford, —it terminates with the last stage of the Hampden Controversy in 1847–8. The second period extends from that date to the end of 1859, which was, to use his son's words, "the turning of a new leaf in the history; he was at last the undisputed master of his own diocese."* The last period extends thenceforward to the sudden close of his life; during this period he was "the undisputed leader among the English bishops," the true Primate of the English Church.†

It is the two latter periods of his career that are the most generally interesting, and to these we shall mainly devote the remainder of our allotted space.

The son of "the Head of the Patent Christians of Clapham," as Sydney Smith called his father, he was brought up as an Evangelical, and "the old evangelical leaven, it is truly said, was never altogether purged out."‡ Within the last year of his life he wrote to Miss Thornton, the daughter of his father's intimate friend, Henry Thornton, herself one of the last survivors of the "Clapham Sect."§—"As year by year it seems to become for the *new* generation and the Recordites impossible to understand how any one can be a good Churchman and yet an Evangelical, a believer in the Sacraments and yet an abhorrer of the 'Confessional" and a scorner of the little apish Romanism of the Ritualists, I cling with an almost spasmodic tenacity to such as you;"‖ but by the Evangelicals generally he was regarded as an apostate, and he was not unconscious of his own secession from their ranks. "You do not suppose," he wrote to a friend, "that I am so blind as not to see perfectly that I might have headed the Evangelical body and been seated by them at Lambeth."¶

In our review of Mr. Mozley's "Reminiscences"** we have given our reasons for not accepting his statements, unless he is corroborated by other testimony. He was, however, a contemporary at Oxford of the Bishop, and his brothers Robert and Henry, and he describes them as then "no longer Evangelicals, but not High Church,"†† and he gives some interesting particulars of the three brothers, to which, subject to the observation and qualification we have already made, we will refer.

---

* Vol. ii. p. 424.

† "The Great Lord Bishop of England," Dean Hook once called him. Vol. iii. p. 236.

‡ "Anglican Church Portraits," p. 335.

§ *Vide* The Clapham Sect, in Sir James Stephen's "Essays," p. 523.

‖ Vol. iii. p. 404. ¶ Vol. ii. p. 360.

** WESTMINSTER REVIEW, New Series, No. cxxv., January, 1883.

†† Mozley, "Reminiscences," vol. i. p. 98.

Mr. Mozley, himself a public school man, rather despised the Wilberforces, who had received only a private education. "Pious parents," wrote Mr. Wilberforce to the future Bishop, "do not like to send their children to public schools."* It appeared to Wilberforce and to the Evangelicals of that time that often one of the consequences of a youth's "being at a great school, especially if his parents are pious, is that he has one set of principles and ways of going on in all respects at school, and another at home."† This we may observe was perhaps less the fault of the schools than of the unnaturally strict and repressive system pursued by pious parents, which, as has been said, made many a bright youth anxiously long for the fulfilment of the Scripture saying, "The godly man ceaseth." But as Mr. Mozley himself admits that public school boys were then brought up as Pagans, the Evangelical objection is not surprising. In a very hazy chapter Mr. Mozley discusses the effect of the private education of the Wilberforces on their "truthfulness." So far as we can understand him, he is an apologist for lying, but he shall speak for himself:—

"A public school, and indeed any school so large as to create a social distance between the masters and the boys, is liable to suffer the growth of conventional forms of truth and conventional dispensations from absolute truth. Loyalty to the schoolfellow warps the loyalty due to the master. The world has had many a fling at Bishop Wilberforce's ingenuity and dexterity, but his veracity and faithfulness cannot be impugned. In those days, probably even more than now, very few came out of a public school without learning the art of lying. There was no confidence with the masters, and lads who would have shuddered at the bare idea of lying to a schoolfellow, thought nothing of inventing any false excuse, or even fabricating a story, to a master whom they regarded as their natural enemy. Newman, who had many public schoolmen among his pupils, lamented that they would not invariably tell the truth, for he knew they did not."

We suspend our quotation to add by way of comment that the letter of William Wilberforce, from which we have quoted, was one reproving his son for not telling the tutor of the wrong proceedings of a fellow pupil. "This (adds the father) is one of the numerous (they are almost innumerable) class of cases in which worldly honour teaches one lesson and Christian morality another."‡

"It may be said," Mr. Mozley continues, "that a public school boy, even if he cuts a knot with a good bold lie every now and then, on what custom holds to be the necessity of occasion, yet learns to manage

* Vol. i. p. 17. † *Ibid.* ‡ Vol. i. p. 15.

the whole matter of truth better than he could at home or at a private tutor's. He learns better to distinguish between truthful and false characters, true and false appearances, the genuine and the spurious in the coinage of morality, the words that mean and the words that don't mean, the modes of action likely to bear good fruit, and the modes which only promise or pretend. Every public school boy can say how it was S. Wilberforce made some considerable mistakes, and how it was he acquired a reputation for sinuous ways and slippery expressions."*

Far be it from us intentionally to misrepresent Mr. Mozley, and we are sorry if we misunderstand him; but the only construction we can put on these ambiguous utterances is that it is to be regretted that Samuel Wilberforce did not go to a public school that he might have had the opportunity, and availed himself of it, of learning the art of lying, which would have made him a more useful man.

It is satisfactory to be told—if indeed the word, or, on this subject, the opinion, of an apologist for lying may be taken as of any worth—that the Bishop's veracity and faithfulness cannot be impugned.

Mr. Mozley tells what to us seems an apocryphal story of the conduct of the future Bishop, while at one of his many tutors. Although hardly twelve years old he had decided tastes:—

"He conceived a great dislike of his tutor and the whole *ménage*, and one day after a violent collision demanded to be sent home immediately. The tutor demurred, thereupon the lad ran into the road before the cottage, then traversed by a score or two of London coaches a day, threw himself flat on the ground in the very track of the coaches, and announced his intention of remaining there till he was sent home. After he had remained there several hours the tutor struck his colours and Samuel was sent home."†

Sir George Dasent‡ adduces this story as an illustration of the Bishop's uniformly determined and persistent character. To us it appears altogether repugnant to his character. Ever determined and persistent he was, but never violent, always adroit.

The great things he did for his church were done by tact and management, it is well said of him, "in the art of management he was unequalled."

Far more historical and characteristic of the man is this passage from Mr. Mozley. Speaking of Henry Wilberforce's wonder at the fact that somehow at public meetings Samuel was always on the platform and always a speaker, he adds:—

* "Reminiscences," vol. ii. pp. 113–114. † Vol. i. p. 28.
‡ In his Article on Samuel Wilberforce, *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1883.

"Samuel explained it straight. He was perfectly sure he had something to say, that the people would be glad to hear it, and that it would be good for them. He was also quite certain of having some acquaintance on the platform, caught somebody's eye, kept his eye steadily fixed upon his acquaintance, and began a slow movement in advance, never remitted an instant till he found himself on the platform. The people, finding their toes in danger, looked round, and seeing somebody looking hard and pressing onwards, always made way for him."

This was his course through life—he always kept his eye on those who could help him to gain his ends—he always managed quietly and steadily to edge himself into public notice. If in so doing he was obliged to tread on other people's toes it could not be helped.

Samuel Wilberforce went to Oriel in Michaelmas, 1823, and in Michaelmas, 1826, took a first-class in mathematics and a second in classics. In that same year Robert Isaac Wilberforce and Richard Hurrell Froude were elected fellows of Oriel, and about the same time Francis William Newman took a double first. When Samuel Wilberforce first went to Oxford, John Henry Newman was already a fellow and tutor of Oriel. "Whatever speculative faith," so Mr. Mozley tells us, "the Evangelicals of that period had in their theory of salvation, their highest success generally was to make their sons clever men of the world."* On his showing this was not the case with all the sons of William Wilberforce, Robert and Henry, he says, were "without ambition in any practical form."† "Samuel and Henry," he says, "were both politicians, and Henry at one time presided over the union."‡ Samuel in his Oxford days seems to have been a moderate Whig,§ as was natural to his father's son, who had supported Pitt, when Pitt was a Parliamentary reformer, and opposed his coercive measures during the English Reign of Terror. In the earliest days of his clerical life he wrote to a friend: "I was once, as you know, a Radical, I believe I am now, with some exceptions, a very high Tory."‖ And in January, 1831, he wrote to the same friend, "I have gradually advanced in Toryism. . . . One's mind must, I think, at these times turn often to the commencement of the reign of our martyred sovereign, and it is quite a refreshment to the mind to let it

* "Reminiscences," vol. i. p. 107.

† *Ibid.* p. 104. We observe that in the list of the "Commoners of Oriel," in 1823, in vol. i. p. 27, in addition to *Richard* Hurrell Froude the name of *Robert* Hurrell Froude is mentioned. Was there another Froude brother besides Richard, William, and James Anthony? We think not, *vide* Mozley, vol. i. p. 225.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 117–18.

§ "Life," vol. i. p. 29 *et seq.* Conf. Mozley, vol. i. p. 117 *et seq.*

‖ *Ibid.* p. 45.

pasture at will in his writings. Do you know the Εἰκὼν βασιλική well? You are worthy of knowing it, because you are qualified to judge of its authenticity and beauty."*

We suspect his change of opinion was due to the influence of Richard Hurrell Froude, "one of his intimate associates."† At first sight it would appear that there could be little real sympathy between the son of the great anti-slavery leader and Hurrell Froude, who felt it a duty to maintain in his mind an habitual hostility to the "niggers," as he called them, "as if," he adds, "those poor wretches concentrated in themselves all the Whiggery, dissent, cant and abomination that have been ranged on their side. . . . . Everyone I meet seems to be like an incarnation of the whole Anti-Slavery Society with Fowell Buxton at their head."‡ Notwithstanding Froude's Legree-like opinions, Samuel Wilberforce speaks of his "mighty intellect," and says of him on his death: "He was, I think, upon the whole, possessed of the most original powers of thought of any man I have ever known intimately."§ We think a more correct estimate of Froude is that of a distinguished Oxford contemporary both of Froude and Wilberforce, who pronounced Froude to have been "a random young man who, had he lived, would have come out like his brother."‖ Hurrell Froude was a Tory, an uncompromising High Churchman, an admirer of Beckett, Laud and the Nonjurors, a detester of Milton, and became more and more a hater of the Reformation and the Reformers. "How is it," he asks, with a lofty disdain of every body else, "that we (*i.e.*, J. H. Newman, Keble, and himself) are so much in advance of our generation." Of this advancement he gave a remarkable illustration:—"I sincerely hope," he writes, "that *the march of mind in France may yet prove a bloody one.*"¶ In Bishop Wilberforce's letter, from which we have already quoted, he speaks of Lord Grey's then lately formed Ministry as a "demi-Radical Government with the *true march of mind* spirit."** The use of this expression strengthens our belief that Hurrell Froude was the author of the Bishop's Toryism, his devotion to the memory of Charles I., whom, he said, "we fear not to call martyr,"†† and his belief in the authenticity of the Εἰκὼν βασιλική. His faith in Froude seems to have been shaken by the publication of his "Remains," which he feared would do irreparable injury."‡‡ Later in life, when he became a Lord Spiritual, he

* "Life," vol. i. p. 59. † *Ibid.* p. 54.
‡ *Vide* James Stephen's "Essays," p. 458. § "Life," vol. i. p. 95.
‖ *i.e.*, James Anthony Froude.
¶ Mozley, vol. i. p. 226; Sir James Stephen's "Essays," pp. 456, 459.
** "Life," *ubi supra.* †† *Ibid.* p. 67. ‡‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 112, 131.

was a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, as he was afterwards of Mr. Gladstone, except, as we have seen, when ecclesiastical interests or prejudices intervened.

Of the intellect and powers of Cardinal Newman, Wilberforce had ever the keenest admiration. He speaks of one of his conversations as being

"really most sublime as an exhibition of human intellect, when, in parts of our discussions, he kindled and poured forth a sort of magisterial announcement, in which Scripture, Christian Antiquity, deeply studied and thoroughly imbibed humility, veneration, love of truth, and the highest flow of poetical feelings, all impressed their own pictures upon his conversation."*

But he also said, "Newman has always been to me kind, courteous and *distant*, I never felt to know him the 'least.'"

The truth was, as Newman frankly told Wilberforce, that he was not confident in Wilberforce's general approval of the body of opinions held by Newman and Pusey, and therefore in 1838 he declined to receive from Wilberforce any further contributions to *The British Critic*, to which, up to that time, he had been a contributor, and Wilberforce, in his diary for the following year, complains that Newman was "flinging at him" in that journal, and expresses a doubt if he had "hardness enough not to be ground to powder between the Evangelical and Newman mills."

His rise in the Church was easy and rapid. The brothers Sumner, Bishops of Chester and Winchester, were kinsmen as well as friends of William Wilberforce. After a curacy of only eighteen months' duration, Samuel Wilberforce was presented, by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, to the rectory of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight. It is fair to state that it was not till long after this appointment was made that Bishop Sumner discovered that he and Wilberforce were "first cousins once removed."† Bishop Sumner had a strong affection for Wilberforce, and, notwithstanding that Wilberforce held higher Church views than he himself, was ever watchful over his interests. At the close of 1839 he made him Archdeacon of Surrey, and, August 1840, Canon of Winchester. In December of that year he appointed him vicar of the important parish of Alverstoke. Alverstoke includes the fortified town of Gosport, the naval hospital of Haslar, the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, and the watering-place of Stokes Bay or Anglesey. The population in 1841 was 13,510, many of whom were of the low and degraded classes always found in the neighbourhood of great naval and military establishments. Both in the quiet country parish

---

* Vol. i. p. 95. † *Vide* Bishop Sumner's letter, vol. i. p. 82.

of Brighstone, and amongst the town population of Alverstoke, Wilberforce proved himself to be one of the most zealous and efficient of parochial clergymen. In addition to his proper parochial work he spent much time in extra-parochial labours, especially in advocating the claims on Churchmen of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. On behalf of that society, he in 1839 made a tour of Devon and Cornwall—no inconsiderable journey, when as yet there were no railways in those counties.* As Archdeacon he displayed the same zeal as he did when a simple country rector. He was rather a suffragan bishop than an ordinary archdeacon.† In April, 1840, he made his first appearance as a platform speaker in London, advocating the cause of the Propagation Society at the Mansion House, whose walls so often afterwards resounded with his voice. June 1 of that year was one of the turning-points of his life. A great anti-slavery meeting was held in Exeter Hall, presided over by Prince Albert, who then made his first public speech in England. Archdeacon Wilberforce, as he then was, moved a resolution, and spoke with so much originality of matter and so much fire of manner, that he sat down amidst thunders of applause. The Prince inquired his name, and Sir Robert Peel complimented him as his father's worthy son, and if the spirits of the departed are permitted to know what passes here, the soul of Hurrell Froude in Hades must have been vexed within him. Within six months the archdeacon received an offer of the appointment of one of the Prince's chaplains. The letter containing the offer concluded with these words:—"The Prince has additional pleasure in making this proposal to you, in looking back to the great meeting at which he presided, and at which your talents so ably advocated the cause of humanity and religion."‡

The offer was accepted, and the archdeacon was for some years, far more than subjects usually are, the intimate friend both of the Queen and the Prince, who, in one of the archdeacon's early visits at Court, "*showed himself very right-principled, regretting the Liberal tendencies of things undisguisedly.*"§

His visits to Court were frequent, and there he often met Sir R. Peel. In November, 1841, he notes in his diary that he "saw the young Duke of Cornwall (then only three days old) asleep in a bassinet," and that on the same day his relation, Sir James Stephen, told him "of his assurance that Sir R. Peel would "*quam citissime* call me *episcopari.*"||

---

* At any rate not further west than Exeter. † *Vide* vol. i. p. 280 *et seq.*
‡ Vol. i. p. 160–1. § *Ibid.* p. 200. || *Ibid.* p. 202.

Some time elapsed before the call "episcopari" was made, but in March, 1845, Sir Robert offered the archdeacon the deanery of Westminster, which Sir James Graham called "one of the finest positions in the Church of England." This was the time of the excitement in the country on Peel's Maynooth Endowment Bill. Wilberforce, according to one of his friends, picqued himself (a little over much) on political foresight;* be that as it may, he certainly showed it on this occasion. The endowment of Maynooth, he wrote to his brother Robert, "seems to me quite unavoidable, but another step towards the ultimate dissolution of all established religion." Church and State he even then considered to be "rather at the fag end of an old alliance than identifiable terms," and he thought it very difficult to "answer Macaulay's speech about the Irish Church"—whilst he "felt not yet ready to go with him."† This was the speech in which Macaulay expressed his long and firmly held opinion "that of all the institutions now existing in the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland seems to me the most absurd," and, with unfortunately too accurate foresight, predicted that it would be dealt with, "like all concessions to Ireland," when it would be regarded "not as a great act of national justice, but as a confession of national weakness. You will make it (he said) in such a way, and at such a time, that there will be too much reason to doubt whether more mischief has been done by your long refusal or by your tardy and enforced compliance."‡ Twenty-three years afterwards, when the Irish Establishment was on its death-bed, Bishop Wilberforce visited Ireland and described, as we shall hereafter see, the condition of the moribund Establishment. Macaulay had then been for eight years lying in Westminster Abbey, but his unanswerable description of the Irish Church must have been forcibly recalled to the Bishop's mind. He was not destined to sit long in the seat of Bishop Andrewes. On October 14 he received from Sir R. Peel "a very cordial letter" offering him the vacant See of Oxford. The Queen, Peel informed him, had most cordially acquiesced in her Minister's suggestion, "with very kind expressions," he adds, "to yourself, on her part and that of the Prince." "I had wished for this," is the entry in his diary, "and now that it comes it seems *awful*;" but his sense of the awfulness of the offer did not prevent his accepting it by return of post.§ Within five days of his acceptance, Prince Albert, ever

* As quoted in "Anglican Church Portraits," p. 344.

† Vol. i. pp. 265–6.

‡ Speech in House of Commons, April 23, 1845. Debate on Mr. Ward's Amendments in going into Committee on Maynooth Bill. It will be found at p. 689 of the "Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches." Edition, 1871.

§ *Ibid.* pp. 274–5.

restless and desirous to interfere in every thing and teach everybody their business, improved the occasion by sending the Bishop designate his well-known lecture on the position of a Bishop in the House of Lords. The key-note of that singular production is that the part to be taken in parliament by a Bishop should always be that "of a Christian, not a mere Churchman."* Such advice was not acceptable to one who throughout his life was and avowed himself to be, beyond and above all things "a strong Churchman." The Queen and Prince evidently felt they had mistaken their man; for, very soon after his elevation, he was, conscious of an evident withdrawal of Royal favour.† He was consecrated, November 30, and on December 10 did homage to the Queen. It was a memorable day. He travelled to Osborne with the Peel Cabinet, who went to resign office, on account of their dissentions on the Corn-law question. "The Queen," he writes, "was much agitated when she held my hands in hers as I did homage, her hands trembled greatly." Peel, much abstracted, "the only thing which seemed to catch his eye, some deep draining by the roadside."‡ On the return journey Lord Stanley (the late Earl Derby) is said to have uttered one of the many good things truly or falsely attributed to him. "You have had, I know, my Lord," he said to the new Bishop, "great experience as a Christian minister, but I doubt if ever you saw before so many illustrious examples of resignation as you have seen today."

When Wilberforce was raised to the Episcopate he was comparatively a young man, being only forty years of age. But few men had had a wider or a better training for the office. He was not, like a large number of bishops, a mere University Don, or a mere schoolmaster, he had had fifteen years' experience as a parochial clergyman, first in a country parish and then in a populous town. He had been a canon of a cathedral and an archdeacon, whose archdeaconry was co-extensive with the large and thickly populated county of Surrey. He had already shown himself in those more limited spheres of duty to be "above all things an organizer and an administrator,"§ and to possess a great power of managing men. He had other qualifications for a ruler. He inherited his father's versatility, without his desultory habits and lack of condensation and concentration. He was known as a winning preacher, and, contrary to the habits of bishops before his time, his fame and activity as a preacher

* Vol. i. p. 276. It had been previously published with abundance of adulatory comments by Sir T. Martin in his "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. ii. p. 132.

† *Ibid.* p. 184. ‡ *Ibid.* pp. 321-3. § *Ibid.* p. 282.

largely increased after his consecration, and were by no means confined to his own diocese. Of the character of his sermons we have already spoken. Their effect was enhanced by their delivery. He had, as Lord Brougham said of his father, "a voice sweetly musical, beyond that of most men, and of great compass also." Mr. Mozley, whose general tone towards the Bishop is disparaging, says—and we agree with him—that the Bishop's "voice became by use less natural and more formed. Utility had its cost. The result was that it became the most imitable, that is, the voice most inviting imitation and most certain to be imitated."* Mr. Mozley also says, "he may be placed by the side of Cobden, Bright, and many others, as a proof that a man may be a great orator and a respectable administrator without being a scholar."† We can see few, if any, points of resemblance between Richard Cobden and the Bishop, but as speakers the great Bishop and the great Quaker closely resemble one another. In each case the diction is drawn from "the pure well of English undefiled," and there is the same earnest simplicity in the delivery, though, of course, the training of an Oxford man of the old school showed its effect on the Bishop's more polished, more classic, style. It sometimes led him to verify in his own case Macaulay's saying: "I have often observed that a fine Greek compound is an excellent substitute for a reason."‡ In the Bishop's later speech there is a more frequent use of such words as "*pleroma*" and "*charisma*," which are calculated to leave on uninstructed persons much the same vague and misty impression as Whitfield produced on one of his hearers by the use of "that blessed word *Mesopotamia*."

It was not only the Bishop's inherited qualifications which made him so powerful and versatile a speaker. One, who, in his tour in the West in 1839, heard him speak day after day, sometimes twice or more in one day on the same subject, says:—

"I remarked to him my surprise at his language, so easy and so varied, that I could not trace any sentences or phrases in the least similar, and although the subject was the same, his mode of treating it at each meeting was so different. He replied that he owed his facility of speech mainly to the pains his father had taken with him that he might acquire the habit of speaking. His father used to cause him to make himself *well acquainted with a given subject*,§ and then speak on it, without notes, and trusting to the inspiration of the moment for suitable words. Thus his memory and his power of mentally arranging and dividing his subject were strengthened."‖

---

* "Reminiscences," vol. i. p. 386. † *Ibid.* p. 102.

‡ Trevelyan's "Macaulay," vol. i. p. 223.

§ "Provisam rem, verba sequentur." This was Scarlett's (Lord Abinger) habit, *vide* "Memoir," p. 74. ‖ Vol. i. p. 149.

Of this versatility, even at the opening of his career, we have heard another instance from a venerable clergyman,* who heard him during this same western tour, and lived to hear him preach twenty-eight years later during his last visit to Cornwall. Our friend told us that he was much struck by Mr. Wilberforce's oratorical power and mentioned it to the chairman of the meeting (Bishop Philpotts). "Should you like to hear him in quite another key?" asked the Bishop. "Yes," was the reply. The Bishop whispered to the speaker, who immediately changed his tone and line of his address. His diaries, we are told, teem with such entries as this: "Up early and wrote sermon. When in church saw it would be unsuitable, so changed subject and preached extempore."† The year before Mr. Wilberforce's elevation to Oxford, the late Earl of Carlisle presided at York over a "rather flat meeting for the Propagation Society; but soon came Samuel Wilberforce, who made a speech of two hours, combining, as I should imagine, the qualities of his father, Macaulay, and Ezekiel. It produced immense effect, and some of his pictures of our national neglect of religion were tremendous. The voice and delivery "exceedingly good."‡ Nor was it only in the pulpit and on the platform that the Bishop shone as a speaker. What Macaulay says of Atterbury, the Bishop's predecessor in the Deanery of Westminster, is equally true of him. "Though there were many able men on the Episcopal Bench, there was none equalled or approached him in Parliamentary talents. . . . . His oratory, lucid, pointed, lively and set off with every grace of pronunciation and of gesture,§ extorted the attention and admiration even of a hostile majority.|| "I agree entirely in your view of the Bishop of Oxford," wrote Lord Hatherley to Dean Hook; "he is, next to Brougham, about the best orator I have heard, but fails in producing conviction."¶

Such were his qualifications for the office, the duties of which, with zeal and labour above measure, he discharged for twenty-eight years. Perhaps, in his desire to raise the episcopal office to the standard of primitive antiquity, he may unconsciously have followed the example of those early bishops of whom Gibbon says that

"they were taught to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove; but as the former was refined, so the latter was

* The late Rev. M. Nowell Peters, Vicar of Madron, Penzance.

† Vol. i. Introduction, p. xv.

‡ Lord Carlisle's "Diary," quoted in vol. i. p. 240.

§ He says: "The impediment of the lawn sleeves very great and entangling," vol. i. p. 359, and ii. p. 185.

|| "Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches," Edition 1871, p. 348.

¶ "Memoir of Lord Hatherley," vol. ii. p. 150.

insensibly corrupted by the habits of Government. In the Church, as well as in the world, the persons who were placed in any public station rendered themselves considerable by their eloquence and firmness, by their knowledge of mankind and their dexterity in business, and while they concealed from others, and perhaps from themselves, the secret motives of their conduct, they too frequently relapsed into all the turbulent passions of active life, which were tinctured with an additional degree of bitterness and obstinacy from the infusion of spiritual zeal."*

Many a scene in the House of Lords, in the years during which Bishop Wilberforce sat there, showed how applicable this description was to him. His first work as Bishop was to bring about a rearrangement of the diocese and to increase the patronage attached to the See. His design in both these measures was to make all the diocese conveniently accessible to its bishop, and to increase, consolidate and strengthen the Bishop's monarchical power. In both cases he was successful.†

The time at which he became Bishop was one of danger and difficulty to the Church and to himself. It was the crisis of the Tractarian movement by which the whole country was convulsed. In the very month that he was offered Oxford, J. H. Newman seceded to Rome, and, as Lord Beaconsfield said, "dealt a blow to the Church of England under which it still reels."‡ His secession was quickly followed by that of several of the Bishop's nearest connections.§ The Evangelicals, who regarded him as an apostate, pointed out that he might possibly follow the example of his connections, which, they said, was only carrying out his High Church principles to their logical result. This was an untoward event at the opening of the new phase in his career. Hitherto, his career as a public man had been rapid, brilliantly successful, and without a cloud; but when he had been two years Bishop, another untoward event occurred which overclouded his reputation for sincerity, shook confidence in his judgment, and occasioned the distrust with which for many years he was regarded at Court and by a large portion of the people of this country. This was the last stage of the "Hampden Controversy."

The "Hampden Controversy" was one of those bits of unnecessary excitement by which the English people, or some large sections of them, are often convulsed and sometimes disgraced. It took its name from the Rev. Renn Dickson Hampden, a Fellow of Oriel, of the old school, and, as we have heard, a descendant of the "Hampden who died on the field," but who, according to

* "Decline and Fall," chap. xv.

† See vol. p. 340 *et seq.*, and pp. 381–2.

‡ Preface to collected edition of his novels, 1870. § *Vide* vol. i. p. 362.

Mr. Mozley, had "West Indian blood in his veins." Mr. Mozley further describes him as one of the most unprepossessing of men, not so much repulsive as utterly unattractive, of whom somebody said, "that he stood before you like a milestone and brayed at you like a jackass."* He is said to have been the original of Anthony Trollope's Bishop Proudie, he certainly proved to be one of the most timid and conservative, not to say humdrum, of bishops. "Bishop Hampden preached a dull, but thoroughly orthodox, sermon," is the judgment of him expressed in later years by his brother of Oxford.† Hampden was appointed Bampton lecturer for 1832, and chose for the subject of his lectures—"The Scholastic Philosophy Considered in its Relation to Christian Theology." In their preparation he was believed to have been much assisted by the Rev. J. Blanco White, who, many, if not all, of our readers will remember, was brought up a Romanist, was ordained a Roman priest, passed through the successive stages of the diaconate of the English Establishment and English Unitarianism, and ended his life as a theist of the same school as F. W. Newman. Blanco White, it is said, was the only man at Oxford at that time who was acquainted with the Scholastic Philosophy.‡ The fundamental principle of Hampden's lectures was that the Scholastic Philosophy was the parent of our theological language, which is false and unreal, both in its principles and in its method, and forming an atmosphere of mist between us and primitive truth, and in one of the lectures he enunciated the then startling proposition that, "strictly to speak, in the Scripture itself there are no doctrines."§ There was also an awkward story current in Oxford that "showing Christ Church Library to a visitor, he walked rapidly past all the Fathers, and, waving his hand, said: 'All rubbish.'"‖ The lectures were heard by few, and though, as usual, published, were read by still fewer people. Indeed, as in the case of Sir Wm. Molesworth's edition of the works of Hobbes of Malmesbury, after the death of a supposed admirer of the "Lectures," his copy was found on his shelves with only one leaf cut open, and with no signs of having been read.¶ The book would have fallen into that mere oblivion which is the common lot of all Bampton lectures; but in 1834 Hampden, who had become principal of St. Mary's Hall, and Professor of Moral Philosophy, published an able but startling pamphlet entitled: "Observation on Religious Dissent, with particular reference to the use of Religious

* "Reminiscences," vol. i. pp. 380–2. † Vol. iii. p. 90.

‡ It is only fair to say that Hampden's biographer has denied that Blanco White had much, if any, share in these lectures. *Vide* Mozley, vol. i. p. 55.

§ "Bampton Lectures," p. 374. ‖ Mozley, vol. i. p. 346.

¶ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 371.

Tests in the University." It was a distinct proposal to abolish subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and it contained passages which were more novel and striking then than now. He spoke of all opinion as being involuntary in its nature; he asserted that "it by no means follows that whatever can be proved out of Scripture must therefore be a truth of revelation," and declared that he put Unitarians on the same footing precisely of earnest religious zeal and love for the Lord Jesus Christ as any other Christians.* This was utterly repugnant to the views of the new Oriel school, and Henry Wilberforce, under the *nom de plume* of "A Clerical Member of the University," addressed a very powerful letter to the Primate, entitled: "The Foundations of the Faith Assailed at Oxford." The result was that Hampden was exposed to what J. S. Mill calls "the persecutions of society." It was represented to the Premier (Lord Melbourne) that Hampden was suffering persecution for his liberal opinions, and Melbourne, who was as well acquainted with the Fathers as Hampden, and held them in much the same estimation, in 1836 appointed him Regius Professor of Divinity. The Tractarians, or, as they were then more commonly called, "The Puseyites," had by that time come into existence as a distinct party, and they flew to arms. Newman himself hastily prepared a tract on Hampden's works entitled "Elucidations," the unfairness of which Bishop Wilberforce† said, in 1848, he pointed out to Newman at the time. This pamphlet was sent as a fiery cross into every country parsonage in the kingdom, and produced great searchings of heart among the clergy. A Convocation was summoned. Of course the Royal appointment could not be overruled; but, after an unsuccessful resistance by the proctors, Convocation, on the express ground of want of confidence in the soundness of Hampden's doctrine, voted his exclusion from a vote in the choice of select preachers. For this undignified proceeding Bishop Wilberforce and all the Wilberforce connection voted. In their opinion it was a case of "loose Churchmen against sound Churchmen whatever their politics."‡ Hampden never after 1836 published anything which was not perfectly orthodox. On November 15, 1847, *The Times* announced that the Premier (Lord J. Russell) had recommended Dr. Hampden for the vacant bishopric of Hereford. The same paper contained a leader in which the opinion was expressed "there is no party whatever, at least none worth taking into account, to whom the appointment can possibly be agreeable. It is not a question

---

* See the pamphlet quoted in vol. i. p. 421 *et seq.*

† See his letter to Bishop Philpotts, vol. i. p. 494.

‡ Vol. i. p. 92 *et seq.* Conf. Mozley, vol. i. p. 362 *et seq.*

between High Church and Low Church, or between the Church and Dissenters. Lord John Russell may depend upon it that, in selecting Dr. Hampden, he has committed a political blunder."* We probably do not err in attributing this article to Mr. Mozley, who was then a leader-writer in *The Times*, and in 1836 had been one of the ringleaders of the anti-Hampden movement.†

Thirteen of the English Bishops, including Wilberforce, presented an address to the Premier representing to him "the apprehension and alarm which had been excited in the minds of the clergy by the rumoured nomination to the See of Hereford of Dr. Hampden, in the soundness of whose doctrine the University of Oxford had affirmed by a solemn decree its want of confidence."‡ He must have been a very sanguine man who expected that any Minister would treat as a solemn decree of the University a catch-vote of a mob of country parsons, whose ignorance of the subject on which they had to vote even Newman himself lamented and deplored,§ and whose passion had been stimulated and their prejudice strengthened by Newman's electioneering pamphlet. Lord J. Russell replied to the remonstrance, and, after observing that the Bishops did not state any want of confidence on their own part in the soundness of Dr. Hampden's doctrine, but referred to a decree of the University of eleven years ago, continued :—

"In these circumstances, it appears to me that, should I withdraw my recommendation of Dr. Hampden which has been sanctioned by the Queen, I should virtually assent to the doctrine that a decree of the University of Oxford is a perpetual ban of exclusion against a clergyman of eminent learning and irreproachable life, and that, in fact, the supremacy which is now by law vested in the Crown, is to be transferred to a majority of the members of one of our Universities."‖

At this juncture, Bishop Wilberforce, unfortunately, personally interfered in the matter. He wrote privately to Lord John Russell, urging that Dr. Hampden should be required *to disprove*, before a competent tribunal, the truth of the charges of unsoundness in doctrine.¶ This extraordinary proposal, repugnant and abhorrent to every principle of English law, and, indeed, of common justice, by which the accused person was to be called on to disprove his guilt—not the accusers to prove it—met with the reception it deserved. It is obvious, said Lord John, in his reply, that this is a question which might lead to interminable controversy, "so that Dr. Hampden might be kept suspended between the cap and the

* *Vide* vol. i. p. 420. † *Vide* Mozley, vol. i. clvii. ‡ Vol. i. p. 433.
§ *Vide* Mozley, vol. i. 366. ‖ Vol. i. pp. 436, 437, 438. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 444.

mitre for years, to the infinite amusement of the idle crowd, but to the detriment of the Church and of the Royal Supremacy."* A party among Bishop Wilberforce's clergy, really representing Mr. Keble and his set, applied to the Bishop for Letters of Request to the Court of Arches to hear and decide a formal charge of heresy against Dr. Hampden. The Bishop consented not to promote the suit himself, but to relegate it ministerially to the Arches Court, and issued his Letters of Request accordingly. He was induced by the promoters of the suit themselves to write to Dr. Hampden, putting to him a long series of questions on points of doctrine, against which Dr. Hampden very properly protested as "extra-judicial." The Bishop at the same time suggested that Hampden should withdraw both his "Bampton Lectures," and his "Observations on Dissent," a proposal which Lord John Russell very properly stigmatized as an attempt "to require that Dr. Hampden should degrade himself in the eyes of all men for the sake of a mitre."† Negotiations passed between the Bishop and Dr. Hampden through Provost Hawkins of Oriel. In the course of them Dr. Hampden said to the Provost that the "Observations on Dissent" were not then being sold or circulated with his sanction, but against his wish.‡ The Bishop chose to treat this as a "virtual withdrawal" of the "Observations," and then for the first time read the "Bampton Lectures," which he had hitherto known only through Newman's "Elucidations." He came to the conclusion that there was no heresy in them, that Newman's "Elucidations" were most false. "I hope," said the Bishop, "not wickedly or intentionally so,"§ and that Hampden meant none of the things charged to him and often meant the very opposite. The Bishop therefore withdrew the Letters of Request, and, much to the dismay of its promoters, the intended prosecution for heresy failed.

It must, in justice to Dr. Hampden, be said that to the end he denied the insinuation that he made any concessions to the Bishop.|| With this ends Bishop Wilberforce's connection with the Hampden controversy. The course he took in it was tortuous, and reminds one of Bacon's description of cunning as "a sinister or crooked wisdom." The remarks on it of the late Bishop Philpotts seem to us unanswerable. Referring to the published letter to Dr. Hampden, in which Bishop Wilberforce announced his decision, his brother of Exeter wrote to him:—

"I will frankly avow to you at once that I never before read a document so painful and so surprising to me—painful by reason of the

* Vol. i. p. 444. † *Ibid.* pp. 459, 462. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 467.
§ *Ibid.* p. 495. || *Ibid.* p. 506.

sincere friendship I have ever sought and shall ever seek to cultivate with you, as well as of my high respect for your talents, and surprising because of my experience of the manifestation of those talents on all former occasions, and of my utter inability to descry in this document anything like the judicial discretion which I should have anticipated in you beyond almost any other of my brethren. I told you in my letter of yesterday that you appeared to me to have had no right to stop the promoters from prosecuting their suit. I think so still, and with firmer conviction after more mature deliberation. Now, if I am right, see in what a position your published letter to Dr. Hampden has placed the suit, its promoters and yourself. You have withdrawn your Letters of Request; therefore, if the suit be still existent, you have undertaken to judge on it yourself; and as a preparation for such excercise of your judicial authority, the world will be astounded by finding that (after the promoters had expressed to you their wish for a continuance of the suit) you have examined the case in your own library, without any of the forms which are at once the aid, the protection, and the restraint of him who sits in judgment, and have announced your conviction of the invalidity of that charge in the columns of a newspaper. If the suit be still alive (as I fully believe it must be) you cannot now preside over it as judge. You must send fresh Letters of Request to the Court of Arches, on the ground of your unwillingness or inability to judge: after having thus proclaimed to all the world both your eagerness to judge and your entire confidence in your ability to do so."*

The Bishop from the first believed himself to have given up all that men called worldly promotion when he signed the remonstrance against Hampden,† and he was soon afterwards conscious of "evident withdrawal of royal favour."‡ He does not appear to have visited Windsor for the next five years, and thenceforward his visits there were few and far between, and mostly confined to occasions when, as Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, his presence was officially required at Chapters of the Order.§ The Queen seems to have resumed her affability of manner towards him sooner than the Prince. The Bishop believed that the Queen and Prince had, by "the interested machinations of a most unscrupulous man," "been led to form an entirely wrong estimate of him," and he besought Lord Aberdeen to use his good offices at Court to remove this unfavourable impression. The Earl undertook the task, but the first conversations between him and the Royal persons ended by the Prince saying, "He, the Bishop, does everything for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct," to which Lord Aberdeen rejoined, "Yes, sir, but when a bad motive?" On another occasion he renewed the con-

* Vol. i. p. 490. † *Ibid.* p. 496. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 184.

§ The next visit mentioned in the "Diary" is January 18, 1853, *vide* vol. ii. p. 165.

versation, when the Prince avowed that his changed opinion of the Bishop was caused by a suspicion of his sincerity and disinterestedness, and, when driven by Lord Aberdeen into a corner, selected two points: 1. That in earlier life the Bishop had sought the preceptorship to the Prince of Wales, and that in a discussion with the Prince on a well-known miracle, on which he had just preached, he had somewhat unduly modified his own views to suit those of the Prince. As to the preceptorship, it is clear that the Prince was entirely mistaken, the idea of that appointment was abhorrent to the Bishop. As to the second point, the Bishop writes to his friend, Mr. Arthur Gordon—Lord Aberdeen's son and secretary*—"As to the swine sermon . . . he (the Prince) did not say how entirely he disbelieved in spirits of evil, but raised all possible objections which I combated; and the only thing like the 'convenient' averment, I said, was that it was far best for us to believe in a devil who suggested evil to us, for that otherwise we were driven to make every man his own devil; and I thought that this view rather touched him." It is fair to add that Lord Aberdeen avowed that "not all the queens and princes in Europe could make him believe that the Bishop was a worldly-minded or selfish man."†

The Bishop's account of the last conversation the Prince held with him, so well illustrates the different mental characteristics of the two men that we transcribe it:—

"The Bishop had been preaching in the private chapel at Windsor, upon the subject of our Lord's intercession in heaven. His presenting the prayers of His people to the Father, and enforcing them by the presence of His human body, still bearing the mark of the wounds of His passion. The prince sent a message inviting the Bishop to walk with him in the afternoon, and turned the conversation to the sermon of the morning, saying that it had suggested to him an entirely new view of the subject, that he must not be supposed to mean that he accepted it, but that he should give it his most serious reflection, adding, now at any rate, I understand why the Church of England is so careful to conclude every prayer with such words as 'through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"‡

Notwithstanding Lord Aberdeen's efforts, we doubt whether the Bishop was ever thoroughly re-instated in the Prince's good opinion; but on the Prince's death the Bishop wrote to Mr. Gordon: "All my old affection for him has revived over his tomb and for our poor Queen."§ From that time his visits to Windsor were more frequent, and his relations with the Queen regained some of their old cordiality. When General Grey's "Early Years

* Now Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor Designate of Ceylon.
† Vol. ii. pp. 274, 275, 276.
‡ As related by the Bishop of Ely, vol. iii. p. 45. § Vol. iii. p. 44.

of the Prince Consort" was published, the Bishop, at the special request of the Queen, reviewed the book in the *Quarterly*. Of course being written to order it is a mere *éloge*, though the Bishop professed to Mr. Gordon that the article "exactly described his view of the Prince."* One of the Bishop's visits was on March 20, 1869; on the first of that month Mr. Gladstone had introduced his Irish Church Disestablishment Bill. On this occasion the Bishop notes in his diary: "The Queen was very affable, 'so sorry Mr. Gladstone started this about Irish Church, and he is a great friend of yours, &c.'"† We pardon the editor's marvellous indiscretion in publishing this entry, for the sake of the light it throws upon the relations between the Queen and the Minister whom she dislikes, and on the struggles for the popular cause Mr. Gladstone has had to make in the Closet. Mr. Gladstone and the Bishop were in constant communication. Every letter or conversation of Mr. Gladstone's which we read enhances our idea of the liberal and progressive character of his statesmanlike mind, while the Bishop's letters and conversations too often show the narrowness of the mere ecclesiastic and the strength of his prejudices against particular statesmen. The subject has lost its interest, and our space is too rapidly contracting for us to give extracts; but the contrast between the two men is strikingly brought out in a correspondence between them respecting Mr. Hadfield's bill for doing away with the declaration of mayors and other municipal officers, that they would not use their offices against the Established Church. Mr. Gladstone "quite fiercely" urged the Bishop to support the bill. He was unwilling to do so, because, "at a time when Lord Palmerston's wicked appointments meet us at every turn, to yield everything to a Ministry which every sound Churchman feels insults the Church almost every time it has to recommend to the Crown for a bishopric, is exceedingly hard."

This outbreak of episcopal wrath was occasioned by a rumour that Lord Palmerston had intended to nominate two evangelical bishops for the vacant Archiepiscopal Sees of Canterbury and York.‡ At this time all men began to feel that the end of Palmerston's career could not be far off, and to talk of his successor. The Bishop records: "Long talk with Gladstone as to Premiership; he for acting under John Russell!!!"§ Mr. Gladstone, it will be remembered, took this course, when,

---

* *Ibid.* p. 237. The review of the "Early Years," *Q.R.*, 1867, and a review of "Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands," *Q.R.*, 1869, are reprinted, under the title "Royal Authorship," in the Bishop's "Essays," vol. ii. p. 115.

† *Ibid.* p. 297. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 77, *et seq.*, especially p. 84 and note.

§ *Ibid.* p. 92.

in 1865, Palmerston at length died. From the time that Lord John Russell declined to be dictated to by the bishops in the Hampden case, the Bishop hated him with an undying hatred. While the case was yet pending, he pointed as an instance of the vanity of ambition to "Peel's being out of power, and the pert incompetence of Lord John Russell employed in mismanaging the affairs of the country."* Lord Russell's name frequently occurs after this time in the Bishop's diaries and correspondence, but never without some expression of hatred or contempt.†

It has been said that it was not so much the Bishop's opposition to Dr. Hampden's appointment nor suspicions as to his sincerity and disinterestedness which caused him the loss of Royal favour. "The serious matter was his tenacious adherence to what was called the vain dream of Convocation"‡—a dream which he contrived in some degree to realize. The history of the revival of "that curious debating society," and the intrigues accompanying it, is given at length by Mr. Wilberforce. We can refer only to a few of the very curious particulars he gives. From the time of the Gorham case (1850) the Bishop, with but few helpers, had been trying to obtain a revival of Convocation as a synodal body. In 1852 the first Derby-Disraeli Government was formed. It courted the support of the clergy as a bulwark against the powerful opposition it had to encounter. It was rumoured that Lord Derby was supposed to be favourable to the revival of Convocation, not that we can suppose Lord Derby really cared for the matter one way or other, his object then, as ever, was "to dish the Whigs," and to gain that end he was quite prepared to consent to the revival of Convocation, as, in 1867, he agreed to household suffrage, "just as—according to Lord Clarendon—he would of old have backed a horse at Newmarket; he hated Disraeli; but believed in him as he would have done in an unprincipled trainer; he wins, that is all."§ The Archbishop of that day, Dr. J. B. Sumner, a kinsman of Bishop Wilberforce, who describes him as "good, loving, and weak,"|| was known to be opposed to the revival of Convocation, and it was rumoured that the Queen was equally opposed to the proposal. A newly elected Convocation of Canterbury met on November 5, 1852, and on the 12th, thanks to the persistence and tact of Bishop Wilberforce, it, for the first time for 135 years, met for the despatch of business.¶ Its session was adjourned to February 16

* Vol. i. p. 514. † *Vide, e.g.*, the apocryphal story in vol. iii. p. 238.
‡ *Quarterly Review*, April, 1874, p. 366.
§ Vol. iii. p. 235. || Vol. ii. p. 249.
¶ Vol. ii. pp. 153–4. The Convocations had, as usual, been dissolved in the July with the Parliament, and new ones elected.

following. Before that day came, Lord Derby and his colleagues had given place to the Aberdeen-Russell Government. The Premier was, north of the Tweed, a member of the Presbyterian Establishment, on its southern bank, an Episcopalian of "high views." Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and the Duke of Newcastle were among its members. It was long since so many and such decided Churchmen had sat in one Cabinet. Bishop Wilberforce was jubilant: "It seemed to me," he wrote to Mr. Arthur Gordon, "humanly speaking, that the security of the Church and the Throne turned on whether the Queen got Lord Aberdeen or one of the other chiefs of the mère Whig party as her Prime Minister on the fall of Lord Derby's Government."* Such a merciful interposition of Providence in the interests of the Church was not to be neglected, and, as soon as the new Government was formed, the Bishop "had much talk with A. Gordon as to Lord Aberdeen's views on Convocation; fearful about it, wishes to see me and arrange terms if possible."† A visit to Windsor, and a conversation with Lord Russell increased the Premier's fears: "I can't allow them to sit—he said to his son. . . . . Do you think I am going to tolerate them by a side wind, because the Archbishop is a poor, vain, weak, silly creature, whom they can bully with impunity." He added, with prophetic foresight, "Convocation would only hasten the inevitable smash. Your friend is right who says the Church of England is *two* churches only held together by external forces. This unnatural apparent union cannot last long, but we may as well defer the separation as long as possible."‡ It was even contemplated to dissolve the Convocation before the day to which they stood adjourned.§ The Bishop sought an interview with Prince Albert: "Tried to set plainly before him our needs, and internal action the only remedy. He spoke, as always, kindly and plainly and paid full attention to my view.—The Queen kind in manner."‖ The Bishop invoked the aid of "the Irresponsible Minister," Stockmar. "I was," he writes Mr. Gordon, "for reasons you will easily conceive, anxious to set my views before him, and he volunteered, 'I will speak to Lord Aberdeen about it.'"¶ The Bishop might have known what Mr. Gordon told him: "You are sadly mistaken if you suppose Stockmar to be at all favourable to the cause."**

On January 31, Mr. Gordon wrote to the Bishop saying that a highly important conversation with regard to Convocation had

* Vol. ii. p. 157. † *Ibid.* p. 158. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 162.
§ *Ibid.* p. 164. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 165. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 166.
** *Ibid.* p. 169.

taken place at Windsor. The particulars he gives are so curious that we give them in full :—

"The first question discussed was the power of the Crown to interfere at any stage in the proceedings of Convocation. It was answered that the power was undoubted, and had been exercised over and over again. It was next asked whether, granting the legality of certain discussions on certain subjects without the Queen's licence to such discussions, such discussions were likely to be attended with danger to the interest and influence of the Church. The next inquiry was whether the danger was one which imperatively called for the interference of the Crown. It was then asked whether a brief discussion might not be so managed and moderated without any necessity of bringing it to an arbitrary close. This was still more reluctantly admitted than the former propositions had been, and it was urged that, to bring such management to a successful issue, it would be necessary, not only to fortify the Archbishop by strong assurances of support, but also to take an early opportunity of declaring to Parliament that the Government regarded with the utmost disapprobation all plans for the revival of synodical action. One of those present, a person of considerable importance, recommended that a system of marked disfavour should be adopted and steadily persevered in towards those who promulgated principles likely to disturb the peace 'of the Church,' and he observed that *even the most active, ambitious and talented of the High Church party were not likely to hold principles which permanently excluded them from preferment.*"*

Bishop Wilberforce appears to be here referred to. It should be borne in mind that Archbishop Sumner was then at an advanced age. The recommendation of "the person of considerable importance" was denounced by the Bishop "as an immoral and fatal policy—that of Lord J. Russell."†

This conversation admirably illustrates what *The Times* lately said: "The Established Church is an institution alike incomprehensible and inexplicable." What was Stockmar's right to speak to the Prime Minister of England about the meeting of the Convocation of the English Church? What must that Church be whose internal government is subject to the control of a middle-aged lady and two foreigners advised by a hybrid Presbyterian? . . . . Imagine such a state of things existing in one of the British Free Churches—a similar "inner circle" deliberating how to control "The Wesleyan Conference," "The Unitarian Association," or "The Yearly meeting of the Society of Friends."

---

* Vol. ii. p. 169. We feel uncertain whether the Prince or Stockmar is "the person of considerable importance alluded to."

† *Ibid.* p. 169. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 171.

In the end, the Bishop obtained for the Convocations of both Provinces so much relaxation of their fetters and so much liberty of galvanized action as they now possess. So long as he lived he was the mainspring of all the movements of the Convocation of Canterbury. On occasion of one of its meetings, he found Bishop Thirlwall waiting in the ante-room, and asked him why he had not joined the rest of their brethren. "Why should I go in," was the reply, "nothing will begin till you are there."*

Henceforth Bishop Wilberforce became more and more the moving and controlling spirit of the English Church throughout the world. Archbishop Sumner, one of the old Evangelicals, was often really opposed to his policy and movements—*e.g.*, while Wilberforce was with Lord Aberdeen, "settling about convocation, the Archbishop's note fishing for a Government interruption arrived."† But the Archbishop was what the Bishop and Aberdeen called him, "poor, weak and silly." He was quite unfit to cope with a man of his opponent's dexterity and strength of mind and will. Sumner died in 1862. During the life of his successor, Longley, Wilberforce was, in all but name, Primate of all England. On Longley's death, Wilberforce wrote to one of his sons: "I am so grieved to have lost the good Archbishop, it will make the greatest possible difference to me, as I cannot conceive any other acting in the same loving, hearty way he did with me."‡

The period extending from the revival of Convocation, in 1853, to the death of Archbishop Longley, in 1868, was one of great activity and agitation in the Establishment, and both in council and the field, Bishop Wilberforce was the leader of his brethren. An entry in his diary for July 22, 1853, is remarkable: "Greatly depressed with the feeling that to labour hardest as a Bishop is to incur certain taboo, unlike all other works."§ He must secretly have assented to a remark of Mr. Bright's, whom, for the first time, he had met in society a few days previously: "I think the living party in the Church Establishment, as it works itself out, will see of themselves that the State is a hindrance to them."||

The extension of the Colonial Episcopate of the English Church was one great movement of this period. Its origin is attributed by Bishop Wilberforce to the liberality of Bishop Blomfield of London;¶ but its increase and its guidance were under the control of Bishop Wilberforce. When that singular

* *Quarterly Review, ubi supra*, p. 353.

† Vol. ii. p. 228. Conf. p. 199.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 265.

§ Vol. ii. p. 191.

|| *Ibid.* p. 248.

¶ See Bishop Wilberforce's "Essays" contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, vol. i. p. 313.

assembly the "First Pan-Anglican Synod or Conference," of which Dean Stanley is reported to have said, "he did not know whether it was intended to be a dinner-party or what it was," met, it was Bishop Wilberforce who was selected by Archbishop Longley to prepare the Encyclical or Pastoral Address. It seems to have been generally considered a "very creditable document." "I don't think," wrote a friend to its author, "that it will quite come up to Archdeacon Denison's ideas, nor probably will you receive any complimentary letter from Dr. McNeile. But the vast body of the clergy will, I am sure, greatly approve of the calm, dignified, affectionate spirit it breathes throughout."* It may be so, but it may be found, if this legally unauthorized pastoral comes to be examined by the Law Courts, that it has but added another to "the ambiguous formularies" of the Establishment. With regard to matters affecting the Establishment at home—for instance, the Divorce Bill†—the Bishop was not only the adviser, but, although the nominal primate and other bishops might speak in debate, the real spokesman of the clerical order. It will be remembered that he was a strong opponent of the measure, and when it became law, actually withstood its operation. The Act exempts any clergyman from the necessity of marrying divorced persons in his church; but provides that, if he claims this exemption, he must allow the ceremony to be performed in his church by any minister of the Establishment willing to officiate. The Bishop, in opposing this clause, avowed that if he knew one of these "hired interlopers"—so he called them—coming to a church in his diocese, as the law would permit any such minister to do, he would meet him at the door with an inhibition, and suspend him from his office. He had the courage of his opinions. Not only did he direct his Chancellor of the diocese of Oxford to refuse to grant licenses for the marriage of divorced people, whilst either husband or wife was living, but years afterwards, when Bishop of Winchester, he heard that a curate in his diocese had performed in the diocese of London, under the provisions of the Divorce Act, a marriage between divorced persons, he instantly revoked the curate's license, and inhibited him from performing Divine service in his diocese.‡ This showed, to use a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's, "The spirit of a provincial Laud."§ Archbishop Longley died in October, 1868, and a few days after the Bishop wrote to one of his dearest friends and trusted brethren among the bishops: "It is, indeed, time for prayer, I am daily praying that we may have in mercy the right man, not in judgment

---

* Vol. iii. pp. 229-232. † Vol. ii. p. 341 *et seq.*
‡ *Ibid.* p. 347. § Vol. iii. p. 266.

another ——. It can hardly be that, under any possible Archbishop, I can act as I have done for the last six years, so that I feel *shelved* as to the general work of the Church."* There is no doubt that he judged rightly. The late Archbishop who succeeded Dr. Longley, though inferior to Bishop Wilberforce in brilliancy, versatility, and as a speaker, was perhaps his superior in judgment, and fully his equal in strength of mind and will. Thenceforth Bishop Wilberforce's authority was more confined to his own diocese, though, as we have seen, Archbishop Tait pronounced him to have been, so long as he lived, "the true Primate of the Church of England." Probably Dean Hook expressed the general feeling of the clergy when, on the death of Archbishop Longley, he wrote to a friend, "Oxford for Canterbury. . . . . He may refuse the place, but it ought to be offered to him. It is his due from the Church, and, if offered, for the Church's sake he ought to accept it, though if he does *accept* I doubt whether he will die in his bed."†

Why, then, was Bishop Wilberforce, "consensu omnium capax imperii," not called formally as well as materially to the office of Primate of all England." When the archiepiscopal See of York was vacant in 1862, and the present Archbishop Thomson chosen to fill it, Bishop Wilberforce wrote: "Beckett said the appointment was an affront to Yorkshire, I only wish he would tell Palmerston so. There must be some history if we could get it, because only last week Sir C. Wood (a member of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet) told Admiral Meynell that I was to be appointed."‡ Mr. Walpole said: "What a shame that Palmerston did not send Bishop Wilberforce to York. I hope we should have done so."§ At that time Lord Shaftesbury controlled the appointment of Bishops. There was small love lost between the Evangelical leader and the High Church prelate. Lord Shaftesbury thought the Bishop nearer to Rome than he actually was. The Bishop on his part considered Lord Shaftesbury to be of a "cramped, puritanical, and persecuting mind."‖ When Canterbury fell vacant in 1868 Mr. Disraeli was Premier. The general election was then proceeding, and the Bishop expressed his fear that "a fear lest he should injure his election cry is likely to prevent Disraeli in this, doing what from his own convictions would be his own course."¶ What actually took place we know, thanks to the most wondrous of Mr. Reginald Wilberforce's many indiscreet revelations. The Bishop records in his diary for Nov. 13:—"The Duke of Marlborough, a member of the Cabinet, told me

---

* Vol. iii. p. 265.
† Vol. ii. p. 265. The Bishop as it was did not die in his bed.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 64. § Vol. iii. p. 76. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 206. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 264.

of Disraeli's excitement when he came out of the Royal Closet. Some struggle about the Primacy. Lord Malmesbury also said that when he spoke to Disraeli, he said, 'Don't bring any more bothers before me, I have already enough to drive a man mad.'"* The late Dean of Windsor, the Queen's private chaplain and intimate friend, supplied the Bishop with full particulars of what occurred :—

"Disraeli was throughout most hostile to you; he alone prevented London being offered to you. The Queen looked for Tait, but would have agreed to you. . . . . Disraeli recommended —— for Canterbury ! ! ! the Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion for Tait. Disraeli then proposed Wordsworth for London. The Queen objected strongly; no experience; passing over bishops, &c.; then she suggested Jackson and two others, not you, because of Disraeli's expressed hostility, and Disraeli chose Jackson."†

Probably statesmen of all parties concur in Dr. Martineau's opinion of the High Church clergy. "They occupy a position above the law,‡ they constitute a polity distinct from the civil organization, and are never content till it is subordinated to their ends. No statesman can expect ecclesiastic peace till every trace of priestly doctrine is removed from the formularies of the Church."§ We should rather say until the separation of Church and State renders the priestly theories of ecclesiastics a matter of utter indifference to statesmen.

When the scheme for holding a yearly Church Congress was floated, the Bishop's prescience averted a danger which might in the outset have ruined the plan. The second of these assemblies was held at Oxford, at which, according to (we believe) the general rule, he, as Bishop of the diocese in which the meeting was held, presided. There was a strong desire amongst its members to pass resolutions on questions of the day. The Bishop felt, and has expressed his sense of, the value of free discussion on such questions between clergymen, "under the restraint of that sense of responsibility which is ever bred by the consciousness of being met in a 'lawful assembly,"‖ and he was equally aware of the evils of unrestrained discussions on such subjects in a mere voluntary gathering, having no authority and no duly recognized chiefs, and of the danger in a meeting of men who held differing and most repugnant views of dividing them into majorities and minorities, and binding, or rather attempting to bind, those present to any conclusions. Under his guidance

* Vol iii. p. 267. † *Ibid.* pp. 268-9.
‡ It would be more accurate to say, "they claim to occupy."
§ "Miscellanies," vol. i. p. 409. ‖ "Essays," vol. i. p. 328.

therefore the Congress assumed the form of a meeting for the mere interchange of opinions upon ecclesiastical subjects, and such has ever since been the character of these gatherings.

In 1868, the yearly Congress was held at Dublin, and was attended by the Bishop. Probably what he then saw and heard in Ireland strengthened an opinion he had previously formed on the subject of the Irish Church, and influenced his conduct when its existence as an Establishment passed into the region of practical politics.* So far back as 1845, he had expressed to Mr. Gladstone the opinion "that the one thing the Irish Church needs to do is to show that she IS the Irish Church; failing this, I fear that no validity of title will long uphold her, nor, indeed, do I think it ought to do so." Mr. Gladstone replied: "I am sorry to express my apprehension that the Irish Church is not in any large sense efficient; the working results of the last ten years have disappointed me."† Sixteen years later (1861) the Bishop made a tour in Ireland and carefully noted in his diary what he saw and heard of the then state of the Church. Some particulars are even now worth transcribing, in order to show what the Irish Establishment was, and how much the country owes Mr. Gladstone for its destruction. "In the great towns, the Church very poorly represented . . . . a bishop, at once able, educated and religious, might do anything—nowhere power of preaching would go further. The people so intelligent, and yet impressible."‡ Such was not the character of the Irish bishops, a few days after this entry in his diary. The Bishop notes that he had

"an interesting conversation with Dr. Todd. He, sad about state and prospects of Irish Church . . . . The Primate, not a Churchman, but a mere gentleman under influence . . . . Knox, very foolish, without learning, piety, judgment, conduct or sense, appointed by a job that his uncle should resign Limerick, &c. N.B.—The Primate justifies the Irish Bishops' suspension by saying a tax would make them poor and they would sell their livings. Todd replied: 'If principle will not hinder, wealth won't. The Bishop of Derry, the richest See, sells all his. *Derry*, perhaps, the best, but a weak unread man.' Dean of Limerick, of *Knox*: 'He used, when made to preach by his uncle, to get me to write his sermon, and could not deliver it.' The Bishop used to say, 'Why do you blow your nose in the pathetic part?' Higgins, a most appropriative mind, would take what another had just said, and repeat it ostentatiously as his own, even to the sayer.' Dr. Todd, *Ossory*, the most indolent man I ever knew, used to make me teach his pupils when in College, very strong Solifidian views. *Cork*, a man of ability, strong leaning to Arian or semi-Arian, kept him long from

* See however extract from his diary for 1868, quoted *post*.
† Vol. i. pp. 272–3. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 24.

priests' orders—a mere Whatelyian, but a strong will and overbearing; would be very unpopular very soon—is so now at Cork. *Limerick*, clever, quite unread, no taste for Episcopate; was scarcely persuaded to be made a bishop. His living—the best in Ireland—was wanted, and so he was quite pressed into accepting. Not a devout man at all. *Kilmore*, gentle and pleasing, not learned, and no backbone to lead. *Meath*, nothing but a popular preacher, now worn out. *Cashel*, very fond of money, and simply a low party man."*

Nor were the Irish Bishops less candid in their opinions of other dignitaries, or less unrestrained in their expression of them. The Church Congress of 1868, says the Bishop, began with service in St. Patrick's; admirable sermon from Dean of Cork, of which the Bishop of Cork said, "it was an admirably arranged and delivered sermon, clever, eloquent, argumentative, illustrative, and had not in it Gospel enough to save a tomtit."† The Irish Church as an Establishment was then on its deathbed; but we read in the Bishop's diary, "The tone of the Irish Church seems to me to have risen wonderfully since I was in Ireland a few years ago."‡ Its apprehended destruction as an Establishment seems already to have revived its religious tone. When the Disestablishment came before the first Parliament elected by household suffrage, Bishop Wilberforce, retaining his own adverse opinions to Mr. Gladstone's measure, felt and said, "that the nation had practically decided on the proposition,"§ and endeavoured to induce the Irish Church to settle the whole question in a generous and friendly manner with Mr. Gladstone, and make the best terms they could as to Disendowment. When the Bill reached the House of Lords, he neither spoke nor voted on the question of the second reading. In Committee he explained his reasons for taking that course. In the course of his speech he expressed this memorable opinion: "I believe that the Disestablishment of the Irish Church will not tend to appease Irish discontent; but, instead of doing so, will give to Irish opposition to the union with Great Britain the increased violence which comes from a taste of success without satisfaction of the appetite."‖ A sounder view appears to us to be that the abolition of the Irish Establishment removed one just ground of Irish discontent. The application of its surplus revenues to the settlement of the Arrears question is a manifest justice to Ireland, and not less a benefit to the United Kingdom. Had not that fund been in existence the Consolidated Fund must have been burdened with the settlement of the Arrears.

---

* Vol. iii. p. 25–6. † *Ibid.* p. 261. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 262.
§ See his letter to Archbishop Trench, *ibid.* p. 271. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 289

It was falsely and maliciously imputed to the Bishop that his course on the Irish Church Bill was actuated by a desire to obtain the See of Winchester; he felt it to be humiliating, after a public life of twenty-four years, to answer such an imputation; but he wrote to an old friend, explaining and justifying his conduct. His letter concludes with an argument suited for the class of minds who indulge in these base suspicions, and who might, he added, "perhaps be affected by considering that in making the change I undertake (1) harder work, (2) during the life of the present Bishop a smaller income,* (3) far greater expenses, (4) the sacrifice of the love and affection of twenty-four years' growth. I end with saying I am ashamed for those who ask it at giving such explanations."† He, therefore, gained absolutely nothing by the change from Oxford to Winchester. His announcement of his acceptance of Winchester was made to Sir Robert Phillimore, with his usual overcharged manner of expressing himself. "I can hardly (he wrote) contemplate leaving this diocese for any other work without a broken heart, but wherever THE HAND seems to me to lead I would follow."‡ Various motives seem to have induced him to make the change. He was attached to the diocese of Winchester, because it was the home of his married life, and the scene of his labours as a parish clergyman and as an archdeacon, and he had been a canon of its venerable and majestic cathedral. The diocese of Oxford was completely organized, and his successor would only have to keep it moving in the same groove. The diocese of Winchester then included the whole county of Surrey; comprising all so much of London as lies on the southern bank of the Thames, the county of Hants, the Isle of Wight, and the Channel Islands.§ It had never been organized as that of Oxford had, and the age and infirmities of Bishop Sumner had for some years deprived it of any real Episcopal supervision. Moreover, Bishop Sumner was an Evangelical, and Bishop Wilberforce was desirous to organize another diocese on High Church principles. A minor inducement was that Lavington, the estate of the Sargent family, to which he had succeeded through his wife, and to which he was most fondly attached, though actually in Sussex,|| "commands," so the Bishop wrote to Mr. A. Gordon, "a large part of the south of the diocese—Reigate, Guildford, Petersfield, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, and I am more at liberty to go and

* It will be remembered that Bishop Sumner, whom Bishop Wilberforce succeeded, out-lived him.

† Letter to Rev. H. Majendie, vol. iii. pp. 291-2. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 307.

§ Since the Bishop's death the diocese of Winchester has been wholly re-arranged.

|| He was proud to be able to call himself "a Sussex Squire."

stay with my squires, all of whom press me to come and see them at home."*

After 1868, the feeling that "he was shelved for the general work of the Church," which he expressed on the death of Archbishop Longley, seems to have pressed on him, and his diaries and letters we read as those of a depressed, if not a disappointed, man. But he at once threw himself with all his usual zeal and energy into the work of his unwieldy diocese, and unremittedly laboured until, in July, 1873, the melancholy accident at Abinger ended at once his labours and his life. "What a glad surprise!" was Carlyle's remark, when he heard the sad news.† "We can but regard Bishop Wilberforce as 'felix etiam opportunitate mortis,' like he of old, when he died, his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.'" To one of his active character and habits a time of enforced idleness and seclusion, like that endured by Bishop Sumner, would have been a heavy trial.

All agree that the Bishop was an able organizer and administrator, an unrivalled tactician and a consummate speaker. Another equally marked feature in his character has passed without remark—he was a good hater. It is as certain as that for his family and friends he felt the deepest affection. He survived his wife thirty-two years, yet "never did the anniversary pass by, without its being commemorated in his diary and referred to in letters to the more intimate among his friends;" and his "children well remember how, in after years, in the midst of all the tide of business, the day was strictly kept, and how the great sorrow remained as fresh as though it had only just befallen."‡ We have no intention of even insinuating that these entries in the Bishop's diary did not accurately express his real feeling, but we wonder at the want of good sense and good taste which gives these *sacra privata* to a public, many of whom will read them with contempt. At this date they read like a letter of condolence sent by the Bishop's father, which, owing to its being misfranked, did not reach the person for whom it was intended until three weeks after its date, when, as the recipient said, "the evangelical unction was rather flat." We must apply the same remarks to the frequent effusions in the diary of the Bishop's affection for his sons. Their publication is the more extraordinary when we consider that the editor is himself one of these sons. But as we have said, the Bishop was an equally good hater. We have already mentioned the undenying hatred with which, after the Hampden affair, he regarded Lord Russell. Lord Palmerston incurred his hatred at an earlier period. A meeting was held in Winchester in 1837 to form a Diocesan Church Building

* Vol. i. p. 339. † *Vide* vol. iii. p. 426. ‡ Vol. i. pp. 179–80.

Society, at which the old Duke of Wellington presided, and Lord Palmerston, then one of the members for Hants, spoke. He was considered by the future Bishop "to be really speaking throughout to his dissenting constituents," and he, therefore, attacked Palmerston with an ability and vehement eloquence which completely carried away the meeting. Some present remonstrated with the Duke for allowing "this young clergyman" to proceed unchecked. The Duke, we are told, replied that "it had occurred to him to interfere; but that, on looking again at the speaker, he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence, and 'I assure you,' he added, 'that I would have faced a battery sooner.'"* Probably the Tory leader did not feel called to "face a battery" in defence of a Whig chief. The Bishop's ill-feeling against Palmerston never changed. "When in 1855 the nation, as it was said, guided by an unerring instinct, reposed its confidence in Lord Palmerston, at a time when no one seemed left to confide in,"† and amidst many difficulties he accomplished the task of forming a Ministry, the Bishop enjoyed "a longish talk on politics with *good Stockmar.* He agreed with me that Lord Palmerston was a great take in, but that it was necessary that bubbles should burst."‡ Lord Palmerston's hostility to the action of Convocation and his persistent appointment of Low Churchmen to be Bishops and Deans filled up, in the Bishop's mind, the measure of his iniquities, and, in 1863, he wrote of him to Mr. Gordon in terms which, it must be allowed, accurately describe the then existing state of things and the feelings of the sincerer members of the Liberal party:—

"That wretched Pam seems to me to get worse and worse. There is not a particle of veracity or noble feeling that I have ever been able to trace in him. He manages the House of Commons by debauching it, making all parties laugh at one another. The Tories at the Liberals, by his defeating all Liberal measures; the Liberals at the Tories, by their consciousness of getting everything that is to be got in Church and State; and all at one another, by substituting low ribaldry for argument, bad jokes for principle, and an openly avowed vain-glorious imbecility as a panoply to guard himself from the attacks of all thoughtful men. I think, if his life lasts long, it must cost us the slight remains of Constitutional Government which exists among us."§

* Vol. i. pp. 107–8. † "The *Times*' Annual Summary, 1855."

‡ Vol. ii. p. 279.

§ Vol. iii. p. 91. "To keep alive the wicked passions [against America] in this country, as Palmerston and his *Post* did, was like the man, and this is the worst that can be said of it." R. Cobden to A. W. Paulton, Morley's "Life of Cobden," vol. ii. p. 389. "It is a terrible evil to find ourselves with an old man of seventy-seven at our head," *ibid.* p. 399. Conf. Mr. Gladstone's opinion expressed to the Bishop, vol. ii. p. 349.

Nor did the Bishop's Episcopal brethren escape his censure. "The Archbishop of York's [he notes] self-importance makes him almost unable to apprehend such a possibility as that you do not agree with him." The Bishop of Gloucester defeats him in the Ritual Commission, and is said to have shown as "usual all the heat of a deserter against me."* But, of all the Bishop's contemporaries, Lord Westbury, whom he called "the modern Achitophel," was the object of his direst hatred and scorn. Lord Westbury was a man of as real kindliness of nature as the Bishop. A fact to which we willingly bear witness from our own knowledge and experience, and his intellectual force was fully equal to the Bishop's; but he was, unfortunately for his own interests, an irritating opponent, and provoked in his opponents, whether at the Bar or in Parliament, feelings of personal enmity towards himself. It was well said, at the time of his death, that "his precise articulation and deliberate mode of speech gave full effect to his unconcealed consciousness of his own superiority, and in his habitual attacks upon opponents he always left a sting."† In Mr. Traill's admirable "Dialogue" the Bishop reproaches Lord Westbury with this defect, and Lord Westbury vindicates himself by saying it was better to be like him, candid, and tell your opponents what you thought of them, than conceal your thoughts in a diary. Lord Westbury, when Solicitor-General, had provoked the Bishop's wrath by his opposition to the Colonial Church Bill, which appeared to the Solicitor-General to infringe on the Royal supremacy. He was also known to have "a strong bias against all synodical action of the Church."‡ When Attorney-General he, unaided and alone, conducted with remarkable skill the Divorce Bill through the House of Commons, and thereby incurred the wrath of the Bishop and all the High Church party.

When Bishop Colenso's case was about to be heard before a Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Bishop wrote to a friend: "The Chancellor will do all the evil he can to God's truth and Church."§ Lord Westbury, as Chancellor, was President of the Judicial Committee, and read its judgment in the Colenso case. The composition of it was attributed to him by the Bishop, though we believe it to have been, like the judgment in the Gorham case, drawn up by Lord Kingsdown. The Bishop spoke of it "as a Westbury lie,"‖ and of the Palmerston Government as "supporting Westbury in seeking to deny for England the faith of our Lord."¶ It was impossible for two such men to meet

---

* *Ibid.* pp. 210, 216. The Archbishop of York was Dr. Thompson; the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Ellicott.

† "The *Times'* Annual Summary, 1873."

‡ Vol. ii. p. 192.

§ Vol. iii. p. 157.

‖ *Ibid.* p. 125.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 161.

in debate without coming to rhetorical blows. In debate on the judgment of the Upper House of Convocation condemning "The Essays and Reviews," which, it was known, had been drawn up by the Bishop, Lord Westbury said, "the judgment is simply a series of well-lubricated terms—a sentence so oily and saponaceous that no one could grasp it—like an eel, it slips through your fingers and is simply nothing."* This scarcely-concealed reference to the nicknames, "Slippery Sam" and "Soapy Sam," which had been given to the Bishop, provoked him to a reply which would have been more efficacious if less angry. We have neither space nor inclination to follow Mr. Wilberforce's example in recalling attention to these and other like undignified scenes between the Chancellor and the Bishop. We must, however, intimate our dissent from his assumption that out of them the Bishop always came conqueror.

After Lord Westbury's descent from office, a scene occurred between him and the Bishop, so characteristic of the two men that we transcribe it. They met in the Lobby of the House of Lords:—

"Lord Westbury stopped the Bishop, and, holding out his hand, said: 'My Lord Bishop, as a Christian and a bishop you will not refuse to shake hands?' The Bishop immediately responded to the proffered invitation. Lord Westbury then said, 'Do you remember where we last met?' *The Bishop:* 'No.' *Lord Westbury:* 'It was in the hour of my humiliation, when I was leaving the Queen's closet, having given up the Great Seal. I met you on the stairs as I was coming out, and I felt inclined to say, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"'

"The Bishop in relating this, used to say, 'I never was so tempted in my life as I was then to finish the quotation, but by a great effort I kept it down and said: "Does your Lordship remember the end of the quotation?"' *Lord Westbury:* 'We lawyers, my Lord Bishop, are not in the habit of quoting part of a passage without knowing the whole.' No doubt, as the Bishop said, he went home and looked it out in his family Bible, where he saw 'Yea, I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work iniquity.'"†

The imputation was wholly unfounded, and the Bishop's conduct in this matter showed more of hatred, malice and uncharitableness than of the meek and quiet spirit of the Christian; friendly or quasi-friendly relations, however, afterwards existed between the Bishop and Lord Westbury. The Bishop sent him the draft of a "Clergy Resignation Bill," asking him to revise it; he received a very characteristic reply. Lord Westbury said he perceived that the Bishop referred "to diseases of the mind,"

* *Ibid.* p. 141. † Vol. iii. pp. 143-4.

which raised a difficulty, "because, in the first place, there could be no such thing as disease of the mind, and secondly, if there were, he had never yet met a clergyman, with the exception of the Bishop, who had a mind."*

At various intervals during his busy life, the Bishop appeared in the character of an author. It has been truly said that his writings, though full of grace, were merely ephemeral. From this judgment the life of his father must be excepted. The original and unexpurgated edition, of which the greater part is his work,† is a contribution of great value to the history of the period included in the long public career of William Wilberforce.

The Bishop has observed "that fixed, definite, and national, as undoubtedly is the character of the Church of England, yet no one can doubt but that it has been greatly affected by the personal character and individual leanings of such men as Whitgift, Laud, Sancroft, and Tillotson, or even, in spite of his extraordinary weaknesses, of Burnett."‡ To these names the historian of our times will add that of Wilberforce; we are persuaded that, had he lived, Archbishop Tait would not have brought forward the "Public Worship Regulation Bill," and the Establishment would have avoided the brangle into which it has been brought through the passing of that Bill, by the united efforts of the Archbishop, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Beaconsfield. Bishop Wilberforce discountenanced Ritualism, because he thought it unsafe, not because he thought it was wrong, and he boasted that he had saved the diocese of Oxford from it;§ but he knew the impossibility of repressing it by legislation, and, in 1867, prevented the passage of a similar measure.||

In the period now beginning in the history of the Establishment, the want of the Bishop's tact and judgment will be severely felt. A junior bishop of no great experience has been raised to the Primacy, who has "not cast off those habits and modes of thought which make the schoolmaster's office so singularly bad a preparation for that of a bishop,"¶ and which seriously lessened the usefulness of Bishop Blomfield, as they do now the usefulness of Bishop Temple. The statesmanlike cast of the late Archbishop's mind, and the Parliamentary experience of ten years which he had before he reached the Primacy, secured for him the ear of the House of Lords. Dr. Benson has hitherto shown nothing of the statesman, and has had no Parliamentary

* Vol. iii. p. 340. † "Lord Teignmouth's Reminiscences," vol. i. pp. 261–2.
‡ "Essays," vol. i. p. 281. § "Anglican Church Portraits," pp. 332–3.
|| Vol. iii. pp. 205–9. ¶ Bishop Wilberforce's "Essays," vol. i. p. 297.

experience—a grave defect in times when ecclesiastical questions are sure frequently to arise in Parliament. Bishop Wilberforce was a High Churchman; but we have heard it said that Dr. Benson is the Highest Churchman that has been sent to Canterbury since Laud and Sancroft, and the times are little propitious for any institution presided over by a man of kindred spirit to either of those prelates. In Bishop Wilberforce's feelings towards Nonconformists, there was, to accommodate a phrase of Dr. Johnson's, as much malignity as in those of other High Churchmen, but there was less open hostility. The late Thomas Binney, at one time the most eminent of metropolitan dissenting ministers, had frankly expressed the opinion, which we believe he afterwards regretted, "that the Church of England damned more souls than she saved;" but Bishop Wilberforce, meeting him at a City dinner, put his arm in that of the veteran Nonconformist, with "Come, Binney, we were old neighbours in the Isle of Wight." Another Nonconformist leader, Mr. Newman Hall, said the Bishop "could feel and express himself with frank courtesy towards those who differ, and value their co-operation as far as they hold truth in common."* But since Dr. Benson has been Bishop of Truro he has repeatedly said of Dissent and Dissenters things equally irritating, offensive, and false, and, when charged with so doing, has evaded the charge. "Phaeton has now got into the chariot of the sun, we can only look on and watch him down the steep of heaven, meanwhile the countries he passes over are likely to suffer from his driving."† Such a man may precipitate a crisis which a more prudent man would, for perhaps a long time, have averted. Those who desire the maintenance of the Establishment will look to the bench of bishops, and will probably look in vain for a sagacious tactician such as was Wilberforce, who, like him, may be in fact, though not in name, "the real Primate of the English Church."

---

* Vol. iii. p. 153.

† Quoted with variations from the "The Apologia," p. 132. Original edition.

Art. V.—Alexander Poushkin.

1. *Sochinenia A. S. Poushkina* (*Works of Poushkin*). Edited by Yefrimov. 8 vols. Moscow. 1882.

2. *A. Nezelenov: A. S. Poushkin v' ego Poezii* (*A. S. Poushkin in his Poetry*). St. Petersburg. 1882.

3. *Eugène Onéguin: a Romance of Russian Life.* In Verse. Translated from the Russian. By Lieut.-Col. Spalding. London. 1881.

THE erection of a statue to Poushkin at Moscow, the place of his birth, in 1880, and the publication of a new and more complete edition of his poems in Russia, seem to call upon us to introduce this poet to our readers, who is but little known in England. We are further urged to do so by the publication of a translation of Eugène Oniéguin, Poushkin's masterpiece, by Colonel Spalding, of which we shall speak more in the course of our article. This latter production is the only attempt of any importance to translate the poet's writings into English, if we except a few pieces in occasional numbers of magazines, among which those contributed by the late Thomas Shaw to *Blackwood* about 1845 may be selected for honourable mention, perhaps, however, erring somewhat on the side of literalness. Poushkin has become one of the great representative poets of the Slavonic race, an honour which he shares with Mickiewicz; and yet, perhaps, it is to be regretted that, with a few remarkable exceptions, his writings are in too cosmopolitan a style, and are not as indigenous and as racy of the soil as those of some others—Koltzov, for instance. Perhaps Poushkin, after all, like our own Byron, was too much a man of the fashionable world; and we must also remember that in his time the excessive *cultus* of nationalism had not begun. No rich collections of folk-songs and folk-lore had been made, and although the pseudo-classicism of the French was waning, and romanticism had begun, the new faith was not yet firmly established. It is Zhukóvski who may claim the merit of having inaugurated the period.

Alexander Poushkin was born at Moscow, May 20 (Old Style), 1799. He belonged to an ancient family of boyars, and he himself, in a clever poem, many of the sallies of which were too trenchant to pass the censorship for some time, has sketched some of the more important of his progenitors. In it he freely lashes the *parvenus* of the Russian Court:—

"My grandfather did not deal in cakes:*
He did not jump into a prince from the chochli,
He did not sing in the cleros with the clerks,
And did not clean the Tzar's boots.
He was not a runaway soldier
Of the powdered German regiments.
How can I be an aristocrat?
Thank God, I am only a citizen!

My ancestor, for military glory,
Served St. Alexander Nevski;
Ivan the Fourth, that crowned vengeance,
Spared his posterity.
The Poushkins went to battle in company with Tzars:
Not one alone of them was celebrated
When the citizen of Nizhni Novgorod
Strove with the Poles.†

* * * *

We all showed obstinacy of disposition
In our untamed race;
My great-grandfather did not please Peter,
And accordingly was hanged by him.
Let his example be a warning to us:
A despot does not like contradiction.
Not every one is Prince James Dolgorouki.‡
Happy the humble citizen.

My grandfather, when mutiny broke out
In the Court of Peterhof,
Like Munich, remained firm
At the fall of the third Peter.
The Orlovs then came into favour,
But my grandfather lay in a dungeon.
Our sullen race was humbled:
And I was born—a citizen.

* * * *

These extracts from the poem will perhaps suffice. It is too long to be quoted *in extenso*. One of his most curious ancestors was his maternal great-grandfather, a favourite negro ennobled by Peter the Great, who bequeathed to him the curly hair of his race, and a somewhat darker tinge of countenance than falls to the lot of the ordinary Russian. His mother, to judge by her portrait, seems to have been a woman of considerable persona

---

* In this verse allusion is made to the rise of the Menshikovs, Razumovskis and others. The Malorussians are called chochli, meaning tufts, from their way of wearing their hair.

† The butcher Minin.

‡ The favourite of Peter the Great, one of the few whom the Tzar allowed to contradict him.

charms. Poushkin was not a handsome man, but the expression of his face was bright and intelligent. We have conversed at St. Petersburg with more than one person who was acquainted with him. The father and mother of the poet seem to have been merely fashionable people; indeed, the former was a great gambler, but his uncle was a man of taste, and a writer of *vers de société*, which enjoyed some reputation in their time. In an excellent article contributed to the *Starina*, vol. xxv. p. 371, we have some amusing stories of the poet's early days. He was passionately fond of reading, and was a precocious child, on many occasions displaying a ready wit. He had plenty of tutors and governesses. Of French (as *de rigueur* became the Russian boyar of the time—this is luckily all changed now) he was a perfect master, and in this language his first poems were written, no doubt stimulated by the large library of French books which his father had. His English governess was a Miss Baillie. Poushkin was pretty well acquainted with our language and literature. His familiarity with Byron and Shakspeare is evident in his writings, and he has translated some scenes from John Wilson's "City of the Plague," a poem now almost entirely forgotten, as most of the other writings of that author, whose reputation, great as it was during his lifetime, has steadily declined since his decease. The last letter written by Poushkin, on the day of the terrible duel which was to put an end to his life, was addressed to a lady named Ishimov, calling her attention to the writings of Barry Cornwall.* For the German language he had no particular fondness. In his early youth the poet must have been familiar with many of the most eminent men in Russia, for his father's house at Moscow was visited by Karamzin, Zhukovski, Batioushkov, and others.

In 1811 the poet entered the newly founded Lyceum of Tzarskoe-selo, situated near the modern capital. To his stay in this college Poushkin has frequently alluded in some graceful poems. Here he formed lifelong friendships with many youths of literary inclinations, among others the unhappy William Küchelbecker, who expiated, by perpetual imprisonment in Siberia, his errors as a Dekabrist, and Gorchakov, the diplomatist just deceased. Whenever the school-fête came round, the poet was ready with a set of verses, as volunteer laureate. This was continued till the last year of his life. Poushkin does not seem to have been a diligent student of the prescribed subjects of the college routine, but he appears to have read extensively. He tells us in "Eugène Oniéguin" that he did not care for Cicero, but was very fond of Apuleius. Like Byron, the poet, without being

* A facsimile of this interesting document is given in Gennadi's edition of the poet's "Works" published at St. Petersburg in 1859.

exactly a learned man, was a man of very extensive information, and the master of many languages, as his letters abundantly show. While at Tzarskoe-selo he saw Derzhavin, the old poet of the age of Catherine, who came to one of the school examinations, and expressed himself very favourably of some of Poushkin's verses. The poet has alluded to this with much pride in the fragments of a diary published with his works. We might compare the interview between Dryden and Pope, and in reality the poetic mantle was to fall from Derzhavin upon the shoulders of Poushkin, for Zhukovski, who intervenes chronologically, was a translator, and nothing more. The good he did Russian literature was only vicarious. It is now growing the fashion to depreciate Derzhavin in Russia—in any other country his name is hardly known—but to us it appears that, with all deductions, there is a grandiose dignity about his odes, and a richness of language in his poems generally, which justly claim attention.

On quitting the Lyceum, in 1817, Poushkin was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His first poem appeared about this time, and was based upon one of the legendary tales with which Russia abounds—just as the stories of the "Mabinogion" have been reproduced in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." At this time throughout Europe the old classical school, which had been triumphant under French influences, was breaking up. Byron, Schiller, and Goethe had made themselves great names in the opposition ranks, and the spirit of romanticism was to become extended to Slavonic countries. Our readers would probably be fatigued, if we endeavoured to give them a plot of this pleasing but very discursive poem—Rouslan and Lioudmila. The scene is laid at Kiev, in the time of Vladímir, the "bright sun" of so many legendary poems among the Russians. Some of the episodes introduced remind us of passages in Tasso and Ariosto; the heroine is shut up in a magic castle, and afterwards falls into a lethargic sleep, from which she can only be awakened by means of a magic ring. Thus we are reminded of the "Sleeping Beauty" of our childhood, which has been so charmingly versified by Tennyson.

The concluding lines are:—

"But, remembering the secret gift of the ring,
Rouslan flies to Lioudmila sleeping;
He touches with trembling hand
Her calm face.
And suddenly the young princess
Sighed and opened her bright eyes.
It seemed as if she had only
Been entranced for a long night.
It seemed as if some dream
Had troubled her with its shadowy visions,
And suddenly she knew—that it was he!"

The elegance of this part of the poem cannot be produced in a prose version. The reader who wishes to enjoy it must study it in the original Slavonic. The glowing lines of Tennyson may be placed in comparison :—

> " More close and close his footsteps wind;
> The magic music in his heart
> Beats quick and quicker, till he find
> The quiet chamber far apart.
> His spirit flutters like a lark,
> He stoops to kiss her, on his knee.
> Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
> How dark those hidden eyes must be !"

Meanwhile, Poushkin mixed in all the gayest society of the capital, and his great danger seemed to be that he might turn out a mere fashionable man instead of a poet, just as Byron was deteriorated by Brummellism, and, as Ebenezer Elliott says, might have been sent into hysterics by the censures of a tailor. An event, however, occurred, which, however disastrous it might appear at first sight to our author, was fraught with the happiest consequences for his muse. Many of our readers must be aware that in Russia, where even now the censorship of the press is very rigid, and was more so in the days of Alexander and Nicholas, there is a great deal of floating manuscript literature: the satire, the pasquin and the epigram are always well developed in countries from which public utterances of free thought are excluded. Poushkin contributed many caustic pieces to these contraband collections of the Muse, and they became very obnoxious to the ruling powers, especially the " Ode on Liberty." This poem is not included in the St. Petersburg edition of Poushkin's works, as may readily be imagined, but it is given in the collection of his suppressed pieces, published at Berlin.* The commencement, which we translate, is sufficiently bold :—

> " Avaunt ! hide thyself from my eyes,
> Thou weak empress of the lyre.
> Where, where art thou, terror of tzars,
> Proud poetess of liberty.
> Come, tear the wreath from me ;
> Dash down the effeminate lyre,
> I wish to sing to the world of liberty,
> And strike crime on the throne !"

This poem having been brought to the notice of the Governor of St. Petersburg, Count Miloradovich, the young author ran

* " Suppressed Poems of A. S. Poushkin." Berlin. 1870.

great risk of a journey to Siberia; but the wrath of the authorities was mollified by his consenting to accept an official position at Kishenev, in Bessarabia, in Southern Russia. We have some interesting glimpses into the poet's life before this untoward event in the "Memoirs of Madame Kern." This lady met Poushkin at the house of her aunt, Madame Olenin, which was one of the most distinguished *salons* in Russia, on account of the talent frequently gathered there. The most conspicuous persons in Russian art and literature met at the hospitable table of Madame Olenin. In the year 1818 St. Petersburg was visited by a German woman, who enjoyed a considerable reputation as a fortune-teller. Hearing this person so much talked about, Poushkin paid her a visit in the company of his friend Vsevolozhski. The female seer gave the poet a very correct account of his previous life. She told him, among other things, that on that day he should receive some money which he did not expect, and then, as if diving deeper into the secrets of futurity, she added: "*Du wirst zwei Mal verbannt sein: du wirst der Abgott deiner Nation werden; vielleicht wirst du sehr lange leben. Doch in deinem 37 Jahre fürchte dich vor einem weissen Menschen, einem weissen Rosse, oder einem weissen Kopfe.*" We shall see how some of these prophecies were to be fulfilled afterwards. One of them was accomplished the same day: on his return home he found a letter from Korsakov, one of his schoolfellows at the Lyceum, enclosing payment of a sum lost at cards some time before.

But to return to Poushkin in the South. Here he found himself surrounded by a whole world of new associations. If we follow the chronological order of his poems, we can trace with what enthusiasm he greeted the ever-changing prospects of the sea, and the scenery of the Danube and Crimea. In some elegant lines he sang "The Fountain of Tears," which ornaments one of the courts of Bakchi-sarai, the old palace of the Khans near Simpheropol. This fountain, and the legend connected with it, he afterwards made the subject of a poem, of which we shall speak shortly. The following spirited ballad will recommend itself by the *verve* and local colouring. We append a verse-translation executed many years ago:—

"As of senses bereft at a black shawl I stare,
And my chill heart is tortured with deadly despair,

When dreaming too fondly in credulous youth,
I love a young Greek girl with passionate truth.

The maiden caressed me, so loving and fair,
But my joy quickly sank in a day of despair.

Once I feasted gay friends: ere the banquet was o'er,
A Jew—the accursed!—softly knocked at my door.

'Thou art laughing,' he whispered, 'in pleasure's mad whirl,
But she hath betrayed thee, thy young Grecian girl.'

I cursed him; but gold as a guerdon I gave,
And took as companion my trustiest slave.

My swift charger I mounted: at once we depart,
And the soft voice of pity was stilled in my heart.

The Greek maiden's dwelling I hardly could mark,
For my limbs they grew faint, and my eyes they grew dark.

I silently entered—alone, and amazed,
An Armenian was kissing the girl as I gazed.

I saw not the light; but I seized my good blade . . . .
The betrayer ne'er finished the kiss that betrayed.

On his warm headless body I trampled, then spurn'd,
And silent and pale, to the maiden I turn'd.

I remember her prayers—in her blood how she strove—
Then perished my Greek girl—then perished my love.

I tore the black shawl from her head as she lay;
Wiped the blood-dripping weapon, and hurried away.

When the mists of the morning lowered gloomy, my slave,
Threw each corpse in the Danube's dark fast-rolling wave

Since then no bewildering eyes can delight;
Since then I forbear festive banquets at night.

As of senses bereft at a black shawl I stare,
And my chill heart is tortured with deadly despair."

At this time Poushkin was, or affected to be, overpowered by the Byronian *Weltschmerz*. Although a very young man, and with bright prospects before him, his misanthropy found vent in such lines as these, which may be placed in juxtaposition with similar pieces of Lermontov and Polezhaev—

"Time of my yearnings hath bereft me:
I've outlived fancies one by one;
And only sufferings now are left me,
Fruits of a heart that's sad and lone.

"Beneath the storms of fate hath perish'd
The wreath that I had hoped to wear;
And sad, without the friend I cherish'd,
I wait until the end appear.

"So, stricken by the cold that's found it
Still lingering on the naked tree,
While winter's storms are howling round it,
The late leaf trembles hopelessly."

Having visited the baths of the Caucasus for the re-establishment of his health in 1822, the poet felt the inspiration of its magnificent scenery, and composed his next production of any

considerable length, entitled "The Prisoner of the Caucasus." This poem has great elegance, but the story is, on the whole, commonplace—that of the love of a young Circassian girl for a youthful Russian officer who has been taken prisoner. The *naïve* child of the mountain passionately declares her love, which, unfortunately, is not reciprocated. She completes, however, her self-sacrifice by aiding the prisoner to escape, and then commits suicide:—

> "Hand in hand, full of melancholy,
> They went to the shore in silence.
> And the Russian in the stormy gulf
> Is already floating and throwing up the foam.
> He has already reached the opposite rocks,
> And now grasps them.
> Suddenly the waves gave a hoarse murmur;
> Afar off is heard a moan.
> He looks back: the cliffs glimmered
> And grew white, sprinkled with the foam,
> But there was no trace of the young Circassian girl,
> Neither on the banks nor under the mountain.
> All still as death: on the sleeping shores
> Only the light sound of the wind is heard,
> And under the moon, amid the splashing waters,
> The eddying ring disappears.
>
> "He understood all. With farewell gaze,
> He beholds for the last time
> The lonely village, with its palisade—
> The fields, where the captive tended the flock;
> The cliffs, where he dragged his fetters;
> The streams, by which in noonday heat he slept;
> Where, amid the mountains, the stern Circassian
> Sang his song of liberty.
> The deep mist grew thinner in the sky;
> The day brooded over the dark valley;
> Dawn came. On his remote path
> The released captive went;
> And before him, already in the mist,
> The Russian bayonets glittered,
> And the Cossack sentries
> Called out upon the ramparts."

It seems to us that there is much picturesque power in these lines, of which we give but a poor prose translation. The rhythm in the original is exquisite. Still, under the influence of the scenery, and the historical associations by which he was surrounded, Poushkin published, in 1822, his "Fountain of Bakchi-sarai," which narrates the detention of a young Polish captive, a Countess Potocka, in the palace of the Khans of the Crimea.

This piece, the inspiration of which is very Byronic, begins as follows:—

> "Ghirei sat, casting down his face,
> The amber pipe in his mouth gave forth its clouds;
> Silently the slavish court
> Around the terrible Khan crowded.
> All was quiet in the palace;
> With respect all read
> The signs of wrath and care
> In his gloomy face;
> But the haughty ruler
> Made a sign with his impatient hand,
> And they all retire with salaams."

This introduction will remind the reader somewhat of the opening of Byron's "Corsair"—the poet was clearly very much under the influence of the great Englishman. About the same time he composed some interesting lines upon Ovid, whose place of banishment, Tomi, now Varna, was not far distant. When the Roman poet wrote of his continued sufferings, mental and physical, and the cruelties of the savage Getæ, he could never have foretold what a graceful tribute would have been paid him by a poet in such northern regions. In his "Ode to Napoleon," Poushkin appears to us to have failed: it cannot be compared for a moment with the fine poems of Byron, Manzoni, or, indeed, of Lermontov on the same subject. The ideas contained in it are commonplace, and the eulogy of the great soldier is too vague to recommend itself. Of all writers on this subject we think Manzoni to have carried off the palm. In the "Lay concerning the Wise Oleg," one sees how the influence of Karamzin's "History" had begun to make the Russians take a greater interest in the early records of their nation. All these things had been despised by the Frenchified courtiers of the age of Catherine. The metre seems to have been suggested by the "Diver" (Der Taucher) of Schiller. This is certainly one of the most pleasing of Poushkin's minor poems: some years ago a version of it was published by T. B. Shaw, previously mentioned. The next poem of any length was the "Gipsies" (Tziganî), a wild Oriental tale of passion and vengeance, in which Poushkin has admirably delineated these nomades whose strange mode of life fascinated him. The gipsies form a considerable element of the Russian population, especially in the southern provinces. The description with which the poem opens is very vigorous:—

> "The gipsies in a noisy crowd
> Wander in Bessarabia;
> They at this day, by the river,
> Pass their nights under ragged tents;

Their encampment is merry as freedom,
And peaceful is their slumber beneath the skies.
Near the wheels of their waggons,
Beside the half-hung matting,
The fire-burns; the family around
Prepare their meal; in the broad plain
The horses feed; beyond the tents
A tame bear is stretched out at ease.
Everything else is in movement amidst the steppe,
The peaceful labours of the families,
Ready at morn for their long journey,
And the songs of the women and the noise of the children."

During the time of his stay in Southern Russia, Poushkin allowed himself to get mixed up with some of the secret societies then rife throughout the country. Into what difficulties these sympathies led the poet we shall afterwards have occasion to tell. He became embroiled with his chief, Count Vorontzov, who sent him to make a report upon the damages which had been committed by locusts in the southern part of Bessarabia. This mission was regarded by Poushkin in the light of a premeditated insult, but there are good grounds for believing that Count Vorontzov was serious in his orders, and had no intention of subjecting the poet to any annoyance. Poushkin, however, sent in his resignation, and Count Vorontzov, in his official report, requested the Government to remove Poushkin, "as he was surrounded by a society of political and literary fanatics, whose praises might turn his head and make him believe that he was a great writer, whereas he was only a feeble imitator of an original not much to be recommended, Lord Byron." During his stay in the south the poet seems to have led rather an irregular life—the invariable accessories of the amusements of a Russian of fashion —card-playing and duelling—were of course not wanting, as we see by some papers of the *Rousskii Arkhiv.* For the former of these *dégagements* the poet seems to have had a greater propensity than we could have expected in so intellectual a man. We are told how, years afterwards, when Gogol went to call upon Poushkin at St. Petersburg, he was somewhat horrified to find the poet in bed. He had sat up all night playing cards. However, the poet's southern exile was now to come to an end. He accordingly quitted Odessa in 1824, and on leaving he wrote a fine "Ode to the Sea," of which the following stanzas will perhaps convey some idea:—

"Farewell, thou free unfetter'd ocean,
For the last time I pace along,
And watch thy blue wave's ev'ry motion,
And see thee in thy beauty strong.

"As mournful tone of friend that's leaving,
As call when hour of parting's near,
Thy summoning voice, thy voice of grieving,
Now for the last time do I hear.

"How oft by thee, bound of each longing,
To which my fancy has aspired,
I've paced, when gloomy thoughts were thronging,
With sacred meditation fired.

"Oh! how I loved thy fierce resounding,
Hoarse echoes—voice of thy abyss,
When thy soft waves the sand did kiss
At eve—or with thy billows bounding.

"The humble fisher's little sail
Softly at thy caprice thou'lt swell:
It glides unhurt by storm or gale:
But thou dost rise, invincible,
And in thy fury navies fail!

* * * *

"Farewell, thou sea! thou'lt seem to glisten
Amid my thoughts with wondrous power,
And I shall often seem to listen
Unto thy voice at evening's hour.

"In woods and lone paths will come o'er me
The lights, the shades thy beauty gave,
Thy rocks and gulfs will seem before me,
And in mine ear thy murmuring wave."

Before the close of the year Poushkin had returned to his father's seat at Mikhailovskoe, near Pskov, where he soon became embroiled with his relatives; but grew more at ease when the veteran, who seems to have led the life of reckless magnificence of the old-fashioned Russian boyar, betook himself to the capital. How Russian nobles at that time lived, or a little earlier, we can easily picture to ourselves from the travels of Clarke. Everything was display and Asiatic luxury. The old man had to all appearance a very violent tongue, and frequently upbraided the poet in coarse language, some specimens of which Poushkin gives in his letters. The father survived his celebrated son, as it was to him that Zhukovski addressed the pathetic letter giving him an account of his death. The mother of the poet died the year before her son, and it was when he chose a burial-place for her that Poushkin marked out a spot for himself and expressed his conviction that he had not long to live.

He had now involved himself in trouble on all sides; for so obnoxious had he become to the Government that, even during his retreat in the country, he was put under the supervision of the Governor, the Marshal of the Nobility, and the Archimandrite of

the neighbouring Sviatogorski monastery. On his return to his home from Odessa, we omitted to remark that his route was carefully mapped out for him, so that he should avoid Kiev, a city where it was thought he might do some mischief. The monotony of the poet's life in the country was broken by the agreeable society of some neighbouring families, and especially that of the Osipovs, which included two charming daughters, Anna and Euphrosyne, who are said to have served as types for the characters of Tatiana and Olga in "Eugène Oniéguin." Here also Poushkin was visited by his friends Yazikov, Delvig, Zhukovski, Prince Viazemski, and others. He now devoted a great deal of time to the study of the old Russian popular poetry, the bîlini, of which he became a great admirer. In the same way we find Lermontov occupied with them, and boasting, with an exaggerated enthusiasm, that they contain more real poetry than can be found in all French literature. No doubt many of these were recited to the poet by his nurse Arina Rodiovna, who was a Russian woman of the old type. We are told that she had an inexhaustible stock of them. She was noted for her fidelity to the family and affection for the poet. We hear, however, that she had one failing—a common one, unfortunately, with Russians of the lower rank—she was in the habit of getting intoxicated. To this period belong some sweet lyrics. We select the following from many others addressed to the Madame Kern to whom we have already referred :—

"I mind me still of that strange meeting,
When thou didst pass before my sight;
Like a soft vision by me fleeting,
A spirit pure and blest and bright.

"By misery hopelessly surrounded,
To me amid life's tumult vain,
Thy gentle voice still softly sounded,
Thy kindly features smiled again!

"Years fled. The tempest's blasts had harm'd me;
The former fancies were effaced :
And I forgot the voice that charm'd me,
That heavenly smile no longer traced.

"In loneliness and desolation
My days dragg'd on their still despair;
Nor deity, nor inspiration,
Nor tears, nor life, nor love were there.

"But woke my soul when, at our meeting,
Again thou wert before my sight,
Like a soft vision by me fleeting,
A spirit pure and blest and bright.

"And my heart beat with exultation,
And hope arose again as fair;
And deity and inspiration,
And tears and life and love were there."

Recollections of Byron and André Chenier gave the inspiration to some fine lines consecrated to the latter, in which the poet appeared more conservative than was his wont, and wrote in a spirit antagonistic to the French Revolution. In 1825, he published his tragedy "Boris Godunov," a bold effort in the Shaksperian style. Up to this time the traditions of the Russian stage, such as it was, had been French. Plays of all kinds had appeared; translations of Molière, Corneille, and Racine, or adaptations of them, and even glimpses of Shakspeare, conveyed through the medium of the paltry versions of Ducis. But the breath of romanticism had passed over the young germinating literatures of Europe, after the hurricane of the French Revolution, and Karamzin had taught his countrymen that early Russian history was not a farrago of barbarous trash, but contained its picturesque *tableaux*. The story of Boris Godunov, who was Tzar from 1598 to 1605, a kind of Russian Cromwell, is one of the most dramatic in the history of the country. Poushkin has shown how well the unrhymed iambic can be introduced into Russian verse, and since his time his countrymen can boast of excellent translations of Shakspere in the metre of the original. The scene between the ambitious Maria Mniszek and the Pretender, in which the latter avows himself to his future bride to be an impostor, is exceedingly well done, and so is the concluding scene of the death of Godunov:—

"Depart all of you: leave the tzarévich
Alone with me, for I die.
Let us embrace. Farewell, my son: at once
Thy reign begins. O God! O God!
Incontinent I appear before thee, and my soul
I have not houselled yet with repentance.
But thou, my son, I feel art dearer far
Than healing of my soul: so let it be.
I was born a subject, and ought
To have passed my life in obscurity as a subject.
But I laid hold of empire. How
Do not thou ask; 'tis enough that thou art innocent.
Thou wilt reign by lawful right, *
And I for all shall answer to God alone!
O dear son, deceive not thyself:
Do not voluntarily blind thyself.

---

* We can trace in this speech the influence on the poet of the Henry IV. and Richard III. of Shakspeare.

Thou takest empire in a perilous day.
How dangerous is this strange Pretender,
Armed with what a terrible name!
Long have I had experience in ruling,
And have restrained sedition and revolt.
They trembled with fear before me;
Treason did not dare raise her voice,
But thou, a young and untried ruler,
How canst thou govern amid the storm?
How canst thou quench revolt and stifle treachery?
But God is great! He gives wisdom to youth,
And strength to weakness. Hear me, then,
First choose thee out a counsellor
Of promised wisdom, not impetuous, but ripened,
Loved of the people, and among the boyars
Respected from his birth and reputation,
Such as Shouiski. For the army now is needed
A tried warrior, and. therefore, send Basmánov,
In thy firmness reck not the murmur of the boyars.
Thou, from thine earliest years, didst sit with me in the Douma,*
Thou knowest how the path of empire speeds,
Change not its course, for custom
Is soul of sway. Perforce I have at times
Dealt disgrace and death; but thou
Mayst change to lighter rule, and they will bless thee,
As they blessed thine uncle,
When he received the throne of the Terrible.
As time goes on, with a gradual hand,
Tighten the reins of empire—
Relax them now, but do not let them
Slip from thy grasp.
Be merciful and gracious to the stranger,
And with confidence accept their offices.
Keep strictly the ordinances of the Church.
Be spare of thy words. The voice of a tzar
Ought not to lose itself in air to no purpose.
Like voice of holy bell, he should only announce
General sadness or general joy.

* * * * *

Respect thy mother, but be thou alone ruler of thyself;
Thou art a man and a tzar. Love thy sister,
For thou remainest her only preserver.

FEODOR (*on his knees*).

Nay, nay, do thou live and rule long.
Without thee the people and I are lost.

TZAR.

Nay, all is for the best: mine eyes grow dim:

---

* The Council of the Tzar.

I feel the coldness of the grave upon me.

(*The* PATRIARCH *and* PRIESTS *enter, and with them the* BOYARS. *The* TZARITZA *is led in. The* TZAREVNA *weeps.*

What is that?

'Tis the monk's robe,* and the preparations for the holy tonsure.
The hour has struck! The Tzar becomes a monk,
And the dark grave will be my cell.
Wait, Father Patriarch!
I still am Tzar. Now, listen, ye Boyars,
Ye see to whom I bequeath the Empire.
Now, kiss the cross to Feodor, Basmánov.
My friends, on the brink of the grave, I pray you,
Serve him heartily and honestly.
He still is young and innocent.
Hear ye my words?

THE BOYARS.

We swear.

TZAR.

I am content,

Pardon me now my faults and sins,
My secret and wilful offences.
Approach me, holy father, I am ready.

(*The rite of the Tonsure begins. The women are taken out fainting.*)"

In 1825 broke out the unfortunate attempt of the Dekabrists, so well known to the readers of Russian history, which was ostensibly to defend the claims of the Grand Duke Constantine against his brother Nicholas; but, in reality, to set up a republican form of Government in Russia, for which the country was wholly unprepared. Many of the conspirators were personal friends of Poushkin, especially Küchelbecker and Pustchin, previously alluded to. The poet himself was to a certain extent compromised, but he succeeded in getting to his home at Mikhailovskoe, and burning all the papers which might have been prejudicial to him. The writer of the article in *Starina* gives a curious account of how Poushkin heard of the arrest of the conspirators, which we shall here quote: "It was a winter evening, and the poet was spending it cheerfully with his lady-friends, the Osipovs at Trigorskoe. Poushkin had been very cheerful and jocular, when suddenly a female servant entered the room and informed the mistress that Arsenii, the cook, who had been sent to St. Petersburg to make some purchases, had returned and wished to see the mistress. When introduced, Arsenii informed her that a revolt had broken out in the capital, and that he had great

* The custom of becoming a monk before death was usual with the Tzars. Boris, who was suddenly taken ill, as is generally supposed from poison having been administered to him, entered the sacred order under the name of Bogolep.

difficulty in getting away. It was the outbreak of the Dekabrists, which occurred on the 14th of December (Old Style). All the family heard the details with amazement; but Poushkin was visibly moved, turned pale, and did not recover his self-possession for some time. Soon afterwards he shook hands with his friends, and hurried to Mikhailovskoe. On the following morning early Poushkin resolved to go to St. Petersburg, with what object is unknown. It may have been to throw in his lot with his friends, Rïliev, Bestouzhev, and Küchelbecker. His brother Leo was also mixed up with the revolt. The poet, however, was stopped by what are considered portents by the Russian people, and we must remember that he was always a superstitious man. As soon as he had left the gates of his house he met a priest, and he had not gone a verst before three hares crossed his path. These are regarded as such bad omens that there was nothing for him to do, as a genuine Russian, but return as soon as possible to his home.

The poet's last meeting with his friend Küchelbecker, who had been his schoolfellow at the Lyceum, is described very curiously in the official report forwarded by the Courier Podgorni to the Adjutant Potapov:—"I was sent, the 12th of this month, to Dünaburg with the convicts, and, on the way, having arrived at the station Zalasi, a certain M. Poushkin suddenly came to meet the prisoner Küchelbecker, and, after an embrace, they began to converse together. On seeing this, as quickly as possible I moved all the convicts from the station to prevent them from holding any communication with the people. . . . . M. Poushkin asked me to give some money to Küchelbecker. This I refused. Then M. Poushkin grew angry, and threatened to report the matter to the Emperor, because I forbade him to say good-by to his friend, and to give him money, conduct which I shall not fail to report to General Adjutant Benkendorf. M. Poushkin himself, in the midst of his threats, told me that he had been incarcerated in a fortress, and this made me more anxious to prevent him from having any relations with the prisoner; but the convict Küchelbecker *told me that this was the Poushkin who composes poetry.*"*

We have already mentioned Küchelbecker. He was the son of a German who emigrated from Saxony, and enjoyed a good post under the Emperor Alexander. The son, a hot-headed youth, had allowed himself to be enrolled in one of the secret societies then so much in vogue in Russia, and by the help of his friends might have escaped from the country. But he loitered foolishly on his journey, and when he reached Warsaw, even had the temerity to call upon a friend there. He was arrested, and

---

* "Suppressed Poems of Poushkin." Berlin, p. 193.

spent the rest of his life in various fortresses. He died in Siberia in 1846. The poet, by means of influential friends, succeeded in making his peace with the Emperor, to whom he was presented at Moscow, soon after his coronation. The story goes that the Emperor said to Count Bloudov on the same evening, "I have just been conversing with the most witty man in Russia." It has been noticed by some writers that Poushkin became more loyal after this interview; certainly, in some of his poems, of which we shall speak afterwards, we miss those aspirations for liberty which characterized his earlier productions. To the year 1827 belongs the charming little oriental piece, "The Talisman," of which a metrical version is here attempted:*—

"Where the hoarse sea for ever dashes
Its wave 'gainst lonely rock and tower,
And where the moonbeam softly flashes
At even's still and misty hour;
Where, 'mid his harem-beauties' graces,
The Moslem wiles life's wasted span,
A sorceress there with kind embraces
Gave me a mystic talisman.

"And O! preserve this secret treasure,
With kisses fond, she thus began,
It hath a spell of boundless measure;
Love's present is the talisman.
From sickness, from the grave thou fearest,
In tempest and in hurricane,
Ah! not, I ween, from these, my dearest,
Protect thee shall my talisman.

"It cannot give thee jewels hidden,
Which far-off Eastern mines may show,
Nor will it 'neath thy falchion, bidden
Lay the arch-prophet's votaries low.
It cannot bring thy friend beside thee,
Nor, weary 'neath the exile's ban,
Unto thine own loved country guide thee
From south to north, my talisman.

"But, when bewildering eyes would move thee,
And lure thee with their sudden power;
When lips of those that do not love thee
Kiss thee at even's silent hour,
O love! from that unmindful season,
From new heart-sorrows that unman,
From falsehood, trespass, and love-treason,
Protect thee shall my talisman!"

* To us this half orientalism is one of the great charms of Russian and other Slavonic literature. It is racy of the soil. We feel that we are on the confines of Europe and Asia.

In 1828 appeared "Poltava," a spirited narrative-poem, in which the expedition of Charles XII. against Russia and the treachery of the hetman, Mazepa, were described. The best part of the poem is the picture of the battle itself, where the colours are laid on very boldly. It reminds us of the description of Flodden Field in "Marmion." Poushkin had now steeped his genius in English authors, and the old classical traditions of Russia, which had animated Lomonosov, Derzhávin, and others, were gone. In 1829 Poushkin again visited the Caucasus, on this occasion accompanying the expedition of Prince Paskévich. Of this tour he wrote a pleasing account, which we must here pass by,* but many of the short lyrical pieces suggested by the scenery and associations of his visit are very pleasing, especially the lines on the Don and the Caucasus. From the latter of these pieces we select:—

"Beneath me the Caucasus lies. On the height
I stand amid snows by the precipice lonely;
From yon summit an eagle companions me only,
Close by me he wheels his impetuous flight.
Here I track the young torrents that leap to the ocean;
Here the avalanche starts with its first threatening motion,

And beneath me the clouds in their whitening wreaths go,
And through them the cataracts swiftly are leaping,
The bare crags their stern watch beneath them are keeping,
And lower are copses, where spare moss doth grow;
And further are groves, with their green shades surrounding;
There are chirping the birds; there the wild deer are bounding.

Here, too, 'mid the rocks men their nestlings have made,
And sheep in their warm grassy pastures are lying;
To the merry green dales there the shepherds are hieing,
Where Arágva rolls on through his banks in the shade.
In the clefts lurks the desperate robber, where lashing
His fierce waves in mirth mighty Terek is dashing.

He howls and he plays, as the wild beast that starts
At the prey, by the bars of his cage when he's found it—
With vain rage it beats at the stern banks that bound it,
And with hungry wave licks the tall crags as it darts.
In vain! for the booty escapes it for ever!
All threatening, the mute rocks confine the proud river."

In 1831 Poushkin married Mdlle. Nathalie Goncharov, and in the following year was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, with a salary of 5,000 roubles. He now busied himself with an historical work—an account of the revolt of the Cossack

* While travelling, the poet met the remains of his friend Griboiédov, author of one of the best Russian comedies, which were being brought back from Persia, where he had been murdered.

Pougáchev, who almost succeeded in overthrowing the empire of Catherine, and was executed at Moscow in the latter part of the last century. While engaged upon this he wrote the pretty little story, "The Captain's Daughter," one of his most pleasing productions. In 1832 was completed the poem of Eugène Oniéguin, in which the author attempted a completely new style, moulding his work upon the lighter sketches of Byron, in the Italian manner. Oniéguin is a man of the world, fashionable and *blasé*. The poet will remind us somewhat of Byron, in the account he gives of his education :—

"Latin is now out of fashion;
So, to tell you the truth,
He knew it fairly—
He could decipher an inscription,
Talk about Juvenal,
And write '*vale*' at the end of a letter.
Moreover he remembered, though not without a mistake,
Two verses of the Æneid.
He took no pleasure
To grope in the chronological dust
Of the earth's existence;
But some anecdotes of olden time,
From Romulus to our days,
He preserved in his memory.

Not being inclined to waste
His life on sounds,
He could not distinguish
An iambic from a choreus.
He found fault with Homer and Theocritus,
But read Adam Smith;
And was a deep economist,
That is to say, he could form opinions how
The empire becomes rich,
And upon what it exists, and why
It has no need of gold
When it has natural products.
His father could not understand this,
And so had to mortgage his estates.

But I have no leisure to tell
All that Oniéguin knew;
But the thing in which he was a real genius,
Which he knew better than any other art,
Which to him from boyhood
Was labour and pain and delight,
Which occupied the whole day,
Was the study of the tender passion
Which Naso sang.
For which he suffered and ended

His brilliant and turbulent life,
In Moldavia, in the wilds of the steppe,
Afar from his native Italy."

After having spent some part of his life idly in the capital, Oniéguin has a fortune left him by an uncle, and goes to take possession of his estate in the country. The second canto opens with a description of the property, which the young hero has inherited :—

"The country seat, where Eugène felt dull,
Was a charming little nest;
There the lover of innocent enjoyments
Might bless Heaven.
The manor-house was solitary,
Defended by a hill from the wind.
It stood by a little river. Far away
In front of it rippled and bloomed
The meadows and the green cornfields.
Here and there peeped the villages;
Herds of cattle wandered through the fields,
And a large carelessly arranged garden
Spread its thick shrubs,
A refuge for the pensive dryads."

In the midst of his solitude in the country Oniéguin makes the acquaintance of a young neighbour, with whom he soon becomes a fast friend :—

"A new proprietor had come
Just then to his country-house,
And gave occasion for a good deal of talk
In the neighbourhood,
By name Vladimir Lenski,
With a soul thoroughly steeped in Göttingen:
A handsome fellow, in the flower of his youth,
An adorer of Kant and a poet.
He brought from misty Germany
The fruits of study,
Dreams of love,
A fiery and strange spirit,
A style of talking always enthusiastic,
And curly hair falling over his shoulders."

Among their neighbours were two young ladies, Olga and Tatiana, at the house of whose parents the young men frequently visited. These are separate types which the poet has described very accurately. With Olga Lenski falls in love. Poushkin tells us :—

"She gave to the poet
The first dream of youthful ecstasy;

The thought of her inspired
The first echo of his harp.
Farewell, ye golden amusements;
He loved the thick groves,
Solitude and silence,
And the nightly stars and the moon.

* * * *

"Always gentle, always docile,
Always gay as morning;
Simple as the life of the poet,
Dear as the kiss of love;
So is Olga. Eyes blue as heaven,
A smile, flaxen hair,
Harmony of motion and voice and figure,
All these are in Olga. She was
A living love-story.
There you will find the portrait of the sweet girl.
Well, I was some time in love with her myself,
But it ended in nothing.
And now permit me, reader,
To occupy myself with her elder sister.

Her sister was named Tatiana.

* * * *

"Neither by beauty,
Nor by rosy freshness,
Nor by her eyes did she attract.
Shy, melancholy, silent,
Like a timid wild deer,
She in the midst of the family
Appeared a strange maiden.
She did not know how to please
Either her father or mother.
A child herself, amid the troops of children
She did not desire to sport and gambol;
And often for the whole day
Sat silent at the window."

As Lenski falls in love with Olga, who reciprocates his passion, so, on the other hand, the romantic Tatiana is *éprise* with Oniéguin. The struggles of the young girl with this passion are admirably described: they remind one of the similar case of Elspie in Clough's "Bothie," a fresh and charming picture.

After a restless night the poor girl makes a confession of her love to her nurse, and then sits down to compose a letter to Oniéguin. Poushkin apologizes to his readers for making his heroine take this step, and has some very jocose remarks upon the custom of his countrymen at that time of writing in French. During the first thirty years of this century, and the latter part of the previous one, nearly all Russian correspondence (diplomatic and

otherwise) was conducted in French. An end was put to this shameful state of things by the Emperor Nicholas, who, by making the national language the medium of conversation at Court, restored it to its proper dignity. And, indeed, that so vigorous a language as Russian should give place to French seems to involve an absurdity. The letter, a very pathetic one, is sent with much reluctance and many tears by the unfortunate Tatiana; but it only elicits a cold answer from Oniéguin, who frankly avows that he is incapable of love and constancy. In the meantime nothing can be deeper than the mutual affection of Lenski and Olga; but, just as things are going on so prosperously, a quarrel takes place between Lenski and Oniéguin, on account of the former being jealous because his friend has danced too often with his betrothed. The quarrel leads to a duel, and in the duel Lenski is killed. Poushkin has very graphically described the fate which awaited himself a few years afterwards. The poet moralizes cynically when he speaks of the cold-blooded murder of his friend by Oniéguin.

"Torn by remorse of heart,
Grasping in his hand the pistol,
Eugène gazes on Lenski.
He is dead! said the Second.
Dead! Oniéguin, overpowered
At that dreadful word,
Departs, and calls away his companion.
Zaretzki carefully lays
The corpse, cold as ice, on a sledge,
And bears home the sad burden.
Scenting the dead man, the horses
Neighed and bounded, with white foam
The steel bit was moistened,
And they flew like arrows.

"My friend, you grieve for the poet.
In the flower of his joyous hopes,
He has not fulfilled them for the world.
Hardly out of the garb of boyhood,
He has passed away. Where is the glowing excitement,
Where is the noble struggle of the feelings,
And of tender, courageous young thoughts?
Where are the passionate longings of love,
And the thirst for knowledge and labour,
And the fear of vice and disgrace?
And ye, musings on the past,
Ye, visions of a celestial life,
Ye, dreams of holy poetry—

"Maybe he was born for the good of the world,
Or at least for glory.
His lyre, now silent,

Might have made his voice
Echo boldly through the ages.
Perhaps as the world rolled on,
A high dignity awaited the poet.
His suffering spirit,
Perhaps, carried away with itself
A holy secret, and for us
A life-giving voice is buried.
But in the grave
The hymn of time
And the blessings of his race cannot reach him.

"Maybe, also, the usual
Fate awaited the poet.
The years of youth would have gone by,
The glow of the soul would have grown cold;
A great change would have passed over him.
He would have given up the muses and got married,
Happy at his country seat.
He would have worn a knitted dressing-gown;
He would have had practical experience of life;
At forty he would have had the gout,
Would have drunk, ate, been dull, grown fat,
And finally he would have died
In his bed, surrounded by his children,
Weeping old women, and surgeons."

The poet then in very tender verses describes the burial-place of the murdered enthusiast. In the next canto, the seventh, Poushkin shows us how soon the memory of Lenski is destined to be effaced:—

"My poor Lenski! Not long
Did Olga weep and languish.
Alas! the young betrothed
Was unfaithful to her grief.
Another attracted her regard,
Another succeeded in lulling
Her sufferings with the charm of love.
An Uhlan was able to captivate her,
An Uhlan was beloved by her,
And see, already with him before the altar,
She bashfully under the wreath
Stands with bended head,
With a sparkle in her downcast eyes,
With a soft smile on her lips."

And now Tatiana is alone and melancholy. After some time has elapsed, she is taken to Moscow and married to a very aristocratic and rich general. Being a woman of great strength of character, she is easily able to shake off the traditions of country

life, and to fulfil the duties of her more exalted station. Time goes on, and Oniéguin meets her at a ball, and is amazed to find in the stately princess the Tatiana who had once so naïvely confessed her affection to him. He writes to her and receives a letter in reply, in which she tells him how much she once loved him, and would at one time have preferred a country life with him, but now all is over.

We consider this poem on the whole to be a very successful one—the metre consists of eight or nine-syllabled lines very skilfully varied in stanzas of fourteen lines, the two last of which always rhyme and close the verse with a couplet. The style is light and sparkling, and well adapted for serio-comic verse; in fact, much more so than the Ottava Rima, which does not seem as suitable to the Russian as to the Polish language, for Slowacki has succeeded very well in his Beniowski. The characters of Lenski, Oniéguin, Tatiana, and Olga are drawn with a very fine pencil, and are each types. By the irony of fate the brilliant and sympathy-seeking Lenski loves the amiable but commonplace Olga, whereas the passionate and generous Tatiana wastes her love upon the artificial and narrow-hearted Oniéguin, a bad specimen of a bad class of men—the Russian dandy. But the end of the piece shows him the nemesis of his life; for the man who has repudiated the nobler impulses of existence, who is satisfied by materialism and material pleasures, and leads a life "besotted in self," there is nothing to prevent the consummation of a moral suicide. Such a man can only look (to borrow the forcible words of Tennyson) for

> "The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
> The eye glazed o'er with dull and sapless days,
> The set grey life and apathetic end."

No one can accuse Poushkin of want of nationalism in this poem; it is Russian in the backbone and in every fibre. He has made it the vehicle for the description of many customs and manners, such as the picturesque touches of the coachmen round the huge fires in the streets while their masters and mistresses are at the ball, the various superstitious ceremonies which Tatiana, a true Russian girl, performs as auguries of her fate, reminding one of Zhukovski's Svetlana—the sketch of the nurse, and the vigorous picture of Moscow. Here we have the *vera effigies* of Russia. And now a few words seem due to the metrical translation of this poem put forward by Colonel Spalding. That the gallant colonel has studied the Russian language to some profit and put forth an accurate version cannot be denied. Would that we could say more! It is just such renderings as these that make one feel that, for most purposes, it is best simply to give a plain

prose version of an author. Who would not prefer such a rendering as that of the "Odyssey" by Messrs. Butcher and Lang to any metrical attempt with its forced tags? One of the great beauties of Poushkin's poems is the airy and sparkling play of the verse, which in the beginning of each canto seems to ascend like a fountain and fall melodiously in the two concluding verses. The Russian language is rich and melodious, and Poushkin brings into operation all its powers. The humorous combinations, the unexpected rhymes, reminding us occasionally of Byron, give great charm; but nearly all this, alas! is lost in the Colonel's version. Nay, we are obliged to frankly confess that the proper epithet for it is "wooden." It is full of clumsy lines, many of which will hardly scan, and exhibits a terrible baldness and thinness. Sad it is to think that this conscientious endeavour to render, perhaps, the masterpiece of Russian poetical literature has ended in a *caput mortuum.* We have not space to fill our pages with Colonel Spalding's shortcomings, but surely such lines as these are very poor:—

> "How soon he learnt to *titillate*
> The heart of the inveterate flirt." (P. 7.)
>
> "Of thirty different sorts, lo! brushes
> Both for the nails and for the *tushes.*" (P. 13.)

This last word we take, *teste* Halliwell, to be a north-country word for tooth. It had better been left in its original obscurity.

> "She sank upon the snow. But *Bruin*
> Adroitly seized and carried her;
> Submissive as if in a *swoon,*
> She cannot draw a breath or stir." (P. 135.)
>
> "Swearing how Lenski he would *rile,*
> Avenge himself in proper style." (P. 145.)
>
> "The blood gushed from the wound and *steamed.*" (P. 174.)
>
> "Soon Olga's accents *shrill* resound
> No longer through her former home." (P. 192.)

The epithet in the original is *zvouchni*, melodious, sonorous. Poushkin, an artist in all that concerns the beauty of womanhood, would never have used such a treasonable epithet. The Colonel has sadly traduced him here. But why multiply these instances? The version is terribly flat and prosaic. To quote Macaulay's well-worn metaphor, it is like decanted champagne. While grateful to Colonel Spalding for introducing Poushkin to the notice of the English reader, we must recommend the latter simply to learn Russian if he wants to know what the poet is like. And so much for a disagreeable subject,

but little to our taste. In 1837 Poushkin, who had been growing in literary reputation, fell, mortally wounded, in a duel with Baron George Heckeren d'Anthès, the adopted son of the Dutch Minister then resident at the Court of St. Petersburg, and who himself died a few years ago in Paris, having been a Senator under the Empire. D'Anthès was a vain and foolish young man, and had married a sister of the poet's wife. Notwithstanding this he aroused the jealousy of Poushkin by some attentions which he paid Natalia Poushkin; but the grounds for the poet's anger, it must be confessed, appear trivial. For some time, however, he had been subjected to many annoyances. The tone of high society in Russia, never very healthy, was at that time extremely the reverse. Poushkin, whose brilliant talents had raised up against him a host of adversaries, was assailed with many anonymous letters. The great novelist, Ivan Tourghéniev, happily still living, for the benefit of Russian, and, we may add, European, literature, has left us a sketch of the poet as he last saw him alive (and as he afterwards saw him in his coffin), which appeared in the excellent journal *Rousskii Arkhiv*. We will extract a few pathetic lines from the former account: "I happened to see Poushkin a few days before his death at a *matinée musicale* at the Engelhardt's. He was leaning against a door, and, with his arms crossed over his broad chest, seemed to look round him with an air of disgust. . . . . He cast a hasty glance upon me; the careless way in which I looked at him seemed to annoy him; he shrugged his shoulders with an air of displeasure, and left the place where he was standing. A few days afterwards I saw him lying in his coffin." The whole story of the duel is curious, and gives a strange and lurid picture of Russian manners. As we read it, we are reminded of the lines which Poushkin himself cites from Petrarch at the commencement of the sixth canto of "Eugène Oniéguin":—

> "La, sotto giorni nubilosi e brevi,
> Nasce una gente a cui l' morir non dole."

How reckless of life these Russians seem, we may well exclaim as we read it, as also when we hear of the exits on the scaffold of the mad enthusiasts who mix themselves up in Nihilist conspiracies. For our account we shall follow in the main that given in a recent volume of the *Starina** To the series of valuable papers which have appeared there on the life of the poet we are much indebted. After having received a letter from the Vicomte d'Archiac, a Frenchman, whom the young Baron had appointed to be his second, Poushkin went in

* Vol. xxviii. (1880), p. 526 *et seq.*

search of a friend, Constantine Danzas, to discharge the same office for himself. He met him in Panteleimonski Street, and said: "Danzas, I came for you. Please get into my sledge"—it was the 27th of January, (Old Style)—"and come with me to the French Embassy, where you will be witness to a conversation." On the road, according to the account of Danzas, Poushkin spoke of casual matters as if nothing important was about to take place. In this way they reached the house of the French Embassy, where D'Archiac lived. After the customary greetings had been exchanged, Poushkin said in a loud voice, turning to Danzas: "*Je vais vous mettre maintenant au fait de tout*," and began to tell what had occurred between himself, D'Anthès, and his adopted father. He then read aloud a copy of his letter to Baron Heckeren, written out by himself, and handed it to Danzas. Poushkin finished his explanation with these words: "*Maintenant, la seule chose que j'ai à vous dire, c'est que si l'affaire ne se termine pas aujourd'hui même, la première fois que je rencontre Heckeren père ou fils, je leur cracherai à la figure.*" He then pointed out Danzas, and added, "*Voilà mon témoin*;" and afterwards asked him, "*Consentez-vous?*" After Danzas had replied in the affirmative, Poushkin departed, leaving his friend to arrange the duel with D'Archiac. The following plans were agreed upon:—The duel was to take place that very day at five o'clock in the afternoon. The spot marked out for the encounter was on the little river Chernaïa, behind the country-house of the commandant.* The weapons chosen were pistols; the combatants were to fire at a distance of twenty paces. No one had the privilege of the first shot; each one could fire once at what time he pleased. These conditions were drawn up on paper, and with the fatal document Danzas returned to Poushkin. He found the poet at home alone. He agreed to all the conditions, without reading the paper through. On the suggestion of Danzas that Poushkin should fight with Baron Heckeren, *père*, as to him he had addressed the abusive letter which he sent, the poet quietly remarked that no duel could take place between them on account of the Baron's official position. Danzas now went to procure a pair of pistols, which had been already selected at a shop by Poushkin, who awaited his return at a confectioner's. The poet, having drunk a glass of lemonade, took his seat with Danzas in a sledge with two horses, and set out on the fatal journey. Poushkin was calm. On the Dvortzaïa Quay he met his wife in his carriage. Danzas recognized her, and a faint hope arose that this meeting might put a stop to their errand;

* For a long time the scene of the duel was marked by an inscription on a board.

but Madame Poushkin was short-sighted, and Poushkin turned away his head.

It was a bright winter's day; the fashionable world of St. Petersburg had been taking drives on the hills, and some of them at that time were returning. Many acquaintances of Poushkin and Danzas passed and saluted them, never guessing the object of their journey, although the history of the quarrel of Poushkin with the Heckerens must have been well known to most of them. While passing the Neva, Poushkin asked Danzas jokingly if they were taking him to the fortress.* "No," replied the latter, "the way through the fortress is the nearest to the Chernaïa." In the Kamennoostrovski Prospekt they met two acquaintances in a sledge, officers of a cavalry regiment. Thinking that Poushkin and Danzas were going to the hills, one of them cried out: "How late you are! Every one is returning now." Danzas does not remember by what road D'Anthès and D'Archiac came; they met them, however, near the house of the commandant. Danzas got out of the sledge and proceeded with D'Archiac to find a spot suitable for the duel. A convenient place close by was selected. A thick shrubbery concealed the combatants from the eyes of the carriage-drivers who had remained on the road. Having cleared away the snow, the seconds called the combatants to the spot. The weather was bright, but there was a keen wind and a sharp frost. Wrapped in a bearskin shouba,† Poushkin was silent, and apparently as tranquil as while on the journey, only he showed impatience to have the affair over. When Danzas asked him if he was contented with the place selected, he answered: "*Ça m'est fort égal, seulement, tâchez de faire tout cela plus vite!*" The seconds measured the paces, and got the pistols ready. Again Poushkin expressed his impatience, crying out, "*Eh bien! Est-ce fini?*" Everything was ready, the pistols were handed to the combatants, and, at a signal given by Danzas by waving his hat, they approached. Poushkin first stepped forward and began pointing his pistol; but D'Anthès fired first, and Poushkin, falling, cried out: "*Je crois que j'ai la cuisse fracassée!*" The seconds hurried to him, and as D'Anthès was about to do the same, Poushkin stopped him, saying, "*Attendez, je me sens assez de force, pour tirer mon coup.*" D'Anthès accordingly waited in his place, putting his right hand before his breast. As he fell, Poushkin's pistol dropped in the snow, and Danzas accordingly gave him another. Raising himself a little, and leaning on his left hand, Poushkin fired, and D'Anthès fell. In answer to his

* Petropavlovski, the burial-place of many of the Tzars, where political criminals are frequently confined.

† A cloak.

opponent's question where he was wounded, he answered, "*Je crois que j'ai la balle dans la poitrine!*" "Bravo!" cried Poushkin, and threw the pistol aside. But D'Anthès was mistaken; he stood sideways, and the bullet having only grazed his breast, fell into his hand. Poushkin was wounded on the right side of the stomach; the ball broke the upper part of the leg, penetrated far into the stomach, and rested there. Danzas and D'Archiac now called the izvostchiks, or carriage-drivers, and with their help cleared away the shrubs so as to admit the passage of the sledge to the place where Poushkin lay wounded. With their united strength they laid him in the sledge. Danzas ordered the driver to go slowly, and himself followed on foot, together with D'Archiac. D'Anthès being wounded, came in his sledge after them. At the commandant's villa they found a carriage sent by Baron Heckeren, the father. D'Anthès and D'Archiac offered Danzas to take the wounded poet in it, an offer which was accepted. Without mentioning to whom the carriage belonged, Danzas placed Poushkin in it, and took his place by his side. The poet showed considerable fortitude; but, feeling great pain, began to apprehend that his injury was a serious one, and made allusion to a friend who had been killed in a duel by a similar wound. Poushkin was very anxious that the affair should be concealed as much as possible from his wife.

Exceedingly sad is the letter of Zhukovski describing the poet's last hours of agony. It has been already translated into English. The efforts of eight physicians and surgeons could not save the life of Poushkin; he died in terrible torture on the afternoon of Friday, January 29, after two days' suffering. The prophecy uttered to him in his youth by the German fortune-teller had turned out true. He was slain by a "white" man: D'Anthès was of a fair complexion, and wore the white uniform of an officer of the Russian Horse Guards. He was tried by court-martial and expelled the country, being escorted by an official to the frontier.

Two portraits of Poushkin, taken as he lay dead, have been preserved. The face is calm, showing, in the words of our English poet—

"Long disquiet merged in rest."

His body was buried in the monastery of the Ascension (Ouspenski), near his residence at Mikhailovskoe, in the Government of Pskov. In the previous year he had buried his mother there, and had marked out a grave for himself, as we have previously mentioned. The poet seemed latterly to have had many prognostics of his approaching end, as some melancholy verses which he wrote at the time show.

A marble monument with a sculptured lyre was erected over his grave; but, according to late accounts, this memorial is now

in a somewhat dilapidated condition. In the year 1880 a statue of Poushkin was erected at the Tver barrier at Moscow, and fêtes were given in honour of the poet, on which occasion many interesting relics of Poushkin were exhibited to his admiring countrymen* and a few foreigners who had congregated for the festivities.

Poushkin remains as yet the greatest poet whom Russia has produced. The most celebrated names before him are those of Lomonosov and Derzhávin; the former was too much a composer of scholastic verses; and the latter, in spite of great merits, too much wedded to the pedantries of the classical school. Since Poushkin's death Lermontov and Nekrasov have appeared, both writers of distinctive genius, but they have not been able to tear the crown from his brows. But how does the poet appear when judged from the standpoint of other European literatures? He need not be afraid of the comparison.

His poetical tales are spirited, and full of dramatic power. The influence of Byron is seen in them, undoubtedly; but they are not imitations, still less is anything plagiarized in them. We must remember that the English poet has created a school throughout Europe, not only in Russia, but Mickiewicz and Malczewski, among the Poles, De Musset and Victor Hugo, among the French, Leopardi, among the Italians, have all undergone his influence. In dramatic power Poushkin has excelled Byron, who has not written so good a play as "Boris Godunov." From the great English poet we get little more than continued soliloquies. On the whole, "Eugène Oniéguin" must be considered Poushkin's masterpiece. Here we have a great variety of styles—satire, pathos and humour—mixed together. The character-painting is good, and the descriptions of scenery introduced faithful to nature. The poem in many places reminds one of Byron, who himself, in his mixture of the pathetic and the humorous, was a follower of the Italian school. Poushkin wrote a great many lyrical pieces. These are necessarily difficult to translate. There is a sort of nemesis in attempting a poetical version of these gems. We are afraid of such results as those of Mr. Edgar Bowring in his translations of some of the lyrics of Goethe. If we remember rightly, he begins one piece as follows:—

> "To be a fish,
> Brisk and quick, is my wish."

Nor do we think Sir Theodore Martin much more happy in some of his renderings of Heine. What has become of the weird Circean music of the glorious lyrist! "Is it possible," the reader, acquainted only with English, exclaims, "that these are the verses

* Some of the most interesting of these were photographed, and have since been published in a handsome album.

of the much be-praised Heine!" To which we answer, "Reader, indeed we have Samson here, but it is Samson shorn and imprisoned." To use the clever phrase of Gerard de Nerval, "C'est du clair de lune empaillé." We will give one little piece in a prose version, which seems to defy any metrical attempts:—

> "Where is our rose,
> My friends?
> The rose hath withered,
> The child of the dawn.
> Do not say:
> So vanishes youth.
> Do not say:
> Lo! thus is the joy of life.
> Say to the flower:
> Farewell, I pity thee!—
> And now lead us
> To the lily!"

The original embodies this epicurean sentiment in an exquisitely melodious rhythm. As a specimen of Poushkin's success in the sonnet, we append the two following versions, where a metrical translation has been attempted:—

> "Yield thee not, poet, to the popular cry:
> Full soon doth perish the world's noisy praise;
> The fool's contempt, the cold crowd's sneer, thine eye
> Doth surely mark. Be thou then firm, and gaze
> Unmoved. Thou'rt king. In thy calm royalty
> Go freely 'mid thy solitary ways;
> Whose genius shall bear fruit in future days,
> And ask not meed for actions great and high.
> In *thee* is thy reward. Thou art the spirit
> Of Judgment's self—best critic of true merit.
> Doth this content thy soul, O craftsman holy?
> Then let the mob come on, thy genius spurning,
> Spit on the altars where thy fire is burning,
> And shake thy tripod in their childish folly."

"MADONNA.

> "With many pictures of old masters, ne'er
> Have I aspired to deck my habitation,
> That visitors should gaze with admiration,
> And give their comment grave, like critics, there.
> In my still cell, my dreary toils to share,
> One picture have I wished for consolation:
> That He, the Blessed, who wrought for us salvation,
> Should, with His Virgin Mother on my prayer,
> Gaze amid clouds—her eyes with glory bright,
> And *His* with thought, in rays of holy light.
> Alone! and only Sion's palm be near.

> Heaven hath fulfilled my wishes and my vow,
> Thou, my Madonna, thou art given me here,
> The purest shape of purest beauty, thou."

Interspersed among Poushkin's minor works will be found many epigrams, all more or less pungent, but some of the best have not been so fortunate as to pass the censorship, and must be read in the supplementary volume published at Berlin, already alluded to. As a prose writer, also, Poushkin has considerable merits. Besides his "History of the Revolt of Pougachev," which, perhaps, in some respects is too much of a compilation, he published a small volume of tales, under the *nom de guerre* of "Ivan Bielkin." These all show considerable dramatic power; the best are "The Captain's Daughter," a tale of the times of Catherine II., "The Undertaker," a very ghostly story, which will remind the English reader of some of the tales of Edgar Poe, "The Pistol Shot" and "The Queen of Spades." A translation of some of these into English appeared a few years ago. So little is the name of Poushkin known in England that we remember one or two of the Reviews spoke of them as the production of a living author.

Of the letters of Poushkin, which originally were to be found scattered over many magazines and literary journals, a fairly complete collection has been published in the new edition of Poushkin's works, which has just appeared at Moscow in eight volumes, edited by M. Yefrimov, to whom we are also indebted for a valuable work of the same kind on Zhukovski. In the hope that the Russian poet may become better known to English readers, we have put together these few pages illustrative of his life and works.

Art. VI.—The Carlyle-Emersno Correspondence.

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1834–1872. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

THESE volumes have been published with the full consent of their writers, a fact worth noting when private records are so often given to the world without any such authority. We are not of those who hold that the advancement of culture or the discovery of truth justifies a disregard of those principles of honour which give a sacred privacy to written letters, or that the fact that

a man is dead entitles the world to pry into his affairs. Accordingly, that Carlyle and Emerson knew their correspondence would be published, and, indeed, did something to forward the design, is a source of proper satisfaction. The value of such a work is great. Letters meant only for the eyes of a friend give insight into the life and character of the writer, which could scarcely be had elsewhere. It is good to contemplate the private life of a good man; thereby his public actions are confirmed and justified. From the early strivings, the hopes, the disappointments, and the ultimate victory, how much may be learned! How interesting to see the beginnings in life and in thought of ideas which afterwards ripened into written or spoken words! The present work is a beautiful supplement and key to the lives and writings of its authors; a book not to be skimmed, but read and read again —entitled to a place of honour upon the shelves, but not to be left there. The most devoted follower of Emerson's precepts may easily be forgiven, if, in this instance, he disobey his master's injunction: "Never read any book that is not a year old."

Professor Norton deserves well of all readers for the excellent manner in which he has performed his duties as editor. He is admirably unobtrusive, yet always at hand when wanted. His brief preface brings us nicely to the point where the correspondence begins, and useful notes throughout the volumes explain allusions in the letters which would otherwise be obscure.

Equally good is the judgment displayed in choosing the portraits. They are not, in all respects, the most pleasing likenesses, but they are representative, and, taken one with the other, are nothing less than revelations, marking, as they do, the characteristic differences of the men. Here are the tokens of Carlyle's indomitable will, and the sunken eyes pathetically indicate his "thorn in the flesh"—dyspepsia, and there is Emerson, gracious and cheerful. To Carlyle life was a sorrowful necessity demanding heroic endurance, and to Emerson it was a blessed privilege calling forth love. Perhaps Carlyle, as here presented, is even too despairing, for he also could laugh, and the lines in the other portrait certainly fail to indicate the great force of Emerson's will.

These two men, coming face to face only on the three occasions of Emerson's visits to England—spending, in all, very few days out of their long lives together, were drawn to one another by sympathy stronger than ties of blood or country or association. Their friendship did not need even frequent interchange of letters to maintain it. Alas! like many of their lesser fellow-mortals, they were sadly remiss in answering one another. Intervals of months appear to have been not infrequent; sometimes the delay extended beyond a year. Nearly every letter begins with

some apology for lateness. Yet there was never any weakening of regard on either side.

Carlyle has been foolishly decried of late, and in respect to him the present publication is especially timely, showing, as it does, what he could be in his best, and, indeed, most natural moods. His nature opened under the genial influence of Emerson, and whatever was good in him came forth. It is curious to note how gently he treats all opinions which Emerson seems to approve, and all persons whom Emerson introduces. Not that he agrees with or likes them all. Slavery, for example, as every reader knows, was a crotchet of his, but he would not say anything very stern about the abolitionists after Emerson had declared for them. Alcott came to England with a note of recommendation from Emerson; and although Alcott was a man not in the least after Carlyle's heart, he is saved from the wrath and scorn which, had he not been so protected, would surely have overtaken him:—

"The good Alcott: with his long lean face and figure, with his grey worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving" (vol. ii. page 8).

"He is a man who has got into the highest intellectual region—if that be the highest (though in that, too, there are many stages), wherein a man can believe and discern for himself, without need for help from any other, and even in opposition to all others; but I consider him entirely unlikely to accomplish anything considerable, except some kind of crabbed, semi-perverse, though still manful existence of his own, which, indeed, is no despicable thing" (vol. ii. page 17).

Yet concerning visionary reformers in general, Carlyle launches out in quite his old style:—

"*Ach Gott!* These people and their affairs seem all 'melting' rapidly enough, with thaw-slush, or one knows not what. Considerable madness is visible in them. *Stare super antiquas vias:* 'No,' they say, 'we cannot stand, or walk, or do any good whatever there; by God's blessing, we will fly—will not you!—here goes!' And their *flight*, it is as the flight of the *un*winged - of oxen endeavouring to fly with the 'wings' of an ox!" (vol. ii. page 49.)

The keen displeasure Carlyle always felt for whatever work he had on hand is very noticeable in reading these letters. He suffered terribly in bringing forth his books. Emerson seems to have found a certain enjoyment in his work—Carlyle none. He must do the thing, and was scarcely less than a martyr to the task. The best he has to say of any book of his is

that "Sartor Resartus" "*was* earnestly meant and written, and contains no *voluntary* falsehood of mine" (vol. i. page 22). Yet in the same letter he adds, "thank God, I am done with it." While the "French Revolution" was on hand, he wrote that it was to him "the dreadfullest labour (with these nerves, this liver) I ever undertook" (vol. i. page 42); and when it was finished, he added, "I do say seriously that it is a wild, savage, ruleless, very bad book" (page 104). "I wrote the last word of it one night in early January, when the clock was striking ten, and our frugal Scotch supper coming in! I did not cry—I did not pray; but could have done both. No such spell shall get itself fixed on me for some time to come! A beggarly distortion, that will please no mortal, not even myself" (vol. i. page 114). "Cromwell" pleased him scarcely better—"The disgust of my soul has been great; a really *pious* labour; worth very little when I have done it" (vol. ii. page 95); and "Frederick the Great" is dismissed as "that beggarly book" (vol. ii. page 301).

Ill-health is, of course, a not infrequent topic. Life was not a thing of joy to the lonely and despairing spirit of Carlyle. He felt the pains of it acutely, and for the pleasures had little heart. Perhaps he was not really so miserable as he seemed, for talking about his misery must have been some relief, and a man of his temperament was not likely to understate his sorrows.

To this sad man came Emerson with his gospel of sunshine—first of all personally, afterwards for thirty-eight years in letters. Carlyle said of that early visit to Craigenputtock: "Long shall we remember that autumn Sunday that landed him (out of infinite space) on the Craigenputtock wilderness, not to leave us as he found us" (vol. i. page 75). And Mrs. Carlyle, in 1838, in a postscript to one of her husband's letters to Emerson, wrote: "'Forgotten you?' Oh, no indeed! If there were nothing else to remember you by, I should never forget the visitor who, years ago in the desert, descended on us out of the clouds, as it were, and made one day there look like an enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only *one* day?" (Vol. i. page 192.) For Emerson all things took shape in tranquil beauty. He, too, it is known, was not physically strong, and death carried away many who were near and dear to him. Yet he bore his sorrows valiantly and silently, and had only sweet words for his friends:—"What had I, dear wise man, to tell you?" he wrote to Carlyle, "what, but that life is still tolerable; still absurdly sweet; still promising, promising, to credulous idleness (vol. ii. page 217). Indeed, it was a matter of principle with him not to speak of misery—

"There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational, mortals—namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans."

And again: "Here come the sentimentalists and the invalids. Here is Elsie who caught cold coming into the world, and has always increased it since." (Essay on "Behaviour.") In his serene journey through life Emerson faced the world with more than heroism—with love.

Emerson understood his friend well, his shortcomings as well as his strength: "I know there is no gentle dulness in your temperament," he said, "I fear Nature has not inlaid fat earth enough into your texture to keep the ethereal blade from whetting it through" (vol. i. page 97). He offered encouragement:—

"Faith and love are apt to be spasmodic in the best minds. Men live on the brink of mysteries and harmonies, into which yet they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch they die outside. Always excepting my wonderful Professor, who, among the living, has thrown any memorable truths into circulation? So live, and rejoice, and work, my friend, and God you aid, for the profit of many more than your mortal eyes shall see. Especially seek with recruited and never-tired vision to bring back yet higher and truer report from your Mount of Communion of the Spirit that dwells there and creates all" (vol. i. page 51).

Was it strange that Carlyle and his wife loved this man who carried cheer into their otherwise too often cheerless home, or that in his relations to him, at least, Carlyle was toned into unwonted tenderness? The old Carlyle is still with us, as witness the following: "It is silent Sunday; the populace not yet admitted to their beershops, till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries—a much more audacious feat than beer!" (Vol. ii. page 74). But the old Carlyle is more often in a tender and even hopeful mood than was his wont:—"We have wet wind at north-east, and a sky somewhat of the dreariest. Courage! a *little* way above it reigns mere blue and sunshine eternally!" His pet hobby of ill-health is even questioned:—"It is a dreadful thing, sickness; really a thing which I begin to think *criminal*—at least in myself. Nay, in myself it really is criminal; wherefore, I determine to be *well*, one day" (vol i. page 109). Alas! that he never was quite well.

How tender Carlyle could be is well shown in his letter to Emerson on the occasion of the death of the latter's brother—Charles:—

"What a bereavement, my friend, is this that has overtaken you! Such a brother with such a life opening around him like a blooming garden where he was to labour and gather, all vanished suddenly, like frostwork, and hidden from your eye! It is a loss, a sore loss, which God has appointed you. I do not tell you not to mourn: I mourn with you, and could wish all mourners the spirit you have in this sorrow. Oh, I know it well! Often enough in this noisy inanity of a vision where *we* still linger, I say to myself, Perhaps thy Buried Ones are not far from thee, are with thee; they are in Eternity, which is a Now and HERE! And yet Nature will have her right. Memory would feel desecrated if she could forget. Many times in the crowded din of the living, some sight, some feature of a face, will recall to you the loved face; and in these turmoiling streets you see the little silent churchyard, the green grave that lies there so silent, inexpressibly *wae*. O, perhaps we *shall* all meet YONDER, and the tears be wiped from all eyes! One thing is no perhaps: surely we *shall* all meet, *if* it be the will of the Maker of us. If it be not His will— then is it not better so? Silence,—since in these days we have no speech! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, in any day" (vol i. page 102).

Perhaps even more perfect of its kind is the letter Carlyle wrote to Emerson, announcing the death of John Sterling. Note how in this best moment Carlyle's very style is softened, its accustomed brusqueness unfitting the occasion. The date is 1844:—

"John Sterling died at his house in Ventnor on the night of Wednesday, 18th September, about eleven o'clock; unexpectedly at last, and to appearance without pain. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Maurice, had gone down to him from this place about a week before; other friends were waiting as it were, in view of him; but he wished, generally, to be alone, to continue to the last setting his house and his heart more and more in order for the great journey. For about a fortnight back he had ceased to have himself formally dressed; had sat only in his dressing-gown, but I believe was still daily wheeled into his library, and sat very calmly sorting and working there. He sent me two notes and various messages, and gifts of little keepsakes to my wife and myself: the notes were brief, stern and loving; altogether noble; never to be forgotten in this world. His brother Anthony, who had been in the Isle of Wight within call for several weeks, had now come up to town again; but, after about a week, decided that he would run down and look. He arrived on the Wednesday night, about nine o'clock; found no visible change; the brave patient calm as ever, ready to speak as ever—to say, in direct words, which he would often do, or indirectly as his whole speech and conduct did, 'God is Great.' Anthony and he talked for a while, then took leave for the night; in few mi. utes more Anthony was summoned to the bedside, and at eleven o'clock, as I said, the curtain dropt and it was all ended. . . . . Our friend i- buried in Ventnor Churchyard; four big elms over-

shadow the little spot; it is situated on the south-east side of that green island on the slope of steep hills (as I understand it) that look toward the sun, and are close within sight and hearing of the sea. There shall he rest and have fit lullaby, this brave one. He has died, as a man should; like an old Roman, yet with the Christian Bibles and all newest revelations present to him. He refused to see friends; men whom I think he loved as well as any,—me for one, when I obliquely proposed it, he refused. He was even a little stern on his nearest relatives when they came to him: do I need your help to die? Phocion-like he seemed to feel degraded by physical decay; to feel that he ought to wrap his mantle round him and say, 'I come Persephoneia; it is not I that linger'" (vol. ii. pp. 70–72).

With great discernment it has been remarked:—

"What a blessing to Carlyle the reverential penetration and the loving comprehensions of Emerson's genius must have been. It seems easy of belief that the lonesome and defiant Carlyle, without the practical homage of Emerson, might have enraged himself into silence and despair. The more I learn of these two men, the more I revere them. The pervading quality of their ambition and their prayers was sincerity—sincerity at all cost, and with utmost intelligence. Emerson could add, positively, the other excellence of sweet human charity, particular and universal."

So late as 1854, when Carlyle's fame was assured, he wrote to Emerson: "It remains true, and will remain, what I have often told you, that properly there is no voice in this world which is completely human to me, which fully understands all I say, and with clear sympathy and sense answers to me, but your voice only" (vol. ii. page 236).

That Carlyle in his turn had an arousing influence on Emerson, who can doubt? Their friendship was not one-sided: both were givers and both receivers. In 1837 Emerson noted in his diary: "Received day before yesterday a letter from Thomas Carlyle, dated 5 November—as ever a cordial influence. Strong he is, upright, noble and sweet, and makes good much of our human nature!" (Vol. i. page 109). In the same year he wrote to Carlyle:—"Very good work you have done in your life-time, and very generously you adorn and cheer this pilgrimage of mine by your love. I find my highest prayer granted in calling a just and wise man my friend" (page 132). He seems to have hoped, and even for some time believed, that Carlyle fulfilled the conditions of a friend which, in his essay on "Friendship," he so severely demands. In November, 1834, he speaks of "the hope to which I have clung with both hands, through each disappointment, that I might converse with a man whose ear of faith was not stopped, and whose argument I could not predict. May I

use the word, 'I thank my God whenever I call you to remembrance'" (vol. i. page 28).

Up and down the book Carlyle gives expression to his opinions on his contemporaries. He found Theodore Parker "a most hardy, compact, clever little fellow, full of decisive utterance, "with humour and good humour; whom I like much" (vol. ii. p. 44). His description of Tennyson will probably surprise a few dainty admirers of the Laureate:—

"Alfred is one of the few British or foreign figures (a not increasing number, I think!) who are and remain beautiful to me;—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! . . . . One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. . . . . I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe." (vol. ii. pp. 66–67).

Carlyle thought Browning "abstruse but worth knowing;" and in his very last letter he speaks of Froude as "a most clear, friendly, ingenious, solid and excellent man. . . . . He is the valuablest friend I now have in England;" and of Ruskin thus:—

"Do you read Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera,' which he cheerily tells me gets itself reprinted in America? If you don't, *do*, I advise you. Also his 'Munera Pulveris' Oxford 'Lectures' on art, and whatever else he is now writing, if you can manage to get them. . . . . There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have" (vol. ii. pp. 352–353).

The editor concludes the volume with this touching note:—

"In November, 1872, Emerson went to England, and the two friends met again. After a short stay, he proceeded to the Continent and Egypt, returning to London in the spring of 1873. For the last time Carlyle and he saw each other. In May Emerson returned home. After this time no letters passed between him and Carlyle. They were both old men. Writing had become difficult to them. They were secure in each other's affection."

In the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April, 1881, the life and writings of Carlyle were passed under review. We avail of the present opportunity to treat of Emerson's career, teaching and influence. We shall endeavour first of all to give some idea of the man himself, and then, in the light of his personality, to outline his teaching and its tendency.

The genius of Mr. Emerson, and the beauty of his life, had been recognized before he died, not only by his countrymen, but by the best minds in Europe as well. Yet at the outset of his career, any such eminence must have seemed quite unattainable. He was only an obscure Unitarian minister, of good family, indeed, but with no special claim on fortune. He never sought distinction ; his path was chosen without reference to pay or applause. There never was a man less self-seeking, less personally ambitious than he. His ideas seemed to most persons mystical, and he was often out of accord with the usages of the times. Yet slowly and steadily he won his place and came to be known as a true-souled, strong and wise man, worthy of trust and able to instruct.

His life was symmetrical. His earliest utterance and behaviour harmonize with his latest. The fine, yet hitherto neglected, essay which he wrote on Michael Angelo, begins with the remark that "there are few lives of eminent men that are harmonious ; few that furnish in all the facts an image corresponding with their fame." He himself was one of these rare men. In him "all things recorded agree together. He lived one life, pursued one career. . . . . Especially we venerate his moral fame." He was a living example of what he taught, representing the possible greatness and purity of mankind. The incidents of his career are interesting, but his best biography is a statement of the character which his actions illustrate and his writings express.

From his earliest days he seems to have been studious. Whilst "driving his mother's cow to pasture" we find him also making himself familiar with Latin and Greek. Greek was his favourite study, and in mathematics he did not excel. The traditions of the family were toward scholarship. His mother was a woman of superior mind and manners, and eight generations of ministers had gone before. Culture was in the blood. His learning came without much effectual aid from the schoolmaster. It was his opinion in later life that "he received in college very little instruction or criticism from the professors that was of value to him except from Edward Everett."

Emerson was steadfast, a man of courage and self-reliant. He preceded even Dr. Channing six years in publicly recognizing the unpopular cause of the slave. His was the first Boston church to open its doors to abolitionist lecturers. When John Brown was arrested for his attack at Harper's Ferry, and the very abolitionists themselves were considering whether it would be timely or expedient to agitate in his behalf, Emerson, with Thoreau and Phillips, called and addressed meetings to try and direct public opinion in favour of the hero. "Look at that new saint," he said, "than whom none purer or more brave was ever

led by love of man into conflict and death—a new saint, waiting yet his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." When Daniel Webster truckled to the slavery party in respect to the Fugitive Slave Law, Emerson, amid a clamorous crowd who looked upon Webster as a hero, protested, and denounced the man. After referring to Webster's fine intellect, he said, "Coming now to his moral faculties, he had, so to speak, a hole in his head," and he "pictured the car of slavery with all its attendant abominations, and Webster as a leading horse straining to drag on this car." "Every drop of his blood," he added, "has eyes that look downward. He knows the heroes of 1776, but cannot see those of 1851 when he meets them on the street." When Harriet Martineau had brought odium upon herself by her severe condemnation of the "peculiar institution," Emerson made her his guest.

All this was not the behaviour of a zealot, carried beyond himself by the enthusiasm of the hour, but of the calm scholar, who felt his natural place was among his books, and who was moved to leave his study solely by the sordid condition of the politics of the time, when, in the words of his ode to W. H. Channing—

> "Virtue palters, right is hence,
> Freedom praised, but hid."

He was too many-sided to be a party man, and though cooperating in various movements, he joined no organizations. He spoke for emancipation because he loved justice, not because he hated the planters, and his efforts were always directed toward the triumph of principles irrespective of party successes. Francis Abbot has well said:—

> "He has never been content to have but one virtue or one sympathy. He has always loved the oppressed of every colour and nationality, but he has never hated the oppressor. He has always had justice for the wronged, but he has never meant injustice to the wronger. He saw that those who would renovate, *they* needed renovation as much as anybody. He saw that those who sought to widen the bounds of liberty—they, too, were enslaved to their own prejudices and fears, no less than others. He refused to be committed in favour of any one class against the whole. Slave and slaveholder, labourer and capitalist, poor and rich, weak and strong, he saw that no one was without sin, no one without virtue; the word which he might say should be a word to quicken, lift, emancipate *all*. . . . Not a *re*former, but a former; not a *re*generator, but a generator; not a saviour, but an inspirer."

When the cause of justice called, he could be strong and even

fierce in speech. In 1838 he entered a protest against the treachery of the American Government towards the Cherokee Indians :—

"A crime is projected that confounds our understandings by its magnitude; a crime that really deprives us as well as the Cherokees of a country; for how could we call the conspiracy that should crush these poor Indians our government, or the land that was cursed by their parting and dying imprecations our country any more?"

Although his strict loyalty to his own sense of right more than once brought him into collision with popular opinion, and the good old-fashioned epithets "atheist," "infidel," "madman" were newly trotted out against him, yet he did not at any time pose as a martyr or even as a hero, but with simple dignity pursued the even tenour of his way. While the Boston congregation were discussing his proffered resignation, and determining whether he should go or stay, he sat at home in quiet conversation with a fellow-minister. At parting he remarked : "This is probably the last time we shall meet as brethren of the same calling," and briefly explained the position. In the greater storm which assailed him after the Divinity Class Address, he was not aroused to make the slightest angry retort. To his former colleague, the noble-hearted Henry Ware, jun., he wrote :—

"I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done, glad when you speak my thought, and skipping the page that has nothing for me. I shall go on just as before, seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see and I suppose with the same fortune that has hitherto attended me—the joy of finding that my abler and better brothers who work with the sympathy of society, loving and beloved, do now and then unexpectedly confirm my perceptions, and find my nonsense is only their own thought in motley."

Convers Francis visited him at this time and wrote :—

"He is perfectly calm amid the storm. To my objections and remarks he gave the most cordial replies, though we could not agree on some points. The more I see of this beautiful spirit, the more I revere and love him. Such a calm, steady, simple soul, always looking for truth and living in wisdom and in love for man and goodness, I have never met. . . . . He is a true, godful man."

Emerson was a devout believer in God; not, indeed, in some familiar anthopomorphic deity, nor, on the other hand, in such a nonentity as the "unknown and unknowable" of our modern Agnostics; but his faith was clear and had a distinct bearing on his character and conduct. He taught "self-reliance and God-reliance," said James Freeman Clarke. He boldly asserted himself as against the world, but escaped egotism by the constant reference he made for guidance to the power within

and behind. The integrity of his own soul was maintained by steady waiting upon the "over-soul." "From within or from behind a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all." The outcome was a modest self-reliance which excluded bigotry and self-righteousness.

Emerson's catholic nature touched the chords of very various sympathies. The Methodist, Father Taylor, and the sceptic, Harriet Martineau, held him in equal esteem. His friends were of every complexion—gentle as William Henry Channing, stern as Carlyle, visionary as Alcott, anti-social as Thoreau, practically benevolent and heroic as Parker—and a man may be known by his friends. He was swift to discern points of sympathy, and outlying differences gave him no concern. The list of his favourite authors and public characters is equally significant. He rejoiced in Montaigne and Shakespeare, in Aristotle as well as Plato, in the sternest economic and natural science, as well as in poetry, and, while the beauty of the life of Jesus touched him with reverence, he was not blind to the strong points in Napoleon Bonaparte.

Speaking of the churches, he said, "I agree more than I disagree. I agree with their heart and motive; my disagreement is with their limitations and surface and language." His was too broad a mind, he was too entire a believer to be bound down by forms. The Unitarians first of all cast him out and afterwards tried to claim him; even orthodoxy, in later years, insisted that he had adopted her standard. But he was more and fuller than either.

> "Whether this Emerson be a 'Pantheist,' or what kind of Theist or *Ist* he may be, can perhaps as well remain undecided. If he prove a devout-minded veritable original man, this for the present will suffice. *Ists* and *Isms* are rather growing a weariness. Such a man does not readily range himself under *Isms*."*

A man who cannot be readily labelled with any existing *Ist* or *Ism*, is not likely to make his way easily with the crowd. It is usual to require of every one a declaration of his opinions. What creed does he profess? To what sect or party is he attached—Romanist or Protestant, Liberal or Conservative? Attachment to none marks him out for suspicion. He cannot with impunity maintain through life the attitude of the learner, with mind wide open to inspiration, so impressed with the immensity of truth that he is never satisfied to embody his conclusions in articles of faith or political programmes. If, as new knowledge comes to him, he does not maintain at least an outward consis-

* Carlyle's Preface to the English edition of Emerson's "Essays" (1841).

tency of opinion, he lays himself open to a charge of vacillation and is dubbed a turncoat. Yet what Carlyle calls a "veritable" man, if he be also an inquiring and progressing man, cannot compel himself to any such consistency. Under the light of the present hour, such and such appears true and good, but later the view may be different. Why then should an old opinion shackle the mind and prevent a ready acceptance of the latest revelation? Inconsistent? Yes! Inconsistent in opinion and doctrine, but consistent beyond others in devotion to truth, and in steadily searching for and welcoming it.

"A foolish consistency," writes Mr. Emerson, "is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. 'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood?' Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."*

Again, in the essay on "Circles," he writes:—

"I am not careful to justify myself. . . . . Lest I should mislead any when I have my own head and obey my whims, let me remind the reader that I am only an experimenter. Do not set the least value on what I do, as if I pretended to settle anything as true or false. I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred, none are profane. I simply experiment, an endless seeker, with no past at my back."

Nevertheless this noteworthy fact about Emerson presents itself, that, by always following his highest idea of right, he achieved a rare consistency of life and thought. From the essay on "Nature" to his last public utterance, not very many months before he died, his teachings are in perfect harmony. Yet he had not stagnated. He was abreast of the times in 1836, and he was abreast of the times in 1882. All truths newly revealed by science he warmly welcomed as they came. The doctrines of evolution, so terrifying to some, went to confirm the spiritual structure which it had been his life's work to build—nay, before

* Mr. Emerson's early statement was more emphatically worded. In the first edition of the Essay on "Self-Reliance," a part of this paragraph ran thus, after the word "wall." "Out upon your guarded lips! sew them up with packthread, do! Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaimed the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! it is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood?" &c.

Darwin had marshalled his facts, Emerson, as a poet, perceived the law of evolution to be a necessary truth. It was in 1844 that he wrote: "It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul, yet all must come as surely as the first atom has two sides." He adopted the revelations of science, not simply as facts, but as food for ideas. "All the facts of the animal economy," he said, when speaking of the poet, "sex, nutriment, gestation, birth, growth—are symbols of the passage of the world into the soul of man, to suffer there a change and reappear a new and higher fact. He uses forms according to the life and not according to the form. This is true science. The poet alone knows astronomy, chemistry, vegetation, and animation, for he does not stop at these facts, but employs them as signs. He knows why the plain or meadow of space was strown with these flowers we call suns, and moons, and stars; why the great deep is adorned with animals, with men, and gods; for in every word he speaks he rides on them as the horses of thought." Emerson did not fear that truth of any hue could fail to strengthen the sure foundations of his faith. Professor Tyndall spoke of him as "a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present, or prospective; one by whom scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of the ideal world."

Emerson was, indeed, a natural believer. Not at any part of his career could he have been regarded as other than deeply religious. But he increasingly found his religion in the heart and not in institutions. It is remarkable how rarely, in the case of men of genius, the idle question, "To what Church does he belong?" can be answered. It is not that these men lack religion, but Little Bethel is too small to hold it—"the Church is not large enough for the man."

"I am not so foolish as to declaim against forms," said Mr. Emerson, in his farewell sermon at Boston. "Forms are as essential as bodies; but to exalt particular forms, to adhere to one form a moment it is outgrown, is unreasonable, and it is alien to the spirit of Christ. . . . . Not forms but duties, not names but righteousness and love are enjoined." It was the ordinance of the "Lord's Supper" that troubled him then. A few years afterwards the New Bedford congregation urged him to settle there, but he refused unless he could have liberty to offer prayer in the public services only when he felt so moved. Later, Mr. Cooke tells us,* he gave over church-going and even private

* "Ralph Waldo Emerson: his Life, Writings, and Philosophy." By George Willis Cooke. London: Sampson Low & Co.

prayer. The churches failed to serve him, not because he believed less, but because he believed more than they taught. Under the most imperfect symbols he discerned the spiritual realities. Was the inspiration of the Scriptures called in question? He proclaimed such inspiration to be not local or temporary, but general and continual. Others taught the doctrine of special, he of universal, providence. If he hesitated about the accepted theory of miracles, it was because of its exclusiveness. Our life is bathed in miracle: "The word miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain."

On what is termed the practical side, Mr. Emerson was in no wise deficient. "What right have I to write on prudence, whereof I have so little, and that of the negative sort?" he asked. "My prudence consists in avoiding and going without, not in the inventing of means and methods." Yet the fact is significant that, at his death, he left a little fortune of £25,000. This should commend him even to the shrewd man of the world who might otherwise regard him as a dreamer and mystic; and the lovers of Emerson will appreciate it, too, as a new proof of the every-sidedness of the man. In 1838 he wrote to Carlyle:—

"Besides my house I have, I believe, 22,000 dollars, whose income in ordinary years is 6 per cent. I have no other tithe or glebe except the income of my winter lectures, which was last winter 800 dollars. Well, with this income, here at home, I am a rich man. I stay at home and go abroad at my own instance. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. Go away from home, I am rich no longer. I never have a dollar to spend on a fancy. As no wise man, I suppose, ever was rich in the sense of *freedom to spend*, because of the inundation of claims, so neither am I who am not wise" (vol. i. page 160.)

The "Measures of economy" which he suggests in his essay on "Wealth" are, first, "That each man's expense must proceed from his character;" second, "Spend after your genius and by system. . . . . The secret of success lies never in the amount of money, but in the relation of income to outgo." He said: "Profligacy consists not in spending years of time, or chests of money, but in spending them off the line of your career. The crime which bankrupts men and States is—job-work; declining from your main design to serve a turn here or there. Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life: nothing is great or desirable if it is off from that." "In ordinary, as means increase, spending increases faster." His conclusion was that "the true thrift is always to spend on the higher plane; to invest and invest with keener avarice that he may spend in spiritual creation and not in augmenting animal existence," and

that "truth, frankness, courage, love, humility, and all the virtues, range themselves on the side of prudence or the art of securing a present well-being."

Emerson's theory of wealth and prudence, found embodiment in his behaviour. He reckoned thrift among the virtues. According to Pythagoras "wealth consists not in large possessions but in small wants." Spending for necessaries and never for whim is the essence of thrift. A feeble man depends for his enjoyment of life on the gratification of every idle fancy—and to idle fancies there is no limit. They grow with the gratification of them—breeding like maggots. Emerson was not avaricious, for he published "Sartor Resartus" in America, taking the risk and giving to Carlyle the profit, and his private benefactions were very considerable. "He is known at every house along the road he travels to and from home," said Harriet Martineau, "by the words he has dropped, and the deeds he has done." Abstemious and self-reliant, he kept the demands upon his purse within due limits, by living for other ends than the indulgence of whims. His little fortune was the fruit of the simplicity of his life.

Mr. Emerson's personal friends bear abundant testimony to that brightness of his customary humour which is so conspicuous on every page of his writings. He was not given to laughter; indeed, unlike Carlyle, he rather despised, at any rate the noisy sort; but he had a keen eye for the ludicrous, whether in relation to himself or to others. Gloom of every sort repelled him. His distaste for Shelley seems to have arisen from that poet's undercurrent of melancholy. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was unacceptable to him because of its "ghastliness." He was a preacher of health, even maintaining that ill-health had an instant connection with a low moral nature. He taught a philosophy of brightness in which he could find no place for evil. According to him, evil has no real existence, is relative only; it is "good in the making."

Mr. Emerson's domestic life appears to have been harmonious and beautiful. "Lovable he is," said Fredrika Bremer, "as one sees him in his home and amid his domestic relations." As lover and friend he was steadfast rather than enthusiastic. Two or three sets of verses survive, which were addressed by him to Miss Ellen Tucker, the lady who became his first wife. They are filled with deep but not ardent feeling; his affection was undoubted, but he did not lose his head. One of the sweetest of these poems, which has been omitted from the later editions of his works is this:—

"Thine eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea:

As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.

"This morn I climbed the misty hill,
And roamed the pastures through;
How danced thy form before my path
Amidst the deep-eyed dew.

"When the red-bird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame—
When the rosebud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name."

The first Mrs. Emerson died young, and some time later Mr. Emerson married Miss Lydian Jackson, who bore him two sons and two daughters, all of whom, excepting the the eldest son, survive. In his letters to Carlyle we find some tender references to the home life at Concord, in 1837 and 1838. In the former year he wrote: "The day before yesterday my little boy was a year old—no, the day before that—and I cannot tell you what delight and what study I find in this little bud of God, which I heartily desire you also should see" (vol. i. page 137). In the next year he added:—

"My wife Lydia is an incarnation of Christianity—I call her Asia—and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism; my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night: these and three domestic women, who cook and sew and run for us, make all my household" (vol. i. page 161).

Ten months later he wrote: "I have a new reason why I should not come to England—a blessed babe named Ellen, almost three weeks old, a little fair, soft lump of contented humanity, incessantly sleeping, and with an air of incurious security that says she has come to stay, has come to be loved—which has nothing mean, and quite piques me" (vol. i. page 222). From New York the next year he wrote: "I left my wife and boy and girl—the softest, gracefullest little maiden alive, creeping like a turtle with head erect, all about the house—well, at home a week ago. The boy has two deep wells for eyes, into which I gladly peer when I am tired. Ellen, they say, has no such depth of orb, but I believe I love her better than ever I did the boy" (vol. i. page 271.)

Ellen is the faithful daughter who tended her father all through his declining years. The "bud of God" and "piece of love and sunshine" with "two deep wells for eyes" was the boy Waldo, whose premature death in 1842, called forth Mr. Emerson's noble, pathetic "Threnody":—

"O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come.
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonoured thou hast left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted, broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born to the future, to the future lost!

"The deep heart answered, 'Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild,
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore
With aged eyes short way before,
Think'st beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost?
Taught he not thee, the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span,
The mystic gulf from God to man?
To be alone wilt thou begin
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?'"

Another great grief befel Mr. Emerson in the loss of his two favourite brothers, Edward and Charles, the former of whom died at Porto Rico in 1834, and the latter two years later. He celebrated their memory in the "Dirge," one of his best and most touching poems:—

"Their hands were pure and pure their faith,
There were no such hearts on earth."

Of Edward he said "he could not frame a word unfit, or an act unworthy to be done," and of Charles that "he never moved save in the curve of beauty." After their death, writes Mr. Cooke, "he took a much greater interest in public matters, feeling his duties were increased and that he must fill more perfectly his place as a citizen." In "May-day and other Pieces," a poem written by Edward, whilst sailing out of Boston harbour on his voyage to Porto Rico, is printed, and the *Dial* contains his "Leaf from a Voyage to Porto Rico," as well as some "Notes from the Journal of a Scholar," by Charles. The exquisite poem, "Not where long past ages sleep," usually attributed to Waldo himself, is said to have been written by one of these brothers.

The home-life is one of the most searching tests of the characters of men and women. To act worthily under the public gaze, or in solitude, is comparatively easy; but the close relations of

married life, where "company manners" are cast aside, and the secret parts of the mind come to be revealed, is a strain under which men and women often give way. How much we hear of unhappy marriages, and of the promises of youthful genius broken thereby! All that this means is that men and women seemed stronger than they were—that, so long as the path was smooth, they moved jauntily along, but were only fair-weather heroes, and could not surmount serious obstacles. Under the most favourable conditions this marriage test is severe, and we lay particular stress on the beauty of Emerson's domestic life, because it seems to us to indicate, more than his public action or his writing or his fame, how true and strong a man he was. The admirable essay on "Domestic Life" is a chapter drawn from his own experience, and touching a wide range of thought and feeling of which the founder of Christianity himself, with all his wealth of sympathy and his mental and spiritual grasp, knew nothing. There is not a word of his in the New Testament to indicate that he even faintly understood it.

The personality of a man whose character is marked by beauty, cannot fail to be impressive. Accordingly we learn, without surprise, that Emerson had a noble presence, was courteous in demeanour, and his countenance kindly and gentle—a tall, slight man, with features strongly outlined, and blue, smiling eyes.

"It is impossible," writes Mr. Whipple in his 'Recollections,' printed in *Harper's Magazine* for September, 1882, "for those who only knew Emerson through his writings, to understand the peculiar love and veneration felt for him by those who knew him personally. Only by intercourse with him could the singular force, sweetness, elevation, originality, and comprehensiveness of his nature be fully appreciated; and the friend or acquaintance, however he might differ from him in opinion, felt the peculiar fascination of his character."

Mr. Alexander Ireland, who came in contact with him so early as 1833, speaks of his "frank sincerity of speech," and adds, "I had never before met with any one of so fine and varied culture." "There was a graciousness and kind encouragement, too, in his manner, inexpressibly winning to one so much younger than himself. . . . . A refined and delicate courtesy, a kind of spiritual hospitality, so to speak, seemed to be a part of his very nature."* Mr. Moncure Conway described him many years ago as "tall, slender, of light complexion, his step elastic, his manner easy and simple." Hawthorne spoke of his coming "with a sunbeam in

---

* "Ralph Waldo Emerson—In Memoriam." By Alexander Ireland. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

his countenance;" and Curtis in his "Poets' Homes" has referred to the "smile that breaks over his face like day over the sky." Not very long before he died, a visitor who saw him at the Concord School of Philosophy wrote:—

"There was a look of serene and absolute peace on Emerson's gentle face, and the whole expression and attitude of the man, as he sat in his high-backed chair, intently listening with the utmost respect to every word that was said, suggested to me the kindred ideas of meekness and might. Time has dealt very tenderly with the face and form of the great thinker, and he stands to-day under the weight of fourscore years erect and active."

Walt Whitman saw him about the same time:—"There Emerson sat and I looking at him; a good colour in his face, eyes clear, with the well-known expression of sweetness, and the old peering aspect quite the same." A friend, in a private letter, records his death, "as a child might go to sleep, quietly sinking away and going off gently into sleep. The old calm peaceful look came back upon his face, and his serene, everlasting smile—and all the furrows and marks of care and pain were smoothed away, and the signs of age vanished."

Mr. Emerson's circle of friends was wide, and he inspired them with a great measure of personal devotion. "My inmost heart blesses the fate that gave me birth in the same clime and time," exclaimed Margaret Fuller, and Mrs. Lowell said to Fredrika Bremer, "if he merely mentions my name I feel myself ennobled." Very early in life we find traces of his magnetic power. One who was his schoolfellow recollects him at the age of ten as "a spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen," and adds that he was "so angelic and remarkable" that he felt towards him "more than a boy's emotion, as if a new spring of brotherly affection had suddenly broken loose in his heart." Fredrika Bremer, who knew him in 1850, and was at first repelled by his opinions, declared that "one may quarrel with Emerson's thought, with his judgment, but not with himself. . . . . He is a born nobleman." Carlyle said his coming to Craigenputtock was "like the visit of an angel." Crabb Robinson met him "with a feeling of predetermined dislike," but "in an instant all my dislike vanished. He has one of the most interesting countenances I ever beheld—a combination of intelligence and sweetness that quite disarmed me."

The same influence seems to have accompanied him in pulpit and on platform. Congdon, the journalist, records an early experience of his own:—"One day there came into our pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn, and made the first prayer as an angel might have

read and prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but it was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice." A note in Theodore Parker's diary, under date Sunday, July 15, 1838, shows how deeply he was stirred by the Divinity Class Address:--"Proceeded to Cambridge to hear the valedictory sermon of Mr. Emerson. . . . . So beautiful, so just, so true and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the Church in its present position. My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermons on the state of the Church and the duties of these times."

James Russell Lowell, who was one of his early hearers, has given an excellent account of "Emerson the Lecturer." He enthusiastically says that though "to be young is surely the best, if the most precarious gift of life, yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures." He never heard an orator who "moved and persuaded men as he":—

> "He brought us *life*, which is no bad thing. . . . . The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England. . . . . Who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where everyone still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, agleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos."

Persons who knew Emerson only through his books were similarly influenced, and felt toward him a like personal regard. "Give my love to Emerson, who has done more for me than any other on earth," said the man dying in Virginia, who had known him only thus. Tyndall wrote in his own copy of "Nature" "purchased by inspiration;" and in after years affirmed, "Whatever I have done, the world owes to him." It has been emphatically asserted by Lowell that "to him more than to all other causes together, did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." Thus far his influence may be traced; but beyond, in space and in time, though its identity be lost, it will continue to penetrate into the recesses of many minds, and to awaken conscience and will to high and fruitful endeavour. Men and books may not *make* humanity better or worse, but there resides in them a certain power of arousing the worse or better qualities of man's nature. Emerson was one of those who always aroused the better. As, according to the legend, Satan shrinks from the Cross, so in Emerson's presence meanness

shrivels, and the mind is aroused to high purpose and action, and constrained to a modest self-reliance, and to a consciousness of the nobility of its spiritual relationship and its destiny.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Emerson has left a large quantity of unpublished writing. Of his many lectures, which were always written, very few have been printed, and the "Essays" represent the subject-matter of only a limited number of others, leaving an immense residue unaccounted for. Add to this that, during the greater part of his life, Mr. Emerson busied himself daily with pen as well as with book, and it becomes evident that Mr. Eliot Cabot, his literary executor, must be in possession of a vast amount of unused material. Let us hope he will deal with it in a generous spirit. Mr. Emerson himself, during his lifetime, was very careful that nothing but his very best work should go forth. He told Carlyle that his "knowledge of the defects of these things I write is all but sufficient to hinder me from writing at all" (vol. ii. page 85). He was never in a hurry to publish. The paper on Carlyle, lately printed, was written more than thirty years ago, and many of his essays lay unpublished ten and twenty years. In 1873 he submitted to serious pecuniary loss for the sake of suppressing what he considered immature writings which a London publisher had collected from the *Dial.* But now a full reprint of the *Dial* is announced, and, in any case, posthumous publications stand on a footing of their own. It is well understood that they have not necessarily had the advantage of the master's final touch. In the present instance we want, not only such essays as remain, but the principal contents of the very notebooks also.

Mr. Emerson's works, as collected before his death, occupy less than 2,400 octavo pages of printed matter, against over 12,000 equivalent pages given to Carlyle. The latter's volumes, however, contain nearly everything he ever printed, perhaps nearly everything he ever wrote, while Emerson's omit much which appeared in magazines, or which formed introductions to the works of others, and Moncure Conway reports that he saw in his study "four considerable shelves completely occupied by his MSS.; of which there were enough, one might suppose, to have furnished a hundred volumes."

Mr. Lowell has given a vivid and interesting account of Emerson as a lecturer. His personality and presence do not fade from the memory of his hearers. But, if the impression made by the speaker is deep, the influence of the writer is more permanent. The good book grows in power; it is greater in its fiftieth year than in its first. Mr. Emerson had the happiness to know before he died something of time's verdict on his works.

He guided three generations, and left behind him young disciples as enthusiastic as ever the old disciples had been.

His first work was "Nature," published anonymously in 1836 —a thinly printed volume of ninety-five pages. He was thirty-three years of age when it appeared. Earlier than this, he is known to have printed two small pamphlets, one a sermon, preached at an ordination (1830), the other a "Historical Discourse," given at Concord, "On the Second Centennial Anniversary of Incorporation" (1835). The reception given to "Nature" was scarcely encouraging. The first edition of 500 copies took seven years* to get into circulation, and a second edition did not appear until 1849. Two lectures on "Milton" and "Michael Angelo" were delivered about this time, and printed as essays, without the author's name, in the *North American Review* for 1837 and 1838. Mr. John Chapman's charming volumes, "Characteristics of Men of Genius," issued in 1846, contained them both, and that on "Milton" made yet another appearance in 1879, in a volume of "Essays from the *North American Review*." The collected works do not include them.

The period of Mr. Emerson's greatest public literary activity commenced in 1840, when the *Dial*, "A Quarterly Magazine for Literature, Philosophy and Religion," first appeared. During its career of four years he was a frequent contributor of both verse and prose, and the last two volumes were produced under his sole editorship. In 1841 "Essays—First Series," were issued, followed in three years by the "Second Series." The work entitled "Representative Men," was published in 1850, "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller" in 1852, "English Traits" in 1856, and "The Conduct of Life" in 1860. The two more recent volumes, "Society and Solitude" (1870), and "Letters and Social Aims" (1876), consisted in part of essays contributed to the *Dial* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, for the rest, of papers which had long lain in manuscript. Oddly enough, the critics discovered in these works evidence of the failing powers of old age. During all this period, since 1840, other literary work, editing, lecturing, magazine writing, &c., also occupied Mr. Emerson's attention. Much of his work in the *Dial* has never been republished in any form, and has, consequently, long remained inaccessible. For the *Dial*, which when it was issued could scarcely be sold, could, afterwards, scarcely be bought. It is said that when Mr. Emerson last visited England he was commissioned by an American friend to pay for a certain single number, if only he could procure it, the goodly sum of $35.

The two series of "Essays" were promptly reproduced in

* This is Margaret Fuller's version; Mr. Cooke says twelve years.

England with prefaces by Carlyle, and in several unauthorized editions, and were very well received. Margaret Fuller, in reviewing the second volume, remarked, "In England it would seem there are a larger number of persons waiting for an invitation to calm thought and sincere intercourse than among ourselves. Copies of Mr. Emerson's first published little volume called 'Nature' have there been sold by thousands in a short time. . . . . Several of his orations and essays from the *Dial* have also been republished there and met with a reverent and earnest response." It is curious that while England seemed more prompt than America in recognizing the genius of Emerson, Carlyle's first welcome was from the New World. In 1836 Mr. Emerson and Dr. Le Baron Russell reprinted "Sartor Resartus" from the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, and a second edition was called for in the following year, while the first English edition did not appear until 1838. Mr. Emerson had the pleasure of sending the author £150 as profit on the venture. Carlyle's "Miscellanies," too, were first collected in America (1838) and published at $2·50 per copy, and part of the edition printed there of the second series was, in 1839, sent to England. To "Sartor Resartus" Mr. Emerson appended a very brief preface in which he said :—

> "We believe no book has been published for many years written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him."

After Mr. Emerson's visit to England in 1847, quite a large number of cheap editions of his works made their appearance here, and many of these have had ready sale up to the present time. The only approach to a "complete" edition, however, was in the two volumes in Bohn's series, and even these were not expanded to include the later works. During the current year Messrs. Routledge have issued the whole of the collected works in one neat, but necessarily closely packed, volume. In America there are several good but no ideal editions. Some separate works, such as "English Traits" and "Representative Men" are extant here, but, curiously enough, "The Conduct of Life," which was exceptionally well received at the time of its publication, is not now obtainable in separate or handy form. Tauchnitz, man of universal mind in respect to books, seems to have overlooked Emerson.

Mr. Emerson's literary work has been confined to essays and poetry, to the exclusion of everything in narrative or dramatic form. It is not expected that a play, a novel or even a history

will be discovered among his hidden stores. His vivid sketch of West Indian emancipation, given in an address in 1844, certainly suggests that he might have excelled as a writer of histories. He highly appreciated this class of Carlyle's works. Of "Frederick the Great" he remarked, "'Tis sovereignly written, above all literature." But he so disliked mere facts, as facts, and out of direct relation to ideas, that he would have found serious difficulties in preparing his records. Men "are very clumsy writers of history," he complained, "we tell the chronicle of parentage, birth, birthplace, schooling, schoolmates, earning of money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, death; and when we have come to an end of this gossip, no ray of relation appears between it and the goddess-born." Elsewhere he declared, "there is properly no history, only biography," and again he said, "the history of the world is nothing but a procession of clothed ideas." It is the adjustment of the clothing that he would have found irksome.

As a worker Mr. Emerson was exceedingly methodical and patient. A notebook was his constant companion, and in-doors and out, by day and by night, he jotted down ideas as they arose. These notes were transferred periodically to a larger book and there carefully indexed, and to this, when any special subject was being worked up, he made reference. His lectures were often written rapidly—sometimes in a single evening—but all work for the press was subjected to the most diligent revision. His essays were cast and recast with infinite care, until the satisfactory form was achieved. If genius be, as Mr. Carlyle says it is, a capacity for taking pains, then, indeed, there can be no doubt of the genius of Mr. Emerson. He gave himself up, not alone to high thoughts and noble emotions, but to the comparative drudgery of a literary life. His books bear a special relation to their author. The fruit of his life is in these volumes; they are a part of his very being.

Mr. Emerson has been charged, even by Carlyle and other careful readers, with a want of method in his writings. It is supposed that passages may be detached from their context with little loss. It may be true, as Alcott said, that as "each period is self-poised," you may "begin at the last paragraph and read backwards;" but it is not true that such a proceeding would be wise. Every sentence has a completeness of its own, but there was design in the putting of them together. To get their complete significance, they must be dealt with as wholes. Sometimes essays have been selected for separate publication, but though thus produced they serve an excellent purpose, their full value is only perceived when they are read in their proper places. Methodical in all else, it would, indeed, be strange if Mr. Emer-

son were content to throw paragraphs together indiscrimately and call them essays, and to bring essays together indiscriminately and call them books. The truth is, readers have been so fascinated and absorbed with parts, that they have neglected to search for wholes, and their own omissions they have called the author's limitation.

The book called "Nature" is commonly regarded as Mr. Emerson's most systematic work, for the plan of it is easy to discover. Readers have been baffled by the more subtle arrangement of later volumes. "Nature" gives in summary what the succeeding works treat of in detail. The author himself described it as "only a naming of topics on which I would gladly speak and gladlier hear." (Correspondence, vol. i. p. 99.) Afterwards the same or similar ground is covered, if not more carefully, at any rate with more minuteness.

In this first volume Mr. Emerson announces his "philosophy of insight, and not of tradition," proclaims self-reliance as the chief virtue, and asserts the supremacy of will over circumstance. "Nature is not fixed, but fluid, spirit alters, moulds, makes it. . . . . Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven." This is the idealism of which he was himself to be the prophet to that age. The twelve chapters, known as "Essays—First Series," followed up the subject closely. In History the unity of man is displayed: "There is one mind common to all individual men." Self-reliance, the basis of individualism; compensation as touching the relations of man to the Supreme Power, and showing justice to be the law of the world, heroism, friendship, and art, phases of man's attitude to the universe, and the nature of the Supreme Power, or "Over-soul," are severally dwelt upon. The same ground is newly traversed in the second volume of "Essays," in discussions of experiences, character, manners, politics, &c.

In the "Conduct of Life," Mr. Emerson sets forth the four main relationships of human life:—(1) Fate and Power, the attitude of Nature to Man; (2) Wealth, which consists "in applications of Mind to Nature;" (3) Culture, Behaviour, Worship, Man's attitude while in Nature; (4) Beauty, Illusions, the medium through which Man perceives the conditions of his Life in Nature. Certain "Considerations by the Way," on the subject of what is called evil, make the statement complete.

In "Representative Men," Mr. Emerson illustrates his principles in the lives of men of genius. He treats of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon and Goethe. Each is separately discussed, and then comparisons and contrasts are drawn. Napoleon and Goethe are set side by side:—"I described Bonaparte as a representative of the popular external

life and aims of the nineteenth century. Its other half, its poet, is Goethe." Shakespeare and Swendenborg are linked in like manner, one completing the other, for "the world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare, the player, nor shall grope in graves, with Swedenborg, the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration."

"Society and Solitude" consists of twelve chapters on man in his social relations, and man as an individual. There is need for both solitude and society; "solitude is unpracticable, and society fatal." The discussion, on the one side, embraces "Domestic Life," "Farming," "Clubs;" and, on the other, "Art," "Books," and "Courage;" and the bearing of each chapter on the rest is, if not essential, at least important.

In like manner the last collection made by Mr. Emerson was of a series of papers on "Letters and Social Aims;" or the relations of literature to life. "Sooner or later," he said, "that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song."

"English Traits" is, perhaps, the best known of all these writings. It appeared after Mr. Emerson's second visit to this country in 1847. That was a remarkable period of our history —a period of famine in Ireland, Chartism in England, and general discontent. Mr. Emerson criticized us in no harsh spirit, giving praise very freely. He was neither scornful nor contemptuous, yet did not spare our faults. He found truthfulness to be a national characteristic—"private men keep their promises, never so trivial." He studied both men and manners —visited Wordsworth, explored Stonehenge with Carlyle, held high discourse with Landor. The homage paid to the aristocracy amused him. Coming from a new country, he found great instruction in studying one so old, and one, too, from whose maturity his own people had sprung. Had he lived among us for a year or two, perhaps his fuller experience would have tempered his criticism. As it is, however, his book is full of solid wisdom, and is still, thirty years after it was written, worthy of attention.

An address delivered in 1878, entitled "Fortune of the Republic," and a parlour lecture given in 1879 on "The Preacher," are separately printed as pamphlets,* and complete the list of Mr. Emerson's recognized prose works.

Whatever strong or partial statements there are in Mr. Emerson's writings, appear in association with modifying passages, and never in unattached essays. The chapters on "Fate"

* London: J. C. Foulger, 13, Paternoster Row.

and "Power," which affirm the materialistic side of life, are supplemented by other chapters on "Worship," "Culture" and "Behaviour," which complete the picture. The Divinity Class "Address," "The Method of Nature," and other distinct papers, are completer in themselves—balancing the problem within their own limits. If fate be affirmed, so also is freedom; if the doctrine of necessity be asserted, so also is the modifying fact of individuality.

A good many of Mr. Emerson's papers, printed in magazines and books, have never been brought together. Essays on "Character," "Demonology," "Perpetual Forces" and the "Sovereignty of Ethics," appeared in the *North American Review*, during the years 1866 to 1878. The two early papers on "Milton" and "Michael Angelo" remain uncollected, as do several valuable essays in the *Dial*, notably one on "Walter Savage Landor," and a piece of fine literary criticism called "Thoughts on Modern Literature." The introduction to "Parnassus" is an essay on poetry based in part on a paper which appeared in vol. iii. of the *Dial* on "Europe and European Books," which contained, in addition, some important passages on Wordsworth and Tennyson, and on modern novels. A large portion of the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller" was written by Emerson, and he contributed a "Biographical Sketch of Thoreau" to the collected edition of that "poet-naturalist's" works. The farewell sermon preached in 1832 must be sought for in Frothingham's "History of Transcendentalism," and an address on the occasion of the death of Parker in the same author's "Life of Theodore Parker." An important essay on Plutarch prefaces Wm. Goodwin's edition of the "Morals," a brief paper on "Religion" is printed in the "Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club;" two others on "Religious Needs of the Age" and "Natural Religion, Universal and Sympathetic," in "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion," and the general introduction to Sampson Low & Co.'s "Hundred Greatest Men" is written by him.

Mr. Emerson has always been a stringent critic of his own poems. He printed a good many in the *Dial*, reproducing them with others in a volume in 1847. Twenty years later "May-day and other Pieces" appeared. In 1876 he made a "Selection" to be included in his collected works. From this, forty-five pieces which had appeared in the previous volumes were omitted, and eight new ones were added. Among the former were several favourites, including those touching verses addressed to the lady who became his first wife: "To Ellen in the South." These, by the way, when they first appeared in the *Dial*, were headed "To Eva in the South." Others which we

miss are the "Ode to W. H. Channing," "the evil time's sole patriot," and the verses on "Tact," "Good-bye, Proud World," "The Apology," "Thine Eyes still Shined," "Set not thy Foot on Graves," &c.

In making these changes Mr. Emerson does not appear to have allowed his judgment to be too much swayed by the critics, for the best-abused of all his pieces—"Brahma"—still happily keeps its place. Three poems printed in Ellery Channing's book on Thoreau, have never been included in any of Mr. Emerson's own volumes, and "Tantalus," printed in the *Dial*, vol. iv., has not reappeared.

Mr. Emerson loves short titles, whether to prose works or poems. Usually he confines himself to a single word as "History," "Illusions," "Merlin," "Solution." In several cases he gives an identical title to two or more pieces. There are two poems and one essay on "Fate," two essays on "Eloquence," two on "Chaacter," two on "Art," two on "Nature." In all these cases the subjects receive quite distinct treatment, according to the general topic to which they contribute. Occasionally Mr. Emerson duplicates phrases and paragraphs. The brief papers on "Religion" and "Natural Religion, Universal and Sympathetic," have an identical ending, and many passages in the essays on "Farming" and "Perpetual Forces" run parallel with one another. Good quotations do service more than once. That these repetitions are purely accidental it is impossible to believe, for Mr. Emerson was a tireless reviser.

Mr. Emerson is fond of homely phrase and sharp Saxon words. His style is terse and crisp; he uses words according to their primary, rather than their popular, significance, and occasionally coins a word for himself. His illustrations, drawn from Nature, from science and from daily life, are plain and homely. He never uses a word too much, requiring the close and constant attention of his readers. He never repeats or amplifies—a statement once made is made for all.

By comparison with the two volumes of essays, Mr. Emerson's earlier style might almost be described as diffuse. There is a little relaxation also in "The Conduct of Life" and "English Traits," but terseness is never wanting. It is evidently not merely the result of close revision, but the mind's natural mode, for it appears in his lectures, and even in his letters. In conversation, too, his words were few and pointed.

As a consequence of this extreme condensation, it is impossible to adequately grasp the full meaning on first or even on second or third reading. Numbers of readers have, at the outset, concluded that there was no great depth in these sentences, and that they partook of the character of platitudes and truisms.

But, once read, they did not fail to work upon the mind, until, the book being opened again, unsuspected meanings were revealed. Each new reading seemed to present new depths of significance. That the outcome of years of thought should be at once comprehended by even the wisest of readers is not to be expected. In the case of Mr. Emerson some very close and careful students have failed after many attempts.

In later years, when revising his essays, Mr. Emerson did indeed himself relent a little in this matter of conciseness. He interpolated a few words here and there to help the reader's thought. For example, a passage in the "Method of Nature" stood thus:—"'You cannot bathe twice in the same river,' said Heraclitus, and I add, a man never sees the same object twice." Now, however, after "Heraclitus," the words "for it is renewed every moment" are inserted.

The bright humour and the wit, characteristic of these writings, are so closely interwoven and so subtle that attentive readers have been surprised when told of their presence. Though they felt the effects, they did not know the cause. They had not classed Emerson among the humorists. The wit does not cause laughter, and there is no pathos that will draw tears, but a gentle brightness, as of a breezy summer's day pervades the whole. Ridicule is a fine weapon in his hands. He is never scornful, never ill-tempered, yet he can scorch a falsehood, and put folly and foible to shame in a manner unsurpassed.

Mr. Emerson's humour is perhaps most marked in "English Traits." With a keen sense of the ludicrous, he could not fail to detect much to smile at in British customs and manners. "In an aristocratical country like England," he remarks, "not the Trial by Jury, but the dinner is the capital institution." "The common Englishman is prone to forget a cardinal article in the bill of social rights, that every man has a right to his own ears. No man can claim to usurp more than a few cubic feet of the audibilities of a public room, or to put upon the company the loud statements of his crotchets or personalities." When the Englishman "adds epithets of praise, his climax is 'so English,' and when he wishes to pay you the highest compliment, he says, 'I should not know you from an Englishman.'" "The pursy man means by freedom the right to do as he pleases, and does wrong in order to feel his freedom, and makes a conscience of persisting in it."

Surprise has been described as one of Emerson's favourite literary weapons. According to John Burroughs, "the point of his remark or idea is always sprung upon the reader, never quietly laid before him. He has a mortal dread of tameness and flatness, and would make the very water we drink bite the

tongue." The truth seems to be that his thought is very rapid, and his transition from point to point swifter than the reader is prepared for. Hence the surprise, due rather to the reader's slowness than to the writer's design.

No man is more tolerant, more ready to recognize another's differing judgment even while he fearlessly announces his own. The variety of his topics, too, is marvellous; he touches upon everything, from the moral sentiment to the uses of fireworks. That he was a man of sympathies the most catholic, and that he was by nature a gentleman, every page of his books makes manifest.

These writings abound in vivid descriptions of natural beauty :—

"I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house from daybreak to sunrise with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. . . . . Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm last evening of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes, modulated with tints of unspeakable softness, and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that Nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakespeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees become spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background; and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble ruined with frost, contribute something to the mute music."

Mr. Emerson's writings contain much of the stuff from which proverbs are made. He is a master of happy and pointed phrase, whether in verse or in prose. He who regards Nature solely for its uses, he described as one who, "looking at the ocean, can remember only the price of fish." Fussy reform and philanthropy is "a patty-pan enthusiasm." He spoke of "the saucy homage of parody." He entitled the negroes "the children of the sun." In such sentences as the following there is a whole storehouse of wisdom :—

"Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."

"Only so much do I know as I have lived."

"It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.'

"A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart."

"The secret of culture is to learn that a few great points steadily reappear, alike in the poverty of the obscurest farm, and in the miscellany of metropolitan life, and that these few points are alone to be regarded—the escape from all false ties; courage to be what we are, and love of what is simple and beautiful; independence and cheerful relation; these are the essentials—these, and the wish to serve, to add somewhat to the well-being of man."

"I think *that* the soul of reform, the conviction that not sensualism, not slavery, not war, not imprisonment, not even government, are needed, but in lieu of them all, reliance on the sentiment of man, which will work best the more it is trusted."

"Beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; and that eternal spirit whose triple face they are, moulds from them for ever for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair."

Montaigne was Emerson's favourite author. He almost feared to speak of him lest his "personal regard" might be "unduly great." Montaigne, he said, "is the frankest and honestest of all writers. . . . . There have been men with deeper insight; but one would say never a man with such abundance of thoughts; he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for."

Mr. Emerson's vision was subjective rather than objective, and as a consequence his dramatic instincts were quite subordinate. Hence he appreciated Shakespeare chiefly for the greatness of his ideas. He found him "inconceivably wise," adding that "a good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain and think from thence, but not into Shakespeare's." Comparing him with Milton, he saw that, though "as a poet Shakespeare undoubtedly transcends and far surpasses him in his popularity with foreign nations," yet "Shakespeare is a voice merely," and "Milton stands erect, commanding, still visible as a man among men;" "no man can be named whose mind still acts on the cultivated intellect of England and America with an energy comparable to that of Milton." It was a point of vast importance to Emerson what manner of man he was who partly veiled, partly revealed himself in writings. "It makes a great deal of difference to the force of any sentence whether there be a man behind it or no."

His favourite Greeks were Plato and Plutarch, and among modern writers, in those who were related to Plato, he found his kindred. Swedenborg impressed him greatly. Of Wordsworth he speaks in many places. "His best poems evince a power of diction that is no more rivalled by his contemporaries than is his

poetic insight." Tennyson had a different order of merit, namely, "elegance and wit, rich fancy and power of language, metrical skill and independence on any living masters." The "best songs in the English language," he said, "are by that heavy, hard, pedantic poet, Ben Jonson. . . . . Tennyson is always fine, but Jonson's beauty is more grateful than Tennyson's." Yet, though Tennyson may be "too quaint and elegant, what then? It is long since we had as good a lyrist; it will be long before we have his superior." He further said of Tennyson that "some of his words are poems."

To Goethe he gave qualified praise. He did not love the man, and he objected to some of his works, especially "Faust." He liked "Wilhelm Meister" on account of its "delicious sweetness, so new, so provoking to the mind, gratifying it with so many solid thoughts, just insight into life and manners and character." In one of his early letters to Carlyle, Emerson wrote:—

> "I cannot but regard it as his misfortune, with conspicuous bad influence upon his genius, that velvet life he led. What incongruity for Genius, whose fit ornaments and reliefs are poverty and hatred, to repose fifty years on chairs of State. . . . . Then the Puritan in me accepts no apology for bad morals in such as *he*. We can tolerate vice in a splendid nature, whilst that nature is battling with the brute majority in defence of some human principle. The sympathy his manhood and his misfortune call out, adopts even his faults; but genius pampered, acknowledged, crowned, can only retain our sympathy by turning the same force once expended against outward enemies, now against inward" (vol. i. page 30).

To which stern criticism on his hero Carlyle made answer, that "John Knox himself, could he have seen the peaceable, impregnable *fidelity* of that man's mind, and how to him, also, duty was infinite, Knox would have passed on, wondering, not reproaching." Yet, perhaps, Emerson was not wrong in esteeming the disciple nobler than the master.

Byron's genius was considered by Emerson as undoubted, but partial; Shelley he did not reckon a poet at all. Of the songs of Burns he said, "they are the property and the solace of mankind." The poem of all the poetry of the present day for which he predicted "the longest term," was Leigh Hunt's "Abou ben Adhem," concerning which he remarked, "it is strange that one of the best poems should be written by a man who has hardly written any other."

Modern novels did not command his approval; they seemed mostly untrue to Nature and low in aim. There were some exceptions; as, for example, Scott. He confessed, however, that in this class of literature he was not well versed.

Though a great reader he never permitted himself to be overcome by his books; they were food for thought—nothing more. He refused submission even to the greatest. "Once I took such delight in Montaigne that I thought I should not need any other book; before that in Shakspeare, then in Plutarch, then in Plotinus, at one time in Bacon, afterwards in Goethe, even in Bettine; but now I turn the pages of either languidly, whilst I still cherish their genius." In another place, he remarks, "I think I have done well if I have acquired a new word from a good author, and my business is to find my own, if it were only to melt him down into an epithet or an image for daily use."

In our sketch of Emerson's character we have already, in some measure, foreshadowed his teachings. It remains to present them in a somewhat completer and more systematic fashion, and as much as possible in his own words, gathered from his collected and uncollected writings. We do not hope to give more than an outline, but if we can succeed in doing this much in such a way as to make clear the system upon which it rests, we shall be well content. In spite of confident assertions to the contrary, we believe that Emerson's teachings are, throughout, systematic and related. It has been complained that they lack coherence, that they are paradoxical—even contradictory. To us, just the reverse seems true.

Mr. Emerson was never satisfied with a partial statement: he always touched the many sides of this many-sided existence of ours, and evidently expected his readers to believe that he was not so careless a workman as to throw his materials together promiscuously. The links may sometimes be subtle, but so clear a thinker could not have been so disorderly as to omit them. It is safe to assume that one who concerned himself about the fitness of every word he wrote was not without definite design in the other arrangement of his writings. The final proof of this position is that a sufficiently careful study reveals the order of the teaching.

Emerson's intellectual godfathers were Plato and Kant, and his relations with the Aryan religions were close. As a teacher, however, he was singularly original, being neither the imitator nor the expounder of the preceding Idealists, but their successor, and the teacher of an old-new doctrine to a new age.

According to him "the universe is composed of Nature and the soul." He defines Nature as "all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME—that is, both Nature and art, all other men, and my own body." "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remote and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God in

the Unconscious." It differs, however, from the body, in that it is beyond the control of the human will. The existence of matter is not disputed; but "behind Nature, throughout Nature, spirit is present." That which is objective to man is doubtless real, yet its ultimate reality arises because it is a manifestation of the universal mind. In the last resort mind is "the only reality of which men and all other natures are better and worse reflectors."

Of "that ineffable essence which we call spirit," Mr. Emerson says "he that thinks most will say least. We can foresee God in the coarse, as it were distant, phenomena of matter; but when we try to define and describe Himself, both language and thought desert us." A wide gulf lies between Emerson's teaching and the Theism of the present day, which tries to account for the existence of evil in the world by supposing there is some malignant or troublesome power—call it Nature or matter—which God, in his good will, strives, with only partial success, to overcome. This Theism professes to discountenance the Devil, but its newly discovered cause of evil is, after all, only old Devil writ large.

The spirit which Emerson discerns behind Nature, and manifesting itself therein, acts upon man, not from without, in space and time, but "spiritually, or through ourselves;" and in this way we know Nature, not as built up around us, but as put forth through us, "as the life of the tree puts forth new branches through the pores of the old."

The conception of all-embracing mind involves the idea of Unity. Mr. Emerson is very emphatic on this point. He sees no contradictions in Nature; there are not two powers in the universe, dividing sway or contending one with the other; but one, sole and indivisible. Spirit "is one, and not compound." This power being beneficent, evil cannot exist. It is only evil relatively to an ideal good; as a valley is a valley relatively to the surrounding hills. What is called evil is a falling short—a negative, an absence, like darkness. "Though thou shouldst walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble." Evil "is good in the making." There would seem to be diversity in Nature, but really there is none. The pure soul, following the laws of creation until they "come full circle," shall see "their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one with science, with beauty, and with joy."

Man, coming into Nature, finds himself in a two-fold relation—outward, to Nature; inward to God—the "Over-soul."

The uses of Nature to man may be classified under the heads of Commodity, Beauty, Language, and Discipline—varying in importance, but each "perfect in its kind." *Commodity* "is the only use of Nature which all men appreciate." The fruits of earth which wind and rain and sun make perfect for our use; and the co-operation of Nature in our mechanical contrivances and useful arts, come under this head. "By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon! The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post-office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens, for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs; he sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning and shovel out the snow and cut a path for him."

Nature's second service is *Beauty*, in the delight which "the simple perfection of natural forms" gives. "To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, Nature is medicinal, and restores their tone." Beauty "is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful." In relation to thought, "the world exists to the soul, to satisfy the desire of Beauty."

The next use is *Language*, which is based on natural facts, standing as the symbols of spiritual facts. Nature itself being the symbol of spirit, "every appearance in Nature corresponds to some state of the mind."

The last use is *Discipline*—in experience, in the inevitableness of Nature's law, where "her yea is yea; and her nay, nay;" in the exercise of will, which discovers to man the extent and bounds of his power. The discipline of Nature touches also reason and conscience. "All things are moral, and in their boundless changes having increasing reference to visible Nature." "A thing is good only so far as it serves;" "a conspiring of parts and efforts to the production of an end is essential to any being." This conspiring in Nature of all parts to one end, marks for man the unity of which he is himself a part, and towards whose "far-off divine event" he, in concert with all creation, should voluntarily move.

The soul's other relation is to God, the belief in whose existence rests not on arguments or evidences of design, but on the veracity of consciousness. "Though all our knowledge *begins* with experience," said Kant, "it by no means follows that all *arises out of* experience. There exists a knowledge altogether independent of experience, and even of all sensuous impressions." Such is the knowledge of the existence of God and the human soul. As Emerson puts it, "The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth.

We know truth when we see it, let sceptic and scoffer say what they choose. Foolish people ask you, when you have spoken what they do not wish to hear, 'How do you know it is true, and not an error of your own?' We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we are awake that we are awake."

A veil is hung between man and his origin and destiny. He has aspirations and is conscious of a direction which he ought to take; but of the why and the wherefore, the whence and the whither, he is ignorant. If he would live well he need not inquire too narrowly into his past and future, but accepting the guidance of his moral sentiment, should abide in the everlasting Now. His existence, as he very well knows, is a fragment, and for completeness it would seem as if both a past and a future were requisite. Emerson quotes from the Hindoos that fate is nothing but "the deeds committed in a prior state of existence," and Schelling's remark that "there is in every man a certain feeling that he has been what he is from all eternity, and by no means became such in time;" and he himself observes, "in the history of the individual is always an account of his condition, and he knows himself to be a party to his present estate." Coming more directly to the question of Immortality, he says "it must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an indeterminable future for their play." "Where do we find ourselves?" he asks: "In a series, of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none. We wake, and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight."

Coming to the more immediately practical aspects of the question, man finds in Necessity a fact which he cannot burke. "We can obey only our own polarity. 'Tis fine for us to speculate and elect our course, if we must accept an irresistible dictation." Heredity is a factor in the calculation: "men are what their mothers made them." Hard and fast are the conditions of life; they cannot by any means be eluded.

It is, however, simply the path in life which is thus irrevocably fixed for man; how he shall walk therein rests with himself. In so far as he seeks the ends of virtue, he is not the creature, but the master, of his circumstances. He finds opportunity everywhere. Service and love are possible in hovel and in palace alike. Circumstance proves to be a mirror of the mind, reflecting its good or ill. "Nature is not fixed, but fluid; spirit alters, moulds, makes it."

Man is the subject of miracles and illusion. His whole life is a marvel. "It is so wonderful to our neurologists that a man can see without his eyes, that it does not occur to them that it is

just as wonderful that he should see with them. And that is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise; the latter wonders at the unusual, the wise man wonders at the usual." Man sees as through a mist. "Our first mistake is the belief that circumstance gives the joy which we give to the circumstance. Life is an ecstasy. . . . . Health and appetite impart the sweetness to sugar, bread, and meat."

"There are deceptions of the senses, deceptions of the passions, and the structural beneficent illusions of sentiment and of the intellect. . . . . There is the illusion of time, which is very deep; who has disposed of it? or come to the conviction that what seems the *succession* of thought is only the distribution of wholes into causal series? . . . . 'Tis all phantasm, and if we weave a yard of tape in all humility, and as well as we can, long hereafter we shall see it was no cotton tape at all, but some galaxy which we braided, and that the threads were time and Nature."

Man dreaming thus that he is acted upon, does in reality himself act. "We are parties to our various fortune." We are not the playthings of good or evil destiny.

"There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe; all is system and gradation. Every god is there, sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there is he alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movement and doings he must obey: he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment new changes, and new showers of deceptions, to baffle and distract him. And when, by-and-by, for an instant, the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone."

The principle of Compensation, as held by Mr. Emerson, is a corollary to this theory of fate and circumstance. In the present life, without reference to any other, entire justice is done to man, every wrong is redressed, every sin punished, every act of virtue rewarded. Circumstance is indifferent. "For everything you have missed, you have gained something else." The walks in life which are considered fine and desirable, have also their discomforts. To have high rank in the State, the sweets of domestic peace must be sacrificed; to win riches, the delights of intellectual advancement must be foregone. Men may choose this or that, but they cannot have both. In Nature the balance is unfailing—a perfect compensation is maintained.

The laws of the spiritual are not less sure than those of the material world. All virtue is rewarded, all crime is punished. Superstitious people fancy that thunderbolts will fall on sinners, and that famine and pestilence are God's ways of punishing nations. But the Divine method is different. The sin is its own punishment. By virtue the soul grows; by vice it decreases.

If it be objected that some persons through all their lives sink deeper and deeper into sin and never feel remorse, the answer is that every man and thing must follow its nature, and that the lowest deep of wrong is the unremorseful one. Perhaps these are happy after their own manner; but who envies the contentment of cat and dog—still less of cheat and drunkard, though his riches and his rank be great? If the wrongdoer could come to himself and feel the gnawings of conscience, his gain would be immeasurable. Perhaps the blind man who does not know the meaning of light is happy; but if he had the faintest notion of the joy of seeing, he would undergo any suffering in order that his eyes might be opened; and even while he was still under the surgeon's hands we would consider him far more blessed than when, free from pain, he did not even wish to see. Men are not really envious of the wicked. They grudge them their gold and estates only so long as these things stand to them as tokens of undeserved benefit—having some natural relation to virtue. Nor do they, in reality, respect any one for his possessions: as long as these betoken beauty they are held in admiration, but if the owner prove himself vile, and these possessions of his to be the fruit of his villany, nothing can shield him from contempt.

Virtue stands higher than all possessions, and the true sphere of progress is the growth in it. "There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation—to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with a perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real being." Possessions balance themselves and suffering is equalized, while the soul grows or diminishes by the practice or neglect of virtue. The more virtue, the more *Being*.

Thus virtue, belonging to the soul and not to the circumstance, finds its root in Self-reliance. The soul's relations with God are inward and direct. It takes its guidance at first hand and not through revelations to others. Its attitude should be upright. "Every chair should be a throne and hold a king." Each man is a mouthpiece or channel of the Supreme Mind, appointed to his own place and task. "Everyone must follow his own nature, be he asp or angel." "The height, the deity of man, is to be self-sustained, to need no gift, no foreign force." "No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature. Good and bad are

but names very readily transferable to this or that. The only right is after my constitution, the only wrong is what is against it." That which I am to-day is, to me, alone significant.

To the objection that this doctrine of the soul's sufficiency, rejecting, as it does, the popular standard of right and wrong, thereby rejects all standard, Mr. Emerson makes reply:

"There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbour, town, cat, and dog—whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day."

"Trust yourself," is the key-note to the ethics of Mr. Emerson. Self-trust is the essence of all the virtues. "The best lightning-rod for your protection is your own spine." Mr. Emerson discountenances hero-worship, yet perceives how feeble minds inevitably fall down before self-reliant men and women. "Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honours crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it."

Self-reliance has its source in dependence. The soul must bend before the Over-soul in an attitude of reverent and lowly obedience. "We need only obey; there is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word. . . . . Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which animates all whom it floats, and you are without effort impelled to truth and right and a perfect contentment."

As will readily be perceived, this obedience to the prompting of the spirit may, at times, lead to actions not wholly conventional or acceptable to society. History records several such instances. Emerson nowhere, directly or indirectly, implies admiration for eccentricity *as such*. At any given period, the movements of men are, as a rule, tolerably regular—a little in advance or a little behind—but only a little. The guidance of the spirit does not usually necessitate any terrible shocks or enterprises; it is more often concerned with the lowly obscure tasks of every day. Yet man must be true to himself at whatever peril or inconvenience. "In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. What your heart thinks great, *is* great. The soul's emphasis is always right."

In the conduct of his life man is called to offices of love and

friendship, to deeds of heroism, to a frugal use of his means, and to excellence of manners. In fulfilling all these he must be self-reliant. A friend must not be a usurper. He must be one before whom his friend can stand erect. The two elements of friendship are truth and tenderness. Self-trust is also "the essence of heroism." The thrifty man is he who looks to himself, and not to luxuries, for his satisfaction. Nor does the self-reliant man fail in courtesy. Emerson's definition of a gentleman is "a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behaviour; not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons or opinions and possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good nature or benevolence: manhood first, and then gentleness."

Social and political agitations on the conventional lines do not receive much encouragement from such teachings as these. Reform must begin, if at all, with and by the individual. The amendment must come from within, not from without. Attempts to *make* men better take a contrary direction. The reformer looks for the coming of some brighter time, when men shall be ennobled by his efforts; but, in Emerson's view—

"Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific. But this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. . . . . The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun."

Arts, institutions, and contrivances change, gain balancing loss, but from age to age the average of mankind remains the same. The growth of the soul does not belong to time and place: there are great souls and there are mean souls in all periods of the world's history. "This time, like all times, is a very good one if we but knew what to do with it." "Who shall dare think he has come late into nature, or has missed anything excellent in the past?"

"Truly speaking," we are told, "it is not instruction but provocation that I can receive from another soul. What he announces, I must find true in me, or wholly reject; and on his word, or as his second, be he who he may, I can accept nothing." Elsewhere Emerson writes: "Men, such as they are, very naturally seek money or power. . . . . And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this in their sleep-walking they dream is highest. Wake them, and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true." It is in this provocation or awaken-

ing that man's influence over his fellow-man consists: he cannot *make* him good, but he may, on occasion, stir him to amend himself.

The ultimate point in Emerson's philosophy is the supremacy of Being. The real man is found, not in possessions or behaviour, but in character. Having and Doing are the fruit and evidence of Being. Having is merely the circumstance, good or ill, according to the spirit in which it is accepted; doing is the outward sign, often misinterpreted, of the inward working of the spirit. The quality lies in the condition of the soul itself. Righteousness does not consist in action or in abstinence, but in the soul's love of beauty and goodness.

> "The soul can be appeased, not by a deed, but by a tendency. It is in a hope that she feels her wings. You shall love rectitude, and not the disuse of money or the avoidance of trade; an unimpeded mind, and not a monkish diet; sympathy and usefulness, and not hoeing and coopering. . . . . There is no end to which your practical faculty can aim, so sacred or so large that, if pursued for itself, will not at last become carrion, and an offence to the nostril."

Possession and performance avail as channels—nothing more: *Being*, or what man is, and *becoming* or tendency, alone really signify.

Emerson would have been prompt to confess that his life's work had been a failure if his teaching, however graceful, did not bear a practical lesson for daily life. There is a moral purpose in everything he has written. He described Nature, or proclaimed beauty, or analyzed intellect or character, because, as he believed, to do so truly must make for the ends of virtue. The effect of his teaching is to provoke the will to high resolve, to awaken the conscience, to impart vigour into all good aims, and to instil a universal tolerance into the heart. His "doctrine of the soul" is the true doctrine of democracy—affirming that men, in high stations and in low, have equal though differing places and tasks: are alike links in the eternal chain, promoters of the Divine ends, and responsible for their conduct, not to their fellow-men, but to their own souls:

> "There is no great and no small
> To the soul that maketh all."

Greatness belongs, not to the external circumstance, but to the inner life; no possession taken by itself can certify the true rank of the possessor. There is, throughout Nature, a perfect and inviolable equality, the huge sunflower being not one jot more perfect than the daisy. Men have measured their fellows by dress and birth—the fine equipage has been contrasted with the costermonger's cart, to mark height and lowliness. Others,

rising, as they prided themselves, above these sordid methods, have established in their stead a standard of morality. Advancing from the gauge of possessions to that of behaviour, they have said that great men are those who do noble deeds, and live blameless lives—serving the world. But this talk about morality has reference to a cupful of water, not to the ocean whence it was drawn. Nature is moral, but her morality is broad enough to include every theory, or idea, or righteous aim. Morality is too vast for man's specifications of it. The test of behaviour does not bring us to the goal. Civilization is advanced by men who act from ostentation and self-aggrandizement. Nature never wastes, and those who do not willingly co-operate with her, are still, all unconsciously, used to bring about her ends. On the other hand, who shall affirm that he who, as it would seem, has advanced nothing, and helped no man or institution, has not, in his own sphere, performed his task and answered his calling?

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Men search with tireless energy for motes in their brothers' eyes. They bring the "woman taken in adultery" before the Divine Perfection; but lo! 'tis the accusers who are made ashamed. They are indulgent of their own sins, and amply tolerant of the sins of others when these are akin to their own; but, when they feel no like temptation themselves, how indignantly they face the culprit, and with what zest do they display the superiority of their own moral code. Yet Goethe spoke for the race when he said "I have never heard of any crime which I might not have committed;" and Whitman touched the same chord in his "Address to Felons on Trial in the Courts"—"Henceforth I will not deny them, for how can I deny myself?" So also spoke Rossetti in his poem of "Jenny"—a noble declaration of universal brotherhood; and Emerson, exchanging the voice of pity for that of confidence and hope, affirms—"Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth," and declares that the divine effort is never relaxed. "The carrion in the sun will convert itself into grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels or jails or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."

Here, then, are the two sides of Emerson's doctrine of Individualism. To man, in respect to his own life, it says, Seek guidance from within, Be fearless, upright and sincere; in respect to others it says, Take heed that you respect their individuality; they also are souls. What a man has and does is known; what he *is* lies chiefly hidden in himself.

Art. VII.—Prostitution in Paris.

1. *Rapport presenté [au Conseil Municipal de Paris*, 1880] par M. Yves Guyot, au nom de la Commission du Budget sur les dépenses des services de sûreté publique pour 1881.

2. *La Prostitution.* Par Yves Guyot, Membre du Conseil Municipal de Paris. Paris, 1882.

THE great and acknowledged evils inseparable from the operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts have called forth, from all parts of England, a host of powerful opponents of those Acts; and now, at length, in France, a sound political economist and distinguished journalist, M. Yves Guyot, has made the institution, known as the *police des mœurs*, the subject of an exhaustive study. Having assured himself of its true character and baneful influence, he has employed all the resources of his keen sarcasm, earnest denunciation, and crushing logic, in order to transform it in the eyes of his countrymen from a beneficent agency, preventing social disorder and the spread of horrible diseases, into an oppressive irresponsible tyranny—working in the dark, perpetrating an incalculable amount of injustice and cruelty, forcing women who have fallen (and who may be striving to recover an honourable position) to become permanent and hopeless prostitutes, and actually conducing to the rapid propagation and diffusion of venereal diseases.

To Englishmen, and especially to readers of this Review, M. Guyot's arguments and conclusions are no novelty. But in France, where everybody expects to be thought for and acted for in every department of life, where vigorous action, in order to promote, what Wilhelm von Humboldt described as, the "positive welfare" of the citizens is supposed to be one of the chief duties of Government, and where the management of everything except the most strictly private affairs is confidingly left in its hands, nothing seems more natural and matter of course than that the Government, through the agency of its Prefect of Police, should superintend and regulate the life and conduct of that part of the population which practises prostitution, should submit it to compulsory medication, and should thus ensure for the use of French citizens a due supply of prostitutes warranted free from disease. The complacent satisfaction of Frenchmen that they are thus beneficently provided for is rudely disturbed by M. Yves Guyot's book named at the head of this article, and 6000 of which have already been called for.

His first chapter is entitled "Definition of Prostitution." Various definitions are discussed and rejected, and, finally, he proposes the following: "Every person who subordinates sexual connection to the question of gain is a prostitute (*Est prostituée toute personne pour qui les rapports sexuels sont subordonnés à la question de gain*)." He then observes: "There are very few legal marriages which do not involve the question of gain; the parents appraise the dower of the girl, the fortune and the position of the lover; the lawyers register the conditions of the bargain. In what measure is there prostitution on the part of the couple? Very often it is easy to say: 'He has not married her for her beauty, certainly, but she is rich. He is frightfully ugly, but he has a splendid future before him. A dower makes it possible to put up with many things.' . . . . These are current phrases. Sometimes the bride is pitied; her dear friends say: 'She must have a great deal of courage.'"

"In the free union outside the great caste of married people it is often much more difficult to say in what degree the question of interest is mixed up with the sexual relation. The question has not been determined by a legal deed. It may not affect either side; almost always one side is unaffected by it. In Paris, where, according to the statistics of Dr. Bertillon [an eminent statistician] more than a tenth of the households (say 40,000) are thus constituted, a large indulgence is accorded to the woman in these conditions. . . . . But if her acts of prostitution, instead of being frequently renewed with the same man, occur frequently with different men, then society becomes severe. . . . . A woman is not, therefore, considered a prostitute because of the gravity or frequency of her acts of prostitution, but because of the number of individuals with whom she commits them. If this woman commits these acts only within a certain circle of society; if she surrounds them with a certain elegance; if she is fortunate enough to live in luxury, she is only *une femme galante*. But if this woman is poor; if she is too plain, or has not sufficient charms to enable her to maintain such a position, she is stigmatized as a *vile prostitute*. Society throws this woman into the gutter, and has no metaphor sufficiently gross in which to express its contempt of her."

It is especially respecting women of this class that the police, "which imagines itself the incarnation of society," concerns itself. "It employs all the social forces at its command, by usurpation or by virtue of the law, to constrain the woman whom it has chosen as its victim, to live only by prostitution, and to repeat her acts of prostitution with more and more frequency. It does all in its power to transform the woman who became a prostitute temporarily, by accident, into a thorough and permanent prostitute.

"Thus this administration, which pretends that prostitution is

an evil—a necessary evil it is true—has but one purpose: to manufacture 'vile prostitutes,' unable to be anything else but prostitutes, and condemned to remain such in perpetuity."

"Society is madly intent on constituting a class of women exercising a profession under conditions which provoke its contempt; and in order to accomplish this object it has instituted a system . . . . the ideal of which is to transform as rapidly as possible, and on the largest possible scale, the 'mistress' (*fille entretenue*) into the registered prostitute living in private lodgings (*fille en carte*), and the registered prostitute living in private lodgings into the prostitute living in a brothel (*fille de bordel*).

"This system styles itself, adopting evidently an antiphrasis, the '*police des mœurs.*'"

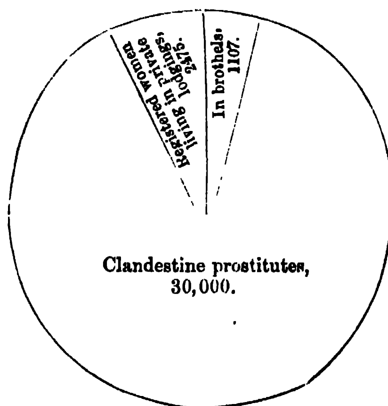
We have quoted these paragraphs because they present in startling relief one of the deplorable results of the system in question—viz., the steady and inevitable degradation of every woman who is retained subject to the operation of the *police des mœurs.* We may be asked, But why do the *police des mœurs* and the administrators of the Contagious Diseases Acts strive to accomplish the degradation of the women who come under their control? The *police des mœurs*, as well as their fellow-workers in England and elsewhere, look upon the *fille entretenue* as beyond their control, and therefore endeavour to entrap her, and then force her to present herself for medical examination once a fortnight; succeeding in this, they at the same time succeed in registering her as a prostitute, whose address is also duly registered. She is now under police control, but not as completely as is desired; for as she still lives in private lodgings she may leave them, and, hiding herself elsewhere, may thus escape police supervision. In fact, a large proportion, varying from about a third to a half of the whole of the registered women in Paris, do thus escape every year. On the 1st of January, 1880, the exact number of women on the register was 3,582, and the number of these who disappeared during 1880 was 1,935, or considerably more than the half of the whole of those who were on the register that year. The number on the register is kept, nevertheless, at nearly the same level of about 4,000 by the large number of arrests of escaped women or of others who are practising prostitution clandestinely. This process of continual arrest and escape is, of course, like passing water through a sieve—a process which the police and their employers find no doubt somewhat wearisome; and the only way in which they see a chance of dispensing with it is that of forcing every woman who acts as a prostitute, whether temporarily or systematically, to live in a brothel. This being almost all but in name a prison, affords the

possibility of keeping every resident in it virtually a prisoner, subject to the absolute control of the police, and to weekly medical inspection. The reduction of every woman convicted of prostituting herself, however rarely, to this condition of slavish and degrading subjection, is the fulfilment of the ideal of all advocates and administrators of the system in question. Happily for the women subject to it, and for society at large, the police are as completely foiled in their efforts to crowd the whole of the registered prostitutes into brothels, as they are in their efforts to enforce the registration of the great majority of women who practise prostitution. In No. 73 of this REVIEW (January, 1870), and again in No. 99 (July, 1876,) we adduced authentic statistical evidence, "That, notwithstanding the elaborate, costly, and, in respect to the women concerned, tyrannical machinery of police and sanitary surveillance in question—machinery which is worked by ample power and under circumstances, as well as in the presence of a public opinion, facilitating its action, the attempt to enforce the registration of the public women of Paris results, in so far as seven-eighths of them are concerned, in signal failure; that year by year even the small number of those who are on the register steadily lessens; that the number of *maisons tolerèes* in Paris and its suburbs is steadily lessening; that the number of those women who are subject to the most complete inspection—viz., the inmates of those houses, is steadily lessening; that the futile attempt to compel prostitutes generally to submit to registration constrains at least seven-eighths of them to practise their profession secretly, and thus discourages those who become infected with syphilis from seeking prompt medical relief; that in 1868 the civil hospitals of Paris received for treatment 7,454 venereal patients, or 438 more than during the previous year; that these, added to the soldiers of the Paris garrison also treated in hospital for venereal diseases, make a total of at least 9,500, for whose treatment about 1,250 hospital beds are in continuous requisition; and, finally, that the person best qualified to form a trustworthy opinion on the subject considers that 9,500 patients in question represent only a fifth part of the total number of persons in Paris who each year apply for medical relief in consequence of suffering from the diseases in question."

In M. Guyot's admirable and exhaustive chapter entitled "Statistical Results in France," we find assembled a large number of facts confirming in the most striking manner the conclusions expressed in the paragraph just quoted, and proving beyond the possibility of dispute that the causes which operated to produce, notwithstanding the efforts of the Paris police, the results just described, are still operative, but with even increasing force; and that the

failure of the system in question, as worked in Paris, is even more signal now than it appeared to be in 1876. In 1880 the number of registered women had fallen to 3,582, a number lower than it had ever been since 1835. At that time the number was 3,813, which was at the rate of 43 in every 10,000 of the population. It must be borne in mind that though the actual number of women on the register has lessened, the population of Paris has greatly increased, so that since 1835 the proportion of women on the register to every 10,000 of the population has steadily lessened: whereas in 1835 it was 43, in 1880 it had fallen to 16 per 10,000 of the population.

M. Lecour, who until recently was the chief of the *Bureau des Mœurs*, estimated, as is well-known, the number of women in Paris supporting themselves by prostitution at from 30,000 to 50,000. M. Guyot takes the lower number, and by means of a diagram, which we here reproduce, represents most effectively the proportion of the registered to the unregistered prostitutes in Paris.



Referring to this diagram, M. Guyot justly observes, "Any comment is useless: if the clandestine prostitutes (*insoumises*) are the most dangerous from a hygienic point of view, of what use is the *police des mœurs*?"

In 1870 we stated that the total number of those who disappeared from the register during the ten years from 1845 to 1855 inclusive, was 7,453, or 745 yearly; "while the total number re-established under control, during the same period, was only 4,087, or 409 yearly; so that, during the same period, 3,366, or 336 yearly, escaped entirely and permanently from all police and sanitary control. Thus it appears that of the whole number

of prostitutes under control, about a fifth part escape temporarily, and a twelfth part permanently, from the hateful surveillance of the police, and the still more hateful, because enforced, instrumental examinations by the medical officers of the Dispensary."

Adverting to the large number of women who escape from control, M. Guyot says, in respect to the year 1880, "We see there are 3,500 women registered: . . . . on paper this appears a fixed number. Those people who imagine that human dough may be kneaded into any shape and will offer no resistance, believe that when once the women are registered they will resign themselves quietly to the fact of their registration, and will conform themselves to all the obligations imposed upon them by the police;" and he then adduces statistics which show that whereas the number of women who escaped from control during the period mentioned above, was 745 yearly; during the four years ending in 1880, the increase of those who escape has been enormous—viz., as follows: in 1877, 1,557; in 1878, 1,855; in 1879, 1,751; and in 1880, 1,935.

M. Guyot may well ask, as he does, "Is not this an evident proof that the organization of the *police des mœurs* is so incompatible with our habits and manners (*mœurs*), and that the registration is so revolting to the women, that this honourable institution is unable to work?"

From a purely sanitary point of view the "institution" stands condemned as decisively as we have shown it to be in respect to the points already discussed. In 1876 we demonstrated, by means of the statistics supplied to us at that time by M. Lecour, that the ratio per 1,000 of women found syphilitic was far greater in the registered than in the non-registered, or clandestine prostitutes; and again, that of those registered the proportion syphilitic of the women living in brothels was far greater than that of the women living in private lodgings. We learn from a table supplied by M. Guyot, that though the sanitary state of each of the three classes of prostitutes in question has been improved since 1875, the relative amount of syphilitic disease in each class remains substantially the same as it was prior to 1876—that is to say, that of clandestine prostitutes, or those wholly free from the control of the *police des mœurs*, the proportion found syphilitic is *least* of all; that of those registered prostitutes who live in private lodgings, the proportion found syphilitic is next in amount; while of those registered women living in brothels the proportion afflicted with syphilis is *greatest* of all. Here are the exact figures: during the four years, 1872, '73, '74, and '75, an average of 1·6 per cent. of clandestine prostitutes were syphilitic, and during the years 1876, '77, '78, '79, and '80, the average proportion

of the same class was 1·3 per cent. Of the registered women living in private lodgings, an average of 6 per cent. during the first period just mentioned, and an average of 4·3 per cent. during the second period, were found syphilitic; but of the women living in brothels, the enormous average proportion of 26 per cent. during the first period, and 20·8 per cent. during the second period, were found to be active agents for the diffusion of the syphilitic poison! Can any argument exceed in strength that of these simple but incontrovertible facts as a proof that the system in question is not only absolutely powerless for good, but is, on the contrary, peculiarly efficient as a means of spreading a disease at once one of the most loathsome and the most powerful as a degenerative influence on the human organism?

If we inquire what is the proportion of each of the three groups of women in question afflicted with venereal diseases which are non-syphilitic, we find a set of facts exactly analogous to those already adduced. In respect to these diseases M. Guyot gives a table ranging over nine years—from 1872 to 1880, both inclusive, and from it we find that the average proportion of each class suffering from venereal, but non-syphilitic, disease, is as follows: clandestine prostitutes, 1·5 per cent.; prostitutes living in private lodgings, 4·7 per cent.; and prostitutes living in brothels 33·4 per cent.!

In presence of these facts the *police des mœurs* may well despair of success, and may well relax their energies in working such an absurd and futile system as this. The fact that the authorities are losing heart in the business is, we rejoice to say, well attested by the marked diminution in the number of women arrested by the *police des mœurs* of late years. During the four years 1873, '74, '75, and '76, the average annual number of arrests was 13,365; but during the subsequent four years the average annual number was 11,006; it thus appears that the average annual number of arrests was 2,359 less during the second period than it was during the first.

The number of cases of ruthless and (from any point of view) unjust violation of personal liberty which cannot fail to be included in these arrests must be very great. M. Guyot gives an instructive and interesting chapter, affording suggestive glimpses of the character and proceedings of the men employed to effect these arrests. The chiefs of the *police des mœurs* seem to imagine they augment their own importance and do themselves credit as officials in proportion as the number of these arrests increases. When M. Lecour was examined by the Commission of Inquiry ordered by the Municipal Council of Paris, he was addressed as follows:—

"It appears that you permit yourself to effect 10,000 arrests and detentions yearly independently of all legal forms"?

"Fifteen thousand," he replied, "expressing his pride," as M. Guyot observes, "in his exaggeration of the number."

"M. Lerouge, who had charge of the 'active service' until 1881, was in the habit of repeating, 'We must have a large number of arrests (*Il faut du nombre*).' If he failed to get the requisite number, he exclaimed: 'The number of clandestine prostitutes lessens! (*Les insoumises baissent*)'; and then passing his agents into the Green Cabinet, rated them soundly. No presents could be counted on at the end of the month, but, instead, bad marks (*mauvaises notes*). There was nothing for it but to hunt again."

"In this hunt the *agents des mœurs* have as principal collaborators registered prostitutes living in private lodgings. These hate with profound hatred 'the filthy women who *font la noce sans être patentées*.' It is very just. Why not impose on their colleagues the obligations to which they are subject? They only ask that their free competitors should be reduced to their own level. If they are good indicators, the agents reward them with liberty, and even protection. The mistresses of brothels also detest the free women, who deprive them of their clients. The more they can put them in the hands of the police, the easier it is to obtain recruits fór their establishments. M. Béraut assured himself that the 'Prefecture could not have inspectors more clairvoyante, more alert, or better informed.' He advised that they should be utilized more and more extensively. The advice was followed, for MM. Poirat-Duval et Trébuchet felicitated, in 1857, the officer in charge of the active service 'in having known how to gain the confidence of the girls and of the mistresses of houses, whom he converted into useful auxiliaries of the administration.' Hence the formation of relations as agreeable as profitable for both parties.

"Monsieur Dutasta, ex-chef de la police de Sûreté, said: 'This supervision is a source of the gravest abuse. Certain functionaries do not scruple to take in hand the interests of the mistresses of brothels as against the girls, and to send them directly to the mistresses of other establishments where payments to them have been made in advance."

Doctor Jeannel, who is a fanatical advocate of the *police des mœurs*, characterizes the agents as "beings who rarely offer the desirable conditions of intelligence and morality." He speaks of their "brutality," of their "connivance," and says that "they act as brokers, indicate to debauchees the residence of certain girls, and take advantage of their functions in order to carry on the most dangerous proxenitism'."

In the Report on the Budget for 1881 of the Prefecture of Police, there occurs the following passage:—"Two agents having recently allowed a prisoner to escape, M. Caubet announced that they had been sent in disgrace into the *service des mœurs*, thus affirming that it is composed of the very scum of police agents. M. Benjamin Raspaill, *député*, obtained the removal of a *commissaire de police* from a commune in the Department of the Seine, who was there notorious by his acts of positive satyriasis; some time afterwards M. Raspaill, who inquired what had become of him, was informed that he had been transferred to the *service des mœurs!*"

"At Montpelier the Municipal Council dismissed an agent B——, who derived from his functions a large income by managing some, persecuting others, and living on good terms with the keepers of certain brothels; he went so far as to arrest women having only one lover, while he left the others completely free. According to the evidence of women, says the Report, he actually presumed to remove their names from, or to place them on, the register, in spite of the Mayor and the Central Commissioner. He said himself that he was above the communal power of these authorities. According to a letter addressed to M. Pappas, assistant to the Mayor, two young girls were accosted by this agent when they were leaving the hospital, and were led in a direction different from that which they were going; since that time nothing has been heard of them. He is in the habit of doing this. He delivered nurses or domestiques to the heads of brothels in the region, at the same time he acted as procurer for private individuals."

"In a large provincial town where the *police des mœurs* showed themselves ferocious on several occasions, a traveller said to a woman who was walking the streets:—'You are not afraid of the police?' 'Oh! I shouldn't rub up against them if I had no money. But if I was surprised by an inspector, I should grease his paw. With three francs I should free myself from his grasp.'"

Such are the men whom the chief of the *police des mœurs* finds himself constrained to employ for the accomplishment of his odious work! The most fanatical defenders of the *police des mœurs* may well say, as they do, quite coolly: It is evident that the prefect of police cannot recruit the *service des mœurs* from among bachelors of arts or retired officers. And now we will glance at a few examples of the cruelty these *agents des mœurs* not unfrequently inflict in the discharge of their alleged duty.

"In 1877, an agent, Gros, met about midnight a woman near the Place de la Sorbonne. He arrested her; she besought him to let her go, saying that she had a little child ill, and that she

had come out to get some medicine for it. The agent said, 'That's all pretence;' he took her to the police station. The child died in the night. The journals knew of the matter. It was talked about; but the '16th of May' arrived, and nothing was done; the woman died mad in La Salpétrière.

"There have been numerous cases in which young virgins have been arrested as prostitutes. Mdlle. Ligeron, arrested in 1877, consented that other doctors than those of the *police des mœurs* dispensary should assure themselves of her virginity. Such was likewise the case in respect to Mdlles. Lucy and Mary C——, who applied directly to Dr. Bergeron. Since that time complaints of outrages of the kind in question may be counted by hundreds. In 1876, *àpropos* of the arrest of the wife of a Dijon banker, M. Lecour coolly remarked, 'Does a husband leave his wife to wait for him on the causeway?'"

A certain Mdlle. Rousseil became the victim of the *police des mœurs*, against which there was consequently an outcry, and a writer in *L'Ordre* newspaper undertook the defence of the police in the following terms:—

"I know honest women who in no sense have made a parade of similar accidents when they have been the victims of them. I know a young and charming woman, who was brutally seized by the *agents de police* and taken to the police station, where she passed the night, mad with shame, in company with drunken girls. Giving her name and address was useless; she was not listened to. She was not liberated until her husband, apprised of her arrest, came to claim her. Do you believe that she wrote to the journals the next day: 'They took me for a prostitute; I demand justice?' She took care to do nothing of the sort."

M. Guyot had the following narrative communicated to him by the person to whom it refers. "Last year but one (1881), a young girl, sixteen years old, was arrested; she was conducted to the police station. Happily she was in that physiological condition which prevented a complete medical examination being made. This young girl, virgin, was to be married fifteen days afterwards. The banns were published; she was anxious that her betrothed, who was employed in a public office, should not know of the adventure. She feared that he would be afraid of being compromised if she lodged a complaint against the police; perhaps she also feared that this history might inspire him with some afterthought—in short, she feared to deliver her name, that of her family, and her personal history to the malevolence of the police, and to certain reporters, who, being its humble servants, are incapable of defending it without calumniating its victims. This young girl married, but she has a secret known to the

police agents, which some day or other may become a marvellous instrument for extorting hush-money. The life of this woman is poisoned." In *La Lanterne* of March 6, 1881, is the following account of another brutal outrage by the guardians of Paris morals:—"On Wednesday evening, at half-past ten o'clock, a young workman, with his betrothed, left the house of a friend in the Rue des Lombards 2 and 4, intending to accompany the young girl home, when three men threw themselves suddenly upon her and tried to drag her along. These three men were three *agents des mœurs*. The young man endeavoured to set free his betrothed, but in vain; the agents grossly insulted him, and treated him brutally. He then ran and fetched his friends and the *concierge* of the house which he had just left. They arrived in time to interpose between the agents and the young girl, who had already been dragged as far as the Rue de la Verrerie. The friends and *concierge* protested energetically, and testified to the perfect respectability of the young couple. The scandal threatening to assume serious proportions, the agents decided to release their prey."

A woman who does not live in her own furnished apartment, but merely occupies furnished lodgings, or a room in an hotel, has no personal security; she is liable to be seized and carried off, not only when she is on the boulevards, but when she is in an hotel or private lodging. The police are in the habit of entering these when in search of their prey about two o'clock in the morning. They have all the rooms opened. A woman is found, either alone or with a man, an habitual lover, or passing visitor. Then the *commissaire de police* decides whether or not she should be arrested. He usually says to the woman, "Show your hands." She shows them. He remarks, "Your fingers are not pricked enough; you don't work." She, defending herself, may say, "But I am an artificial flower maker," or "I am a burnisher; I am not a dressmaker." Usually such an explanation is of no avail; the woman is arrested; sometimes the results are tragic.

In the month of February, 1878, at No. 8, Rue du Perré, an arrest of the kind just mentioned was effected. The unhappy girl attempted to escape by jumping from a window of a second floor on to a glazed roof. The glass broke beneath her weight. Her flesh was horribly torn, and her two legs were broken. The *commissaire de police* was good enough to say to an agent, "Go and fetch a carriage." "It is not worth while; she is dying," remarked the agent. She was carried to a hospital; she died two days afterwards. In her agony she imagined herself always chased by the *agents des mœurs*. She was a dressmaker, Louise O——, and was twenty-four years old. She had left her

married sister, with whom she had been living, only three days before. This affair, adds the narrative, was conducted by M. Daudet, *commissaire de police*, who experienced no disagreeable consequences from it. The police know how to protect themselves when accidents occur; besides, as has been already mentioned on the authority of M. Lecour, "When a woman is honest she does not occupy furnished lodgings."

We have quoted thus at length the foregoing narratives from M. Guyot's book in order to show the nature of the odious incidents almost inevitably associated with the working of the system in question. The quotation which we have made from *L'Ordre* newspaper affords a convincing proof that many cases like those just narrated occur, but are never brought to light, seeing that the victim in each case, when a respectable woman, is frightened lest if the arrest should become known a stain of suspicion should rest upon her. It thus appears that girls who are practising prostitution, if only temporarily even, are exposed to the possibility, not only of having their liberty interfered with, but of suffering the grossest tyranny and cruelty, while the men who, by their sensuality, make them what they are, incur no similar risks. On the other hand, respectable women are precluded from appearing alone in the streets of Paris without incurring the danger, not only of being mistaken for and treated as common prostitutes, but of being seized and carried off to a police station, there possibly to be locked up for a night in company with the lowest of their sex who infest the streets. It may be said that the working of the system does not necessarily involve these results: that men of a higher character than those at present employed as *agents des mœurs* could be had if adequate salaries were given them, and that thus the evils in question might be avoided. We are of a totally different opinion. Ages of experience prove that no man is sufficiently wise and sufficiently just to be safely entrusted with the power of tyrannizing over his fellows. Moreover, we do not believe that any man having a spark of nobility or self-respect in his nature, would consent to discharge the duties of an *agent des mœurs*. In this connection we repeat the words already quoted of the French defenders of the system:—"It is evident that the prefect of police cannot recruit the *service des mœurs* from among Bachelors of Arts or retired officers." The Contagious Diseases Acts are a comparatively new thing in England; and on the principle that new brooms sweep clean, we are prepared to find that the Metropolitan police employed in the working of those Acts have been selected with special care; and inasmuch as their proceedings are jealously watched by the earnest opponents of those Acts, it behoves not only the policeman, but all concerned in their administration, so

to conduct themselves that the least possible fault may be found with them. Nevertheless, a considerable number of cases, more or less like to those above described as having occurred in Paris, have already occurred in the course of the administration of the Contagious Diseases Acts; and we firmly believe that if those Acts, instead of being repealed, should become permanently established in England, they would also entail the same gross violations of personal freedom, the same brutal tyranny, injustice, and cruelty as those which we have seen to be perpetrated in Paris, and, when Englishmen shall have been schooled to tolerate the system, possibly to the same extent.

Arguments of one kind tell best on some minds, and arguments of another kind tell best on others. We have therefore been induced to dwell at some length on the most glaring evils involved in the administration of the *police des mœurs* in the hope that our readers will see by the light reflected from the French system what will be the certain consequences of the prolonged operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts in England. These consequences are such that, whether from a sanitary point of view the Acts are adjudged to attain or not to attain the end for which they were designed, we are sure a large proportion of English men and women who realize what those consequences are, will insist on the speedy abolition of the system, so utterly alien as it is to the sense of freedom and justice innate in the English people.

In the articles on this subject which have already appeared in this REVIEW, we have been mainly intent on testing the validity of the *police des mœurs*, and of the Contagious Diseases Acts, by their hygienic results, and of denouncing both the one and the other as being in this respect not only failures but worse than failures. Their supporters defend and advocate them mainly on the ground of their efficiency as agents for preventing the spread of venereal disease; they apologize for the existence of the incidental evils which we have dwelt upon, as being inevitably associated with the working of a system the main results of which are beneficent; and they allege that those incidental evils are a small price to be paid for the great advantages obtained. It seems to us, therefore, that in attacking the *police des mœurs* and the Contagious Diseases Acts, the most effective method of procedure consists in demonstrating their total inefficiency as sanitary agents; for it is evident that every logical mind will conclude at once that if the systems in question fail to lessen the spread of venereal diseases, they fail altogether of the object for the accomplishment of which they are maintained. Inasmuch as, apart from their influence on the spread or prevention of those diseases, they

operate injuriously in every direction in which they operate at all, if they are useless as sanitary agents, it behoves every man and woman to insist on their speedy and complete abolition.

Frenchmen are said to be more strictly logical than Englishmen; certain it is that when they have formed a distinct conception respecting any desirable change or reform, they are much quicker than we are in realizing that conception. We proceed hesitatingly, and by way of compromise; the distance between their conceptions and their embodiments of them is much shorter, and not infrequently is passed over at a bound. The agitation in England against the Contagious Diseases Acts has now been long continued, is systematic, widely spread, and counts an immense number of adherents; but it really seems likely, after all, that the very country which has contributed most by the example of its *police des mœurs* to the establishment of the Contagious Diseases Acts in England, will prove to be precisely the one in which the agitators for the abolition of the system now prevalent in France and England will gain their first signal victory. In England such a victory would be the result and expression of the formation of a widespread public opinion condemnatory of the Contagious Diseases Acts. In France the victory, if obtained, will be due to no such change in the minds of the French people: as Frenchmen and Englishmen differ widely from each other in character, so the mode of procedure to effect any desired reform in France and England respectively differs widely also. The truth of this remark is strikingly illustrated by the history of the efforts made in France for the abolition of the *police des mœurs*. Of that history we will now endeavour to trace a brief outline.

The English opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts became convinced that it was expedient, not only to make every possible effort in England in order to effect their abolition, but that they might aid themselves greatly by having recourse to a sort of reflex action in the shape of an agitation in the several Continental cities, where the governmental supervision and compulsory medication of prostitutes had been long in operation. It was thought that if a public condemnation of the system could be obtained in those cities, the Contagious Diseases Acts would be deprived of whatever sanction they now possess from the long-established operation of *police des mœurs* in Continental capitals. Mrs. Butler went to Paris in 1874, and there attempted to initiate an agitation in order to achieve the object just described. She addressed herself chiefly to French Protestants, and especially to their pastors—Messrs. Coppet, Appia, Monod, and de

Pressensé. As remarked by M. Guyot, the "fact that men of their position and character assured her of their sympathy, and declared their adhesion to her mission, was already a gain. But this adhesion remained Platonic, and resulted in no public action. In like manner, the Protestant committee which was formed in January, 1877, at the Wesleyan Chapel, in Paris, bore no fruit." M. Guyot adds this interesting comment: "I cite these acts to the credit of French Protestantism. Where is the Catholic priest who would have consented to occupy himself with this question?"

In furtherance of the Continental agitation, an Association was formed on the 19th of March, 1875, with the title, *La Fédération Brittannique, Continentale, et Générale*, which in due time started a monthly journal, published in French, at Neuchatel, and entitled, *Le Bulletin Continental, Organe Centrale de la Fédération Brittannique, Continentale et Générale*. It is conducted by M. Aimé Humbert, late "Secretary of the Insurrectional Committee of Neuchatel when this town shook off the yoke of Prussia, late Counsellor of the State of Neuchatel, late President of the Council of the Swiss Cantons, late Minister Plenipotentiary of Switzerland to Japan—a man at once energetic and prudent, who by his position and the services which he has rendered to his country is surrounded with respect and consideration." M. Humbert is not only the Chief Editor of the *Bulletin Continental*, he is also the General Secretary of the Federation on the Continent. This Federation has done, and is still doing, excellent work. It has zealous branches in different parts of the Continent. The Italian division is presided over by Aurelio Saffi, Professor in the University of Bologna, a distinguished author, and especially well known as having been one of the triumvirs of the Roman republic.

No less than 1,600 associations of Italian working men have given in their adhesion to the movement. In Sweden, in Denmark, in Holland, and in Belgium, like associations have been formed; and in Germany the agitation is being vigorously promoted. The president of the Belgian association is the celebrated professor at Liège—M. Emile de Laveleye. In Switzerland the movement is, as might be expected, under the direction of M. Humbert. "At Zurich an attempt was made to establish a *police des mœurs*. It had even been voted. The Commandant Kaiser wrote a series of *Lettres aux Atheniens des bords de la Limatte*, which induced the Council to reverse its decision."

The Federation has had several important public meetings of its representatives and adherents—viz., at Brussels during the meeting of the Medical Congress in 1876; at Geneva in 1877;

at Liège in 1879; at Genoa in 1880; in London in 1881; and at Neuchatel in 1882. Important resolutions were passed at these several meetings; but the resolutions voted at the Congress of Geneva embody, we believe, most completely the general principles and objects of the Federation.

In November, 1878, a French Section of the Federation was established in Paris. It has two presidents, two vice-presidents, two secretaries, and two treasurers, the two sexes being represented in each office. This Section adopts as its fundamental principles the resolutions of the Congress of Geneva. Notwithstanding the energy, intelligence, and zeal of its officials, "the Association," as observed by M. Guyot, one of its presidents, "has not thriven. The majority of Frenchwomen have as yet no idea that this question can affect them: as to Frenchmen, many of them have as yet no well-formed opinion on the subject, and they say to themselves: 'Seeing that there are people who occupy themselves with it, it is not worth while for us to occupy ourselves with it.'"

The committee of the Paris Section meets at more or less regular intervals; and at more distant intervals there have been several meetings of the members of the Association as a whole. Besides these, there have been two public meetings, both of which were addressed by Mrs. Butler. On the second occasion, at the *Salle Levis*, the meeting was a very numerous one, the hall, which is a large one, being crowded. There were several able and eloquent speakers, among whom may be mentioned, in addition to Mrs. Butler, Madame Venturi, the able and zealous editress of the *Shield*, Mdlle. Desraismes, distinguished alike as a sound thinker and powerful orator; Madame de Morsier, one of the secretaries of the French Section, and an indefatigable worker in the cause she has espoused; Dr. Thulié, Member of the Municipal Council of Paris, and M. Yves Guyot, of whom we have more to say presently. Though the speakers were listened to with great attention, and though the views and sentiments which they expressed were received with seemingly enthusiastic applause, the meeting did not result in increasing to any notable extent the number of members of the Section, or in adding, by means of the collection which was made at the doors, any considerable sum to its funds. In fact, its life is one of lingering poverty. It cannot keep alive and extend the agitation for which it was constituted; it is paralyzed for want of funds. Persons becoming members of it can determine for themselves the amount of their subscriptions; and as a proof how modest are the expectations of the committee, we may mention that the sum of five francs as an annual sub-

scription gives the subscriber a right "to the various publications of the French Section." But small as the subscription is, the number of members is only fifty-three, and of course, therefore, even though each member subscribed five francs, the total amount of the aggregate subscriptions would be ludicrously insufficient to enable the Paris Section of the Federation to carry on the war in the enemy's country—or, in other words, by diffusing suitable publications, by public meetings, and by reports and discussions in the public journals, to produce a conviction in the minds of the Parisians that their long-established *police des mœurs* not only fails to prevent the propagation and diffusion of venereal diseases, but actually facilitates their increase, and at the same time inflicts a large amount of useless suffering.

The fact is, the custom, pre-eminently characteristic of the English people, of associating together for the disinterested promotion of philanthropic objects, is all but unknown in France: Frenchmen seem to expect their God to reveal Himself ever anew in the form of an all-pervasive earthly providence called the Government, ministering to their almost every need. Little as they are accustomed to act for themselves, and especially little as they are accustomed to co-operate for beneficent purposes, the accomplishment of which will yield them no personal advantage, still less are they accustomed to subscribe for such purposes. During the four years—1879, 1880-1-2—the total amount, including donations, subscribed in furtherance of the object for which the Paris Section of the Federation was originated was only £298 14s. In England the National Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts has recently subscribed a fund of £20,000 to aid in continuing the struggle. Referring to this fact, M. Guyot observes: "In France we can find this sum for any folly; but we shall never find it for a social work (*œuvre sociale*). The development of the political life of a country may be measured by the pecuniary sacrifices which individuals are capable of in order to promote the triumph of their doctrines."

Adverting to the large and varied class which holds wealth to be the supreme good, the late James Macdonell, who knew France well, thus expresses himself: "Nowhere is that class larger than in the country which, at the summit, is the most brilliantly intellectual in Europe. No literature contains more allusions to the pleasures of money-making than the literature of modern France. The novels of Balzac, which are steeped in the atmosphere of the Bourse, and add thrift to the list of the Beatitudes, merely exaggerate a profound instinct of French existence. The first Napoleon might have styled his own countrymen much more truly than ours, a nation of shopkeepers. No country, at

least, has so strongly developed the talent for saving, or so nearly erected it into a moral law."*

To that element of the French character here depicted we ascribe the feebleness, amounting to paralysis, of the Paris Section of the Federation in question; and we venture to express the opinion that if that section were left to its unaided efforts to effect the abolition of the Paris *police des mœurs* that baneful agency would long continue, by the mere fact of its existence, to strengthen the hands of the supporters of the Contagious Diseases Acts in England.

The French are, however, as all the world knows, pre-eminently successful revolutionists and reformers, though they do not adopt as their chief and most trustworthy agencies public meetings and subscriptions. Just as their national genius prompts them to favour personal government, so their reform movements give the greatest promise of success when they are incarnated and represented by a *person* who, constrained by a combination of inevitable convictions, inward tendencies and outward circumstances, becomes at once the teacher and leader of his countrymen. In respect to the impending revolution of the French *police des mœurs*, such a person is M. Yves Guyot. He says: "One of the most vivid reminiscences of my childhood is the coming and going of the prostitutes on the day when they went to submit themselves to the medical examination (*la visite*) at Rennes on the Quai Saint-Yves." He asked himself what did this "visite" mean? What did it consist of? What were these girls? "I knew only," he says, "that these women apart were regarded by everybody with horror, and that they went to submit themselves to some cruel and degrading mystery." He also mentions that while still a child he overheard an official of a town in Brittany recount in a drawing-room that he had seen on the preceding night a woman arrested by two police agents and dragged to prison; that he, with one of his friends, followed her to it, in order to amuse themselves by hearing her cries and supplications." He adds, "I still hear the brave citizens respond in chorus, 'Oh, no doubt she deserved it.' I was indiscreet enough to ask what the unhappy woman had done, and was told 'She had stopped some one' (*Elle avait appelé quelq'un*). This did not seem to me a sufficient reason for her arrest, and still less does it seem to me sufficient now. . . . . Certain acts which I witnessed; certain stories which I heard told at Rennes, and others afterwards at Paris by wretched women; two razzias (women-captures), in the midst of which I accidentally found

---

"France since the First Empire." By James Macdonell. Edited by his Wife. London: 1879. p. 257.

myself; a troup of four or five women whom one night I saw flying as it were for their lives; the ruthless invasions of the private lodgings of women, dragged into the street, shivering with cold, sobbing within the grasp of coarse or indifferent agents; several arrests committed with odious brutality; histories and legends, the latter truer than the former, for they exactly defined the character and action of the *police des mœurs*, roused my anger to boiling-point. Nevertheless, except in conversation between friends, I said nothing. I restricted myself, in 1872, to the publication, in *La Municipalité*, of a criticism, written in a temperate spirit, of Monsieur Lecour's work, and to mooting the question in my "Lieux Communs" (1873).

M. Guyot was elected member of the Municipal Council of Paris in 1874; but though at that time the *police des mœurs* redoubled its violence, and increased the number of its arrests, he, having no journal, and feeling that he had not sufficient influence either within the Council or out of doors, still kept silence. It was not until November, 1876, that he took a decisive step. In the previous September his attention was arrested by the following narratives, which he read in a newspaper:—

"Lyon.—A girl, about twenty years old, named Mélanie M——. was accosted at the Perrache railway station by a police agent dressed in plain clothes, immediately after she had parted from a traveller, who was leaving by the train. A signal being given by the agent, two policemen came up, seized the girl, and, notwithstanding her vigorous resistance, attempted to drag her to the police station.

"A terrible scene ensued. The wretched girl struggled desperately, and wishing to kill herself, struck her forehead against the causeway. The agents dragged her along with extreme violence. An hotel omnibus came along; the coachman was unable to stop his horses in time, and the wheels went over the girl's feet, which were seriously mangled. A crowd assembled; several persons, moved by a feeling of charity and pity, attempted to interpose. They asked the agents to leave the wounded girl at the Hotel de l'Univers, from which they might fetch her the next day; as to the expenses, they offered to pay them. The agents refused, and succeeded in dragging the poor girl to the police station of the tobacco factory; notwithstanding her great sufferings she struggled more than ever. A doctor insisted that she should be taken to the Hôtel Dieu. A carriage passed; she was thrown into it; one of the agents placed himself by her side, the other mounted on the box. On arriving at the Quai de la Charité, the girl suddenly opened the carriage door, threw herself into the Rhone, and was drowned. This scene occurred on Friday, the 1st of September.

"The following Monday, about seven o'clock in the morning, an agent of the *service des mœurs* presented himself at the Hotel du Guesclin and arrested another girl, named Marie Dans. Seized with

horror, she opened the window of her room on the second floor of the hotel, and threw herself into the court. She was taken up in a deplorable state.

"At the end of the same week, Saturday, Sept. 9, a girl, named R——, already registered as a prostitute, attempted to destroy herself at the police office in the Rue Luizerne. Not having succeeded in strangling herself with her apron string, she struck herself several times with a knife. Happily the knife which she seized had a blade with a round end, and the wounds were not deep. She was taken in this state to the prison of St. Joseph. The treatment to which the police subject the girls whom they imprison, and whom they afterwards enrol in the troup of registered prostitutes, is, therefore, it appears, such that the wretched creatures prefer death to the existence which the police prepares for them."

M. Guyot was at Brest when he read the above account in the newspaper, and from thence he sent a telegram to the conductors of the *Droit de l'Homme*, recommending the insertion of a vigorous commentary on these facts. At the end of October the journals reported that Mdlle. Rousseil, the great actress, had been arrested on the Boulevard at eight o'clock in the evening by an *agent des mœurs*. Believing the occasion a favourable one to bring the subject before the public, M. Guyot wrote a vigorous article, inspired by his anger, which was still at "boiling point." He says: "I did not attempt to soften at all the violence of its language, which seemed to me insufficiently strong to express my thoughts." The article made a considerable noise.

"On the 4th of November the discussion of the Budget of the Municipal Police came on at the Municipal Council. Up to that time the dozen millions (of francs) which were thus appropriated had been voted in one sum without discussion. I proposed that the part relative to the *service des mœurs* should be reserved. In spite of the efforts of M. Voisin, the Prefect of Police, I succeeded in getting the question of this part referred to a Commission. In the evening I received a summons to appear before M. Férey, *Juge d'Instruction*. This was intended to intimidate me. The Prefect of Police, with that perspicacity which distinguishes gentlemen of this order, expected to cut short the campaign before the Municipal Council by causing me to be prosecuted. He deceived himself signally. Sigismond Lacroix propounded the legal question in a masterly article. I explained to the public in what consisted exactly the organization of official prostitution. By way of reply I received a summons to appear on the 7th of December before the Eleventh Chamber of the Tribunal of Correctional Police. I was charged (1st) with having inserted in bad faith false news of a nature to trouble the public peace;

(2nd) with having committed the misdemeanor of slandering the representatives, or agents, of the public authority, in respect to facts pertaining to their functions, with characterizing, in the same article, the service of the agents of the *police des mœurs* as a *vile calling;* with declaring that these same agents are the most abject creatures, and that they are very efficient instruments of proxenitism; (3rd) with having committed the offence of defaming the said agents—depositaries of the public authority in respect to matters pertaining to their function, imputing to them facts of a nature tending to derogate from their honour and consideration; with alleging, notably, that they have at Paris complete power over 30,000 women, without counting the work-women and young girls, whom they are able to threaten to carry off and to imprison, without fearing any responsibility; that men who want women and do not want to give themselves any trouble take the police into their pay; that if persuasion is insufficient [to induce women to comply with the demands of the police] they employ the threat, 'Deliver yourself, or go to St. Lazare;' that there are bargains between the women who keep brothels and these agents; that when the brothels are short of *subjects likely to attract clients* the police charges itself with the duty of furnishing a supply; that it provides the public harems, and that it guarantees to the consumer the good quality of the merchandise which it delivers to their appetites.

"Such were the terms of the charge. At the meeting of the Municipal Council of November 30th, I demonstrated before the Prefect of Police and M. Lecour, who had nothing to say in reply, the truth of all these affirmations." The Council resolved that it would nominate at its next sitting "a Commission, consisting of a dozen members, in order to study the *service des mœurs*, and to propose either its suppression or such reforms as it may deem necessary."

"The Prefect of Police defended himself step by step; he was unwilling that the Council should occupy itself with this question. On December 6th a decree of Marshal MacMahon, countersigned by M. Marcère [the Minister of the Interior] annulled the resolution of the Council." Nevertheless, on the 11th of December, the Council proceeded to name a Commission of Inquiry, of which M. Hérison was chosen president and M. Guyot secretary.

Meanwhile—viz., December 7—M. Guyot was condemned, on the charges already cited, to six months' imprisonment and the payment of a fine of 3,000 francs. The conductor of the *Droits de l'Homme*, in which the incriminated article appeared, was at the same time sentenced to undergo three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs. M. Guyot concludes his nar-

rative of this disgraceful business thus: "I ought to say, that some days afterwards James Stuart called upon me one morning and brought me, on behalf of the Council of The Fédération Brittanique, Continentale, et Générale, a cheque for 3000 francs, the nominal amount of my fine."

We believe that the fact of M. Guyot's imprisonment was the means of his becoming acquainted with the Federation and the vigorous agitation already carried on in England against the Contagious Diseases Acts: he says—"Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., then President of the Federation, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Professor James Stuart and M. Aimé Humbert, were called to Paris by my campaign begun in the *Droits de l'Homme*." We may add, that the present writer first became acquainted with M. Guyot by visiting him in prison.

The fortunate, and long waited for, conjuncture of the "hour and the man" had at length arrived. M. Guyot was thoroughly informed of the proceedings and horrible abuses of the *police des mœurs*; they had filled him with righteous indignation, which had forced him to begin what he calls his "campaign" against the system—his vigorous attack being at this time exclusively directed on the police, whose abuses of their power, whose outrages on personal liberty, whose brutal cruelty and nefarious dealings with brothel keepers he unsparingly denounced; and now, by effecting a junction with the leaders of the war in England against the Contagious Diseases Acts he obtained access to all the facts and arguments which had already been accumulated there as condemnatory of official prostitution wherever instituted. These comprised a great body of well-authenticated statistics, dealing with the alleged sanitary effects of the system both in England and on the Continent, and proving that it fails to achieve the object for which it is established—viz., the diminution of venereal diseases in the towns or districts where it is applied. Not the least important part of these statistics, arrayed alike against the *police des mœurs* and the Contagious Diseases Acts in a systematic and argumentative form, first appeared in this REVIEW. They were subsequently amplified and most effectively handled by Dr. Nevins in the *Medical Inquirer*, and by Mr. Stansfeld in his very able speeches in the House of Commons. M. Guyot, with the energy which distinguishes him, quickly acquired sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable him to read it with ease, and hence to have at his command all the resources of the English arsenal, consisting of the whole body of Anti-Contagious Diseases Acts literature, which had been laboriously accumulated during several preceding years.

Having thus immensely increased his "ways and means" of carrying on the campaign which he had begun, and having been

greatly strengthened by assurances of the moral support, and even more substantial co-operation, of the English agitators for the repeal of those Acts, he not only continued to make use of the effective method of warfare which he had hitherto adopted, but he now added to the vigour and destructiveness of his attacks, by adducing indisputable statistics in order to show that the whole costly machinery of the *police des mœurs* is at once useless and worse than useless as a sanitary agency.

We believe that in consequence of M. Guyot's imprisonment the Commission of Inquiry into the Working and Results of the *service des mœurs*, appointed by the Municipal Council on the 11th of December, 1876, did not meet, and that the execution of the duties which it was expected to discharge was actually undertaken by the Budget Commission concerning the cost of the different services under the direction of the Prefecture of Police. M. Guyot was at once the secretary and the life and soul of this Commission. A large number of witnesses were examined: among these were Dr. Chapman and others, who gave evidence, and supplied statistical tables showing the extent to which the soldiers and sailors of the Royal navy were affected with venereal diseases in the several districts of Great Britain and Ireland where the Contagious Diseases Acts were in operation; and proving that during a period of several years the gradual diminution of the number of those who were infected with those diseases was greater at those military stations not subject to the Acts, than it was at those where the Acts were applied. Thus, as in England, the experience and results of the Paris *police des mœurs* are adduced as amongst the most powerful arguments against the Contagious Acts, so the experience and results of the working of those Acts, the offspring of the *police des mœurs*, were skilfully made use of to deal the most deadly blow against the parent institution.

M. Guyot presented his masterly report in the name of the Commission in December, 1880. His critical exposure and crushing condemnation of the principles and practice, not only of the *police des mœurs*, but of the Parisian police as a whole, could scarcely fail to convince every reader of that Report that a thorough reform of its organization and procedure is urgently needed. In dealing with the *police des mœurs*, he brought to bear on it with startling effect an avalanche of those statistical arguments, both French and English, with which he had become more especially familiar during the two preceding years, at the same time expounding and advocating the principles adopted by the Congress of Genoa. The result was decisive. After a short discussion, December 28, 1880, the

Municipal Council adopted, by 33 votes against 12, the following proposal of M. de Lanessan :—

"The Council, considering that the existing institution of the *police des mœurs* endangers individual liberty without producing the results expected from it in reference to the diminution of syphilitic diseases and offences against public order and morality, resolves—

"(1.) That the Municipal Administration is invited to present as speedily as possible a plan of a gratuitous medical and pharmaceutical organization for the purpose of counteracting syphilitic diseases.

"(2.) That the Administration suggest a system of organization which may substitute the ordinary police (*gardiens de la paix*) for the present agents of the *police des mœurs*, in so far as concerns the assurance of public order respecting women who give themselves up to prostitution.

"(3.) That the offences and contraventions of the common law in respect to public order shall no longer be submitted to arbitrary administration, but shall be referred to an ordinary court of justice.

"(4.) That the consequence of this reorganization ought to be the suppression from the 1st of January, 1882, of the special brigade of the *police des mœurs*."

The foregoing resolutions are, we believe, the beginning of the end ; and the end, we venture to say, is not far off. "I believe," says M. Guyot, "I shall be happier than Wilberforce, who only saw the triumph of his work in the year of his death. Events precipitate themselves. In 1859 John Brown was hung; five years had not passed before the blacks of the United States were set free. If I place the cause which I support under the patronage of these liberators of humanity, it is because it is but the continuation of their work ; and it is only necessary to glance at the situation of various countries to become certain that the triumph of that cause is near."

While M. Guyot was working, as we have seen, in the Municipal Council, he did not cease having recourse to the power of the press. In 1878 he proposed to M. Eugène Mayer to write in *La Lanterne*. The proposal was accepted, and speedily there appeared the "*Révélation d'un ex-agent des mœurs*," the "*Lettres d'un médecin*," and the "*Lettres d'un vieux petit employé*" (October, 1878—January, 1879). The effect of these, together with M. Guyot's previous attacks, is freely acknowledged by M. Lecour in his book entitled "*La Campagne contre la préfecture de police envisagée surtout au point de vue des mœurs*." He says: "The Prefecture of Police announced officially that several of its agents had been put on the retired list. It was hoped, at this price, perhaps, to obtain the disarmament of the *Lanterne*, the triumph of which at all points was thus implicitly proclaimed. . . . . It was impossible to avoid

foreseeing in these assaults, manifestly directed against the whole institution of police, the rout of the *service des mœurs.* A rout accomplished without discussion or resistance could be nothing but an incident and a halting-place." Further on, referring to the dislocation of the Prefecture of Police, he adds: "The evil is accomplished, and it is irreparable." This frank avowal covered no more than the actual facts, consisting as they did of "the resignation of M. Lecour, the fall of all the principal personages (*haut personnel*) of the Prefecture of Police, dragging along with them M. Gigot and, finally, M. de Marcère, Minister of the Interior."

But M. Guyot, writing in 1882, is not quite content: he says, complainingly, "At the present moment the question flags a little. The *police des mœurs* no longer acts without a certain prudence, which makes gross scandals more and more rare. Then, in France, we achieve political progress by attacking facts and by protestation. We do not know how to work a question slowly, calmly, obstinately to the end. We need some event to shock our nerves and rouse us from our torpor; we also need to have before us a rather eminent personality whom we can attack. M. Camescasse [the present Prefect of Police] does not suffice."

We think, however, that M. Guyot has no need to regret the increasing prudence of the *police des mœurs*; though it presents fewer points of attack than formerly, the need of attacking it at all seems likely soon to cease altogether. The battle is already all but won; and already the question is surging up, how to utilize most effectually the newly acquired territory.

The Commission of Inquiry into the *police des mœurs* has been organized in accordance with the resolutions given above; it is presided over by M. Sigismond Lacroix, and has chosen as its secretary the energetic and highly accomplished Dr. Bourneville, editor of the *Progres Médical*, who, as well as M. Lacroix, has been recently elected a Member of the Chamber of Deputies. The proceedings of this Commission, as already reported, justify us in stating that it recognizes the total failure of the *police des mœurs* to prevent, or even to lessen, the development and spread of venereal diseases; and that, recommending its abolition, the Commission is intent on determining what is the most expedient process to be adopted in effecting its dissolution, and what institutions may most advantageously supplant it.

We rejoice in learning that the General Council of the Department of the Seine has invited the Prefect of the Seine to cause all the brothels (*maisons de tolérance*) at present existing in the Department to be closed: it is difficult to believe that this important invitation can be ignored. Then the Commission of

the *police des mœurs* has agreed on the necessity of suppressing the Infirmary of St. Lazare, and of replacing it by free dispensaries and consulting rooms. The Commission has, moreover, decided, we understand, to suppress the special hospitals for the treatment of venereal diseases—the *Midi* and the *Lourçine*, which are to be transformed into general hospitals; to suppress all compulsory medical introspection, and all compulsory medical treatment; and, instead of the latter, to receive for treatment, free of charge, in the general hospitals, or in the dispensaries about to be organized, *all* sufferers from venereal disease, whether male or female who present themselves, it being understood that those female patients who are known to be prostitutes are, nevertheless, to be received and treated with the same kind care as is accorded to other female patients, to whom no such moral stain is attached. In short, we have reason to believe that on the 29th of March last the Commission adopted the Report drawn up by Dr. Fiaux—a Report embodying the conclusions expressed in M. Guyot's previous Report to the Budget Commission, and, afterwards more amply, in his book named at the head of this article. Whether or not immediate effect will be given to the resolution of the Commission, our readers may now feel thoroughly assured that the *police des mœurs* is doomed to inevitable extinction, and that, in the shape of *free medication* without the imposition of any condition of submission to hospital imprisonment, justice and mercy and charity are about to be held out to the suffering pariahs and social outcasts of womankind in the capital of France.

Thirteen years ago we published an article entitled—"Prostitution: how to deal with it."* In that article, after insisting that the English people must recognize the necessity of rooting out their theological pride which puffs them up with the baneful imagination that they know the Divine Will, not only with respect to the relation of the sexes, but also with respect to the origin and purpose of those diseases commonly associated with the practice of prostitution, we proceeded to say:—

"When this urgently-needed reform is accomplished, there will be a complete change in public opinion, feeling, and practice, in respect to the thousands of diseased and suffering Magdalens constituting the great social evil of civilized life, and in dealing with them it will then be possible to try the effect of applying the Christianity of Christ Himself. He who erected that marvellous standard of physical purity contained in the declaration, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart,' not

* WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 74, April, 1870.

only answered the accusers of the woman taken in adultery in the words, 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her,' and said to the woman, 'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more;' but, while suffering 'a woman in the city, which was a sinner,' to wash His feet with tears, and to wipe them with the hair of her head, He assured her of both His sympathy and His forgiveness, and at the same time rebuked the Pharisee who was scandalized by His compassionate condescension. Surely the significance to Christians of this noble teaching by example is unmistakable! And that lesson once duly learnt will show to all, whether Christians or not, how they may co-operate for the accomplishment of that great work which has long needed to be done—the immediate prevention or great diminution of the diseases from which prostitutes suffer, and the gradual but sure abolition of prostitution itself. Insisting on the necessity of those preliminary changes just indicated in the thought and feeling of the community, and supposing them to become effected, we shall now point out the direction in which we believe social reformers, and, indeed, all earnest Christians, ought to proceed in order to achieve the first of the two objects mentioned—viz., the prevention or great diminution of the diseases from which prostitutes suffer.

"Stated in the form of a general principle, the lesson is indeed very simple, and, as we have seen, was admirably exemplified by Christ, who, while He pointed on the one hand to a lofty ideal of sexual purity which may always be the object of human aspiration, showed on the other that in our dealing with our fellow creatures we must ever remember that we are none of us 'without sin,' and that even those who have reached the greatest depths of moral degradation have a claim on our compassion and our help. No doubt the right application of this principle amid all the various and ever-varying circumstances of actual life needs much wisdom and experience; but those who are faithful to that principle can scarcely go far wrong; and the duty lying nearest to them, the one most urgently needing to be done, is exceedingly plain—viz., that of assuaging the physical sufferings of many thousands of outcast women in England, who are mutely appealing for genuine help while shrinking in horror from the invitation of policemen to enter the hospital-prisons which the Government is now providing.

"As the wide spread of disease which we now deplore is due to the fact that, with a few insignificant exceptions, these unfortunate women have been, and for the most part still are, refused admission into hospital when pervaded by disease, it is obvious that the first step to be taken in order to lessen this great evil, is to provide an abundance of hospital accommodation for these women. And, in the first instance, the doors of all general hospitals should be thrown wide open to them; and if existing hospitals are not large enough, as they certainly are not to accommodate all who would seek admission, they should be enlarged. We say 'the doors of all general hospitals should be thrown open to them,' because if the reform we have suggested is to be really and truly carried out, every vestige of the principle and

feeling denoted by the 'scarlet letter' must be effaced from our dealing with the women whose diseases we desire to heal. The custom of setting a mark upon them, of branding them as degraded beings, must be wholly abandoned; we must show them that we really respect and care for them for their own sakes, and thus induce them to respect themselves. Now, the establishment of special hospitals for their reception is an expression of the old spirit which must be ignored: the very fact of going to one of those hospitals is itself a brand, which in many cases would be productive of unspeakable social injury, and which in nearly all cases is a severe trial to the patient, and one to which it is inexpedient to expose her. We have seen that it is absolutely necessary to induce the women to enter the hospitals, and we have seen that the Continental system, reproduced here as the Contagious Diseases Acts, fails to subject more than a small fraction of the whole of diseased prostitutes to sanitary influences, and now nothing, indeed, is left for us but to practise the principle already explained by relying entirely on the almighty power of kindness. But to do this implies, among other things, the abandonment of all arrangements which had their origin in the old spirit we have described, and special, or lock hospitals, originated in that spirit."

We little dreamt, when we penned these lines, that we should ever feel the joy of witnessing the realization of the suggestions they contain; still less did we hope to witness it in the very capital where the system diametrically opposed to the principles they embody had long been, and was still, flourishing in full force. France may indeed be grateful to England for copying that system, and putting it on its trial by authority of Parliament in the presence of hundreds of thousands of English men and women who constituted themselves its stern inquisitors and judges, and who, transmitting their judgment to Paris, along with their ample *pièces justificatives*, contributed to ensure the speedy condemnation of the system by Frenchmen themselves. On the other hand, England owes a great debt of gratitude to France for the heroic bravery with which she is hastening to give effect to her judgment as soon as it is formed, and thus, by her powerful example, to encourage and embolden England to rid herself, without further loss of time, of the "accursed thing," and to replace it, as it is about to be replaced in Paris, by institutions accordant at once with justice, charity, reason and common sense.

Contemporary Literature.

THEOLOGY.

MR. J. S. MILL, referring to appreciative critics of a school very different to his own, once predicted that "Thought would sympathize with thought." In reading the Lectures[1] and Papers selected for publication from the literary remains of Dr. J. B. Mozley, we feel that there is truth in this aphoristic utterance, far as we are from agreeing with the particular views, or adopting either the premises or conclusions of the late Regius Professor at Oxford. The last essay in the volume before us is a carefully written criticism on Dr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent," where, without accepting all the author's positions, the reviewer meets the reviewed on common ground. This "common ground" has already been occupied by Dr. Mozley in his first paper on Evidence. It is, in fact, the antecedent argument of instinctive hopes, preliminary truths, elementary convictions. The Moral Sense or Idea, for instance, is said to contain in the substance of it, conscience, self-condemnation, repentance, and the appeal to an Eternal Judge. A perception of the Divine presence, a conviction of the reality of the unseen world, the hope of personal immortality, are enumerated by Cardinal Newman among these preliminary assumptions. Now, allowing that there are certain "mental convictions" of the kind here indicated, an opponent might very well object to the particular representation given of them. Thus, he might concede that the sense of sin is in some sort an elementary conviction; but object that the phrase overstates the psychological fact. One of the most interesting papers in this volume relates to the Jewish and Heathen conceptions of a future state. We think, however, there was, at least exceptionally in pre-Christian Theology, more of the personal element in the conception of immortality than Dr. Mozley seems willing to recognize. In the essay on the "Supposed Obscurity of Holy Scripture," we do not think he has been altogether successful. He finds the Trinity in the Gospel of St. John; but surely the Logos-Christ is not there described as the absolute God, but only as a divine person. Among these papers is one on the Athanasian Creed—that creed of which Dr. Mozley's brother, a former editor of the *British Critic*, confesses that it always raised in him to a very late date a chaotic medley of notions and sensations. Dr. Mozley tries hard to extract the sting of the Damnatory Clauses—those clauses which Dr. Arnold declares he did not believe in under any qualification given of

[1] "Lectures and other Theological Papers." By J. B. Mozley, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1883.

them—by coupling them with the condition that the error in faith proceeds from something wrong morally: an arbitrary and objectionable hypothesis. In the essay on "Original Sin," the author has taken much pains to demonstrate that worldly philosophers and poets acknowledge in a certain sense its universality; an acknowledgment which goes but a little way towards the recognition of the sin of Adam, and its transmitted consequences. In the paper on the Colonial Church Question, the ultimate organization of the whole Colonial Church upon a voluntary basis is pronounced to be the only solution of the difficulties which interfere with its independent action. In condemning Bishop Colenso, the African Church, according to Dr. Mozley, applied a sense to formularies which was in excess of the legal sense, while interpreting the phrase "Word of God" in the sense in which it was generally received, and which had the sanction of Christian tradition. Thoughtfully conceived and excellently written, Dr. Mozley's volume will be read by those who share his principles with grateful respect, and by those who do not share them with profit and interest as embodying the belief and opinions of an influential school of thought.

In "The Evolution of Christianity"[2] we have a work of an exactly opposite character. Its general result we are compelled to accept, but in its tone, its spirit, its historical conception, its conduct of the argument sustained, we find much that is offensive, little that is acceptable. Thought does not here sympathize with thought. With the results worked out by other writers, and repeated by the anonymous author of the work before us, we have a logical or critical sympathy; but with a controversialist who speaks of David as "the ancient father of modern cant," the Prophet Amos as an "irregular practitioner," and Nicodemus as "that eminent Pharisee," we have but little in common, apart from certain negative conclusions at which we arrived long years ago. Besides the cardinal error which pervades the book of an illiberal interpretation of past history, of the one-sided and unphilosophical appreciation of the actors, the motives, the circumstances of struggling, groping, embarrassed humanity in the ancient world, we notice various misstatements or rash and unfounded assertions scattered through the volume. Sometimes the author is found unexpectedly agreeing with orthodox commentators in his critical positions. Thus he appears to have a firmer belief in the mission of Moses than Bishop Colenso, judging by the sketch which he gives of his history, and by his assertion that he not only borrowed rites and ceremonies, but even his ideal of Divinity from the Egyptians. The learned Dr. Kuenen and M. le Page Renouf, we may remark, accord in rejecting the theory of the Egyptian derivation of the Hebrew creed or institutions. The monotheism of the Jews our author attributes to their contact with an Aryan race of monotheists during the exile, and erroneously, as it would now seem, maintains that Cyrus identified Ormuzd with Jehovah.[3] But surely a very real monotheism is found

---

[2] "The Evolution of Christianity." London: Williams & Norgate. 1883.
[3] See Cheyne's "Prophecies of Isaiah," vol. ii.

in the prophets of the eighth century, and that doctrine is taught in explicit terms in Deuteronomy. Declining to take the orthodox view as to the unity of the book containing the prophecies of Isaiah, he explains the "Cyrus" passages by the gratuitous hypothesis of "pious fraud interpolating Isaiah to win the co-operation of that monarch." He disagrees with the best modern critics in attributing the authorship of the "Song of Songs" to Solomon himself, and though Psalm xc. is entitled "A Prayer of Moses," he seemingly attributes it to David, with a sneer at the pernicious legacy of "the allotted period"—*i.e.*, the seventy years of life. He says nothing in qualification of the legendary exaggeration in the Acts of the "communistic socialism" of the early Christians, although Professor Zeller has convincingly shown that the account there given is not strictly historical, but embodies the lofty conceptions of a later period regarding the state of the original Apostolic Church. That the Gospel of John is first heard of through Irenæus is an inexcusable error. Theophilus of Antioch refers it to John, A.D. 175–180; and it is quoted by Tatian, Apollinaris, and the author of the "Clementines" at a still earlier period. In the assertion that Jesus drew his ideas of the life hereafter from the Book of Enoch, and that, if the author of that book had never existed, mankind would never have heard of the Christian religion, we can see only a combination of audacious rashness and uncritical prepossession. Equally unfounded is the assertion that Plato, an illustrious Athenian, &c., conceived that the Supreme Being is of Trinitarian essence.

The orthodox Dr. Charteris disappoints, though he does not repel us. In the reprint of the "Croall Lectures" for 1882, under the title of "New Testament Scriptures," he investigates their claims, history, and authority.[4] That Dr. Charteris has read much and reflected much cannot be doubted; but we find his reasoning unsatisfactory, and his conclusions often groundless. It is surely a rash assertion to say that the writers of the New Testament, one and all, proclaim that they write "by the inspiration of the living God whose word is the Old Testament Scripture." We open the work of an English clergyman, the Rev. John Macnaught, lying before us, and we find it said of Luke: "he chose the best accredited portions of the current narrative;" he used his "human judgment as to what was deniable, and this does not look like the urgent duty of recording what God was miraculously teaching." "It is very remarkable," he adds, "that nowhere—not even in Jeremiah—do we find the inspired penmen pronouncing their own writings inspired," though "we doubt not they believed every writing—like everything else—to be inspired in proportion to its goodness." Dr. Charteris refers particularly to St. Paul as the author of the Thessalonian letters. The reference

[4] "The New Testament Scriptures: their Claims, History, and Authority." Being the Croall Lectures for 1882. By A. H. Charteris, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism and Biblical Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains; Author of "Canonicity," &c. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1882.

seems to us particularly unfortunate; for the writer of 1 Thess. iv. 15 believed in the speedy advent of Christ, and he expressly declares himself to be speaking "by the word of the Lord." The belief which he entertained was shown to be groundless by the non-arrival of the event. That the Church "possessed our Gospels and the mass of the other books of the New Testament during the first century; that the Gospel of James and the Acts of Paul and Thecla are probably of the first century; that Papias says, 'Mark compiled his *Gospel*,' or that when he attests his preference for the living and abiding voice, he was having 'a sly hit' at the wordiness of the philosophic homilies of the commentators on the New Testament Scriptures," are, in our judgment, positions which cannot be maintained. As little can we admit that Basilides quoted St. John's Gospel. He is happier in the account he gives of the apologists and Christian writers from Justin Martyr to Eusebius. The alleged discovery of an Armenian translation of the Commentary on Tatian's Diatessaron by Ephrem Syrus, will, if the genuineness of the work be finally established, do something to curtail vexatious controversy. The history of the disputed books of the New Testament is very clearly and candidly related, especially that of the Apocalypse, ascribed by Caius to Cerinthus, rejected by Dionysius as the composition of the author of the Fourth Gospel, disparaged by Eusebius, questioned by Cyril, and tossed away by Luther and Zwingli. The theory of the early Reformers, as regards inspiration, does not seem to have consecrated the Bible as an infallible book. Dr. Charteris denies that we receive the canon on the authority of the Church of the fourth or fifth centuries, as Cardinal Newman contends; objecting that the Church gave no decision during those centuries. Among the canons of the Third Council of Carthage, however, is one which contains a list of the books of Holy Scripture, and prohibits the reading in the Church, under the title of Divine Scriptures, of any but those accounted canonical, the books of the Old and New Testaments as received by us, with the addition of some of the Apocryphal books—Tobit, Judith, the Maccabees—a decision more acceptable to Dr. Newman than to Dr. Charteris or Dr. Martineau. Dr. Martineau, according to our author, asserts that "the conception of a canonical literature that shall serve as a divine statute-book belongs to a stage of culture that has passed away." Dr. Charteris' reasons for accepting our present Canon are not those of the Articles of the Church of England. They are not those of the *Roman* Catholic Church, nor of the Greek Church, nor of other churches which cling to an objective test, nor are they wholly subjective. He does not agree with the first Reformers, nor with Coleridge, nor with Professor Beck. His reasons are partly subjective and partly objective; partly present, partly historical. This is a vague and indefinite criterion. His reasons, arranged in propositions of a distinct and definite character, would, we are convinced, dissolve in a Scotch mist of presumptions and probabilities, to vanish before the rising sun of a penetrating and illuminating criticism.

Our next book, the "Defect of Modern Christianity, and other Ser-

mons," by Professor Momerie, is not directly controversial or critical.[5] Primarily it calls Christians to account for their various shortcomings, as, for instance, misconceptions of the nature of their creed, want of enthusiasm, of progress, and of devotion to Christ. Eight discourses, expository of the great argument of the "Book of Job" are fairly well done, though, in our opinion, the author errs in placing their authorship in the Solomonic era, the Aramæisms, the mention of the Chaldæans as a marauding people, and some other circumstances, pointing to a date not earlier than the seventh century. A third section deals with a variety of topics, such as "Pre-Christian Religion," the "Greatness of Man," "The Triune God," and the "Connection between Reason and Faith." Professor Momerie's sermons are distinguished by simple eloquence, wise and charitable thought, and by what may be called, in contrast with the old pulpit oratory, originality. Their most noticeable characteristic—though this is not peculiar to Mr. Momerie—is precisely their *modern Christianity*. If the Christianity of our youth is really that of Professor Momerie, it does not lie on the surface. Sometimes, too, his doctrine strikes us as being somewhat wide of the "regulation pattern." When he says, for instance, "Christ's suffering was not a sacrifice which God exacts in order that he might be *appeased*, but a sacrifice which he provides in order that he might be revealed," he is not preaching the old Gospel but another. When he tells us there are in Genesis two accounts of the Creation, he tells us what is true, but what is a result of heterodox criticism. When he declares that David never suspected that there were any stars but those visible to the naked eye, and that "his view of their origin was that they were suddenly called into existence on a certain Thursday, two thousand years before the time of Noah," he states what we all once believed, and what, if the document be inspired, we are all still bound to believe, but what he does not believe himself, for his chronology is not that of David. When he adds, myriads of ages ago our earth was a mass of molten liquid, and myriads of ages before that it consisted entirely of glowing gas, he does not get his information from the Bible, nor can this modern thought be reconciled with that of the author of Genesis. Throughout Mr. Momerie's attractive little volume the morning air of the new world breathes through the dry bones of the old Theology. The voices of Emerson, Tennyson, Carlyle, Froude, M. Arnold, and even of Huxley, Tyndall, Shelley, and Swinburne reverberate through the hollow cells and crannies of the antique pile which he seeks to remodel. Considering that Darwin's view of the Christian religion is now very well known, we do not think Mr. Momerie should have cited that great name in support of his conviction that "there is not the slightest incompatibility between science and true religion," if, at least, true religion be identified with doctrinal Christianity. The joint presence of Professor Huxley and Canon Farrar at the tomb of Darwin can be interpreted as a prophetic an-

[5] "Defects of Modern Christianity, and other Sermons, preached in St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, 1881-2." By the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of St. John's Coll. Cam., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in King's Coll. London. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

nouncement of the reconciliation of Science and Theology only by a man of sanguine temperament. Indeed, any reconciliation in these days seems distant enough, if it be true, as Mr. Momerie intimates, that Broad Churchmen look upon Low Churchmen as fanatics, and the latter return the compliment by regarding Broad Churchmen as infidels, if not atheists.

In another work, "The Basis of Religion,"[6] Mr. Momerie points out what he deems the defects of the popular treatise on "Natural Religion," by the author of "Ecce Homo," recently noticed in our pages.[7] Admitting "the fascination" of the volume and vindicating the Christianity of the author, Mr. Momerie pronounces it faulty in argument and pernicious in tendency. His own contention is that a rational basis for a rational theology is to be found in the supersensible elements of our common experience.

In the same liberal school of theology with Mr. Momerie we must place the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, the author of the "Gospel of the Secular Life,"[8] the Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, and a Canon of Canterbury. His volume consists of nine sermons preached before the University of Oxford. These sermons are distinguished by a certain secondary originality, refinement of thought and expression, and a general absence of dogmatic distinctions. It surprises us a little to be told, in reference to the question of supernatural intervention, "that the main basis of Christian faith is not affected by it, since Christians have learned to rest much more on the spiritual nature and powers of Christ than on any special facts, even than on the testimony of His Resurrection;" less so to be assured "that there are instances of men who hold earnestly to the name and spirit of Christ who yet do not admit any miraculous agency," and most of all, or perhaps least of all, to learn that "the Resurrection itself is to be viewed rather as a disclosure of another state of existence than as belonging to the order of events with which physical science is conversant." The political liberality of the volume corresponds with the theological. Democratic equality as the spirit of brotherhood demanding redress of grievances, the idea of progress, constitutional government, the dawning of a larger and truer Christianity, typified in Garibaldi's benediction and baptism of an Italian patriot's child, are classed as Christian conceptions or results in Mr. Fremantle's kaleidoscopic presentment of "the Faith once delivered to the Saints."

"The Age to Come," by Mr. Albert Hide, seems to carry us back to a more familiar world of Theology.[9] If we rightly understand Mr. Fremantle, the vivid descriptions in the "Apocalypse," though

---

[6] "The Basis of Religion, being an Examination of Natural Religion." By the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., &c. &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

[7] October No., 1882, pp. 515–517. In page 516, line 22, for *Theism* read *Atheism*.

[8] "The Gospel of the Secular Life." Sermons Preached at Oxford. By the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, late Fellow of All Souls, &c. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1882.

[9] "The Age to Come." By Albert Hide. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

capable of a spiritual application, properly relate to times not far off, but near at hand, when the Roman eagles were about to swoop down upon Jerusalem. Mr. Hide, on the contrary, is of opinion that "the opening of the six seals, like the six days' work of creation, covers a period of time, age after age, the duration of which is altogether beyond our calculation." At the close of the present age, during which little improvement is to be expected, "God purposes to introduce a new era when the Lord Jesus will return from heaven." This era is identified with the predicted "times of restoration;" but the restoration of all does not necessarily involve the salvation of all. The people of Sodom, whose case it seems has been generally regarded as hopeless, will have another chance; but salvation, in the age to come, is to be attained, as now, through faith and obedience. There is, if we do not misinterpret Mr. Hide, to be a literal resurrection. Not only is Israel, not only are the children of Abraham to be raised from the dead, but the people of Sodom, Moab, Ammon and Elam are to be resuscitated, and again to exist as nations, when the kingdom of the Messiah is established on the earth with Jerusalem as its metropolis.

We cannot say that the author of "The Kingdom of Grace Triumphant" would regard Mr. Hide as altogether a kindred spirit; but, under a different form, the same eschatological mysticism inspires and shapes his religious conceptions.[10] A great evolution, to use his own words, has taken place. The cycle beginning with the Ascension and Descent of the Holy Ghost is at an end. Jesus Christ, he says, is the perfect Microcosm of the universe; the Holy Spirit the Macrocosm in the Church; the race of Adam is nothing. "Before restored man can have a conscious individuality in the kingdom of grace he must renounce self and permit his being to be restored in the spiritual unity of the universe in Christ and God." While advancing these theosophical speculations, Mr. Coutts, the author of the work under review, proposes to show that within this realm of thought the supposed antagonism between science and true religion has no place.

The adherents to traditionary views will find their sentiments reflected with sufficient fidelity in "The Old Testament Commentary for English Readers," edited by the Right Reverend C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.[11] Dr. Arnold, long ago, and recently the late Dean of Westminster, surrendered the time-honoured assumption of the scientific accuracy of the first chapter of Genesis; but the Very Rev. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, asserts the agreement of the Mosaic record with geology. A creative day is not a period of twenty-four hours, but an æon, or period of indefinite duration! The primæval light was probably electric, arising from the condensation and friction of the elements; and the distinctive divisions of day and night, which preceded the creation of the sun, are attributed to a bright phosphorescent mass such as now enwraps that

[10] "The Kingdom of Grace Triumphant." By John Coutts, Author of "Philosophy of the Seven Principles," &c. &c. London: F. Pitman. 1883.

[11] "The Old Testament Commentary for English Readers." By Various Writers. Edited by Charles John Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Vol. I. London, Paris, & New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 1883.

luminary! In Gen. i. 26, the commentator discerns the germ of the doctrine of a plurality of persons in the Divine Unity. In Gen. vi. 1, "the Sons of God" are not, as sound exegesis requires, a celestial race, but the descendants of Cain. Again, according to the Dean of Canterbury, the deluge is not to be the deluge—in other words, the deluge was not universal; it was limited to "the Noachian world;" and the ark is not to be the ark, or, more exactly, the window is not to be a window, but (hypothetically, at least) "an open space, one cubit in height, running all round the ark;" and besides the door "there must also have been apertures!" It is no longer the Word of God, then, or of Moses, that we are asked to believe, but the pseudo-scientific and arbitrary glosses of the Dean of Canterbury. The commentary on Exodus is by the Rev. George Rawlinson, and will be equally acceptable to the orthodox world. The cardinal difficulty in Exodus, vi. 3—arising from the contradiction to fact implied in the words, "I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac and unto Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by My name Jehovah was I not known to them"—is met by the rendering, "was I not made manifest to them;" but in view of the repeated Jehovistic theophanies in Genesis, it is extremely difficult to accept the interpretation suggested. The writer of Exodus *intended* to assert that the Almighty was not known as Jehovah to the patriarchs. Distinctive peculiarities of style throughout the Pentateuch support this natural sense, and the proper conclusion is, that the Jehovistic writer transferred the worship of Jehovah, or Monotheism, into the primitive period, to gain credit for the institutions of his country, and augment the glory of the Jewish people. Mr. Rawlinson shows the uncritical character of his mind, when, c. xv., he writes, of the so-called "Song of Moses," it is scarcely conceivable that it can have had any other author; he thinks that the holy habitation implies the Temple, or some consecrated place, but supposes that Moses "possibly knew by revelation what place would be ultimately selected." There is some interesting matter in the additional notes to Exodus. Mr. Rawlinson still inclines with M. Chabas to regard the *Aperu* of a certain papyrus as the Egyptian translation of the word we render *Hebrews*. But has not Brugsch shown that the Aperu were not Hebrews, but an Erythræan people settled in the Nomé of Heliopolis? The Book of Leviticus is annotated by the Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, and his work is entitled to respectful mention. He deviates a little from the beaten track, when he premises that he does not believe the Book of Leviticus in its present form was written by Moses, and offers us a picture of the temple service in the time of Christ. He rightly substitutes Azazel, an evil demon of the primitive religion, for scapegoat, c. xvi., and as rightly explains the prohibition, c. xviii. v. 18, "A man is here forbidden to take a second sister for a wife, in addition to the one who is already his wife, and who is still alive." He points out, that while marriages between nephews and aunts were prohibited among the Jews, intermarriage between uncle and niece, was regarded by them as a specially meritorious act. In the Book of Numbers, we return once more to the beaten track, for the Rev. C. J. Elliott, Hon. Canon of Christ

Church, has persuaded himself, that this book was written by Moses, that Balaam's ass literally spoke with man's voice, that Moab and Edom symbolize the enemies of Christ, and that the Star out of Jacob is not David, but Jesus. There is a general introduction to the work, a portion of which only is completed, by Mr. E. H. Plumptre; treating of the literature of Israel, the Old Testament Canon, different versions of the Old Testament, and its authority and inspiration. The author of the "Introduction to the Pentateuch," who does not attach his name to it, concludes his essay with the remark, that "we have in the Pentateuch the work of Moses, and that we have it substantially as it left his hands!"

Desirous of supplementing the work of Paley and Blunt, Mr. C. F. Hutton, in his "Unconscious Testimony," has applied the principle of undesigned coincidences to the interpretation of the Hebrew original.[12] One of his coincidences requires the exclusion of Shamgar from the list of Judges, an exclusion, we believe, never before proposed: another involves the rejection of the Hebrew text, Judges i. 19, "because they had chariots of iron," in favour of the unintelligible reading of the Septuagint, "because Rechab (*Horseman*) charged them." A third coincidence relates to an innocent expression, on which Mr. Hutton fastens a meaning which "cannot well appear in a translation," 2 Kings vi. 8, 12. The saying is proverbial, and is illustrated by Eccles. x. 20: "Curse not the rich in thy bedchamber, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice," &c. The last coincidence has to do with the death of Absalom, 2 Sam. xviii. 14. The word translated *dart* has here an unusual signification, but the rendering is supported by the Septuagint, Gesenius and De Wette. Mr. Hutton translates it *stakes;* but, as Thenius, who regards it as written by mistake for a word not unlike it in appearance, pertinently remarks, Joab could not run Absalom through the heart with *stakes;* and it is not very likely that a soldier, armed for battle, would use stakes, and *three* stakes for such a purpose. We are afraid that some of Mr. Hutton's coincidences recoil on the discoverer, and "graphic description" is a precarious voucher for historical fidelity. That Mr. Hutton, in five instances in the body of his work, and once in the list of Hebrew words at the end of it, miswrites שֶׁפֶט for שֵׁבֶט, is a blunder that almost justifies the suspicion that he is less familiar with his Hebrew Bible than we are willing to suppose—or are we to regard it as an error of the press?

"A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament," by the Rev. W. G. Humphrey, one of the revisers, may be cordially recommended to all who are interested in the question.[13] Each book of the New Testament is taken in order; the chapters are separately

---

[12] "Unconscious Testimony; or, the Silent Witness of the Hebrew to the Truth of the Historical Scriptures." By the Rev. Charles F. Hutton, B.A., Scholar of St. John's College, and Head-master of Daventry Grammar School. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

[13] "A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament." By W. G. Humphrey, B.D., Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and one of the Company of Revisers of the New Testament. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 1882.

distinguished, and the renderings of the revisers are compared with those of the Authorized Version, also in numerical order, verse by verse. In the "Introduction," Mr. Humphrey defends the principles by which the revision was governed. It is inevitable that, as one of the Company of Revisers, he should look with favourable eyes on the actual execution of their task. The annotations with which he has enriched his volume are opportune, instructive and generally adequate.

"The Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic," by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, is intended to serve as a Gothic Primer.[14] It strikes us as being a valuable and scholarly production, though, in our ignorance of the Gothic language, we can only state generally our impression of its merits. The introduction gives "the necessary elementary information" respecting the MS.; the author (the translator of all the New Testament and nearly all the Old Testament from the Greek, Wulfila, born A.D. 311), and the sources of the alphabet. It deals also with the pronunciation, phonology and grammar; the grammar itself extending over more than fifty pages. The notes towards the end of the little volume call attention to difficulties of construction. "The Glossary," which is also an index, explains all the words occurring in St. Mark's Gospel. Revised by Mr. Skeat, it is almost wholly written, be it said in honour of woman's scholarship, by Mr. Skeat's eldest daughter.

"Maxims and Gleanings from Dr. Pusey's writings" is a tiny volume by C. M. S., with an Introduction by the Rev. M. F. Sadler.[15] Selected and arranged for daily use, these extracts from the works of an influential divine will be approved by all who, like Mr. Sadler, recognize in Dr. Pusey "a great teacher."

We give the last place in our section to the work of a Roman Catholic layman. "The Chair of Peter"[16] is naturally regarded by Mr. John Nicholas Murphy as the main bulwark of religious law and order. In the work thus entitled Mr. Murphy undertakes to describe the institution, development, organization of the Papacy, and to set forth the benefits which it has conferred on mankind. Most educated men in these days would concede that the Catholic Church did once exercise a beneficial influence; but would maintain that the action of that Church had long been of a retrograde and repressive character. The growth of the Roman See depended mainly on local position and political exigencies. The Scriptural proofs of St. Peter's primacy seem only to establish his claim to a personal pre-eminence. Early patristic testimony is but an echo of a current tradition. With Ellendorf, a

[14] Clarendon Press Series. "The Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic." According to the Translation made by Wulfila in the Fourth Century. Edited, &c. &c., by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1882.

[15] "Maxims and Gleanings from the Writings of E. B. Pusey, D.D., &c." By C. M. S. With an Introduction by the Rev. M. F. Sadler, M.A., Rector of Hornton. London: Rivingtons. 1882.

[16] "The Chair of Peter; or, the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development and Organization," &c. By John Nicholas Murphy, Author of "Terra Incognita." London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

recent Catholic writer, we are of opinion that Peter's residence at Rome can never be proved. Mr. Murphy's chronological details are purely fictitious as regards this residence. Of Honorius and Cyprian and Papal Infallibility much might be said in reply to Mr. Murphy. Of course, our author looks with no favour on Italian legislation as regards the Church, and, of course, the Pope figures "as a prisoner in the Vatican." By exhibiting all the good and attenuating all the evil in a system, a plausible defence of it may be produced. Such a defence, conducted with moderation and a desire to avoid giving offence to the religious prepossessions of opponents, Mr. Murphy appears to have produced.

PHILOSOPHY.

MR. ALFRED WILLIAM BENN, an honoured contributor to the WESTMINSTER REVIEW, has reprinted, with corrections and additions, the Articles on the Greek Philosophers, which have appeared from time to time in our pages.[1] The chapters entitled "The Sceptics and Eclectics," "The Religious Revival," and "The Spiritualism of Plotinus" are now published for the first time. At an earlier period in our century Mr. Benn's work would have possessed a very high intrinsic value. Appearing after the treatises of other writers on Greek philosophy, particularly after the profoundly learned and luminous survey of the subject by Professor Zeller, it has naturally only a secondary and derivative value. It is, nevertheless, a work of considerable merit, evincing research, scholarship, critical acumen, independent judgment, unity of arrangement and purpose, and the command of a generally pure and attractive style. Differing from Zeller, who is of opinion that the bond of harmonious life and thought which kept together the old Hellenic mind was broken by the intrusion of philosophy, more particularly that of Socrates, Mr. Benn disputes the correctness of the view which attributes the shortcomings of Plato and Aristotle to a confusion of the subjective and the objective. Partly physical as the theories of the early speculators were, the metaphysical method always vitiated their investigations. Abstract entities, the One, the Same, the Different, Being, Becoming, find a prominent place in these old systems of thought, and, notwithstanding some remarkable coincidences with the speculations of modern science, we are unable to regard them in the main as anything but guesses at truth. There is evidence of observation and justifiable inference in the case of Anaxagoras, as regards the phases of the moon: and Heracleitus enunciated a principle of endless movement, which Aristotle thought fit to reject; but which is certainly substantiated by modern physical science. That he had, however, any clear apprehension of the principle in its true scientific developments we are unable to see. The moon and stars were regarded by Heracleitus as meteoric aggregations; and

---

[1] "The Greek Philosophers." By Alfred William Benn. In Two Volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

Anaxagoras pronounced the sun a red-hot stone larger than Peloponnesus, while he covered the moon with cities and peopled it with inhabitants. In some of these systems the subjective element strongly asserts itself. Desire, Discord, Love, Mind appear in them as primitive agencies. The speculations of Democritus on the action of fixed laws, his atomic hypothesis, his psychology, and his physics indicate a marked improvement in his views as compared with those of his predecessors. But they remained unverified. The Objective and Subjective were not distinguished, and the action of Socrates may, as Zeller supposes, have given a fresh predominance to the Subjective method. Plato and Aristotle illustrate the influence of this false mode of inquiry. These imperial representatives of Greek thought powerfully acted on the philosophical and religious speculations of succeeding centuries, and, in some sense, their ascendency is felt to this hour. Mr. Benn has ably described Plato as a teacher and as a reformer. Two chapters of his book are devoted to a critical survey of the work achieved or attempted by Aristotle. It is our impression that Mr. Benn over-estimates Plato, and under-estimates Aristotle. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to speak too highly of Plato's philosophical aptitude, of his dialectic art, of his inspiring moral enthusiasm, his exquisite diction, his mythical inventiveness, and his occasional dramatic power. But of real constructive thought very little, we apprehend, can be found in Plato. Mr. Benn himself does nôt fail to point out his many defects and his deplorable philosophical decline. Aristotle, like Plato, failed; but he did valuable work, and took a stride in advance of his great predecessor. Not only was he in every true sense the founder of Logic, but, in opposition to Plato, he pointed out, as Mr. J. S. Mill says, that induction is the ultimate ground and evidence of all our knowledge, though unable to distinguish good induction from bad. His doctrine of Universals was so great an improvement on Plato's doctrine of Forms that the antagonism between the two theories sufficiently accounts for Aristotle being regarded as the chief of the *à posteriori* as Plato was of the *à priori* school. It lands us, as has been said, at the goal of a true philosophy. Aristotle was the first to announce the cardinal principle of the Inductive Philosophy, however imperfectly he may have conceived it. In psychology his classification of the Active Principles of Life has been held to correspond pretty well with the modern view of the subject. Intelligence he regarded as a late development; and Mr. Benn allows that he successfully treated the faculties both of Imagination and Memory. Professor Huxley and, we believe, Dr. Ogle, in a recent work, have shown that Aristotle had a real knowledge of anatomy. That "the framework and language of science are still to a great extent what he made them" is the conclusion to which Mr. Benn himself has come. There are other points on which we could wish to touch, but we pass on. The account of the Stoics in the second volume is quite satisfactory; we seem less pleased with the section on Epicurus; but Mr. Benn's genuine admiration for Lucretius as a poet makes amends for his critical deductions. Original or not in his conceptions, Lucretius has left us a poem which, in its true comprehension of life and death, as in

scientific approximations and points of contact with modern thought, far exceeds in philosophic fidelity of representation any one work of antiquity with which we are acquainted. The chapter in Mr. Benn's work on "The Religious Revival" is full of interest, and that on "The Spiritualism of Plotinus," though from the nature of the subject a little tedious, is very well done. In his estimate of Proclus we entirely coincide. The system of that mystagogue is indeed "a mere mass of wearisome rubbish." There are some minor points in Mr. Benn's volumes which provoke our dissent; for instance, he pronounces Mr. J. S. Mill a Platonist. Now, though an admirer of Plato, Mr. Mill is more properly regarded as an Aristotelian. One of his latest utterances was: "So important do we deem it both to philosophy and to practice to leave nothing standing which countenances the notion that there is a kind of knowledge independent of experience." Neither can we accept Mr. Benn's depreciating estimate of Bacon, notwithstanding the witnesses he cites in support of it. Playfair, Herschell, Mill, d'Alembert, Lewes, may be summoned in opposing evidence. Mr. Benn's own point of view in philosophy is not easily discoverable. From one or two intimations we are disposed to attribute to him a belief in some "underlying reality" in some supreme unity, of a mysterious nature; but we do not feel justified in identifying this belief with the ordinary theistic creed, though the disposition to appropriate the Hymn of Cleanthes to his own use, might seem to suggest some such identification. We may say, finally, that Mr. Benn's volumes will be found very instructive and attractive reading to all who, unversed in the history of Greek speculation, have a real desire to become acquainted with the development of the Hellenic mind, both in its original purity and in its later and less unalloyed manifestations.

As the author of the applauded article on the "Municipal Organization of Paris" in the March number of the *Contemporary*, M. Yves Guyot[3] has rendered his name opportunely conspicuous in England. The author of the work just reviewed, Mr. Alfred W. Benn, while dissenting from his judgment on particular points, designates him "an able and lucid writer," epithets which will be considered not undeserved by all who will give a little attention to the clever exposition of principles contained in his new volume, "La Morale." Passing in review the different forms of morality, M. Guyot shows the inherent vice or insufficiency of the theological and metaphysical systems of ethics. The three principal Greek schools—the Platonic, the Aristotelian and the Stoic—are all subjected to his trenchant criticism. Sentimental morality, the categorical imperative, eclectic morality, pessimism are also sharply scrutinized. M. Guyot himself is an avowed materialist. It is the morality of Epicurus that he accepts, or at least its scientific method; for, in the neglect of the master of the school and his successors to apply their principle to practice, by indicating the requisite means to the desired end, he discerns a lamentable omission. In a long chapter on Altruism, he

[3] "Bibliothèque Matérialiste : La Morale." Par Yves Guyot. Paris. 1883.

points out the excesses which render its unqualified adoption undesirable; but we interpret his polemic as implying only the rejection of an extravagant and enforced, not a spontaneous and reasonable, Altruism. Opposed to a theological and military past, M. Guyot advocates a scientific and industrial civilization, proclaiming his faith in the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, embracing all races and all varieties and degrees of social existence from the Poles to the Equator, &c. In his survey of the past, M. Guyot might perhaps have been a little more tolerant and discriminating, and a little more definitely critical. In calling the Law of Moses, which he seems to identify with the Book of Deuteronomy, authentic, it is not clear to us that he does not regard that book as the work of Moses himself, instead of what it really is, an idealizing production of the seventh century B.C. Savage as the Jews were, that book recognizes some mitigations of their patriotic ferocity to foreigners; and the command of Jesus, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," is an echo of the same law as recorded, not in Deuteronomy, but in the perhaps still older Book of Leviticus (xix. 18–34).

In "Essays in Philosophical Criticism" we have a work of a very different cast, containing nine disquisitions by competent writers of academical training and extra-academical culture.[3] The volume is edited by Messrs. Andrew Seth and R. B. Haldane. Dr. Edward Caird contributes a preface, in which we find a generous tribute to the many high qualities of the late Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. The "Essays," Dr. Caird assures us, were written independently by their several authors, with no intention of advocating any special theory, but under the influence, rather of a certain community of opinion in relation to the general principle and method of philosophy. Accordingly we find Dr. Seth writing on Philosophy as criticism of Categories; the two Haldanes on the Relation of Philosophy to Science; Mr. Bosanquet on Logic as the Science of Knowledge; Mr. Sorley on the Historical Method; Mr. Ritchie on the Rationality of History; Mr. Ker on the Philosophy of Art; Mr. Harry Jones on the Social Organism; Mr. Bonar on the Struggle for Existence, and Mr. Kilpatrick on Pessimism and the Religious Consciousness. From this last essay we may perhaps infer the character of the community of thought which unites the several contributors. Towards the close of this essay will be found a fair and friendly appreciation of Positivism in its practical aspect. "The importance of Positivism," says the author, "lies in the fact that it has faced the problem of the day, and, in full consciousness of the need of men, has offered itself to them as its complete response." As a complete response, however, the writer argues, it cannot be accepted; and, curiously enough, Pessimism, a word rarely heard fifteen years ago, and now in every schoolgirl's mouth, is played off against Positivism. An empirical view of the universe, concludes Mr.

---

[3] "Essays in Philosophical Criticism." Edited by Andiew Seth and R. B. Haldane. With a Preface by Edward Caird. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

Kilpatrick, necessarily tends to Pessimism, and "if the evil of the world be set over against its good, as a fact co-ordinate with it, a glance is sufficient to show that the evil immeasurably predominates." The conclusion drawn is that we must descend still further than the Positivists have done to learn the conditions of the problem of reconstruction. A few pages back, the religious consciousness of the individual is invoked, and an organic relationship asserted between the individual and his environment. Evil in us is regarded as the key to the evil not only in humanity but in Nature. A religious mysticism is thus set up, and, as we are inclined to conjecture, Hegel, kept in reserve, stands lurking round the corner, ready to act as the Hierophant of the mysteries of this nebulous *religiosität*. However this may be, the volume before us is the production of learned and thoughtful men, and the subjects discussed in it will interest reflective readers.

Our well-grounded antipathy to the speculations of Hegel must not prevent us from expressing our cordial approval of Dr. Caird's pleasant and reasonable little volume on that philosopher.[4] The defect of the book is due to the limitation of space, which precludes a sufficient exhibition of the different branches of the colossal system of Hegel. To the ordinary reader, Dr. Caird's book will be quite satisfactory. It is at once a memoir, an exposition and a criticism. All that is necessary to be learned about the man is narrated in the biographical portion of the work, and the characteristics of his system, as far as is possible, are set forth in lucid and adequate language, in the expository sequel. Reduced to its simplest form by a judicious disengagement from impeding technicalities, the philosophy of the "Absolute Geist" here assumes its most attractive appearance. The Hegelian Logic, according to Dr. Caird, lead us, if the Categories be properly understood, to the idea of self-consciousness, as the ultimate meaning or truth of those Categories. The mask of strangeness is taken from the face of Nature, and we began to find in it the same spiritual principle which we find in ourselves; a principle of unity underlying all the antagonisms of the world. The identification of the Hegelian principle with Christianity, the idea of self-realization through self-sacrifice, is briefly treated by Dr. Caird; but we must remember (what we believe Dr. Caird does not deny) that the complete rejection of ordinary supernaturalism is involved in the Hegelian interpretation of Christianity. Dr. Caird's admiration for Hegel rests principally on that philosopher's assertion of the idealistic view of the world. The development of his system in his own works Dr. Caird regards as being incomplete, but he places Hegel on the same level with Plato and Aristotle in ancient, and with Spinoza and Kant in modern, times.

Rosmini, of whom we gave some account in the October number of the WESTMINSTER last year, while reminding us a little of Hegel, in his proclamation of the idea of Universal Being, is a determined opponent of the system of that thinker, whose Logic, he declares, involves the entire overthrow of ancient Logic, and whose thesis that Thought,

---

[4] "Hegel." By Edward Caird, LL.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

as the object of thought, is identical with Being, he rejects with disdain. The translators of the "Nuovo Saggio,"[5] the first volume only of which lies before us, claim for the Italian philosopher the merit of having discovered the origin of ideas by his own independent thinking. According to Rosmini, whatever is material in our knowledge is supplied by the senses and experience; what is purely formal is furnished by the mind. The perception of realities, he holds, takes place in ourselves, and has thus a relation with ideas, also in ourselves—the foundation of this relation being the Absolute Ego. Rosmini's whole system is based on the intuition of Indeterminate Being. The Light of Reason, or Pure Being, he explains, is distinct from the mind that sees it, from the objects it manifests, and from the different acts of mental vision. This Light of Reason or Being is objective and ideal, because we can only know things through ideas. "The Idea of indeterminate Being," we are told in the Preface, implies the natural and continual contemplation of pure unlimited Being, the fount of the intelligible essence of the various particular beings we can know. It constitutes the logical possibility of all such beings; on the presentation of any one of which to the mind it is recognized as already contained virtually in the primitive intuition. Besides an exposition of his own doctrine on the origin of ideas, Rosmini, in the "Nuovo Saggio," criticizes the theories of Locke, Condillac, Reid, Dugald Stewart, Plato and Aristotle, Leibnitz and Kant. Though we are quite unable to accept his teaching ourselves, we may commend the Italian thinker to more sympathetic minds as an earnest, learned and acute metaphysician.

While Dr. Caird affirms that in the scientific life of Germany, as of other countries, there is no greater power present than Hegelianism, M. Pressensé declares that Hegelianism has become in our day all but completely obsolete, and thinks it unnecessary to enter into a prolonged discussion of it. A short space in a bulky volume, however, is allotted to the refutation of this moribund philosophy, or rather to the doctrine of Immanence, which Hegel proclaimed.[6] This doctrine as re-asserted by Schopenhauer and Hartmann he also considers it his duty to refute. The "strange cosmogony" of Renan, the Monism of Haeckel, and the Utilitarianism of the late Mr. Mill are, further, the subjects of his polemic. But his battery is principally directed against Comte, Herbert Spencer and Darwin. It is not difficult to show that Comte in his later speculations advanced views more or less inconsistent with the objective canon on which he originally laid so much stress; but in his criticism of the earlier philosophy of Comte, M. Pressensé exhibits a very imperfect appreciation of the characteristic doctrines of Positivism. It is an easy task also to argue that Mr. Herbert Spencer cannot explain the transition from the inorganic to the organic world,

---

[5] "The Origin of Ideas." By Antonio Rosmini Serbate. Translated from the Fifth Italian Edition of the "Nuovo Saggio sull' Origine delle Idee." Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

[6] "A Study of Origins: or, The Problems of Knowledge, of Being, and of Duty." By E. de Pressensé, D.D., &c. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1883.

or adequately account for the production of life, thought and consciousness. M. Pressensé is hardly less dissatisfied with Darwinism, as an explanation of the development of living organisms; but he insists that, even if Darwinism were triumphant, its victory would in no way affect the question of *Design*, a favourite conception with M. Pressensé. If, as he contends, there is no necessary conflict between Darwinism and Theism, it is at least not easy to see, as Mr. Courtney puts it, how a man can believe in the Ascidian origin of human beings and in the story of their creation by a Divine Personality on the sixth day. These and similar topics are discussed with perfect propriety of thought and language, and with a considerable literary acquaintance with some aspects of science by our author in "A Study of Origins." That he exposes the inconsistencies, inadequacies, and the incompleteness of different systems of thought is no more than might have been expected. He has not, however, succeeded in making good his own positions, in showing the independent existence of the Ego, or in establishing the soundness of the hypothesis of a hyperphysical Free-will, or the priority of Monotheism to Fetishism and Polytheism. The imperfection of science is the strength of theological or metaphysical speculation. It is quite true that the physiologist cannot explain how a conscious state can be generated by the irritation of nervous tissue, and the immaterialist takes advantage of the admission, and, rather than acknowledge his ignorance, invents an explanation, and produces his hypothesis of a mysterious spiritual entity—a hypothesis which cannot work and is incapable of verification. M. Pressensé, as will readily be supposed, recognizes Design in the order of Nature. Certain phenomena are ultimately related. What is a result is regarded as a plan. The plan is identified with antecedent purpose and an intelligent contriver is created out of a mental fiction. Of course the hypothesis is admissible as a hypothesis, but can it be verified? The anti-teleologist recognizes aptitudes, correspondences, congruities in Nature, as effects of the constitution and laws of Nature. He sees many objections to the logic of the champion of Final Causes. The notion of Design at once suggests limitation and is not easy of application to an Infinite Being. It represents the Designer as exercising skill and ingenuity in overcoming difficulties which, if He be the Creator of the world, are difficulties solely of his own making. The idea of Divine Perfection cannot possibly be got out of imperfect contrivances and low secondary ends. How does Design prove absolute goodness, wisdom and power? How is the hypothesis of an all-wise, all-good, all-powerful Creator reconcilable with the acknowleged evil, physical and moral, of the world, with undeniable failures in the supposed contrivances, with the growth of cancer-cells, the manufacture of deadly poisons in the snake, the plant, the mineral, with ossific centres in the skull of the embryo kangaroo, with the teeth which the guinea-pig sheds before he is born, with various useless rudimentary organs, with the prodigious waste monstrosities, horrors and cruelties of Nature? All this the anti-teleologist points out, and declines to see in the Design argument any conclusive proof of the action of a supernatural intelligent agent of infinite perfection. M. Pressensé has occasionally succeeded in showing the defects of other men's systems. We are not satisfied that he has

demonstrated the soundness of any one of his own positions. He has, however, written a volume replete with ingenious controversial matter; and very intelligibly translated by Miss Annie Harwood Holmden, for the advantage of the less instructed reading public. A man of talent and religious earnestness, and of considerable reading and research, he has claims to a respectful hearing. Those who admire him as a historian of the Early Church will find in his "Study of Origins" much to interest and entertain them.

Mr. Henry Boase,[7] traversing part of the same area of inquiry, is in ultimate sympathy with M. Pressensé. Rejecting the *fashionable* doctrine of Evolution, he is of opinion that science has been led astray by "placing reliance on two questionable assumptions of philosophy—viz., the doctrine of sequent causation, and that of the mutual convertibility of natural forces." In three books he investigates the nature of matter and of chemical substances, in the hope of effecting a better understanding of the relations between those substances and living organisms. The long-sought-for matter of the Schools is, it seems, ether—in our judgment a somewhat hypothetical element. Ether, we are told, is not tangible nor visible; but it has weight, volume and mobility. The world originally, Mr. Boase concludes, was an Ethereal Orb filling all space, and, being formed of ether thus characterized, was a strictly material world. Matter is further inferred to be a binary compound of the physical powers, attraction and repulsion. The Ethereal Orb, an aggregate of atoms, each of which is a unit of these powers, rotates on its axis by their co-operation. Not only our solar system, but all celestial systems, are subject to "these centripetal and centrifugal forces," and in obedience to them rotate in the same plane and in the same direction, from west to east. Mr. Boase, moreover, describes the vital powers of animals, the genesis of abstract ideas, and that of moral phenomena. He affirms the existence of "the inner living man, who denotes himself by the personal pronoun I—the Ego of Psychologists." He is an advocate of the old doctrine of creation, and of a Divine Philosophy, whose teacher is God, and whose revelation is recorded by himself in the Mosaic narrative in Genesis. Arguing from what he terms an innate intuition of the supernatural—at first described as a fear of something unknown which arrests the attention, &c., and then defined as the sense of a Higher Power in the universe than that of man, he prepares the way for the reconstruction of the Biblical fable of the Creation and Fall. Unlike the present Dean of Canterbury, he thinks the primæval light in Genesis was the diffused light of the sun on the dispersion of the clouds; its direct display being reserved for the fourth day of what he is pleased to call a *vision*, adopting the preposterous fancy of Mr. R. S. Poole, who states that the word *saw*, in the repeated formula, "God saw that it was good," might have been rendered *show*. It is true that the Hebrew word occurs (2 Kings xi. 4) as a Future apocopate of the conjugation Hiphil; but we believe no Hebrew scholar, unless in a paroxysm of despairing

[7] "A Few Words on Evolution and Creation." By Henry S. Boase, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. London: John Leng & Co. 1882.

orthodoxy, would thus torture the word out of its obvious form and sense in Genesis. Special study enables us to judge of the value of Mr. Boase's exegesis. The "scientists" (to use for the nonce the detestable neologism which he, and only too many others, think fit to employ) may judge of the worth of his own speculations, as also of the success he has achieved in his attempted refutation of Darwin, Huxley, Grove, and other men noted for their scientific attainments.

The Thesis which Herr Paul von Lilienfeld desires to establish, and to the elucidation of which he devotes five volumes, or 2,240 pages,[8] is that Human Society, like all natural organisms, is a real Being, all the members of it being comparable, not to the separate individuals of a species, but to the cells of a collective organism. Our author claims an originality of thought for himself, which, it seems, some critics have called in question. It is not with the laws of natural selection and the struggle for existence that he concerns himself, but with the laws of the development of the cell. His conception of a social nervous system, of a social embryology, involving numerous analogies between the economical and political sphere of society and the physiological and morphological sphere of separate organisms, is entirely his own. Freedom, morality, law, religion, through it, are said to be placed on a firm basis. So also is the historical development of man in conformity with natural law. The General Thesis is the subject of the first part; the Social Laws of the second; Social Psychophysics of the third; Social Physiology of the fourth, and Religion of the fifth part of this notable work. The personality of God is set in its true light by the recognition of the social organism as a real being; the Trinity is based subjectively on the effort of man in time, space, and potency to grasp the Eternal, the Infinite, the Highest; and objectively on the Divine Revelation in succession, juxtaposition and superposition. The Incarnation is the union of the physical and psychical in the highest degree in one phenomenon. Herr Lilienfeld's view of miracles is not easily understood. He is a little troubled with the Star of the Magi; but interprets it, we cannot say why, as a mysterious index to certain cosmical *potencies*—a view, he is pleased to say, wonderfully confirmed in our own day by spectrum analysis! The immortality of the soul is a *prolepsis* of the conservation of force. Both doctrines require a psychophysical continuity—the one demands a luminiferous, the other a spiritual, ether. In all the fancied analogies our author can accumulate, he discerns anticipations of scientific truth in Revelation. The doctrine of hereditary transmission, the gradual evolution of life, all that Darwin has taught, was long since anticipated and proclaimed in the Old Testament! The luminiferous ether suggests a spiritual ether, an ether that actually exists for the welfare of the immortal soul, and which we find symbolized in the Seraphim and Cherubim of Holy Writ. A licentious ingenuity in the discovery of analogies augurs little for the ascertainment of philosophic truth. On the value or originality of Herr Lilienfeld's cardinal Thesis we leave it to critics more competent than ourselves to pronounce.

---

[8] "Gedanken über die Socialwissenschaft der Zukunft." Von Paul v. Lilienfeld. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

IF the quarter that has just closed has not given us any work of conspicuous merit or originality under this section, it has not failed to produce as many books as any of its predecessors, in order to demonstrate the literary activity at least of the age in which we live. The works on Politics are happily few—the reading world being satiated with the plentiful supply furnished in the newspapers, without, however, deriving much benefit from tedious and uninstructive debates on matters which have little intrinsic importance and no lasting interest. The solitary work on our table in this connection is, fortunately, one of solid value, and will amply repay more than cursory reading. Professor Sheldon Amos is already well known as the author of several works, which, in addition to merits of style, possess claims on our favourable consideration for their suggestive character. He has already done his best to explain the mysteries of "the science of law;" his present endeavour is to perform the same useful purpose for "the science of politics." Just as the art of government has been recognized among the principal peoples of both the East and the West, from the earliest ages, as the greatest and most necessary of sciences, so is it certain that our modern schemes of policy have been evolved from it. The science of politics is, therefore, in the main, little more than the science of government; but in a country governed on constitutional principles like England, it becomes further complicated by the relation of parties, and of the people to the executive. However much the tendency of the day may be towards systematizing our knowledge, and towards placing our modes of action on well-defined and sound bases, it is certain that we are far yet from having attained anything more than at the best a haphazard method of conducting our policy with regard to foreign countries. Mr. Sheldon Amos himself admits that "the ideal polity is only to be discovered in the paths of history and observation." Mr. Sheldon Amos writes not only from the result of very considerable reading and investigation, but with the advantage of careful observation during "a two years' journey round the world, in the course of which he visited the chief centres of political life, ancient and modern, in Europe, America, Australasia, Polynesia and North Africa." If his reader will very frequently differ from the conclusions at which he arrives, there is little to excite surprise in dissent on matters that are more controverted than any others; while all will agree in saying that Mr. Amos is both entertaining and instructive, particularly so when discussing the theories and practices of the American States. There is one point to which Mr. Amos calls attention, in connection with the Constitution of the United States, that will hardly appear an unmixed benefit to those acquainted with or interested in the complicated work and relations of European Powers. "The Constitution

---

[1] "The Science of Politics." By Sheldon Amos, M.A., Author of "The Science of Law," &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

of the United States has made," he says, "a happy provision for strengthening the executive authority in the conduct of foreign relations, in the appointment of ambassadors, and in the conclusion of treaties, by requiring the President to obtain for some of these matters the consent of a majority—or, in certain cases, of two-thirds—of the Senate." If Mr. Amos thinks this "a happy provision," in the sense that it would be well for other countries to adopt it, he will not get many persons, of experience at all events, to agree with him. So far as the conduct of Indian affairs is concerned, Mr. Amos touches a chord of sympathy in the breasts of many, when he deplores the substitution of "an almost irresponsible Secretary of State" for "the directors of a company, themselves having special knowledge and being directly responsible to an intelligent and keenly critical body of interested shareholders." If there is one passage in Mr. Sheldon Amos's book to which we must take exception, it is that relating to our intercourse with China. Here the author shows that he has adopted certain cant phrases, without having taken much trouble to ascertain for himself on what bases of truth they rest. Mr. Amos would, for instance, find it very difficult to show that "the wars with China were engaged in for the benefit of English merchants." Regarding the book as a whole, however, it may be said that, although Mr. Sheldon Amos has not exhausted the science of politics, he has done much towards their scientific consideration, if not towards their scientific treatment.

Another work lying on our table, which comes under almost the same category as that by Mr. Sheldon Amos, is Mr. Farrer's, "The State in its Relation to Trade."[2] We do not think that Mr. Farrer's volume admits of any extended notice. He is impressed with "the difficulties and weakness of central government," and, after this preliminary admission, it is not hard to guess that his views will be all in favour of local government and decentralization. At the same time, his descriptions of the origin and development of the different branches of trade are very clear, and excellent pieces of definition in their way. Not less so is what he says about the manner in which the State was called upon to interfere in personal matters for the benefit of the community, as well as for the compulsion of the parties to fulfil the obligations they incur in the transaction of trade. Were the State to stand altogether on one side, there would be an end to the conditions on which commerce can alone be pursued with success, and with advantage to the country. Mr. Farrer has an easy task in exposing the evils of protection; but, perhaps, it is not an unnecessary duty when some weak persons are still disposed to cherish the fond delusion that Free Trade may be superseded by an ancient and almost forgotten creed. Protection in any form means dear living, and, as Mr. Farrer says, "dear living is ill compensated by high wages." Mr. Farrer is one of those who believe that England's strength is inadequate to the performance of her duties in many parts of the world; and he says that "it may well be doubted whether, in undertaking to manage such a

---

[2] "The State in its Relation to Trade." By T. H. Farrer. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

large proportion of the world, we are not taking upon ourselves more than we are able to perform." We acquired these responsibilities and duties at a time when our population was less than twenty millions. Are we to suppose that their effectual discharge is more difficult now that we have a population at home and at the Antipodes of nearly twice as many?

Mr. Hogarth Patterson gives, in the two volumes entitled "The New Golden Age,"[3] an interesting, if somewhat prolix, account of the effect upon the world of the great gold discoveries in California and Australia of thirty years ago. He tells us that he has been a contemporary of that movement which "is now fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," and that he has taken great interest in its various phases during his career as a journalist of nearly forty years. It is difficult for this generation to realize the startling effect produced upon the world by the discovery of the gold mines in California. The impression was immensely increased when this discovery was followed at a very brief interval by the intelligence that equally rich auriferous mines had been discovered in Australia. The revelation came at a most opportune moment. There was widespread depression throughout the civilized world; and even the United States of America had done little towards realizing the brilliant prognostics promised them at a much earlier period. The gold discovery remedied almost instantaneously all those evils. An enormous impetus was given to the commerce of the world, and enabled enterprise to take the fullest advantage of the new means of locomotion which the world was just beginning to utilize. The extraordinary thing in connection with these mines was not only their great richness, but their continued productiveness. Science was unanimous in endorsing Sir Roderick Murchison's opinion that "the supply of gold from the alluvial washings would soon be exhausted, and that, when the excavations came to be made in the rocks or mountains from which the auriferous detritus proceeded, the work would cease to be profitable, owing to the hardness of the strata in which the gold is embedded." Sir Archibald Alison took, however, an exactly opposite view; and experience has shown his to have been much nearer the truth. It may be interesting to state that the present position of the goldfields proves them to be "far from being exhausted." It is true that "the annual yield is much less than at first, owing to only a small area of the alluvium being workable at any one time; but the alluvium is as rich in gold as ever, while a very large portion of it still remains untouched." Mr. Patterson dwells upon a multitude of subjects having more or less in common with his main theme, and he never fails to interest by his manner of treatment, as well as to be instructive in his matter. His style is perspicuous and unaffected, and he writes with the skill and facility of an experienced and practised writer. We can conscientiously recommend a careful perusal of his pages, advising the reader

---

[3] "The New Golden Age, and Influence of the Precious Metals upon the World." By R. Hogarth Patterson, Author of "The Science of Finance," 2 vols. Edinburgh and London; W. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

specially not to overlook the graphic account of the Swiss officer Johan Sutter, the discoverer of the goldfields of California.

The increased interest taken in India and Indian subjects gives Mr. Malabari's volume[4] a claim to the attention of English readers that it might otherwise fail to possess; and yet the opinions of Mr. Malabari, as an educated native and as the acting editor of a Bombay journal, should not fail to throw some light on many of those difficult questions in which Europeans and natives are almost equally concerned. Mr. Malabari's essays deserve to be read in no carping spirit. They are evidently the production of a conscientious writer, who reproduces with charming simplicity and *naïveté* such thoughts and ideas as suggest themselves to his mind. Most of the sketches are of the slightest and most fragmentary character, but there runs through them a connecting narrative of the politics and social life of Western India—and of Gujarat or Guzerat in particular—that serves to invest them with a common object and a sustained interest. Mr. Malabari enlists the sympathy of his reader by the modesty with which he states his qualifications for the task he has imposed upon himself; and, perhaps, not the least interesting portion of the book is the description it supplies of how Mr. Malabari adopted the path of literature and of how he rose to be the editor of a journal devoted to native interests, but written in the English language. Mr. Malabari is so resolved to amuse his readers that he seeks to do so even at his own expense. How many editors are there who would care to confess that at any period of their career they had supposed that "the Porte" meant "the Sultan of Turkey's principal wife?" On one point the intending reader may feel assured, and that is, that both in quaintness of expression and in characteristic remarks on politics and social subjects, he will find Mr. Malabari an author not to be met with every day. If he brings to the perusal of this volume some knowledge of the geography and political condition of the different states of Guzerat, he will hardly fail to derive practical profit from this work; but in any case he is sure to part with Mr. Malabari's lucubrations on very friendly terms.

Mr. Alfred Rimmer, favourably known for several books on the county towns of England, has added another[5] to the works dealing with the life of the Prince Consort. Mr. Rimmer's volume bases its claim to popularity as much on its illustrations as on the narrative which accompanies them. The latter, which can hardly be considered otherwise than a biography *in petto*, may be considered by some as supererogatory after Sir Theodore Martin's volumes; but Mr. Rimmer disarms criticism of this kind by the admission he makes to a similar effect. Considering this handsomely got up volume in the spirit, therefore, in which it is written, we have no doubt lest it should not be welcomed as a further contribution to the right understanding of one of the most instructive and exemplary public careers of modern times. Mr. Rimmer

---

[4] "Gujarat and the Gujaratis: Pictures of Men and Manners taken from Life." By Behramji M. Malabari, Editor of the *Indian Spectator*, Bombay. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

[5] "The Early Homes of Prince Albert." By Alfred Rimmer. Illustrations Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

confines his attention to the youth of Prince Albert, and to his life in those early homes of his family in Germany—Gotha, Hildburghausen, and Rosenau. Of these three places the most beautiful is the last-named, and as the birthplace of Prince Albert we may spare room to quote Mr. Rimmer's description of it:—

"Rosenau, the birthplace of Prince Albert, is situated about four miles from Coburg market-place. Even to the last the Prince was passionately fond of the place where he had spent so many happy hours in his early days. The day when I first saw it was a lovely one in August, and the sky was so fair and bright that it seemed almost impossible for a storm and frosts ever to come over the scenes again. The walk to Rosenau may be varied in several ways, but, perhaps, the most pleasant course is to take the bridle-path to the right, which goes by the beautiful little river Itz, a river which is very like some of the Scottish brooks, and is not inferior in beauty even to these. To any one whose love for the beautiful in Nature was as strong and as sensitive as Prince Albert's, it is not wonderful that he always fondly remembered the spot."

Perhaps a little judicious compression would not have detracted from its merits; but it would be hard to find a moré appropriate gift-book for boys and girls than this account of the scenes amid which the Prince Consort was brought up, and which, there is every reason to believe, exercised a permanent influence on his mind.

Several books of travel in different quarters of the globe next advance their claims to consideration. Foremost among these is one[6] describing a journey to Russia forty years ago, which enjoys the exceptional distinction of a prefatory memoir from the pen of Cardinal Newman. It is also the production of a man who was one of a remarkable family, his younger brother being the present Lord Chancellor. The object with which the late Mr. William Palmer left England in the year 1840 was, at least, original, if it was scarcely feasible. It was to make himself "acquainted with the doctrines, rites and ceremonies of the Russian Church," with the view of promoting the unity of Christendom. Theological views apart, Mr. Palmer gives a not uninteresting account of how foreigners travelled in Russia forty years ago under the Czar Nicholas, and it will not fail to be noted that even at that period the censorship of books was very strict. Mr. Palmer wrote that "all my books were put together at the Custom-house and sent to the censors, from whom I did not recover them until twelve weeks after." Mr. Palmer is, like many other writers, most interesting when he least intends it, and when he is thinking of matters unconnected with his self-imposed mission. One anecdote he tells of the Princess Dolgorouky of that time is worth preserving, as showing the difficulty in inducing an ignorant and superstitious population to see the advantages of education. The princess took steps to introduce a system of education among her peasants, but she met with nothing but difficulties in her endeavours, and they seem to have proved more than she was able to over-

---

6 "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841." By the late William Palmer, M.A. Selected and Arranged by Cardinal Newman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

come. "The parents," she told Mr. Palmer, "were in a terrible way, and the mothers especially were all crying for a week, and every boy and girl in the village were declared—one to be ill in one way and one in another; one had a headache, another had bad eyes, and a third a bad leg—and so on." The priests, too, gave no effective assistance, for they made use of their pupils for whatever work they might require to be done, and consequently the people doubly objected to send their children to school for a part of the day when they found that it meant absence throughout the whole day in order to do manual work for the priest. Ladies have always played a prominent part for good or for bad in Russian history; and it was another lady who declared to Mr. Palmer that all the nation's misfortunes sprang from the fact that Russians had not "a sufficiently strong sense of nationality," which she attributed "to the foolish desire to imitate foreigners" left by Peter the Great as a legacy to his empire. We have said enough perhaps to show that, although the little interest that was ever felt in Mr. Palmer's self-imposed mission has long departed, this posthumous account of his residence in Russia forty years ago, when the relations between that country and England were of the most harmonious description, is not devoid of matter that will excite, if it does not satisfy, reflection.

Mr. Seebohm,[7] having given us an account of a journey in what he called Siberia in Europe, has now introduced us to the real Siberia in Asia, and, as a guide through comparatively an unknown country, the reader could hardly wish for a more agreeable or entertaining companion. Several travellers have recently added considerably to our acquaintance with the vast dependency in Northern Asia which owns the sway of the Czar; but Mr. Seebohm's narrative rather gains than loses in attractiveness from comparison with those that have preceded it. The most sceptical will not be able to doubt the enormous natural wealth and undeveloped resources of Siberia, although it is very possible that the supineness and ignorance of the Government may retard the realization of the sanguine expectations that arose from Baron Nordenskiold's revelations a few years ago. Mr. Seebohm is an enthusiastic ornithologist, and the greater portion of his volume is taken up with a description of the birds of Siberia. He succeeds in investing even this part of his subject with interest, until we almost begin to fancy that the birds of Siberia must have something to do with its hidden resources, and that they must constitute one of its elements of future prosperity.

Siberia, it is evident, suffers not merely from its insufficient means of communication, but also from the inelastic policy of the Government of St. Petersburg, which treats the half of a continent as if it were an imperial park in a ring-fence, and to be kept secluded from the rest of the world. Even railroads will fail to bring prosperity in their wake unless they are accompanied by a wiser commercial policy,

[7] "Siberia in Asia. A Visit to the Valley of the Yenesay in East Siberia." By Henry Seebohm, Author of "Siberia in Europe." Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1882.

and by unrestricted emigration and a systematic plan of colonization. "There must be a great future in store for a nation with so many virtues," writes Mr. Seebohm; but his anticipations do not blind him to its present failings. Here is the darker side of the picture:—

"Serfdom has been abolished by the decree of the late Emperor, but the vices of serfdom will only be abolished by a gradual development, which it will take generations to complete. At the present time the Russian peasant has little or no sense of honour. A merchant does not lose caste by doing a dishonourable action. So far from feeling any sense of shame from having acted dishonourably, he feels a sense of complacency. It gives a Russian far more innate pleasure to cheat somebody out of a rouble than to earn a rouble honestly. He feels that he has done a clever thing by earning a rouble dishonestly, and despises the honest man as *weak*."

Mr. Seebohm endorses all the opinions expressed by Baron Nordenskiold as to the unlimited capacities of Siberia as a wheat-producing country. He seems disposed to think that it might also become the destination of a large proportion of the emigrants from European countries. That, however, will not be until the journey has been rendered easier of performance, or before the Czar's advisers take some decided step to encourage such a movement. The gold and coal of Siberia are famous for quality as well as quantity, but the mines of the former metal are badly managed, and those of the latter are merely utilized for the purposes of the Government. Thus it happens that "a country with capabilities of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice" remains poor, and that its inhabitants, far from benefiting by the exceptional wealth of their new home, of which, by the way, they are intensely proud, are reported to be in an insolvent condition. An easy conclusion can be drawn from the fact that there "is not one bank in ten which could pay more than ten shillings in the pound if wound up." Of all the books on our table, there is not one we can recommend more strongly to the consideration of the reader than Mr. Seebohm's "Siberia in Asia."

Miss Gordon Cumming[8] has already made a name as an adventurous lady traveller, and her three previous books showed that she was capable of giving a very graphic description of what came under her notice in remote spots whether below the Himalayas or in the less-known archipelagoes of the Pacific. Her present volumes strengthen and confirm the favourable impression, although we candidly admit, and we believe her readers will agree with us, that we could have spared "the history of its missions" which takes up the greater portion of the second volume. Miss Gordon Cumming tells us in her introductory remarks that it had been her "heart's desire" for years to visit the little Island Kingdom of Hawaii, the central point of the Sandwich group, and we feel sure that all who peruse her description of the Fire Fountains, or lava lakes, will feel glad that she has been

---

[8] "Fire Fountains: the Kingdom of Hawaii; its Volcanoes and the History of its Missions. By C. F. Gordon Cumming, Author of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War." 2 vols. Illustrations and Maps. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

able to realize it. Her powers of graphic description are strained to the highest pitch in order to adequately portray one of the most remarkable natural phenomena in the world, and by general consent she will be allowed to have succeeded in a very difficult and trying part. Hawaii is the creation of volcanic action, and the author's visit to Halemaumau, "the house of everlasting burning," will convey a very fair idea of the terrestrial disturbance which brought Hawaii and its neighbours into being.

"Now and again volumes of dense smoke came rolling up from the cavernous depths of the awful funnel down which the fire waves had retreated; and, though happily the crag on which we stood was well to windward, the fumes of sulphur and hydrogen were sometimes almost suffocating. When clearer moments came we could see flickering flames of fire flashing from narrow fissures, as if fiery gases were at work within. These fiery tongues change colour from one moment to the next, ever varying with the gases which gave them birth."

Miss Cumming was not unnaturally disappointed at finding that the most impressive phase of the burning lake had disappeared before she reached it, but perhaps this sudden violence and departure is the fact that enables her readers to most clearly realize the impressive grandeur of the scene, while the important consequences that might attend these intermittent irruptions are at the same time made plain. Miss Gordon Cumming writes:—

"But two days before my visit the fiery waves were tossing and surging in wild glory; and it was without a shadow of misgiving that, on this morning of October 29, we climbed the steep rock-wall and eagerly looked for the fire waves and fountains, and marvels of mystery and beauty. And lo! there were none! no fire-waves and only small fountains spouting rather feebly, as if grieved to find themselves forsaken by all their fiery kindred. . . . . There was no doubt as to what had happened. The crashing of falling rocks which I had heard yesterday was, beyond all question, the falling in of some of the great crags, and their huge fragments effectually choked the fires. . . . . Our tidings of the vanished lake were received with keen interest by men whose long experience has taught them to be on the watch for possibilities. 'It has not disappeared for long. It is bound to come to the surface again pretty soon, but there's no telling where we shall see it next!' If it should merely make a new lake within the great pit, we shall have a grand sight; but, of course, there is an equal chance of its bursting out in the open country, and rending awful chasms, and perhaps swallowing up this house in the earthquake! A pleasant prospect, truly!"

Although Miss Gordon Cumming's volumes require some judicious skipping, the reader must be very hard to please who will not admire her very striking descriptions of the "Fire Fountains" and other volcanic phenomena of Hawaii, or who fails to be interested in her very graphic account of the life and customs of the subjects of King Kalikaua.

The voyage round the world of the steamship *Ceylon*[9] was an experiment in ocean yachting, and it was reserved for Mr. Hugh Wilkinson

---

[9] "Sunny Lands and Seas: a Voyage in the SS. *Ceylon.*" By Hugh Wilkinson, of Lincoln's Inn. Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1883.

to make his first experiment in writing as its chronicler. It may be doubted whether there is much advantage to be gained either to the mind or body from a hurried six months' tour round the world, and certainly the usefulness of "the globe-trotter" is not increased by the undue extension of the field of his observation. Mr. Wilkinson's volume, notwithstanding its very happy title, does not appeal to a wider audience than the circle of his friends, and of those who were immediately concerned in the success of the *Ceylon* experiment. To them no doubt it may possess some interest of an ephemeral kind, but even the most lenient reader will hardly succeed in keeping his patience with a volume which gives the usual tourist's view of sights and places that are no longer to be considered among things that are unknown. In India Mr. Wilkinson writes the usual hackneyed phrases about the Taj at Agra, the Cashmere Gate at Delhi, and the mementoes of the defence of the Lucknow Residency. He even ventures to cast another stone, as is now the fashion, at the memory of Hodson, forgetful of the fact that that valiant leader died a soldier's death and gave his life for his country. Whatever that soldier's faults or shortcomings, it is high time to say of him *Requiescat.* Very much the same may be affirmed of the author's description of Canton—of the flower boats, and the usual dinner of innumerable courses composed of unknown dishes—of Japan, of the Sandwich Isles, and of the Western States. Even the most ordinary of modern readers has heard it before, and will fail to appreciate Mr. Wilkinson's endeavour to describe it all over again. And yet Mr. Wilkinson writes pleasantly enough, and will be considered by those connected with the *Ceylon* experiment to have been a very creditable *raconteur* of their trip. But he cannot escape the destiny of the globe-trotter, whose day of gossiping and very thin narrative has gone by before the march of human knowledge; and he would have been better advised if he had restricted these letters to the private circle for which they were written, and beyond which they might with advantage have never been allowed to emerge. The *Ceylon* voyage may, for all we know, be repeated, but we must profoundly hope that when next she circumnavigates the world, she will not carry with her a passenger who feels bound to record his opinions concerning the strange scenes through which he has to pass for the first time.

If we wished to compare a genuine book of permanent value and interest with Mr. Wilkinson's "Sunny Lands and Seas," we could not find one more appropriate than that to our hand in Mrs. Mackintosh's account of "Damascus and its People."[10] The fruits of seven years' intimate residence among the people are placed at the disposal of the reader, and Mrs. Mackintosh, wisely making no attempt "to give any historical sketch of this long-surviving city," confines herself to the practical object "of awakening fresh interest in its present inhabitants." As might be expected, Mrs. Mackintosh goes into the fullest detail

---

[10] "Damascus and its People. Sketches of Modern Life in Syria." By Mrs. Mackintosh, late of the British Syrian Schools, Damascus. 15 Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday. 1883.

in describing the numerous races which contribute to the population of Damascus and their various modes of life. The Mahomedan, the Jewish and the Christian quarters are separately considered, and many curious particulars are furnished, which enable us to see how those rival races and creeds get on together in the same town and under the same government. Although Damascus has a population not far short of two hundred thousand persons, and carries on an extensive trade with the countries of Western Asia, it is little more advanced than an English town of the Middle Ages. "At night the city presents a gloomy aspect. The bazaars are dimly lighted with small oil lamps, few and far between, and the rest of the town is left in almost entire darkness." Mrs. Mackintosh does not restrict herself to Damascus, she has a great deal to tell us about the whole of the Pashalik, and of what she saw during trips to Beyrout and Palmyra. Her description of the Druses is every whit as interesting as that of the Damascenes. The Druses are great politicians, following with attention the different phases of the Eastern Question, and, indeed, of any subject that seems likely to disturb the peace of the world. They live a quiet life of their own in the villages of the plain round Damascus, and keep as much aloof as possible from Turkish authorities and foreign sympathizers. Their reserve has hitherto been their main safeguard. As Mrs. Mackintosh writes: "They always profess much admiration for the English and a great affection for them; but it is not easy to find access to their inmost thoughts. Their religion teaches them deceit, and allows them to profess what religion they like. They say a man frequently changes his coat, but he does not thereby change himself; and that in the same way a Druse may profess to be a Christian one day and a Moslem the next, and so forth, but that at heart he always remains a Druse." Mrs. Mackintosh's volume is of modest dimensions and appearance, but it contains a great deal of solid and instructive matter preserved in an attractive form. All those who are interested in the future of Syria should certainly read her account of the one town that is prospering under the sway of the Sultan. Damascus, famous as it has been from the earliest days of history, has probably an expanding future before it still as "a busy mart of men."

The world would beyond doubt rejoice if any extensive goldfields were to be discovered similar to those of California and Australia[11] thirty odd years ago. There have been plenty of rumours of the discovery of such during the last few years, but the actual result has up to the present been, in each and all of these cases, extremely disappointing and discouraging. Captain Burton, it seems, declared twenty years ago that the West Coast of Africa was a veritable El Dorado, and that the Gold Coast deserved its name. It was only the other day that he was able to take some steps towards realizing his anticipations, and he now declares in characteristic language that he will answer for the success of working "this old-new California," if "the workers

[11] "To the Gold Coast for Gold. A Personal Narrative." By Richard F. Burton and Verney Lovett Cameron. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

will avoid over-exclusiveness, undue jealousy and rivalry, stockjobbing and the rings of 'guinea-pigs' and 'guinea-worms.'" Those who read Captain Burton's volumes will perhaps exercise a restraint they may not afterwards regret, if they will hold back until the mines of Wasaw and other places are paying good dividends—even though they may thereby lose what is colloquially called "a good thing." The striking point about these two volumes is that, although their purport is to show the extraordinary wealth of the Gold Coast, there is nothing at all about the subject in the first volume, and a great portion of the second is devoted to totally different matter. The reader must be left to judge for himself as to the capabilities of the harbour called Axim, as to the climate, as to even the gold itself; but Captain Burton has at least thrown himself into the subject with his accustomed enthusiasm, and has at the same time consigned all doubts as to the future extent of this gold industry to a bottomless limbo. Captain Burton deserves, however, all the credit of seeing that the best way to attain his object, and to make these mines a success, is to procure Chinese labour. When that has been done it will be possible to speak with more certain knowledge on the subject of the prospects of the Wasaw mines. Captain Burton has had in these volumes, as in his journey to Axim and the interior, the co-operation of the African traveller, Commander Cameron; but Captain Burton's individuality is completely in the ascendant, and it is impossible to regard these volumes in both their merits and their failings, save as his production alone.

Hardly any stronger or more convincing proof of the utility of Mr. Bateman's volume[12] could be furnished than the fact that it has reached a forty-seventh edition. Whether we are to attribute this remarkable popularity to the extensiveness of the landed interests, or to the curiosity generally felt on the subject of the possessions of our territorial magnates, there seems undoubted reason to admit that Mr. Bateman has supplied a want among works of reference. His pages bear on their face the impression of a firm resolve to approximate as nearly as possible to the truth; and, in such cases as we have been able to test, we have found the returns given fairly accurate. If there is a fault to be found with such a book as this it is that it gives an altogether erroneous idea of any individual man's income. The landowner whose annual rent-roll is fifty thousand may not draw five, through mortgages and other incumbrances; while the one whose income from land only just brings him within the limit of Mr. Bateman's qualification may have his millions in Consols and other available assets. So far as Mr. Bateman's volume goes, it undoubtedly forms as complete and trustworthy a guide to the landed classes as it is possible to compile. It will serve some useful purposes; but its principal function will be to satisfy the very prevalent curiosity to ascertain a little more information concerning our neighbour's affairs than they may choose to impart to us.

---

[12] "The Great Landowners of Great Britain and Ireland." By John Bateman. 47th edition. London: Harrisons. 1883.

Mr. Rajkumar Sarvadhikari has shown a great capacity for research and intellectual labour in this large volume,[13] on the Hindu Law of Inheritance. The subject, although full of technicalities, is not devoid of a more general interest, and this work will be a valuable textbook to those who have occasion to treat the subject. Mr. Sarvadhikari, like all native writers, is too discursive, and thinks that a book to be good must be big. The merit of his volume consists in its good being in some sort of proportion to its size, but it would have been infinitely better had the matter been condensed and differently arranged. An index fortunately atones, as far as it is possible to atone, for undue prolixity; but the Civil-Service student and the practising barrister in India, and readers of Indian Appeal Cases in London, will find the Tagore Lectures not unprofitable matter; although they will hardly supersede the standard work, Colebrooke's "Digest of Hindu Law." Among the most interesting lectures or chapters may be mentioned that on the succession of an adopted son, while Mr. Sarvadhikari has something original to say on the complex subject of funerals and the rites of burial among the different branches of the Aryan race.

Among many series for the education and mental development of the young—most of them of indifferent merit, and some downright bad—a favourable word must be kept for Mr. Murison's admirable collection of what he calls "The Globe Readers."[14] The first primer begins with the alphabet, and with the easiest words of two or three letters; and the sixth book closes with extracts from the current literature of the daily press. Fortunately, to our mind, these latter specimens are few, and the greater number of extracts are taken, as they should be, from the recognized masters of English from Chaucer to Dickens and Matthew Arnold. The last book is suitable and well adapted to boys and girls of any age, while those that precede it mark by easy and natural stages the progress from six to twelve years of age. If there is any criticism to pass on Mr. Murison's volumes, which should become widely popular, it is that there is hardly any reason for giving Charles Kingsley's "The Sands o' Dee" twice, as is done in books three and five. But when so much excellent judgment and good taste are shown that is but a trifling oversight.

Among other educational works on our table there are Mr. William Knapp's Spanish Grammar,[15] and Mr. Fasnacht's Synthetic French Grammar[16]—both useful books of their kind. Both volumes are well suited for advanced pupils, and admirable vocabularies and indices enhance the value of each. They provide further facilities for

---

[13] "The Principles of the Hindu Law of Inheritance." By Rajkumar Sarvadhikari, B.L., Tagore Law Professor. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co. 1882.

[14] "The Globe Readers." Illustrated. Two Primers and Six Books. Compiled and edited by Alexander F. Murison, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "First Work in English." London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[15] "A Grammar of the Modern Spanish Language." By William J. Knapp, Professor in Yale College. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882.

[16] "A Synthetic French Grammar for Schools." By G. E. Fasnacht. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

students of the two most important, commercially speaking, Latin languages in Europe and America.

To those who are curious about the present condition and future prospects of New Zealand—the England of the Antipodes—the two Blue Books[17] published by authority on the last census and statistics of the colony may be recommended for perusal. Neither expense nor trouble has been spared in making them as complete and as full of information as they can possibly be made to contain. An attentive consideration of the facts and statistics recorded will show that New Zealand well maintains its place in the van among the offshoots of the parent country in remote latitudes, and we do not think that a State which has the independence and public spirit to maintain a citizen army of more than ten thousand men has much to learn from any of its neighbours in the first duties of an intelligent community. In no quarter of the world have the sterling qualities of the English race been more conspicuous than in this island, and they have availed to provide a permanent abode for some of the educated classes of a redundant population at home. The one Italian official publication[18] before us treats of a similar topic—the emigration of Italians to foreign countries. Those curious on the subject will find much in it about the active traders and officials in Egypt and North Africa generally, as well as of the organ-grinders and itinerant musicians in this country.

We have only, in conclusion, to acknowledge that we have received the following pamphlets and reports: "A Cursory Notice of Certain Statements in the Rev. J. Johnston's Reply, by his Highness Rama Varma, G.C.S.I., F.M.U., Maharaja of Tranvancore (Madras: Addison & Co., 1882)," chiefly remarkable as an instance of one of the foremost of the native princes of India entering upon a polemical discussion. "The Missionary Crusade against State Education in India," by a Native of Southern India (Madras: 1883) dealing with the same subject as the previous pamphlet. "On Money, and other Trades Questions," by L. P. O'Hanly, C.E. (Ottawa: 1882). "The Caucus System," by Frederick Whitridge (New York: 1883); and the reports, &c., of "The Howard Association," "The Liberty and Property Defence League," and an excerpt from Mr. Joseph Foster's "Collectanea Genealogica," on different peerage cases.

---

17 "Results of a Census of the Colony, and Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand." Wellington. 1882.

18 "Statistica della Emigrazion Italiana all' Estero nel 1881." Roma: Tipografia Bodoniana. 1882.

SCIENCE.

THE general public will be but little disposed to regard the daily incidents of weather as a matter of scientific knowledge, so that Mr. Scott has probably done well to term his contribution towards weather study Elementary Meteorology, and has done so, no doubt, in the hope that he may lead many to observe and record observations, from the multitude of which the generalizations of science are evolved. The volume consists of two distinct portions: the first part deals with the phenomena to be observed and the methods of using instruments, and the significance of the phenomena; while the second part treats of the same subjects from a generalized point of view, giving the variations which the atmospheric phenomena present in different parts of the world, so as to suggest their interdependence, and laws which govern them. This latter portion is, as the author himself indicates, that part of physical geography which concerns the atmosphere. If there be any general fault to be found with the work, it will be chiefly in the too rigid adherence to fact, and in the want of tabular information such as might have been introduced in an appendix, and which would, for instance, have served as a basis for estimating the value of the eleven maps of the world, which represent a large amount of information in a graphic form, but without the precision which science requires. The method of the first part of the work is thoroughly logical; for after a brief account of the atmosphere, temperature, radiation, pressure, moisture of the air, dew, fog, mist and cloud, rain, snow and hail, wind, electrical and optical phenomena, are each discussed in separate chapters. An admirable illustration is given from Dr. Angus Smith of the effect of small quantities of impurity in the air. Thus the percentage of oxygen on an open heath in Scotland is 20·999, and in the open places in London in summer the percentage is 20·980. Small as this difference is, it amounts to 190 parts in a million. This amount of impurity in water is equivalent to 13·3 grains in a gallon, and while only a portion of a gallon of water can be swallowed in a day, we take into our lungs daily from one to two thousand gallons of air. But warmth is more important even than pure air, and hence the thermometer plays a large part in the next chapter, which deals with temperature. All the different kinds of thermometers, self-registering, maximum, minimum, and self-recording, are described. Unfortunately, as much depends upon the nature of the stand and place of exposure, as upon the principle of construction of the instrument by which observations are made. After the instrument has been used. there comes the expression of the result in graphic form by means of a thermogram, or diagram which represents the variations of temperature during the day, which may also be expressed for the month or the year, when taken as the mean of long-continued observations. Mr. Scott urges, however, that the only logical subdivision of the year is into seventy-three periods of

five days each, since the number 365 is only divisible by 5 and 73. But this arrangement does not correspond with the monthly periods, so that logic has had to give way to popular usage. The atmospheric temperature, however, varies with the power of the earth to retain heat. A temperature of 159° was observed by Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope; and owing to the fact that the heat is not radiated back so fast as received, it results that the hottest part of the year is July, and the hottest part of the day is 2 o'clock. In summer the coldest time is from 3 to 5 in the morning; while in winter there is but little change between 4 in the afternoon and 11 the next morning. A chapter is next given to radiation, which divides itself into solar radiation, or the amount of heat received by the earth from the sun; and terrestrial radiation, or the amount of heat given back from the earth to space. The instruments for making these observations are necessarily described—radiation depending upon circumstances which render the air transparent to heat. Upon the temperature of the air depends its pressure, because the colder the air the larger the number of its particles which can be packed in a given space, and the less the amount of vapour which it can contain. The absolute pressure is determined by barometers, just as the temperature is fixed by thermometers. The readings of barometers at the sea-level have varied between 26 inches and 32 inches, but in the famous balloon ascent made by Mr. Glaisher, the mercury stood at 9¾ inches at a height of about 29,000 feet. The method of reading barometers, the setting of the vernier, the use of the attached thermometer, and the nature of varied forms of barometric instruments in common use, receive ample notice; while the various corrections which have to be made for temperature and altitude, explain the methods of exact work. The daily range of the barometer is recorded in much the same way as the range of temperature, but the maxima of pressure are usually about 9 in the morning and 9 at night; while the barometer is lowest at 3 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, though some variations occur in different parts of the world; and the annual variations are much greater in some localities than in others. The chapter entitled Moisture of the Atmosphere treats of the water that passes into the air by evaporation, the water which is held in the air in the form of vapour, and the water condensed out of the air in a visible form; and under each of these heads there are many facts of great interest; thus the evaporation, where carefully observed, forms a very large percentage of the rainfall, showing how small an amount remains upon the land to form springs and rivers. In France this is rarely more, and usually much less, than a tenth of the rainfall. In London the rainfall is 25 inches, and the evaporation 20 inches. Dew and clouds are but different phases of the same phenomena. The rapidity of radiation which precipitates the moisture from the air upon vegetation, also loads it with ice in winter. The average deposit of dew for the whole earth amounts to 1½ inches in a year. The eighth chapter treats of familiar matters of rain, snow, and hail. A gallon of water, which weighs 10 lbs., will cover an area 2 feet square to a depth of one inch, so that it becomes a simple matter

to calculate the weight of rain when the amount of the fall is known. Exceptionally heavy falls in this country are rare; upwards of 5 inches, however, fell in one day in Monmouthshire, in 1875, and 4½ inches at Haverstock Hill in London, in 1878; but Seathwaite still remains the wettest spot in Britain, with an average fall of 154 inches in the year. The effect of rain in warming the air is matter of universal experience, but it assumes a striking aspect when stated in the words of Professor Haughton, that one gallon of rainfall gives out sufficient latent heat to melt 45 lbs. of cast-iron or 75 lbs. of ice! Snow is treated briefly, and hail, though discussed at some length, is not so clearly explained as should have been; in fact, there is no mystery in the formation of hail any more than in the formation of dew; for pellets of snow falling through the air condense the vapour from the air and freeze the water as it forms, so that it frequently builds up regular crystalline shapes on the basis of the original snowy nucleus. The chapter on wind is chiefly devoted to the different forms of anemometers, with illustrations of the wind pressure and velocity observed on various occasions. The electrical phenomena of the atmosphere are chiefly connected with lightning and storms, but by means of electrometers the definite daily electrical conditions of the air are recorded; and this chapter deals with the forms of lightning, with Saint Elmo's fire, and the Aurora, and concludes with some account of the ozone which is generated during electrical disturbances. The majority of optical phenomena are matters of constant experience, rainbows, fog-bows, coronæ or coloured rings round the sun and moon, and halos which are due to refraction; cloud-colouring and mirage also come in for consideration. Thus ends the first part, in which reader and student will alike find a sound and valuable introduction to meteorological study.

The second part of the work[1] is more philosophical, and is an epitome of knowledge in the several departments of meteorological work over the whole world. Following the method of the first part, it is divided into chapters on temperature, pressure, prevailing winds, ocean currents and sea temperature, the distribution of rain, climate, weather, and storms. But though many of the more remarkable variations of temperature and pressure are enumerated in the text, it is in the maps that this information is exhibited in its most condensed and striking form. The usual classification is adopted in describing winds as permanent, periodic, and variable, instead of the more scientific grouping, which refers winds to their several causes; while there is no mention made, in the variable class, of contour-winds, rotary lacustrine winds, the winds due to geological structure, or to vegetation-winds; and the compound winds termed cyclones are removed to the end of the volume, and treated as storms. But although many omissions may be noticed in matters which concern the physical geographer, we must always remember that this is a book on

---

[1] "Elementary Meteorology." By Robert H. Scott, M.A., F.R.S., Secretary to the Meteorological Council. With numerous Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

meteorology, and then the deficiencies appear in their true light. We have no hesitation in expressing an opinion that this is the best treatise on the subject which exists; and, we may add, that it is written with clearness.

The meteorological work of the Government of India[2] is covering a wider area every year, and now includes, in the sixth annual report, stations at Aden and the island of Zanzibar. As is usually the case in these reports, full details are given concerning the positions where observations are made, and the conditions of temperature, pressure, and moisture of the air. In the early parts of 1880, the North-west Provinces and Central India experienced unusual oscillations of temperature. In March the air was warmer than it had been since 1874, and though February was a cold month, all the year up till May was warmer than usual. But with the setting in of the rains the anomalous temperature disappeared. In Southern India a colder temperature was experienced in most months of the year than is commonly known. The cold of February is attributed partly to the effect of rainfall, partly to a cloudy sky, but in no small degree to the cooling influence of the great snow-fields of the North-western Himalaya; and it is observed that, when there is an unusually heavy fall of snow in that region, westerly and north-westerly winds prevail in North-western India, and the season is unusually dry. These conditions of temperature were accompanied in the first half of the year by an atmospheric pressure which was below the average, while in the latter part of the year it was above the average, the diminished pressure being obviously due to the influence of a higher temperature. The rainfall of the west, north-west, and Ceylon, which is derived from the Arabian Sea, was less than the average, while in Bengal and on the eastern side of India there was an excess of rain; but Gujrad experienced in July and September an unusual fall. The report is illustrated with the usual maps, representing temperature, pressure, and wind direction during the several months. Weather charts are given for particular selected days in the several seasons of the year; and other maps illustrate the setting in of the monsoon rains in Bengal in June, and the distribution of the cyclone which culminated in the landslip at Naini Tal. The appendix gives full abstracts of the meteorological registers, and the report is in every respect as valuable as its predecessors.

"The Report on the Administration of the Indian Meteorological Department for 1881-82,"[3] gives a summary not only of the more general facts concerning the Department, but also particulars of the various observations made in 1881. A system of signals for the distribution of Calcutta time has been arranged by means of a time-ball falling at one o'clock, and the system of weather bulletins, which has been so

---

[2] "Report on the Meteorology of India in 1880." By Henry F. Blanford, F.R.S., Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India. Sixth Year. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

[3] "Report on the Administration of the Meteorological Department of the Government of India in 1881-82. London: Trübner & Co.

admirably worked at Calcutta under the direction of Mr. Eliot, has been extended to Bombay. The Madras district has been placed in the hands of Miss Isis Pogson.

A volume issued by the Department of Mines of New South Wales,[4] consists of four articles: First, "An Account of the Mineral Products of the Colony," by Mr. Harrie Wood; secondly, "Notes on the Geology of the Colony," by Mr. Wilkinson; thirdly, "A Second Edition of the Minerals of New South Wales," by Professor Liversidge; and, fourthly, "A Catalogue of Books and Maps relating to the Geology and Mineralogy of Australia," by Robert Etheridge, junior, and Mr. Jack. The latter article, which extends to 131 pages, is a valuable bibliography, which cannot but be appreciated by all who have need to know what information is available in the writings of geologists and naturalists.

Professor Liversidge's article is a useful contribution towards a mineralogy of New South Wales. It includes many analyses and particulars of the modes of occurrence of minerals—these aspects of mineralogy naturally engaging more attention than technical crystallographic considerations. The minerals are grouped as metallic and non-metallic, and the article concludes with a list of localities for minerals in the colony.

Mr. Wilkinson's article, which is illustrated by a geological sketch map founded on that of the Rev. W. B. Clarke, gives a brief account of the geology of the colony, which is professedly indebted to Mr. Clarke's work, "On the Sedimentary Formations of New South Wales." The author sketches the distribution of the true Silurian rocks in the great Dividing range about the sources of the Murrambigee and Lachlan, pointing out how they become metamorphosed near Bathurst into gneiss, schists, and quartzite. The fossils are quoted from the writings of Professor de Koninck, of Liège. A few words introduce the fossil lists of the Devonian rocks, which exhibit measured sections of not less than ten thousand feet, and are seen in Mount Walker, Mount Lambie, and other localities. The Carboniferous rocks, which also reach a thickness of not less than ten thousand feet, occur on both sides of the great Dividing range, yielding fossils which are often identical in species with those found in the same beds in our own country. The other rocks, Permian, Hawkesbury beds, Lower Cretaceous, and Tertiary rocks, are dismissed with equal brevity; and the page and a half devoted to Igneous rocks gives but a bare reference to the basalts and granites associated with the gold-fields. But the very brevity of the article, which only extends to twenty-five

[4] "Department of Mines, Sydney. Mineral Products of New South Wales." By Harrie Wood, Under-Secretary for Mines. "Notes on the Geology of New South Wales." By C. S. Wilkinson, F.G.S., F.L.S., Geological Surveyor in Charge; and "Description of the Minerals of New South Wales." By Archibald Liversidge, F.R.S. Also, "Catalogue of Works, Papers, Reports, and Maps on the Geology, Palæontology, Mineralogy, &c. &c., of the Australian Continent and Tasmania." By Robert Etheridge, jun., of the British Museum, and Robert Logan Jack, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Government Geologist for Northern Queensland. Sydney: Thomas Richards. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

pages in all, will probably arrest attention, where a more satisfying and elaborate work might have been neglected.

The mineral produce of New South Wales is discussed by the Under-Secretary for Mines, in a letter to the Minister for Mines, and shows the total amount of mineral wealth which has been raised in the colony, and gives a good deal of information concerning the composition of the coals of the colony in comparison with those of other countries. A brief account is given of the positions of the gold-fields, copper, tin, and iron mines, and the produce of antimony, lead, zinc, and rarer metals. The Bingera and Cudgegong districts are stated to have yielded at least ten thousand diamonds. The colony is to be congratulated on the publication of reports of so much scientific interest and practical value.

Mr. Proctor's latest Star Atlas, entitled "The Stars in their Seasons,"[5] consists of twelve maps, which give the aspects of the heavens at intervals of two hours, and also correspond to the twelve months of the year. The stars are represented upon a dark-blue ground, and are of different sizes, which indicate the first five degrees of magnitude, which the atlas portrays; all stars of these sizes are here represented as seen in the British Islands, and on the margin of every map is a table of days and hours when the aspect of the heavens corresponds to the map. There is a short introduction, which gives directions for using the maps; reference tables for all hours to which the maps correspond, and a table of the names of all stars of the first three magnitudes in the several constellations. The Atlas is beautifully clear, and is an aid to astronomical study which should play some such part in general education as do geographical maps in contributing to a knowledge of the contours of the world.

A somewhat novel form of book-making is introduced under the general title "Knowledge Library,"[6] in which Mr. Proctor has thought fit to reprint articles by himself and other writers which have been contributed to the weekly publication *Knowledge*. There can be no possible reason for the association of articles so dissimilar. In the volume entitled "Leisure Readings," Mr. Proctor contributes essays on the starlit heavens, the menacing comet, on Dr. J. W. Draper, on British and American English, on betting and mathematics, on fallacies, on winning wagers. Mr. Clodd writes on the antiquity of man in Western Europe, and the later Stone age in Europe. Mr. A. C. Ranyard contributes papers on the comet seen during the eclipse, and Has the Moon an Atmosphere? Of the remaining six articles, five are by Thomas Foster on illusions, nursery rhymes, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and some other popular subjects. As a whole the book contains excellent light reading, and it cannot claim to be a scientific book

---

[5] "The Stars in their Seasons; an Easy Guide to a Knowledge of the Stars, exhibiting, in twelve large Maps, the Appearance of the Heavens at any Hour of the Night all the Year Round." By Richard A. Proctor. Reprinted from *Knowledge*. London: Wyman & Sons. 1883.

[6] "Knowledge Library. Leisure Readings." By Edward Clodd, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Foster, A. C. Ranyard, and Richard A. Proctor. With Illustrations. London: Wyman & Sons.

in any sense, but gives information about matters scientific and otherwise, for which many readers having leisure will be thankful.

Under the title "Nature Studies,"[7] a similar series of articles is reprinted in a second volume, to which Mr. Grant Allen and Dr. Andrew Wilson are contributors, together with Messrs. Foster, Clodd, and Proctor. In this collection the articles have more of a natural history tone. Mr. Grant Allen's papers, as usual, are bright and fresh. They discuss "Honey Ants," "A Beetle's View of Life," "Our Ancestors," "A Winter Weed," "Hyacinth Bulbs," "Daffodils," "Buttercups," and "Grapes." Mr. Andrew Wilson's papers are more ambitious and less successful. Mr. Foster's article, "Birds with Teeth," like some of Dr. Wilson's papers, indicates imperfect acquaintance with the subject treated of, as though the demand for contributions had not allowed time for the author's work to properly mature. Mr. Proctor's eight articles are all interesting, but we do not see why he should write on Mr. Darwin, having nothing new to say, and only a partial conception of the work which Mr. Darwin did in the wide field of natural history; for though the notice might be suitable enough for *Knowledge*, it is not worth reprinting. We believe this endeavour to revive the composite authorship of annuals to be unfortunate for both subjects and authors; and trust that when there is a real demand for popular writing of this kind, each writer may be able to offer his work on its merits.

Many students will be likely to avail themselves of the practice of micro-photography if it can be arranged without any great difficulty; for the advantage of having records of natural history observations always available for comparison is too great to be neglected. Dr. Cowley Malley comes to our aid with a little handbook[8] of a thoroughly practical character, which is designed to facilitate microscopic study with a view to mounting specimens so that they may be photographed. The book is clear and likely to be practically useful; but without actually following his directions, which we have not done, it would be difficult to express a positive opinion on the methods and processes recommended.

No group of animals has so few friends, in this country at least, as the Snakes,[9] and it certainly is evidence of more than ordinary enthusiasm for natural history that Miss Hopley should have undertaken to write a drawing-room book on the curiosities and wonders of serpent life. It is, perhaps, more remarkable that the book is thoroughly readable and full of information, and is free from the technicality which is too often inseparable from zoological studies. But the author has availed herself of the advantages of the reptile house of the Zoological

[7] "Nature Studies." By Grant Allen, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Foster, Edward Clodd, and Richard A. Proctor. London: Wyman & Sons.

[8] "Micro-Photography, including a Description of the Wet Collodion and Gelatino-Bromide Processes, together with the Best Methods of Mounting and Preparing Microscopic Objects for Micro-Photography." By A. Cowley Malley, B.A. London: H. K. Lewis. 1883.

[9] "Snakes; Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life." By Catherine C. Hopley. London: Griffith & Farran. 1882.

Gardens, and so has a good deal to say about the ways of life and habits of the animals which are described. This source of information, however, has been worked a little more freely than was necessary, for the remarks made by visitors to the reptile house and their conversations with the keeper are matters of very different value from the description of Ophiophagus taking its prey, and many other similarly careful studies. As the book, however, only claims to be a gossip about snakes, perhaps such matter is not altogether out of place. The volume extends to upwards of 600 pages, and is divided into thirty chapters, which treat of all the more important and interesting aspects of snake life, and of some of the myths and customs which have grown up around them. The book is one to be strongly recommended for its conscientious endeavour to do the work well, and although the language is not always so simple or terse as might have been used, the writer has attained a large degree of success. The illustrations include many woodcuts which assist materially in the elucidation, and two coloured plates which give excellent representations of a few species. The index is full and useful.

Mr. Harting's previous contributions to natural history have always been excellent zoological studies, and no reader can have gone through his volumes without profit; but the series of essays which are now gathered from various periodicals are more interesting and better written, and communicate more to the reader of a zoologist's idea of his work than anything which the author has previously offered us. The "Essays on Sport and Natural History"[10] are in many cases lessons in the art of becoming a naturalist, which lose nothing because they are free from technicality, and deal with the life, aspects, and habits of animals, rather than with their internal organization. Being to a large extent records of personal experiences, they take us face to face with animals under conditions of nature which are always stimulating, and no man knows better than Mr. Harting what to observe and record. This volume may, therefore, be regarded as one of the most excellent of its kind that has ever appeared. Its interest is unflagging throughout, and we believe that it will not only be welcomed by all lovers of the birds and beasts it describes, but will exercise a healthy influence on younger naturalists, whose habits of observation need some such friendly guide. The volume comprises thirty-eight articles, illustrated by some twenty-eight woodcuts. It commences with a lecture on forest animals, and ends with practical hints on preserving birds; but between these extremes hawks and hawking, deer and deer-shooting, the old English black rat and the badger, share the space with wild turkeys and truffles, British spiders and the spoonbill, wild camels and the great bustard, the humming of the snipe, and many records of natural history rambles in France and Holland.

"A Manual of Exotic Ferns and Selaginella,"[11] which describes more

---

[10] "Essays on Sport and Natural History." By James Edmund Harting. With Illustrations. London: Horace Cox. 1883.

[11] "A Manual of Exotic Ferns and Selaginella, comprising Descriptions of over One Thousand Species and Varieties and upwards of Six Hundred Synonyms;

than a thousand species and varieties, and only extends to 286 pages, is obviously a compact treatise; but it is written for the grower of ferns rather than for the botanist, so that the descriptions more refer to characters which interest the horticulturist and distinguish his plants one from another as to history, culture, and management, than comprise botanical descriptions. There is an introduction dealing with the construction of ferneries, propagation of ferns, soil and potting, tree ferns, filmy ferns, basket ferns, fern cases, and preserving and drying fronds. Great care appears to have been taken in the preparation of the book.

In July, 1882, we noticed McAlpine's "Botanical Atlas," then in course of publication. The first volume, dealing with Phanerogams is now completed, and comprises twenty-six excellently drawn and admirably coloured plates, with descriptive notes of the figures. We have little to add to the remarks already made, further than that the promise of the work has been well sustained, and it is certainly the best botanical atlas with which we are acquainted. The index to the illustrations assists in the comparative study of flowers, fruits, leaves, and the various organs which are represented.

Professor Joly's book, entitled "Man before Metals,"[13] deals with questions which have been prominently before British readers the last twenty years. The writings of Lyell, Lubbock, and subsequently of Tylor and many others, have informed us in some detail concerning the antiquity of man and the growth of civilization. But when the admirable volumes of those writers are contrasted with the present exposition, we find a condensation of matter in the work before us which may well help to diffuse information where it would otherwise be inaccessible. The book consists of two parts, the first, entitled "The Antiquity of the Human Race," includes chapters on prehistoric ages, work of Boucher de Perthes, bone caves, peat mosses and kitchen middens, burial-places, prehistoric man in America, man in the Tertiary epoch, and the great antiquity of man. The second part, "Primitive Civilization," is divided into chapters entitled "primitive life, industry, agriculture, navigation, and commerce, the fine arts, language and writing, religion, and quaternary man." The book is well illustrated with the usual figures, many of which have come to be classical in illustration of the subject, and we can commend the volume as a brief but well-considered handbook which deals with matters of enduring interest.

The manifest, one might say declared, purpose which Mr. Thomson has in view is the establishment of his claim to priority, at least of

also Notes on their History, Culture, and Management." By E. Sandford. London: H. J. Infield.

[12] "The Botanical Atlas; a Guide to the Practical Study of Plants, containing Representatives of the Leading Forms of Plant Life." By D. McAlpine, F.C.S. Vol. I., Phanerogams. Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston. 1883.

[13] "Man before Metals." By N. Joly, Professor at the Faculty of Science of Toulouse. With 148 Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882. International Scientific Series.

statement, as to the nature of the disease Phthisis, more familiarly known to the public under the name of Consumption. A very careful study of the natural history of the disease and special consideration of those lung diseases, which on some points simulate true phthisis, led the author, so we are told, to the inference, that, in phthisis, we must have to deal with a *specific* disease—*i.e.*, a disease *sui generis* and *genesis*. The view thus stated may not strike one as exactly novel; but the term *specific*, as used by Mr. Thomson, was made to imply that the disease, *special* in its nature, did not originate *de novo*, but that for every case found an antecedent parent case either existed or had existed; in fact the term specific involved infection. Inference was carried yet further, and in a *brochure*, entitled the "Histo-Chemistry and Pathogeny of Tubercle," published in 1876, the author arrived at the conclusion that a minute organism was the proximate or immediate cause of the disease.

The importance of such doctrine cannot be over estimated; all now are agreed hereon, but the question touched the Australian Colonies more nearly, and in this particular instance Victoria specially. So long as the climatic origin of phthisis was the view entertained, the importation of consumptives from the damp and cold climates of Northern Europe to the dry and warm atmosphere of Victoria was rational. If the patients still succumbed, at least it was with an easy conscience and with the sanction of science. The specific and infectious theory threw new light on the subject, and it was toward the establishment of this that Mr. Thomson's work was specially directed. It consisted—viz., in demonstrating from the mortality statistics of Victoria:—

"1. That, at given ages, phthisis is as prevalent in Melbourne and suburbs as in England.
2. That the disease is increasing.
3. That the native youth enjoys no immunity.
4. That, whenever the specific cause comes into operation, climate is impotent to control it."

These propositions we have quoted verbatim for the reason of their great importance. There are few households that have not some, even if it be but indirect, knowledge of the disease, and hence it is well they should be aware that the Colonies in general, and Victoria in particular, are doubtfully the land of promise which some would have us believe. No doubt statistics are dangerous things, but we can only say that Mr. Thomson appears to us to be honest in his method, and that the statistics quoted seem to be conclusive on the subject.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Thomson outsteps the bounds of legitimate inference, when he seeks to explain the mode of action of the minute organisms, and treats us to the chemistry of the subject; also when he considers the reasons for the special proneness to phthisis about the age of puberty. Apart from this, however, the work done was surely good and merited, let us admit a more generous and intel-

---

[1] "The Germ Theory of Phthisis. Verified and Illustrated by the increase of Phthisis in Victoria." By William Thomson, F.R.C.S. Melbourne: Sands & McDougall. 1882.

ligent reception. The subject is of the greatest importance; the Colonies have long since declined the importation of our convicts; the minute organisms of tubercle (phthisis) she has hitherto welcomed warmly. The wisdom of this procedure, Mr. Thomson called in question, and the reasonableness of this questioning must now be apparent to the host, even if it do not commend itself to the guest.

Mrs. Leslie Stephen's small book might very fitly be entitled "Sick-Room Tact."[2] Into the fifty-two pages of fairly large type which constitute it, obviously, the details of nursing could not be compressed; but, when these have been studied in other books, and prior to the putting of them into practice, Mrs. Stephen's book might well be carefully read. When the letter has been acquired, we still need the spirit for the gentle administration of services to the sick. Mrs. Stephen considers the relations between the sick and well to be far easier than between the well and well, and she just touches on the levelling power of sickness as akin to that of death. She enjoins, amongst other things, truth about small things, and points out that there is no limit to the sick-fancy, and that the answers, "Oh, it is nothing," "Don't worry yourself," &c., do not allay, but rather quicken the morbid imagination, whilst the matter-of-fact disclosure of the small mishap is far more readily borne. Then comes the counsel: "If trouble should come, and it is important that the invalid should be kept in ignorance, her watchers must make peace with their consciences as best they can; and if questions are asked they must 'lie freely.'" We may quote one other statement which shows that the authoress appreciates very truly; on p. 26 she says:—"The mind moves slowly to expression in illness, and the feeling that the words are impatiently waited for takes away the power to utter them." These few quotations are but samples, as it were, but we may say that the tone of the book throughout is quiet, nurse-like, or sick-room-like, and that the all-essential fact of the meaning of the sick-room—viz., as a "place of rest," is fully appreciated.

Amongst the practical remarks we would criticize the injunction with respect to diphtheria, that the nurse must not await the doctor's coming, but must look down the throat every hour, and remove the membrane, if it have formed; we would say on this that she should wait the doctor's orders.

The closing remarks on death, and the rigid treatment we are wont to observe in the vestments of the dead are, we think, extremely nice in feeling, and call for earnest consideration. We must, in conclusion, state that the reading of the book was a real pleasure, and we trust it may find its way into the hands not alone of the professional, but also of the non-professional nurse.

The Causation of Sleep[3] may well have been a subject for cogitation. This periodic passage from an active to a passive state, from movement

---

[2] "Notes from Sick-Rooms." By Mrs. Leslie Stephen. Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

[3] "The Causation of Sleep." By James Cappie, M.D. Edinburgh: James Thin. 1882.

to stillness, may well have struck thinkers as one of the most marvellous of the wonders around us. Dr. Cappie, in a very well-written book, attempts the solution of the problem on physical grounds. The reasoning is consecutive and clear, but to us it appears faulty. Chapter I. states the "correlation of mind and brain," and does not call for objection. In Chapter II. the effect of surface pressure as evidenced by our pathological records, in particular of depressed fracture and hæmorrhage into the cranium, is testified to; this, too, is undoubted. The peculiarities of the cranial circulation are then described; in particular, the vascularity and size of the vessels of the "pia mater," which everywhere and closely invests the surface of the brain; also the comparative absence from the minute network of capillary vessels, everywhere traversing the substance of the brain, of vessels of larger size. We have here the mechanism required for the causation of sleep—the pressure-producing mechanism. Dr. Cappie rightly points out that the rigidity of the cranial walls demands a constant or uniform mass of fluid within the cranium, and this, in the absence of variation in the amount of cerebro-spinal fluid, which latter Dr. Cappie dispossesses of the regulatory function assigned to it by most, is equivalent to a uniform mass of blood within the cranium. The flaw in the argument appears to us to come now; for how, admitting, as the author does, that the brain mass, permeated by fluid, practically is a fluid, and obeys the hydrostatic law of uniformity of pressure; how, under these circumstances, a *uniform* mass of blood can, by any change in its distribution, alter the pressure within the cranium, it is difficult to conceive. The flaw, indeed, consists in imagining that, uniformity of blood-mass being granted, emptiness or fulness of any particular set of vessels can, *cæteris paribus*, have any significance in the sense of pressure determination. That, during sleep, the vessels, and in particular the veins of the "pia mater," are full, whilst the vessels of the substance of the brain, are relatively empty, is no doubt a fact; but that sleep *is*, because of this surface-fulness, is another matter. One other point may be touched upon: Dr. Cappie revives the theory that the heart itself cannot be considered as practically the sole factor in the circulation; but that attractions and repulsions, having their seat in the tissue-elements themselves, are important elements in the general fact of the flow of blood. Certainly, this is opposed to present opinion, and it is certain that it will remain so till either the inadequacy of the heart-force be shown on mechanical grounds, or actual demonstration be made of this interstitial agency. We must, however, repeat that the book is well and clearly written, and may be read with advantage.

In the summer of 1881, and again in the winter of the same year, Dr. Playfair published, on the above subject, in the *Lancet*. These papers, with some little additional matter, are now republished.[4] We sincerely hope the book may find its way into the hands of the general public—it cannot but be productive of great good. If any one from among

---

[4] "The Systematic Treatment of Nerve Prostration and Hysteria." By W S. Playfair, M.D., F.R.C.P. Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

the infinity of diseases which afflict the body illustrates the influence of mind on the organism, it is hysteria, of all others, which does so. Some very excellent examples of extreme cases are here narrated, and narrated in language such as any one may understand, and such as, we fear, cannot fail to recall to the minds of many cases similar in nature, though probably less severe. We all know that the world revolves round each one of us, as round a centre of wider or narrower limitation; but for the hysterical it centres most definitely in the particular ailment they may have selected, and the most extraordinary effects are the result of this fixed idea. Probably the dominant element in these extreme cases is nerve prostration; and with this every function of the body is at low ebb. Assimilation may thus fall to a minimum, and an extreme degree of emaciation result. The treatment for what, judging from the symptoms, might appear a most complex disease is very simple.

On page 73, we find the regulations detailed as:—

1. The removal of the patient from unhealthy home influences, and the placing her at absolute rest.
2. The production of muscular waste by prolonged movement and massage of the muscles by a trained shampooer.
3. The supplying the waste so produced by regular and excessive feeding.

This treatment, as Dr. Playfair tells us, is that of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and that, in America, it has had extensive trial with the best possible results. Dr. Playfair's success in the cases he cites is little short of marvellous; the book itself, however, must be turned to for these records. One may mention, however, that success demands rigid adhesion to the rules laid down, and that rule 1 is a *sine quâ non.* The patient, for the time being, has to begin a new life, and no vestige of the surrounding influences, under which the morbid habit has grown up, can be permitted. The essence of the other part of the treatment consists in, after a fashion, working the organism for your patient, and not in calling on the exhausted nervous system with which you start for the requisite effort. Your patient must be passive in the hands of the operators. Exception has been taken to the method, it is not scientific—*i.e.*, it is too simple; but then there always have been those who propose and those who object, and the ingenuity of the former scarcely surpasses that of the latter.

The days of absolute demarcation of vital from non-vital phenomena are, doubtless, no longer present; still, from the fact that our bodies are, within limits, self-reparative machines, the suspicion lingers that, in the presence of the external world of force, the behaviour of these is not quite that of objects which we characterize as non-vital. Yet handle us with insufficient care, shake us up with but just sufficient violence, and our bodies pay the cost in rents, in cracks and in general commotion. Mr. Page's book[6] deals with this subject, and is a very

[6] "Injuries of the Spine and Spinal Cord." By Herbert W. Page, M.A., M.C., F.R.C.S. Churchill. 1883.

important contribution towards a clearer appreciation of much of the bodily disaster which, in particular, a railway accident may entail. Obvious mechanical lesion is not here considered, for concerning lacerations and fractures there can scarcely be dispute; but we know that thrill, vibration, may destroy the structural integrity of any texture, and the question arises—May the delicate tissues of brain and spinal cord suffer such disintegration from the general jar or vibration to which the whole body is subjected in a railway collision? Certainly the brain mass may suffer thus from direct blows on the cranium; but as to the spinal cord? Mr. Page takes up this question, and, from a general review of the cases of recorded spinal-cord *concussion*, the result of direct injury inflicted on the spine, he concludes that the evidence of such damage to the cord, in the absence of dislocation or fracture of the spine with displacement, or of hæmorrhage into the spinal canal, is exceedingly scanty; Dr. Bastian's case being almost the only one which might not be and indeed was not better explained as the result of such complication. Chapter I. discusses this part of the subject, and amongst other things points out how securely the spinal cord is lodged. The physics of this part discovers, as, indeed, does all structure, a beautiful forethought, and if it be objected that the brain, though an equally important organ, is less securely lodged, the answer must be that, though equally important, damage to it is less serious than to the spinal cord, for the very reason of the cord-like character of the latter, whereby damage at any one point becomes almost equivalent to damage of every part below this point.

We are led on, in subsequent chapters, to the consideration of the actual injuries which are sustained in the severe jar caused by the collision, and, with regard to the undoubted spinal pain and tenderness which so often supervenes, it is pointed out that the very natural popular inference that such means spinal-cord damage, is by no means warranted; but that in such cases the very great probability exists of the spinal-cord and its membranes being intact. The real explanation of the pain Mr. Page holds to be the wrench or sprain which the structures, ligamentous and muscular, have suffered in the accident. The intense and general nervous shock, which the excitement, suspense and terror, almost always present in a railway accident, must bring about, is next dwelt on. Herein the subject of emotional disturbance, with its multiple and manifold symptoms, finds its place, and, it being impossible to go into detail, we need but point to the phenomena of hysteria to make evident the influence of the mind on the body, and what "expectant attention" is capable of effecting. The subject of malingering and the medico-legal aspects of the question occupy the end chapters. Mr. Page's book is undoubtedly an important and a well-written work, and the pity is therefore the greater that the subject has not throughout occupied the author's attention, and that the tone of his attack on Mr. Erichsen, whose valuable work in the profession none can doubt, is not as considerate as it might be. "Do thy spiriting gently," is a kindly maxim, and it will he hard when the spirit of courtesy is so far gone that the student fresh from one class shall trip up his teacher in another class, yet the possibility of such

must be with the advance of knowledge. We shall trust the possibility may long retain its potential character.

This, the Harveian Oration,[6] constitutes our annual "*Siste viator—et respice!*" and it is a timely injunction. To pause and consider is well, more particularly when, as now, the spirit of the times is one of restless activity. After all, the acquisition, the accumulation of new facts is doubtfully of value if we lack the necessary time to think them over. This constitutes the value of our annual retrospect, in which mentally we retrace the steps of a piece of inductive philosophy of the most brilliant kind. Bacon's "Novum Organum," we are told, was published in 1620, the results of Harvey's researches in 1628, but it appears that these latter were promulgated as early as 1616, so that Harvey could scarcely have learnt to reason from Bacon. But, as we are reminded by Dr. Ogle, Macaulay and others have pointed out that the inductive method was before Bacon; man, indeed, could scarcely have laid claim else to the distinction "rational." There is, however, all the difference in the world between unconscious instinctive reasoning and reasoning which is conscious and of premeditation, and the merit of having reduced the one form to the other would be rather that which belongs to Bacon.

Whilst on the subject of Harvey the opportunity were ill lost of saying something on the vivisection question. Dr. Ogle accordingly does so, and he finds that, even on grounds theological, the practice is sanctioned. It is a pity this very important question has called forth so much party spirit, and it would be well if the outside non-medical world would remember that medical men are neither better nor worse than the rest of mankind, that some at least are desirous of acquiring knowledge with a view to making it of practical application, and that some at least hold most firmly the belief that the knowledge gained by vivisection is of the utmost value.

To the original lecture a copious appendix is added. As to the oration itself, of course, where many have stood, it becomes difficult for individual footprints to stand out. Dr. Ogle has, however, fulfilled his mission well, and has caused us to look back, and with advantage.

Mr. Burdett[7] has attacked a very large question and on statistical grounds entirely. As the result of his inquiries, he pronounces in favour of small hospitals for the reception and treatment of surgical cases. The author is, of course, aware of the great difficulty there is in the extraction of truth from statistics, and by far the safer plan appears to us the demonstration of the relation between a particular condition of the surrounding atmosphere and disease or health; from such demonstration a correct inference is more ready. Mr. Lister, in a lecture published in the *Lancet* of some years back, stated as much, and, as a test of the value of his method, preferred rather to draw attention to what he termed a new fact in surgery, than to rely on

---

[6] "The Harveian Oration for 1880." John W. Ogle, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P. 1881.

[7] "The Relative Mortality of Large and Small Hospitals." By H. C. Burdett. J. & A. Churchill. 1882.

statistics. The demonstration of the relation between the condition of the atmosphere and the condition of wounds is the great discovery to which the antiseptic method lays claim. And, as Mr. Burdett very candidly admits, the question of the relative value of large and small hospitals has been thus practically shelved by Mr. Lister. It is true, the author again brings in statistics to prove this; inasmuch, however, as these are in agreement with the experience of individual cases, we may accept them. The title of Mr. Burdett's book, in the light of "Antisepticism," would accordingly now read thus: "The relative mortality in impure and in pure atmospheres," or still otherwise expressed, "in air germ-laden and germ-free."

The Refraction of the Eye[8] is a subject essentially technical and essentially practical, and as such it does not lend itself very readily to general criticism. The style is clear, and the explanations are given in language as simple as the case will admit. The optical properties of lenses admit of ready demonstration on paper, but are not easily carried in the head; indeed, the knowledge is of the kind characteristic of the exact sciences—viz., such as concerns itself with results and with the data for building up results, but does not burden the memory with all the stages intermediate. Medical science may congratulate itself that it has so far advanced in this one department that a book such as this can be written; and it may look forward to the time when the functions of the rest of the bodily structures will be given in formulæ. Whether in these days it will be possible to kindle the enthusiasm of the uninitiated with descriptions of "focal lengths," and the means necessary to correct "*short*," "*long*," and "irregular sight," remains to be seen, but the time has not yet come.

We do not quite see the purpose of this Dictionary of Watering Places.[9] The preface tells us that it does not profess to meet the requirements of medical men, and this must be certainly true, for the information given is quite inadequate to this end. But how is it to serve the general public? The number of places catalogued is far too great to admit of anything like detailed description, if the book is to keep moderate compass. At the same time, the two to three-line descriptions appended to a very great number of places cannot be adequate and cannot be interesting. It appears to us that a very useful book of the kind might be written for medical men; but that for the general public either they will have to be referred to gazetteers, or the book will have to take on this type. There is one point on which we would wish to be informed, and that is—What has been the plan of selection of the names of doctors which we find given with certain of the places, for some appear destitute? Under Brighton we find only three names given. This, of course, is absurd. And we would suggest that, since a complete list would not be practicable, either the doctors should be left out or the plan of selection defined.

[8] "The Refraction of the Eye: its Diagnosis and the Correction of its Errors." By A. Stanford Morton, M.B., F.R.C.S. Ed. London: H. K. Lewis, Gower Street. 1882.

[9] "Bathing Places. Climatic Health Resorts." B. Bradshaw & Co. 1882.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THERE are few writers on history who have the peculiar power possessed by Mr. Froude of showing in himself and exciting in others a human sympathy and interest in the actors and thinkers of times vastly different to our own; and, more remarkable still, this sympathy and appreciation is not confined to those who ranged themselves on one side of a great question. This is a greater art—a greater nature rather, for it is not due solely to art—than merely showing the part taken by our predecessors in shaping the constitution of a country or evolving a social or ethical system. And it more than compensates for a certain habit of inaccuracy in detail and carelessness in representing the exact purport of original authorities, which is a sore offence to those writers who, whatever their excellences, do not possess the qualities for which he is distinguished. The new volume of "Short Studies"[1] opens with a long review of "Materials for the History of Thomas à Becket," the last work of the late Canon Robertson. We do not, however, intend to say anything about it here, but to direct attention to two other articles on subjects not so well known, but all the more worth reading on that account, and because, while Becket's life illustrates an almost extinct relation between the temporal and spiritual powers, these go deeper and touch upon the principles of human nature and human thought, which are the same in every age. When the old religions of Europe were wearing out in the second century of our era, the almost universal scepticism produced, in the minds of that large class of people who must have a definite supernatural belief, a tendency to extravagant credulity, just as now freethought and spiritualism are the results of a similar mental movement working in minds of a different stamp. Apollonius of Tyana is a familiar example, but Philostratus's life of him is written by an enthusiastic believer, while in Lucian's account of his successor, Alexander of Abonotichus, we see a miracle-working prophet with the eyes of a clear-sighted truth-loving sceptic. Starting in life with personal beauty and some medical knowledge as his stock-in-trade, with a stronger inclination for pleasure than for honest hard work, he began to earn his living by gambling and divination, and would even assist people in getting rid of inconvenient rivals by poison, if he was well paid for it. Being taken up and patronized by a wealthy lady, like some modern specimens of the same *genus*, he resolved to attempt a more ambitious career, and actually succeeded in convincing the inhabitants of his native town that he was the god Æsculapius, or rather, at first, that a tame snake, which he dressed up with a human mask, was the god and he the prophet. The adventure of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra shows how ready the people of Asia Minor were to accept claims of this kind. The belief of the Jews in a coming Messiah, which must have found

[1] "Short Studies on Great Subjects." By J. A. Froude, M.A. Fourth Series. Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

its way all over the Empire, no doubt disposed even the Pagans to expect some wonderful divine manifestation; and persons of a religious turn of mind, who were shocked at philosophical scepticism and had not accepted Christianity, welcomed, without questioning, whatever tended to support the old beliefs. The details of the impostures; the brazen plates, reminding one of Joe Smith, the Mormon Apostle; the birth of the god from a goose's egg, and the management of the oracle, are all described at length. Two classes of men alone remained incredulous, and did what they could to oppose the fraud. These were the men of science and the Christians, united "because each of them had hold of a side of a real truth, while the respectable world was given over to shadows." Christians might be intellectually credulous, but their higher views of life enabled them to detect a moral fraud, while the men of science, chiefly represented by the followers of Epicurus, understood something of the laws of Nature and evidence, and saw through the jugglery of the sham miracles. The whole story throws a valuable light on a critical epoch of history, and on mental tendencies and phases which are not confined to that or any period. In another article in the same volume, the opposition and not the co-operation between men of science and Christians in the early centuries of our era is displayed. Mr. Froude has constructed from Origen's reply to Celsus the main arguments of the latter's book against Christianity. They are chiefly based on the absence of better proof for Christian than for Pagan miracles; on the fact that the ignorant and the vicious, not the wise and virtuous, are touched by its doctrines; and on the want of public spirit which that religion produced. In fact Celsus takes much the same line as a thinking man of the present day would take towards any new religion. From a moral and spiritual point of view, Origen had the best of the argument, but in intellectual force he is far behind. Celsus speaks of all nations worshipping the Common Father of mankind, whatever name they use for their God; which Origen denies, on the ground that miracles were worked by the pronunciation of the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but not so with the names of other gods. But when he asserted the radical distinction between his religion and heathen mysteries and philosophies, that the one had checked impurity and sin which the others were powerless to touch, he saw a truth to which Celsus with all his acuteness was blind.

There is also a series of letters on the Tractarian movement, an instance of the power which Mr. Froude possesses (to which we have already referred) of sympathizing even where he does not agree.

Those of our readers who are votaries of the pliant rod will find, at the end of an article on "Cheneys and the House of Russell," an account of a wonderful day's fishing in the Chess; worthy to rank with the "Chalk Stream Studies" of the writer's former friend and companion Charles Kingsley.

Mr. Geddie's "historical and descriptive" book on Russia[2] is much

[2] "The Russian Empire. Historical and Descriptive." By John Geddie, F.R.G.S. Nelson & Sons. 1882.

more descriptive than historical. At least, the history is not given in any connected form, but interspersed in the accounts of the numerous provinces composing the great empire, which includes within its boundaries, without counting outlying provinces, no fewer than forty-seven non-Russian races. How far the book is the result of personal knowledge it is difficult to say. As to the prisons, the writer adopts the rose-coloured picture of Mr. Lansdell, the falsity of which has been so forcibly exposed by Prince Krapotkine in a recent article; and the comparative comfort of Siberia, as contrasted with the prisons in Russia, has been fancifully exalted into a positive condition of absolute laxity of control. The corrupt military bureaucracy which governs the country appears to be beyond the reach of reform, and the hope of the future to rest in the peasantry, who, ignorant and superstitious as they still are, have learned the rudiments of self-government in the little village communities which form almost independent republics in the midst of this stronghold of centralization and autocracy. There is not much help for them from their clergy, even in education; for, as bishoprics and other ecclesiastical dignities are confined entirely to the monastic order, the parish priests have no stimulus to improvement, and are little better than their flocks—perhaps even worse, in the matter of sobriety. The towns, according to Mr. Geddie, are thoroughly permeated with socialistic theories, especially "that negation of all religious belief and denial of the individual right in property known as Nihilism;" but, what the issue of the struggle will be, he does not attempt to guess; "before it," as a French writer has said, "there rises an immense note of interrogation." As to any collision between Russia and England in Asia, he has no fear, considering the contrast between the stability of the commercial and political states of the two countries. "While the young Czar has just added to his overgrown dominions several thousand square miles of desert and several thousand head of Turcoman robbers, he dare not show himself outside the palace grounds of Gatchina; a hostile meeting in Asia would be a misfortune to Britain—it would probably be ruin to the Russian Empire."

"The Wentworth Papers," just brought out by Mr. Cartwright,[3] the author of the "Memoirs of Sir John Reresby," consist of letters written to the third Earl of Strafford by his friends and family in London during the first half of the eighteenth century. Most of his correspondents were connected with the Court, so that their letters afford copious materials for forming a picture of the public and private life of the upper classes. Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, the receiver of the letters, was grand-nephew to the first earl of Strafford, the friend of Laud. Here Mr. Cartwright corrects an error in Sir Harris Nicolas's peerage, which introduces another generation, making him great-grand-nephew. Born in 1672, he entered the army in 1688, and ten years later was colonel of Dragoons. He took an active part in the campaign of 1702, but afterwards his life was almost entirely

[3] "The Wentworth Papers (1705–1739)." Edited by J. J. Cartwright, M.A., of the Public Record Office. Wyman & Sons. 1883.

spent in the diplomatic service, mostly in Berlin, when he grumbled occasionally at having no opportunity of distinguishing himself in the military profession, and at not getting an earldom as early as he hoped. He quitted Berlin in 1711 to take the more important post at the Hague, and was one of the plenipotentiaries for negotiating the treaty of Utrecht. This was his last public service, for the accession of George I. brought the Whigs into power, and Strafford was recalled. The rest of his life was spent mostly in Yorkshire, occasionally corresponding with the Pretender. He appears to have been a man of courage and resolution, with habits of business, rather than talents; and Swift says, "wholly illiterate." This cannot be strictly true, for his brother Peter writes to him, when Ambassador at Berlin, to refuse an appointment under him on the ground that he could neither write nor speak Latin, implying that it was a necessary accomplishment, which his brother possessed. And now for a word or two about his correspondents. First comes his mother, a delightful old lady, devoted to her "dearist and best of children," whose "infenit affectionate mother" she signs herself. She is particularly anxious about his marriage, sending him particulars about all the young ladies with fortunes in the matrimonial market, and even going so far as to commence negotiations without consulting him. Lady Tufton has a house to sell for £5,000, and Lady Wentworth says, "one or twoe may be bated if you will take a daughter." The money value of the ladies is always put forward very strongly, and had its effect, for Strafford finally married a lady with £60,000 at least. Next to her affection for her son, Lady Wentworth's ruling passion was for animals—dogs, principally, and monkeys. She hardly ever writes without giving news of her pets, and her daughter-in-law cannot resist an occasional laugh at her, in her letters to her husband, especially when "Pearl" is ill, and is brought to Lady Strafford's house "every day in two little night gownds made fitt for it, and its leggs was put into sleves, that I had a great deal to do to keep myself grave, for her affliction was too great for me to laugh." It must have been a droll sight to see a monkey, a parrot, and five dogs all shut up in a sedan-chair together, followed by Lady Wentworth in another. She is fond of her daughter Betty, too, but not as much as of her son, for she is candid enough to say that "she is now handsome but will soon fayde; she is not a lasting buity," and that she "wants a little polishing to make her complete."

Another of the regular correspondents is Peter Wentworth, an idle, self-indulgent man, who held ornamental Court appointments, such as equerry, and was probably fit for nothing else. He was given to drink, and takes great credit to himself for keeping sober at the Royal table. He was probably fat. His letters are Court gossip, useful for facts, social and political, but without much insight. Lady Strafford is a clever, sensible woman, fond of her husband, occasionally coarse in expression, but not in mind. She tells him gossip to amuse him, and looks after his interests in London. Then there is Lord Berkeley of Stratton, political, with a *soupçon* of priggishness, and a few others. Any one can see that there are here the elements of a very amusing picture,

and now that the "drum and trumpet" style of history has given place to "social evolution," readers can be entertained with gossip and scandal, and little details of everyday life, and please themselves with the thought that they are learning history at the same time.

We must finish with one of the many good stories. This is from Lady Strafford's letters: "The town has made out a story of the Duchess of Shrewsbery and Lady Oxford. The Duchess of Shrewsbery told me of it. She says they will always make a story of her every year, but she likes this the best. They say she went to Lady Oxford, and she said, 'Madam, I and my lord are so weary of talking politicks, what are you and your lord?' And Lady Oxford sighed and said, 'She knew no lord but the Lord Jehova;' and the Duchess made answer again, 'Oh, dear madam, who is that? I believe it is won of the new titles, for I never heard of him before.'"

And here is another from Peter Wentworth's pen: "They tell a commical story of Lord Crommortney, who was ask't by the Queen how the Scotch lords wou'd vote (on the Place Bill), he said they were all agreed, she ask't how agreed in what, he answered to take as much money as her Majesty was please to give them."

The selection of the passages printed from such a large mass of correspondence has been managed with great skill and judgment, so that the book is never dull, and the editor has exercised a wise moderation in his footnotes, which are just sufficient to explain obscure allusions without being obtrusively frequent.

The best features in Mrs. Gardiner's "French Revolution,"[4] which has just appeared in the "Epochs of Modern History" Series, are the accurate description of the state of French society during the monarchy, and the clearness with which she discriminates between the aims and principles of the different parties and leaders who brought about the Revolution. No space is thrown away by giving personal details, which can be easily found in larger works, and the subject is treated throughout from a political point of view. The account of the composition of the Assembly, in 1789, is particularly good, and so is the comparison of the policy of the Girondists and the Montagnards. The fairness with which opposite views are represented claims the reader's confidence at once in the writer's conscientiousness and accuracy, and is never abused. The use of the word *elect* as a synonym for *choose* was, till quite lately, confined to the sporting press ("A. B., having won the toss, elected to go in first"), and sounds curiously out of place in a scholarly history, especially one written by a lady.

There have been a great many outlines of English History published[5]—all more or less founded on Salmon's "Chronological Historian," which appeared early in the last century, and all with excellences of their own. Toone's, for instance, is especially valuable

[4] "The French Revolution, 1789-1795." By B. M. Gardiner. Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

[5] "A Handbook in Outline of the Political History of England, to 1882." Chronologically arranged by A. H. D. Acland, M.A., and C. Ransome, M.A. Rivingtons. 1882.

for giving lists of the mayors of London and other officers, and for the number of domestic and social facts which are incorporated with those of more political importance The distinguishing feature of Messrs. Acland and Ransome's is that the outline of facts occupies only the righthand page, while the lefthand page is reserved for notes of foreign events, well-selected illustrative quotations, and pedigrees, with space for additional notes to be added by the owner. The last event noted is the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It would have been little more trouble—and a great help to students—if the exact dates—*i.e.*, the month and days of occurrences, had been more often inserted. One slip we have noticed in turning over the pages. Under the year 1533, there are these entries:—"*Nov.*, Henry marries Anne Boleyn. *Sept.*, Princess Elizabeth is born." The date of the marriage is uncertain—but if it was in November, it was in 1532, if in 1533, it was in January. The compilers insist rightly in the preface, on the necessity of teaching the skeleton of English history first, and then filling it up by the study of special periods. The opposite practice, is unfortunately too common, of teaching detached portions fully before the outlines have been mastered, and some teachers even advocate the method of beginning with recent history and working backwards, a most irrational system and destructive of all sense of continuity in history, which is a most important point to keep before the learner's mind.

Another handy little book for students of English history has recently been published in America,[6] consisting of a list of the most useful historical works arranged under the periods of which they treat. The selection is judiciously made, but it would have been better to have included among them more of the original sources of history, such as the best editions of the chronicles, and the calendars of State papers, to which some of the space occupied by a catalogue of historical novels and poems might with advantage have been devoted.

Professor Max Müller puts his finger on one of the worst results of competitive examinations when he says that, instead of exciting an appetite for work, they often produce a kind of intellectual nausea, which may last for life.[7] As an antidote to this disastrous result, in the case of Indian Civil Servants, he attempts to show, in a course of seven lectures delivered at Cambridge, that the study of Sanskrit literature is "full of human interests, full of lessons which even Greek could never teach us," strongly in the case of religion, the history of which can nowhere be better studied than in India. A common complaint about the Hindoo character is their want of truthfulness. But the Vedas specially inculcate the practice of speaking the truth, and it is the virtue for which mediæval travellers in India especially praise the natives. The cruelties of the Mahommedan

[6] "The Reader's Guide to English History." By W. Fr. Allen, A.M. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882.

[7] "India: What can it Teach us?" By F. Max Müller, K.M. Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

conquerors, and the subsequent subjection to European nations, have certainly done much to destroy it. Fear, and not the devil, is the true father of lies. The view of life put forward in Sanscrit literature is not without its value now. It reminds us that this world is, after all, perhaps, not meant for a constant alternation of work and pleasure that is almost work; that a little less work and a little less pleasure, with more thought and more rest, might make men happier or less unhappy than they are. "A man seeking for eternal happiness might obtain it by a hundredth part of the sufferings which a foolish man endures in the pursuit of riches." "If I know that my own body is not mine, and yet that the whole earth is mine, and again that it is both mine and thine, no harm can happen then." "There is nothing higher than the attainment of the knowledge of the self."

The special phase of religion which the Vedas show us is what Mr. Max Müller calls *henotheistic*, an apt name, much wanted, to describe that point of view by which every god is considered supreme in turn and, therefore the creator, and which puzzled the western mind at first, only accustomed to Jewish monotheism and Greek polytheism. "When we see those two giant spectres of heaven and earth on the background of the Vedic religion, exerting their influence for a time, and then vanishing before the light of younger and more active gods, we learn a lesson which it is well to learn, and which we can hardly learn anywhere else—the lesson *how gods were made and unmade*--how the Beyond, or the Infinite, was named by different names in order to bring it near to the mind of man, to make it for a time comprehensible, until, when name after name had proved of no avail, a nameless god was felt to answer best the cravings of the human heart." Allusions to ancestor-worship also occur frequently in the Rigveda and other writings, though Mr. Herbert Spencer has denied its existence among Indo-European and Semitic nations.

Among the books for juvenile readers which we have to notice, Alberg's "Gustavus Vasa" is the newest[8] and most exciting in subject, especially to those who are fascinated by horrors, of which Christiern II.'s reign will give them a feast. The execution of nearly a hundred noble victims in one day may be paralleled in other histories, but not the grim humour of the method by which the king made compensation to his subjects and relieved his own conscience; that of burning alive the Archbishop of Lunden, who had assisted him in his crime. This king Christiern showed a strange mixture of character. Brutally cruel and tyrannical as he was to the upper classes, he abolished serfdom, established a system of education in the chief towns of his three kingdoms, and did a good deal for the advancement of commerce, and in breaking down feudalism. He may have had some slight sympathy with the "new learning," especially from its anti-clerical tone, but he can hardly have "leaned most decidedly in favour of Calvin's doctrines;" at least, not to any practical purpose; for the "Institutions" were published

[8] "Gustavus Vasa and his Stirring Times." By Albert Alberg. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

in 1535, and though Christiern did not die till 1559, the last twenty-eight years of his life were spent in prison. The story of Gustavus Vasa's rebellion, the son of one of the victims of the "Bloodbath" at Stockholm, is full of adventure. His life as a woodman in Dalecarlia with his trusty friend Liss Lars, whose respect and confidence he gained by a bear fight; his adventure in the cottage with the spies, when the goodwife averted suspicion by angrily telling him to go off and thrash; and his first and victorious battle at Brunbeck Ferry, remind one of our own Alfred's troubles and final victory over enemies of the same nation. There are other parallels with English history. As here, so in Sweden, a new nobility rose on the confiscation of monastic property, and, like Henry VIII., Gustavus Vasa secured a lion's share for himself. And, a smaller matter, but worth noticing, Wolsey's dying words are attributed to the infamous Goran Person. The style of writing is not pleasant, somewhat turgid, and not always good English. The illustrations are very poor. Most are taken from really good drawings, but they are badly engraved and printed, black and smudgy. The costumes and armour in some of the best, as works of art, are nearly fifty years later than the time to which they refer.

The same publishers have also brought out lives of Savonarola, Wiclif, and Luther, in similar bindings,[9] as if forming part of a series. The last two are written by Mr. W. Chapman. They are pleasant to read, but do not go very deeply into matters. To say that "it is not probable that Wiclif, the man who sought his models in the Gospel, would preach sedition and strife" does not teach us much about his political views. The author's familiarity with the middle ages may be tested by his speaking of the mendicant *monks*, and his fairness, by his praising Wiclif for never holding more than one living, while for many years he did not reside on the one which he held. It is the neglecting the cure of souls that makes the sin of plurality. It was hardly worth while to insist on Wiclif's trust in Christ when summoned to appear before the Convocation of 1377, when he had John of Gaunt and Lord Henry Percy at his side to bully his judges.

The "Life of Luther" is of the same class, short and interesting, and fairly accurate. Some of the illustrations are good; but it is a pity that Luther's older portraits are used for scenes in his earlier life. In the frontispiece, the scene of his burning the papal bull, he is represented stout and burly, *quantum mutatus ab illo* Luther, who looks at us out of the pages of Lauterbach's "Historia Monastica," gaunt and hollow-cheeked, with a short beard, dressed as an Augustinian hermit.

The third book is a sketch of the life of Savonarola, dwelling chiefly upon those incidents which are likely to interest the young, as the Children's Carnival, the Bonfire of Varieties, and the Ordeal by Fire; but not omitting to inculcate the lessons of self-denial and earnestness, which the Florentine preacher taught, as much by his life and death, as by his sermons in the Duomo.

---

[9] "The Life of John Wiclif." By W. Chapman.
"The Life of Martin Luther." By W. Chapman.
"True to Himself." By Fras. E. Cooke. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

It is seldom, indeed, that a biography of a man who lived eight hundred years ago is written with such complete sympathy and appreciation of a character alien to modern thought as Mr. Rule's life of Anselm.[10] More than that, the intimate acquaintance with the details of monastic life, and the exceptionally accurate knowledge of mediæval Latin give the book a very high value to students of history, quite apart from its special subject. The notes are a perfect storehouse of hints of this kind, not, of course, all new, but all useful because often overlooked; as, for instance, the special use of *Opus Dei* and *Servitium Dei*, for what we now call Divine Service, not the work of God in the wider sense; and the proof that *consuetudo* had entirely lost the meaning of "custom" in the sense of use and wont, and could be applied to a newly imposed tax, as, indeed, the modern word custom could also. The knowledge that *mater* and *filia* often mean godmother and godchild affords easy explanation of the relationship of Gundrada, countess of Surrey, whose tomb is at Southover church in Lewes, to Matilda, the queen of William the Conqueror, and this is corroborated by the mention of a certain Richard Guet, whom Mr. Rule has found mentioned as her brother in the Bermondsey Cartulary in the Harleian Library. This is a much more probable theory than that of Mr. Stapleton, adopted by Mr. Freeman, that Matilda was married before her union with the Conqueror, especially as the impediment alleged to their marriage was only consanguinity due to their common descent from Duke Rollo. The position of an Archbishop of Canterbury in the early periods of English history is very well stated by Mr. Rule. At a time when there was no press and no parliament to represent what little public opinion there was, the authority of the Primate over the conscience of the Monarch was the only official check against despotism known to the age, and, as it depended entirely upon personal character, it was not always worth much. But, in Anselm's case, the "weak old ewe" was able to some extent to restrain "the savage bull," and Peter of Blois distinctly notes the immediate decline in national morality when the Archbishop left England. The training by which such saintly characters were produced was hard enough—flogging and Latin grammar. The flogging not done in passion, but systematically, by men who were themselves models of self-chastisement and self-control, and apparently it evoked in the pupils love—not hatred—and a desire to emulate their masters' virtues. The wonder is that such discipline did not destroy at once the tenderness for which Anselm was specially noted. In most cases, no doubt, it produced that brutality and absence of human sympathy, of which so many signs are apparent in the annals of monastic life.

The account of Anselm's life at the Abbey of Le Bec, the name of which still remains at Tooting Beck, one of their estates in England, will be newer to most readers than his career as Archbishop, and may be taken as a typical account of the foundation and early life of a European monastery before the enthusiasm for asceticism had given

---

[10] "The Life and Times of St. Anselm." By Martin Rule, M.A. Two vols. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

way to a desire to lead a quiet rural life, with no troubles, except the observance of a laxly interpreted rule.

The union of artistic feeling with mechanical skill[11] was one of the chief causes of the success of the inventor of the steam hammer. His first lessons in mechanical accuracy were learnt from his grandfather, a builder whose houses must have been perfection, if every part was as carefully executed as the doors, "which were so well hung that they were capable of being opened and closed by the slight puff of a hand-bellows." There are few such builders now. Even in Queen Anne's time there were complaints of the inferiority of new houses in London, and perhaps modern methods of scamping work started in the south and travelled slowly northwards. His artistic taste and skill in drawing was derived from his father, Alexander Nasmyth, the well-known portrait and water-colour painter, whose portrait of Burns is perhaps his most popular work. He also had a strong taste for mechanical pursuits, and taught his son the use of the lathe as well as of the pencil. His painting his legs to represent striped stockings for a ball at Ranelagh, when his nether garments had met with an accident, is a test of skill worthy of a place with the feats of Apelles and Zeuxis. James Nasmyth's advocacy of the universal teaching of drawing, to give "the faculties of comparison by sight, or, what may commonly be called, correctness of eye," should be read by those who grumble at the expenditure on what they call "artistic education" at our elementary schools. He gives one novel instance of its usefulness, as enabling him to order dinner at a Swedish inn where there was no interpreter to be had between guest and host. The sketch which produced such a good result is reproduced in the book. Another most interesting facsimile is that of the page of his "scheme book" on which he first thought out his steam hammer. The accuracy of his thoughts is strikingly shown in this sketch, which embodies not only the general structure, but even the details which are now employed. Owing to a falling off in the iron trade, the invention was not carried out immediately, or even patented; but the sketches were shown to visitors at the Bridgewater Works, and a short time afterwards Nasmyth was astonished to find, on a tour in France, a hammer constructed by two French engineers who had been in England and seen his sketches. It was in fair working order, but some details had not been rightly comprehended, which the inventor with his usual liberality, corrected. The slowness of the English Government in adopting new improvements is proverbial. Even Russia gave orders for the steam hammer a twelvemonth before the English Admiralty would notice it. Nasmyth's other invention, the steam pile-driver, was first used at the Hamoazé. It is an instance of his definition of engineering: "common-sense applied to the use of materials." The two principles involved are, that the whole weight of the cylinder, hammerblock and guidebox are supported on the pile, and themselves act as drivers, and secondly that the employment of a great mass and moderate velocity drives the pile without

[11] "James Nasmyth, Engineer." An Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. John Murray. 1883.

injuring the head, as in the old system, by which the head was splintered and had constantly to be remade. At the first trial, it drove home a pile in four and a half minutes, while the old machine took twelve hours. In conducting his works, his principle was free trade in abilities. When the Trades Union threatened a strike because he employed men who had not served their seven years apprenticeship, he told them "he preferred employing a man who had acquired the requisite mechanical skill in two years rather than another who was so stupid as to require seven years teaching," and, when the strike was proclaimed, filled up the vacant places with Scotchmen and conquered the Union. In the first part of the book there are many interesting reminiscences of old Edinburgh, and some amusing Scotch incidents, and his account of his early life at Maudsley's shows how a young engineer may get on if he has brains and willingness to work, and shows also why many do not succeed. On starting in London, his father gave him a very sensible and pithy piece of advice. "You will find that though there are many dirty roads in life, if you use your judgment, you may always be able to find a clean crossing."

Eliza Keary[12] reminds us of the *Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele*, which Göthe inserts in Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre*. Neither contains any incidents, or depicts striking surroundings for the beautiful and fragrant soul whose life is recorded, but both alike take us to the inner court of the Temple.

Miss Keary, as the daughter of a Hull clergyman fifty years ago, a schoolgirl in Kensington, the daughter at home, the aunt in charge of motherless nephews, the authoress climbing her way up the ladder, now refreshed by an Egyptian tour, or a visit to Cannes, in later life managing a home for young servants, giving counsel and sympathy to all who sought it, does not seem to present a figure more suitable for a memoir than any other gentle English lady presents, who possesses a charming buoyancy of temperament due to Irish descent.

It is the psychological history of this beautiful mind that gives the book its value; and this kind of history can rarely be related for lack of competent authority. It is only a lifelong love that could venture upon such a record. Such a love existed between the sisters, and it is so deep that no word of mere praise suggests partiality. The memoir deserves mention as a model of compactness, easy style, and absence of anything like padding. Nothing is inserted but what serves to show the beauty of Miss Keary's character, and its influence on those around her. There neither was, nor could be, anything to blame in such a life as hers. If her imagination had been disciplined by something like a consequent line of study, it would have served her as a novelist quite as well, if not better than it did, and immeasurably better so far as her practical life was concerned. We feel this as we read in what a world of dreams she lived. We also feel that she attributed all her own power of writing and human sympathy to the fact that her inner life had not been in any way interfered with.

[12] "Memoir of Annie Keary." By her Sister. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

"Castle Daly" (1875) has always appeared to us not only the ablest of her books, but unrivalled as a study of English and Irish character. While it was coming out in *Macmillan's Magazine*, she enjoyed hearing her friends discuss whether they were disposed to take the English or the Irish side; and she would defend each character in "Castle Daly" as genially as though that of a personal friend. The literary praise she seemed to value most was that which declared her the follower of Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell; and it is this praise which, alike as to her literary and personal self, has always struck us as the truest and the best bestowed.

A record of opinions and feelings about, and a study of, D. Rossetti's Art in Poetry and Painting has been published by Macmillan, and written by Mr. W. Sharp.[13] Mr. Sharp writes as one having authority; and if careful, and even profound, study implies authority, the author has legitimately earned his right to speak. Every page bears marks of thought and appreciative judgment; and any one desiring to become acquainted with the subject, will do well to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this book. In so doing, he will have acquired, perhaps, more than the author intended; he will have learnt the aims and methods of Preraphaelitism, Rossetti's methods and work in design and painting, the character of his prose writings, lyrical poems, ballads and sonnets; and he will have learnt something more than all this. The very defence by which Rossetti's friends endeavour to explain away much that is disliked in him only serves to open our eyes the more to the grave defects, be they æsthetic or moral, which mar his beauty. His marvellous power of expression, and his still more marvellous facilities in colour and technical treatment, are not accompanied by any acute sense of form, or perception of drawing —nor by such an idealism as could find its counterpart in reality.

The result is that his works—poems and paintings—are not only mystic, they are often false. The drawing is often impossible and uncouth, the expressions of individuality in face or character weird, unreal and unwholesome. The female faces that look out upon us from his canvas represent no idealization of a strong, beautiful or healthy life. Mr. Sharp cannot understand that any one should dislike the Venus Verticordia, or Lilith, except from miscomprehension, or wide divergence in sympathy. There is another reason, they are untrue, they have no counterpart in Nature. Health and disease do not thus go hand in hand. Thanks to the effect of the psychological law of association, health and beauty are indissolubly associated in the human mind; for us, mental and moral disease are not beautiful, except on canvass, and then only with a beauty that appeals to a few. Of the rest, some will feel repelled by some of these leering contortions, while others will object to them on moral grounds. Mr. Sharp says of Venus Verticordia, that "she is the Lust of Flesh," "a desire that is unsatiable and remorseless"—of Lilith, that she is "a pure animal" (meaning, probably, a mere animal) "though gifted with immortal womanliness"—how may these things be? Again, "she is a

[13] "Dante G. Rossetti." By Wm. Sharp. Macmillan & Co.

beautiful woman, luring to herself many souls in every generation," "permeated with a spirit of insatiable desire, yet alien to love."

And yet, on page 205, the author says: "How the dislike (to these two paintings) may mean objections on the score of morality, I am wholly at a loss to understand, except that I suppose there are some people . . . . who would look upon the purity of the Venus of Milo as mere exemplification of 'harlotry' in stone."

After Mr. Sharp's descriptions quoted above of Venus Verticordia and Lilith, some people might look upon them as mere exemplifications of "harlotry" on canvass.

From the series entitled "Foreign Classics for English Readers,"[14] edited by Mrs. Oliphant, we have the life of Jean Jacques Rousseau, by Mr. H. G. Graham. No doubt there existed abundant materials for such a work, but none the less great credit is due to Mr. Graham for the skill and tact with which he has employed them. The book is singularly free from prejudice or party spirit; nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. And those who may desire, without going to original sources, to form a just idea of the nature and extent of Rousseau's influence on modern thought, on both sides of the Atlantic, will nowhere find the information they seek more impartially and concisely conveyed than in Mr. Graham's Rousseau.

A late messenger in the office of Inspector of Fisheries, and the author of a "History of Strikes" and a "History of Odd Fellowship," has written his life as a beggar boy, and very amusing it is.[15] His earliest recollections were tramping the country, principally Scotland and the Borders, with his mother and stepfather, a drunken soldier. The profession was carried to much greater height than in England. Farmers' wives kept an "awmous dish" filled with meal for the passing tramps. Others, not so lavish, were contented with giving a handful, "a goupen fou," and this meal was not eaten, but sold at the nearest town. The worst class of all were the "handbarrow beggars," miserable cripples who were deposited by their friends at a farmer's door, where they had to be fed to keep them from starving, till a labourer could be spared to trundle them off to another house. Then every village had its idiot—but the Poor Law has happily provided for both classes, and the having to pay poor rates has diminished very sensibly the giving of alms, so that the profession of beggar is almost extinct. The Northumberland artisans were not without a taste for literature, when they could get it. Scott's novels were read aloud at the Market Cross, at Bellingham, as they came out, by one working-man, a saddler, to his companions; but (and this is an instance of the general difference in the intelligence of town and country, of agriculture and trade, and of the connection between ignorance and bigotry), the reader was supposed to have imbibed radical opinions, and no farmers would employ him. This was, of course, before the abolition of the newspaper and paper duties, when there were not much

---

[14] "Rousseau." By Henry Grey Graham. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

[15] "James Burn, the Beggar Boy." An Autobiography. Hodder & Stoughton. 1882.

more than 200 papers published in the whole of England, instead of nearly 1,000, as now. In many country towns, Mr. Burn says, the law was successfully evaded, and "there were places where people dropped their pence into narrow apertures, and papers to the amount made their appearance, as if by magic." In the farmhouses the plate-racks were ornamented with sets of pewter plates, bright and shining. These, like the silver plate in great houses, could be melted up and re-made at slight expense, and so were practically everlasting. Lovers of furniture would like to find some remote place where antique carved oak presses with grotesque figures are still common articles of furniture, as they were on the Borders in the beginning of the century. Most of these were Dutch, and the writer suggests, with great probability, were imported after William III. became king. They are probably all now cut up to face modern sideboards.

The memoirs are interspersed with shrewd remarks about some of the noted people whom Mr. Burn chanced to meet. This is what a working man thought about Carlyle: "It may seem strange, yet it is so, this son of an Ecclefechan Cameronian mason, had little, if any, sympathy for the sons of toil; but, to let the world know how virtuous he was, he used the battering-ram of his distorted phraseology against the small vices of his age." There may be a grain of spite in these words, due to the fact that the writer got the worst of it in a fight with a boy at Ecclefechan, whom he believes to have been the Chelsea philosopher himself.

One of the friends of our boyhood, Maxwell's "Life of Wellington,"[16] has reappeared in a new and handsome form, with photographs of many of the engravings from paintings by A. Cooper and other artists, which were in the earlier editions. Some alterations have been made on points, concerning which fresh information has been discovered since Maxwell wrote, but the book is substantially the same. A few references to the Duke's published despatches, and to such books as Dorsey Gardiner's "History of Waterloo," would have materially increased its value; but schoolboys, who will probably be its most frequent readers, will not miss that.

This work is intended to supply the most complete material for a philosophical history of Herbart and his system.[17] It consists not only of the whole of his collected works, but also of an account of those influences which were paramount in forming his opinions, and in influencing his methods. A chronological list of works is added, which mentions, firstly, all his important scientific writings, consisting of essays, treatises, observations, histories; secondly, his published criticisms and studies of philosophical or pedagogic works; and, thirdly, refers to Herbart's practical work in Pedagogy at the Seminar in Königsberg. Herbart appears to have been a profound and conscientious student, but was, perhaps, biassed very strongly in one direction early in life, to the detriment of the impartiality of his

[16] "The Life of Wellington." By W. H. Maxwell. New Edition. Bicker, & Son. 1883.

[17] "F. F. Herbarts sämmtliche Werke." Von K. Kehrbach. Leipzig. 1882.

judgment. An intuitive vision or dream gave to Fichte his system; Herbart's was excogitated after a long study of the systems of Reinhold, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, and after a conscientious laborious study of mathematics and chemistry.

The admirers of Arthur Hugh Clough[18] have had to wait long for a biography of their favourite poet, but they must now feel more than compensated for the delay, by the effort which Mr. Waddington has made, in the volume now before us, to secure for his hero an acknowledged position in the very front rank of poets of the present century. It is not given to many people to have a biographer so intimately acquainted with all the various influences surrounding their life, as Mr. Waddington appears to be with those through which Clough passed; but we cannot help wishing he had given us more of Clough and less of Matthew Arnold, Keble, and others, from whom he largely quotes. We hear of Newman composing "Lead kindly light" in an orange boat; have quotations from the "Baptistery" of Isaac Williams; the author's own views upon the doctrine of the "Apostolical Succession," all of which are interesting no doubt, but hardly seem to bear upon the subject in hand. The comparison between Clough and Charles Kingsley is a happy one. A paragraph from a letter of the former, showing the similarity of his views on Life with Kingsley, is worth quoting:—

"Life is very like a railway. One gets into deep cuttings and long dark tunnels, where one sees nothing, and hears twice as much noise as usual, and one can't read, and one shuts up the window and waits—and then it all comes clear again. Only in life it sometimes feels as if one had to dig the tunnel as one goes along, all new for oneself. Go straight on, however, and one's sure to come out into a new country on the other side of the hills, sunny and bright."

Rough in verse and rough in prose—no writer he of "Prose Idylls," but with the same conviction of the great idea of life as their author. Mr. Waddington gives us a whole chapter on the "Bothie of Tober na Vuolich," and in it much interesting matter on the vexed question of English hexameters, with a comparison between the "Amours de Voyage" and Kingsley's "Andromeda."

There is a story of an old Scotch lady, who complaining of an elderly spinster sister's flirtations, said, "Oor Jean thinks a mon is just pairfect salvation." There appears to be a class—we fancy they must be young men—who think actors "pairfect salvation," and Mr. Wilman's little book[19] suggests the idea that it was written for this class by one of themselves. According to the preface it is a collection of brief notices of "public men who have ascended to the highest rung on the ladder of fame." It would be ungracious to say which of the gentlemen of whom Mr. Wilman writes in such unvarying strain of amiable panegyric is not a very eminent contemporary, but we have doubts of the overwhelming debt of gratitude incurred by posterity in the case

18 "Arthur Hugh Clough." A Monograph. By Samuel Waddington. London: George Bell & Sons.

19 "Sketches of Living Celebrities." By George Wilman. London: Griffith & Farran.

of no small percentage of those whom Mr. Wilman delighteth to honour. He has, however, displayed praiseworthy industry in compiling a list of plays in which various actors have appeared, novels that a few living authors—and one, Mr. Trollope, no longer, alas! contemporary—have written, and a fairly correct catalogue of the works of a few modern painters. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, musicians, and men of science, appear scarce—at least none come under Mr. Wilman's notice. Perhaps when they have reached "the highest rung of the ladder of fame" they may be worthy of a place beside our friends of the theatre and the Editor of *Judy*.

There are in the University of Dorpat thirteen volumes, containing the correspondence of some of the Counts of Lagardie, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The method of binding does not say much for the carefulness of the librarian, for the seals have been destroyed, and the signatures cut off. From this collection Johann Lossius has published a selection[20] of the letters of Freiherr Pontus de Lagardie, extending from March, 1571, to August, 1589; and of Graf Jakob de Lagardie, from 1611 to 1613. Pontus of Lagardie was descended from a noble family of Languedoc. His parents brought him up with the intention of placing him in the Church, but his active and warlike tastes led him to adopt a soldier's career.

He fought in Piedmont under Marshal Brissac, and in Scotland under D'Oyssel, in 1559; he also served as an auxiliary in Denmark, and in Sweden under Eric XIV. He then joined John of Finland, in a successful rebellion against Eric, and was raised by John to various posts of honour. He was entrusted with diplomatic relations with Poland, and with Spain in the Netherlands.

In 1580 he commenced a series of military exploits which made him the hero of numerous Finnish traditions, handed down to the present day, and which made the Russians offer up prayers for deliverance from the power of the devil and of Pontus of Lagardie. His son Jacob was captured by the Poles when he was eighteen years of age.

In 1609 he was made general of the army that Charles IX. sent into Russia in aid of the Czar against his rebellious subjects. He led the wild mutinous crew that composed his army from victory to victory, and in 1610 was hailed as the Deliverer of the Country, in Moscow. In 1611 and 1612 he had reached such a powerful position in Russia by his repeated and daring victories, that he named and established a successor to the throne of Russia. His conquests, and his father's, in Finland and the East, were secured to Sweden through the instrumentality by a treaty with Russia. In 1630 he withdrew from the restless life of a soldier, and lived in princely retirement until his death.

The documents from which these facts are drawn offer a rich material to the historian of that period.

---

[20] "Die Urkunden der Grafen de Lagardie, in der Universitäts bibliothek zu Dorpat." Herausgegeben von J. Lossius. Dorpat. 1882.

BELLES LETTRES.

NOTHING can be more daunting to a critic than to be confronted with work which it would be unjust to blame and misleading to praise. Measured by the conventional standard it merits ample praise. The appeal is to the conventional standard, and hence it happens for the most part that where the author is modest and the critic kindly the work is greeted with universal applause. But at the bar of the intellectual conscience, neither author nor critic would be prepared to swear, or even to affirm solemnly, that any new birth of ideas or images had taken place. Only the author hopes against hope that, by some divine accident, he has struck a note or two of celestial music, while the critic is altogether free from any illusion of the kind. If, on the other hand, the conventional standards were rejected, and the work judged on its own merits by critics who were, or were thought to be, infallible, the downward motion of the universal thumb would not only interfere with a very pretty spectacular display, but would hinder possibly conquering heroes from entering the arena at all. And yet, to return whence we set out, it is misleading to render hearty praise, either by way of encouragement, or because the existence of a conventional standard tends to make real criticism impertinent and unjust. We have been prompted to these remarks by a careful and sympathetic study of a new volume of poems by Miss May Probyn, which bears the name of the opening piece, "A Ballad of the Road."[1] Judged by any standard which it would be fair to apply, Miss Probyn's verses are excellent. They are musical, they are interesting, there is the presence of a delicate fancy, and there is an evident appreciation of dramatic incident. It is not every child of a curious and highly-wrought generation that can accomplish this, and the first duty of reader or critic must be the hearty acknowledgment of such graceful and pleasurable versifying. But if we apply the standard, which no doubt Miss Probyn applies to herself, we are forced to admit, and we do so with reluctance, that these charming poems are not original compositions at all. They are echoes, and the echoes of an echo. Miss Probyn has many sources of inspiration besides "The Master," Mr. Tennyson, to whom she dedicates with all due modesty her "foolish song." She has been, to use an expressive Northernism, "smittled" with Mr. Browning, and she has caught something of the manner of Miss Rossetti, and not a little of the spirit and style of Miss Ingelow. It is not for the instruction or admonition of Miss Probyn that we have brought ourselves to indulge in this unpleasing candour. Doubtless, she is as fully and as keenly aware of this want of originality, or rather of this compulsion to walk in familiar and enchanting paths, as any of her readers can be. But we take this opportunity of protesting against the universal application of the conventional standard, and in

[1] "A Ballad of the Road, and other Poems." By May Probyn. London: W. Satchell & Co., 19, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. 1883.

the case of so promising a young writer as Miss May Probyn, we are inclined to think that anything short of *summum jus* would be *summa injuria.* It is a pleasanter task to quote the following stanzas from the Ballad of Jane Shore—in our judgment by far the best poem in the book. Mistress Shore, driven out by her husband, and captured by the king, has fled from the palace and taken refuge with her nurse. It is the nurse who speaks. (P. 22.)

> "But at the last came one alone,
> In simple knight's array,
> That said, 'Nor sceptre, dame, nor throne
> Can bring me peace this day.'
>
> "Long time he strove, with threat and oath,
> The threat nor oath did move,
> Till, sudden and soft, while we wrangled both,
> A footfall stole above.
>
> "And, lo! she stood on the little stair,
> Half-blinded and statue-still,
> As drawn by the sound of his voice she were
> Ever against her will.
>
> "He turned about—cried on her name,
> What booted her tears and alarms?
> As the moth reels into the candle flame,
> She fled straight into his arms."

There is considerable skill in the composition of the "Boy Butterfly" and "Duckie," and they are likely to be extremely popular; but pathos of this kind, if it fails to move, is apt to irritate. We greatly prefer "A.E.I.," which, in spite of some affectation of style, has the note of reality. It testifies to the vanity of the attempt to live down a great sorrow. (P. 70.)

> "Till, behold! one day I awoke to find
> That the whole of my life was left behind,
> That I walked alone in a world of air:
> A world, of all sound and speech bereft—
> The past may hold but a song of despair,
> But take it away, and there's nothing left!
> Only the silence everywhere."

We are surprised to have met with so many false rhymes in such melodious and careful verse—"Arms" and "Psalms," "Court" and "Wrought," "Pagoda" and "Showed hor," "Seller" and "Umbrella."

It is difficult to say whether Mr. Rossiter Johnson's collection of verses "Idler and Poet,"[2] justifies publication or not. It may afford a certain amount of pleasure to the reader, as it certainly must have done to the writer. The "Gate of Tears," suggested by a party of children seeking in vain for the Straits of Babel Mandeb, a rare instance of the true meaning of the word, being more poetical than the sound, suggests the usual reflections on the sorrow and uncertainty of life. The children cannot find the Gate of Tears on the map, but they all passed through it, and so did Washington, and so did Presi-

[2] "Idler and Poet." By Rossiter Johnson. Boston: James Osgood & Co. London: Trübner. 1883.

dent Garfield, and so will "You and I." The versification is easy and pleasant, the style agreeable, and the pathos, if somewhat facile, is neither forced nor unreal. "Faith's Surrender" is a somewhat ambitious attempt to review things generally from a cynical standpoint. We suspect that the author has visited Mount Etna in company with Empedocles and Mr. Arnold.

"Betwixt old baulk and new beginning,
How courage quails!
'Twixt white intent and stain of sinning,
How virtue fails!
And backward on her own path turning,
Where Hazard's lurid torch is burning,
How reason pales!"

Of course the thought is not very profound, but there is ability and sincerity in these stanzas. "Laurence" and "Evelyn" are probably records of the loss of infants. There is much to be said against domestic verse, but in this instance sorrow has quickened such poetic instinct as the writer possesses. The following lines from "Laurence" are touching and beautiful:—

"A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine lore,
He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient,—and who can be more?
He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome his mother's warm kiss,
To trust in the arms of his father—and who can be wiser than this?
The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was rounded and whole,
In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection of soul."

And again we quote with approbation a verse from "Evelyn." (P. 58.)

"If I could know
That henceforth, in some pure eternal sphere,
The little life that grew so swiftly here
Would still expand and grow,
How should I strive against my wasting years,
With toil from sun to sun, and midnight tears,
To build my soul up to the height of yours,
And catch the light that lures,
The inspiration that impels,
The strength that dwells,
Beyond the bounds of earthy cares and fears,
Beyond this bitter wo,—
If I could only know!"

There are some very terrible comic poems which ought never to have seen the light of day, and there are scattered throughout the volume some choice specimens of, may we say, "President's" English. We wonder how Praed would have "felt" if he had come across the first stanza of "Motomania." (P. 93.)

"How mean it makes a fellow feel—
'Tis cruel, I declare—
To go to where the object is,
And find it isn't there,
But fled to parts unknown, and left
No intimation where."

If Mr. Rossiter Johnson will steer clear of the Immensities, and suppress his sense of humour, he may live to write verses concerning which there will be no doubt as to the propriety of their publication.

"The True and Romantic Love Story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson,"[3] by J. Antisell Allen, purports to be a dramatic narrative based upon, and supplementary to, the memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson, the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, governor of the Tower of London. It is the narrative of her courtship with Colonel Hutchinson. We cannot say that we found this romantic love story dangerously exciting. The tone is no doubt excellent, and the sentiments unexceptionable; but if, as the author implies, it is a portrayal of real people and true events, we must console ourselves with the reflection that it "happened a long while ago." The priggishness and prosiness of the hero are only to be equalled by the dulness and propriety of the heroine, Miss Apsley, and of her sister, "the younger Miss Apsley," as she is invariably called. The originals may have been born in the seventeenth century, but these good folk flourished in Clapham at the beginning of this, and the hero came a-wooing in cotton gloves, and with a pocket full of tracts. Of course the piece is not without lofty sentiments, expressed in well-chosen language, and to be quite just, an impression of goodness and purity is left in the mind of the reader. We notice several expressions which do not seem to belong to "the actors and the age." The footboy says "in the confusion of the *gent's* attack." "The *cryptograms* of Nature." "Where conscience, *magnetized* by fear of God." Twice, too, the metre demands that the penultimate of empyrean should be made short.

We will begin by admitting that we have tried to understand the meaning of a "Serpent Play,"[4] a divine pastoral, by Thomas Gordon Hake, and have entirely failed. "Which things are an allegory," as we are fain to conclude. We have indeed been within the cloud, but we have brought back no message to the people without. The plain truth is that the author has not sufficiently realized his own meaning to be able to express it either plainly or by a figure, and he has so contrived, by eccentricity of thought and manner, to obscure the ideas he has realized himself, that he has failed to present them in any intelligible shape to the most patient reader. We are, therefore, by no means ashamed of our failure to read the riddle, and are rather inclined to cry out against an author who, with abundant fancy and no mean capacity, presents for the bewilderment of the meek-hearted a clumsily constructed puzzle, of which he has mislaid the clue. Literally we ask "for a fish, and he gives us a serpent." The poem is not equally obscure throughout, as there are numerous passages which are quite plain and pretty. But they are like patches of landscape seen from the window of a railway carriage, which the white steam-puff will persist in hiding from the view. In a word we protest against

---

[3] "The True and Romantic Love Story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson." A Drama in Verse. By J. Antisell Allen. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

[4] "The Serpent Play." A Divine Pastoral. By Thomas Gordon Hake. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883.

an author, however clever he may be, who only displays the poetic faculty to abuse it.

"The Conquest, and other Poems,"[5] by Thomas Carlos Wilkinson, bears a somewhat misleading title. For the "Conquest," an epic in six books, was written in 1846 by Thomas Foreman Wilkinson, and it is only to the other poems that his son, the above-named, can point as his share of the volume. The "Conquest," written in the style and metre of Pope's "Iliad," rises to the level of an old-fashioned prize poem, and is a sensible and creditable performance. It is the kind of poetry into which Mr. Silas Wegg might have "dropped" as an afterpiece to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Very possibly the author wrote it for his own amusement, and never meant to rush into print at all. But whatever effort is needed for composition of this kind is kept up from first to last, and if to our ears these measures are conventional and pedestrian, they are never peurile or unmeaning. Here is a simile in the fearless old fashion, if we may borrow that oft-quoted saying.

> "Thus, social Penguins, who, where ocean roars,
> By nations build on Californian shores;
> Remote from hostile man securely breed,
> And new-hatched myriads to the ocean lead:
> The young birds screaming, splashing, fluttering, play,
> And dash exultant through the whitening spray."

Of the new wine, as supplied by Mr. T. C. Wilkinson, we will only say that the old is better.

"C. Sonnets, by C. Authors,"[6] edited by Mr. Henry J. Nicoll, belongs to the "Dainty Little Volume" order so much in vogue in these days. We do not think that any intellectual object is served by gathering together one hundred different sonnets from one hundred different authors. Lovers of the sonnet are presumably above being caught by the title of a book, and we venture to assert that any one who can take delight in the first sonnet, by Sir T. Wyatt, or the hundreth, by Earl Rosslyn, would resent the principle of selection as an unworthy conceit. All that Mr. Nicoll includes in his collection we would have included, and we thank him for having made popular many exquisite sonnets which are but little known, and are not easily attainable; but he should not have limited himself to one sonnet of Shakespeare or of Wordsworth, or Hartley Coleridge, and if the number had reached 120 or 130 it would have been no great matter. The type is clear and delicate, but the bluish-tinted ribbed paper is a mistake in a dainty little volume.

In this translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise,"[7] Mr. E. K. Corbett has done good service to the many to whom the original is a sealed

---

[5] "The Conquest, and other Poems." By Thomas Carlos Wilkinson. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1882.

[6] "C. Sonnets, By C. Authors." Edited by Henry J. Nicoll. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1883.

[7] Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." Translated into English verse. By E. K. Rorbett. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

book, but who are capable of appreciating the great literary power and the lofty wisdom of this master in Israel, and to them "Nathan" will be little short of a revelation. He has prefaced his translation with an introduction which should be read for its own sake, and which will enable the thoughtful reader to grasp the spiritual meaning of this wonderful drama. On the "Apologue of the Three Rings," which Lessing borrowed from Boccaccio, Mr. Corbett dwells at, perhaps, unnecessary length. Parables seldom run on all fours. Their function is to impress a new or difficult idea by means of a well-known figure on which no thought need be spent. But when once the idea has been apprehended, it is idle to interrogate the figure. Or, in well-known words, hard to better, "the flesh profiteth nothing." The point is that, as there were three rings in the story, of which no one ring could be detected to be the right one, to the exclusion of the other two, so are there three religions, Islamism, Judaism, Christianity; and of these three none is before or after the other. As to whether the king lost the original ring, or if one of these three rings were the real one and the other two false, and how that applies to the three religions, it is vain to inquire. We hold that Mr. Corbett successfully vindicates Lessing from the charge of an unworthy attack on Christianity, because the Jew and the Mohammedan are represented by the noble characters of Nathan and Saladin, whereas the Christian Recha is petty and contemptible, and the Patriarch bloodthirsty and treacherous. It is obvious that it was not Christianity, but the sectarian spirit in Christianity, against which the animus of the writer was directed, and that in a drama of which the scene is laid in the time of the Crusades, the spirit of toleration could be depicted with greater historical probability in the person of an enlightened Jew or Infidel than in a soldier of the Cross. Moreover, the play was written for the reproof of a Christian public; indeed, as we take it, it was for the purpose of inculcating a further moral that Lessing placed the three religions on an equality. There is no reason whatever why one should not be superior to all the rest, and, as a matter of fact, the three are not on the same level of spiritual insight or ethical profession. But there is every reason why the light of a religion should so shine as not to darken the Gentiles who lie outside it. And it must be remembered that, although toleration is of the essence of Christianity, it has but seldom commended itself to the approval of Christians. It will be gathered from these remarks that the drama of "Nathan the Wise" was written with a purpose, and, as we surmise, Mr. Corbett has translated it with a purpose—the promotion of liberal ideas with regard to religion. From a literary point of view, the work merits high praise. The style is easy and pleasant, and is free from the oddity and sense of something wrong which are present in ordinary translations from modern languages. We regret that we have no space for extracts, which would need to be lengthy in order to convey any just idea of the play as a whole.

Those who are familiar with the "Indian Song of Songs," Mr. Edwin Arnold's poetic version of Hindu Theology, and with the "Light of Asia," in which he treats of the great theme of Buddhism,

will gladly welcome his latest work, "Pearls of the Faith,"[8] in which he completed his design of the Oriental Trilogy. Mr. E. Arnold has here presented us with a reflex of the thoughts and beliefs of the followers of Mahommed. With consummate skill and exquisite fancy he has strung together his poems on the ninety-nine names of Allah, typifying the rosaries of the pious Muslims, which contain ninety-nine beads, each bead signifying one of the holy names or attributes of the Almighty. Mr. Arnold's deep sympathy with his subject, leads him to assert most emphatically that Islam cannot be thrust scornfully aside, or rooted out. It must rather be conciliated, and share the task of educating the world with its sister religions. Nor will he allow that the differences between Christianity and Islamism are as great as their similarities; in proof of which we might adduce, did space permit, a hundred instances among the "Pearls." True gems are they, such as "Jews might kiss and Infidels adore." We will leave Mr. Arnold to the appreciation which scholars and general readers will alike offer him. With high commendation we would notice the tasteful binding of green and gold, in which this fascinating volume is dressed. There is a pleasant novelty, too, in the green edges of the leaves, and an appropriate gracefulness in the headings of the poems. Each "name" is printed in the Arabic of the Koran in green letters. This is, indeed, a "*wearing of the green*," which is as harmless as it is poetic.

There can be no question that the prose version of the "Odyssey," by Messrs. Butcher and Lang, was the beginning of a new era in the art of translation. They succeeded in revealing to all but the few scholars who could read the original, something of that union of simplicity and art, which makes Homer immortal. Their method was to write in the style of early English prose, but to employ the language of the seventeenth century. Finished scholarship, poetical feeling and good taste, which is also good sense, made the attempt an undoubted success. Now the "Iliad" of Homer[9] has been translated in like manner, by Messrs. Lang, Leaf and Myers. The "Iliad" is not so entertaining a story as the "Odyssey," and the silence of the verse is more audible. But, as before, scholarship and poetical feeling and taste have combined to give the greatest of all classics, if not to the million, to as many as can receive it. Mr. Lang's notes are full of interest and deserve especial study. We regret that his advice was not followed with regard to the substitution of "c" and "us" for "k," and "os." But great is Philistinism et prevalet. We give brief specimens of the work of each author. The first is by Mr. Leaf, "Iliad," 446–456:—

"So saying, he gave her to his arms, and he gladly took his dear child; and anon they set in order for the god the holy hecatomb about his well-builded altar; next washed they their hands and took up the barley meal. Then Chryses lifted up his hands and prayed aloud for them: 'Hearken to me, God of the Silver Bow, that standest over Chryse and holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos

[8] "Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary." By Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I. London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1883.

[9] "The Iliad of Homer done into English Prose." By Andrew Lang, M.A., Walter Leaf, M.A. and Ernest Myers, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

with might; even as erst thou heardest my prayer, and didst me honour, and mightily afflictedst the people of the Danaans, even so now fulfil me this my desire: remove thou from the Danaans forthwith the loathly pestilence.'"

The second, by Mr. Lang, is from "Iliad," xi. 185–194:—

"Then sent he forth Iris of the Golden Wings, to bear his word: 'Up and go, swift Iris, and tell this word unto Hector: So long as he sees Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, raging amongst the foremost fighters, and ruining the ranks of men, so long let him hold back, and bid the rest of the host war with the foe in strong battle. But when, or smitten with the spear or wounded with arrow shot, Agamemnon leapeth into his chariot, then will I give Hector strength to slay till he come even to the well-timbered ships, and the sun goeth down, and sacred darkness draweth on.'"

And this, by Mr. Myers. "Iliad," xviii. 343–355:—

"Thus spake noble Achilles, and bade his comrades set a great tripod on the fire, that with all speed they might wash from Patroklos the bloody gore. So they set a tripod of ablution on the burning fire, and poured therein water, and took wood and kindled it beneath; and the fire wrapped the belly of the tripod, and the water grew hot. And when the water boiled in the bright bronze, then washed they him and anointed with olive oil, and filled his wounds with fresh ointment, and laid him on a bier and covered him with soft cloth from head to foot, and thereover a white robe. Then all night, around Achilles fleet of foot, the Myrmydons made lament and moan for Patroklos."

We would suggest to the members of the Jot and Tittle Society, that it would be a very profitable exercise to note and classify the differences of style of these three gentlemen.

It is a far cry from Mr. Lang and his *confrères* to Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, who, in his preparatory Greek course in English,[10] supplies not so much a royal road as a Republican tramway to learning. The aim of this work, and it is a very praiseworthy one, is to enable parents who have never got Greek to take an interest in and keep ahead of the studies of their sons who are getting it. The greater part of the book consists of a critical account of the first four books of the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, and of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer. The prose narrative is interspersed with lengthy quotations from the surreptitious Bohn of our youth, and from Mr. Worsley's beautiful version of the "Odyssey." On the whole, we believe that the conscientious study of this book by uneducated readers would make for cultivation and refinement. But we deprecate the patronizing style in which the author from the heights of his own splendid erudition addresses the "untutored minds" of his savage countrymen. There is a curious arrangement at the end for the student to enter the date of his beginning and finishing the book, and for recording his name and residence, and there are blank spaces for abbreviated lives of eminent persons mentioned in the volume. They are arranged alphabetically—Macaulay comes before Malachi and Socrates after Smith (Dr. William). There is a bad misprint on page 123. It was in the spring of B.C. 399, not 39, in which the remainder

[10] "Preparatory Greek Course in English." By William Cleaver Wilkinson. (The After-School Series). London: Trubner. New York: Phillips & Co. 1883.

of the Ten Thousand Greeks were incorporated in the army of Thimbron.

"The Classics for the Million,"[11] by Mr. Henry Grey, is on somewhat similar lines. It is an attempt to give in brief compass a distinct idea of the nature and character of the writings of all the greater classics. The selected specimens of verse translation are taken from good sources. The style of the book, if a little dry, is grave and sensible; and if "the Million" do not rush to the conclusion that, in studying Mr. Gray, they are getting to the root of the whole matter, they will reap both pleasure and profit from his pages.

If it is impossible to make learning easy, something may be done to make it pleasant. "Selections from Plato,"[12] by Mr. John Purves, with a preface by the Master of Balliol College, display what has been finely called the "resplendent face" of learning in its gentler and more enchanting aspect. The selections are, as might be expected, made with great judgment. Mr. Purves gives an interesting history of the text, and the notes are clear and instructive. As a school book it is first rate. But the charm is in the preface. Within the limits of a few pages Professor Jowett gives us some of the results of his life-long study of Plato. There is a vivid picture of Socrates; there is an account of the Platonic ideas as they existed in the mind of Plato, and there is an explanation of their origin and meaning to us. We need not call the attention of our readers to the marvellous beauty of style which gives to the introduction to a school book the value of a work of art. Take this description of the Ideas: "They might be compared in a figure to lights or stars shining in some far-off heaven. They are not Ideas, but Impersonal Gods ordered by a Supreme Being or Idea of Good. They could hardly be seen in the atmosphere of light and beauty which surrounded them." But to parody his own style, the Master of Balliol is a sort of poet, a sort of great poet, as we may undertake to say.

We cannot presume to criticize in a few lines the "Babrius"[13] of Mr. W. G. Rutherford. The introduction, which is scholarly and laborious in the highest degree, contains dissertations on the metre and language of Babrius, on the history of the Greek fable, and on the history of the text. It may be read with interest by the ordinary classical scholar. If any should exclaim on "this waste" of erudition on so unpromising a theme, we may remind such an one that it is with the true scholar as it is with the true man of science: that nothing walks with aimless feet, not even earth-worms. Mr. Rutherford has the indignation of the true scholar for the Ulpianic inferiority of various other scholars and dissertators, ancient and modern.

[11] "The Classics for the Million." An Epitome in English of the Works of the Principal Greek and Latin Authors. By Henry Grey. London: Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard. New York: Dutton & Co. 1882.

[12] "Selections from Plato." Clarendon Press Series. By John Purvis, M.A.; and a Preface, by Rev. B. Jowett, Master of Balliol College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883

[13] "Babrius." Edited by W. Gunion Rutherford, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

"Virgil's Bucolica, and Six Books of the Æneid,"[14] with Vocabulary, by Mr. J. B. Greenough, is an American school-book. It deserves favourable notice. The woodcuts, taken from ancient objects of art, are of high interest and merit. We do not think that the specific vocabulary to Virgil should be bound up with the text. To learn how to use a dictionary is the first step towards becoming a student; and though specific vocabularies are of service to scholars, they are harmful to the school-boy.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. continue their excellent Classical Series by the "Medea of Euripides,"[15] by Mr. A. W. Verrall (we notice with approval the addition of a grammatical Index); the last four books of the "Odyssey," by Mr. S. G. Hamilton; the fourth book of the "Odes of Horace," by Mr. T. E. Page. The notes are excellent in all these volumes.

In giving publicity to "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,"[16] Mr. Julian Hawthorne has not only paid a well-deserved tribute to the memory of his illustrious father, but has deserved the thanks of the whole reading public of England and America. We cordially endorse all that he says in his preface as to the *value* of the work; it possesses in a marked degree, even in its unfinished state, all the qualities which gave to "The Scarlet Letter," and to "The House of the Seven Gables" their subtle and potent charm; and we have no reason to doubt that if the author had lived to elaborate all that he has sketched in, the finished picture would have been what Mr. Julian Hawthorne tells us he meant it to be, "the crowning achievement of his literary career." The story consists of what may be called two acts: in the first the scene is laid in a small town in America, the time being towards the beginning of the present century, shortly after the termination of the war between England and America. In the second part the tale is taken up after a lapse of some twenty years, and the scene is in England, partly in an old Hall, of which we have had, as it were, mystic glimpses during the earlier pages of the narrative, partly in a sort of stately almshouse, situated in a rural village in the neighbourhood, and founded hundreds of years before as an act of penitence and atonement by an ancestor of the present proprietor of the Hall, to be a perpetual refuge for twelve indigent men of his name and race. The incompleteness of the work is much more apparent in the second part than in the first, and is shown in two ways. Firstly, in a certain dreamy haziness, a shadowyness (if we may coin the word) which, always a characteristic of Hawthorne's writing, is not without its charm in his finished work, but here is intensified and exaggerated from the fact that many of the scenes and situations are merely outlined. Secondly, in numerous slight discre-

[14] "Virgil's Bucolica, and Six Books of the Æneid." Edited by J. B. Greenough. London: Trübner. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1882.

[15] "The Medea of Euripides." By Mr. A. W. Verrall, M.A. "Homer's Odyssey," Books xxi.—xxiv. Edited by Sidney G. Hamilton, M.A. "Ode IV. of Horace." By T. E. Page. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

[16] "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret." A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by Julian Hawthorne. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

pancies between the first part and the second, indicating projected modifications of the story which have not been carried out. Still, though it may more fitly be regarded as a preparatory study than as a finished work of art, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" is charming reading; it is characterized by a fineness of observation, a justness and delicacy of appreciation, together with a vividness and dramatic force in the presentment of characters and incidents, which entitle it to rank with the greatest productions of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Dr. Grimshawe, whose personality fills the first part of the narrative, is a creation which for force and originality is unsurpassed by anything which even the weird invention of its author has ever produced: he is repulsive even to gruesomeness, yet strangely touching and pathetic. His accessories and surroundings are arranged with the perfection of art to produce and heighten this twofold and conflicting impression. On the one hand, his house abutting on the crowded graveyard, his room hung with cobwebs like a drapery, his huge tropical spider, with body big as a door knob, vibrating over his head like an evil familiar spirit —at once the confidant and the remembrancer of the long-cherished purpose of revenge for which he lives; on the other hand, two innocent and happy children, making sunshine in the gloomy house, and finding in the adjoining graveyard the most serene and brightest of playgrounds. The "grim Doctor," as they call him, inspires them with neither terror nor aversion; they love him, and appeal to him in all their childish wants and troubles. Nor do they appeal in vain; amid all the havoc wrought on him by some great wrong—amidst all his violence, his moroseness, his intemperance—under all his degradation, his strong and faithful heart yet lives, and, with a tenderness and wisdom of which he seems incapable, he supplies to his infant charges the father and mother they have never known, educates them, provides for them by bequeathing to them the remains of his fortune, and finally sacrifices to their welfare his cherished projects of revenge, of which he had originally intended that one of them should be the chief instrument. With the death of Dr. Grimshawe the first act or division of the story closes. The two parts are connected—or divided, it is hard to say which—by a chapter which dimly reveals, as in a magic mirror, the interior of the secret chamber in the old Hall in England, of which we have already heard vague and ominous rumours near the commencement of the story. The second part, which, though sketchy and evidently unfinished, is rich in beauties of various kinds, opens with the description of the soft genial radiance of an English morning in early summer; it presents a rare combination of matter-of-fact observation and poetic vision, and is at once so real and so ideal, that we cannot forbear quoting it in extenso. (Page 117.)

"It was early summer, or perhaps latter spring, and the most genial weather that either spring or summer ever brought, possessing a character, indeed, as if both seasons had done their utmost to create an atmosphere and temperature most suitable for the enjoyment and exercise of life. To one accustomed to a climate where there is seldom a medium between heat too fierce and cold too deadly, it was a new development in the nature of weather. So genial it was, so full of all comfortable influences, and yet, somehow or

other, void of the torrid characteristic that inevitably burns in our full sunbursts. The traveller thought, in fact, that the sun was at less than its brightest glow; for though it was bright—though the day seemed cloudless—though it appeared to be the clear, transparent morning that precedes an unshadowed noon, still there was a mild and softened character, not so perceptible when he directly sought to see it, but as if some veil were interposed between the earth and sun, absorbing all the passionate qualities out of the latter, and leaving only the kindly ones. Warmth was in abundance, and yet, all through it, and strangely akin to it, there was a half-suspected coolness that gave the atmosphere its most thrilling and delirious charm. It was good for human life, as the traveller felt throughout all his being; good, likewise, for vegetable life, as was seen in the depth and richness of verdure over the gently undulating landscape, and the luxuriance of foliage wherever there was tree or shrub to put forth leaves."

A little further on (p. 120) the skylark's song is thus described: "A bird flew out of the grassy field, and, still soaring aloft, made a cheery melody that was like a spire of audible flame - rapturous music, as if the whole soul and substance of the winged creature had been distilled into this melody, as it vanished skyward." Both the thought and its expression are exquisitely poetic. We now enter upon the most unfinished and fragmentary portion of the work. There are, indeed, many finished pictures of English life under various aspects; certain scenes are vividly and accurately depicted; there are some fine studies of character, both individual and national; but the story fades into "such stuff as dreams are made of." As in dreams, people long parted meet again, without emotion or even surprise; others who have met long ago, under remarkable circumstances, and who in real life must have infallibly recognized each other, live side by side, and even talk over their past lives, without a word or sign of recognition. It must be confessed that this but enhances the weird character of the book. Sometimes one has the feeling of dreaming a ghostly dream rather than of reading a novel. Everything concurs to produce this effect. In the library of the Hall we meet once more with the huge variegated spider, or his exact counterpart, which used to vibrate over Dr. Grimshawe's head, and wreathe his room with a tapestry of cobweb; we see with our own eyes the bloody footsteps, the echoes of which have dimly resounded through the whole story; and, finally, we at length enter the "secret chamber;" its mystery is disclosed, and the *dénouement* is reached a *dénouement* not less ghostly and dreamlike than the events which lead up to it.

"Rudder Grange"[17] by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, is the whimsical record of some experiments in housekeeping by a young American couple. The name was suggested by certain peculiarities in their first domicile, and is passed on, for old associations' sake, to the permanent and delightful home which they afterwards establish. Though the whole book is narrative, there is hardly any story properly so called, but the minutest incidents concerning the young couple themselves, their friends, their servants, and their live stock, are narrated with

---

[17] "Rudder Grange." By Frank R. Stockton. Pocket Edition. One vol. Edinburgh: David Douglas, Castle Street. 1883.

such genuine humour and gaiety that at the close of the volume the reader is sorry to take leave of the merry innocent party.

Mr. Robinson has lost none of the vigour and raciness of his style, though most of the stories in his latest work, "Women are Strange,"[18] treat too much of low life to be quite pleasant reading. His notions about the stage, and actors in general, are quite behind the time. The stage is no longer the Bohemia it was considered to be fifty years ago, nor are its votaries the disreputable and mysterious beings they were thought to be in the days when they were described in Acts of Parliament as "diverting vagabonds." Nevertheless, out of whatever materials Mr. Robinson finds to his hand, he always succeeds in making amusing stories, and in the present collection are several which will be found remarkably vivid and entertaining.

We have nothing to say in favour of "Tales of Modern Oxford."[19] The subject is trite, and there is little in the present Tales that has not been better told already.

The critic satirized in the "Vicar of Wakefield" said of a picture, that it would have been better if the artist had taken more pains: in pursuance of the same method, we might say of "Fair and Free"[20] that it would have been a better novel if it had been better written. The plot is by no means bad; the character of the heroine is originally conceived and well-sustained; in fact, there is considerable merit in the delineation of most of the characters introduced, but the favourable impression thus created is continually marred by clumsy and apparently unpractised writing. The limbs of the sentences are oddly and awkwardly transposed; there is frequently an affectation of hyper-correctness, with occasional lapses into palpable solecisms of diction, one of the most glaring being the substitution of "like" for "as"—*e.g.*, p. 235, vol. iii.; and a systematic omission of the relatives "whom," "which," "that," carried so far as to be often a source of obscurity. Still the book has many good points about it, and we repeat, that if better written it would be a fairly good novel.

The authoress of "Scenes of Life in Cairo,"[21] has evidently entire faith in her own opinions—a faith capable of removing mountains, if mountains were but capable of removal! A project hardly less chimerical is the conversion to Christianity of the inhabitants of Eastern harems. But if the idea itself is chimerical, not less so are the advantages to be derived from it, if it could really be put in practice. Christianity has never borne good fruit on Oriental soil; whereas Islamism has long ago proved its especial fitness to the genius of the races among which it so widely reigns; their institutions, their manners, nay, their very organisms, have in time become moulded

---

[18] "Women are Strange, and other Stories." By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. Three vols. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1883.

[19] "Tales of Modern Oxford." By the Author of "Lays of Modern Oxford." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1882.

[20] "Fair and Free." By the Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine." London: Smith, Elder & Co., Waterloo Place. 1882.

[21] "Scenes from Life in Cairo." By Mary L. Whateley. London: Seeley, Jackson & Co., Fleet Street. 1883.

upon it; and to substitute for it an alien creed, which, though in itself purer and more elevated, is nevertheless subversive of everything they hold sacred, would probably be as mischievous as it is impracticable. Miss Whateley herself admits that the harem she depicts is an exceptional one; and we must add, that the whole story though gracefully told is entirely unreal and Utopian.

We are favoured with yet another novel from Mr. James Payn's inexhaustible pen. "Kit: A Memory,"[22] does not add one leaf to the author's laurels. The story is unpleasant—the actors are uninteresting—the incidents monotonous. The good young men are singularly prosy, and talk in a didactic fashion, which to most young ladies would be infinitely tedious. Mr. Payne can, and generally does, write good English, therefore he has less excuse for such a lapse as the following (vol. ii., p. 85): "He was not killed—but lay without sense or motion, and so would *lay* said the Doctor till life had fled." It is not worth while to give any analysis of the story, still less to quote at length Mr. Payn's extraordinary ideas concerning our universities. They are altogether his own, and, we should say, unshared by any one else. The title of the book is not a happy inspiration. It is hardly desirable to celebrate the "memory" of a thief in whom there is not a single redeeming quality, nor is it edifying to choose a scoundrel for the *jeune premier* of a novel. In describing the zither, Mr. Payn is mistaken in supposing it to be a Spanish instrument. Its home is Bavaria and the Tyrol, where from time immemorial it has been both manufactured and played. It is of very ancient origin, supposed to be the Greek Cythera (*κιθαρα*), whose trembling vibrations and "subtle harmonies" were first heard on Mount Olympus.

"The Golden Shaft,"[23] by Mr. C. Gibbon, is a genuine work of art, fashioned out of materials which might seem meagre but for the skill with which they are manipulated. The actors are few in number, and have not the prestige of exalted rank, great wealth, or even exceptional personal attributes. The scene lies in the south-west of Scotland, in a small provincial town and the surrounding neighbourhood. Though there is no lack of incident, there is little which verges on the sensational. Nevertheless, the story, even from the first chapter, fixes the attention and enlists the sympathy of the reader, and the interest never flags throughout the three volumes. Wherein the charm consists it is not difficult to say. Entire naturalness in the march of events, and in the dialogues, force and delicacy in the delineation of character, telling descriptions of scenery and atmospheric conditions, sound wholesome morality, and good unaffected writing—such is the bill of fare which Mr. C. Gibbon offers his readers.

No such unqualified praise can be awarded to Mr. H. W. Lucy's "Gideon Fleyce,"[24] yet it is by no means a bad novel. There is something sparkling in the style, which is very attractive, at first especially. The

[22] "Kit: A Memory." A Novel. By James Payn.

[23] "The Golden Shaft." By Charles Gibbon. Three vols. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

[24] "Gideon Fleyce." A Novel. By Henry W. Lucy. Three vols. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883.

political talk, of which there is a good deal in the first volume, is smart and amusing. The picture of both electors and candidates for small boroughs, as exemplified in the case of "Saxton," is clever and humorous, and has a certain *vraisemblance* which makes one fear that it is painted from the life. Very naturally depicted, too, is the state luncheon—ostensibly social, but really political—given by the Liberal candidate to the Lord Lieutenant and the county magnates. Mr. Lucy has the merit (far from general among novelists) of making all his personages, whether statesmen, judges, county gentlemen, *nouveaux riches*, or the tradesmen and "long-shoremen" of Saxton, speak and act as people of their several classes do speak and act in real life. Yet, with all these merits, the book cannot be pronounced an entire success. Its weakness is that the accessories (or, as they are technically termed, "the padding") are better and more important than the story. No story can have much interest unless some at least of the actors in it can lay hold on the sympathy of the reader. Now there is not one man in "Gideon Fleyce" who can command our esteem or admiration, or even win more than a lukewarm liking. The heroine, "Nappir Tandy," is, indeed, notwithstanding her untoward name, endowed with every perfection conceivable, but how, with her parentage and surroundings, she comes to be so gifted, must ever remain an insoluble problem. The latter part of the story contains good material—a mysterious murder, and its instantaneous and ghastly punishment; a judicial error, and its discovery and rectification at the last moment. But all this good material is far from being made the most of; it only crops up occasionally through the superincumbent and excessive "padding." In conclusion, we would venture to suggest to the author that though it is not necessary to quote, it is quite necessary that any quotations given should be correct. In "Gideon Fleyce," we regret to say that misquotations are the rule rather than the exception. To cite two among many. The line from Peter Bell, speaks of "a *yellow*" not "a simple primrose;" and Milton wrote: "nods and *becks* and wreathed smiles," not "nods and *winks*," &c. While on the subject of verbal errors, we may add that "reputably" and "reputedly" are not convertible terms, and that "pour combler de bonheur," should stand "pour comble de bonheur."

On reading the title "The Way Thither,"[25] one naturally asks "Whither?" but at the end of the book the question is still unanswered; nor is the "way" one whit more clearly defined than the goal. It certainly does not seem to be "the straight and narrow way," nor yet "the primrose way." The author (or might we not say authoress?) flounders helplessly between Catholicism and what she imagines to be Agnosticism, and which, if either, she recommends as "the way thither," it is impossible to determine.

In "Love Me for Ever,"[26] Mr. Buchanan has taken for his theme a

---

[25] "The Way Thither." A Story with several Morals. Two vols. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. 1882.

[26] "Love Me for Ever." A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883.

version of the old legend of "The Flying Dutchman," and has interwoven with it a highly poetical and romantic little story. The constant and predominating influence of the weird old legend on the shaping and development of the events, and its fateful recurrence in the most highly-wrought and emotional situations, give to this short romance something of the character of a prose poem; still more, perhaps, does it resemble one of those operas where an air, first heard in the overture, makes, as it were, a mysterious background for the whole work, and, in supreme moments, rings out again distinct and dominant.

"The Gentle Savage,"[27] by Mr. E. King, is a clever, thoughtful novel, containing many new and striking situations and some original types of character. Mr. King is singularly felicitous in producing in words both sights and sounds. The descriptions, sometimes of natural scenery, sometimes of a musical symphony, at others of a street in Berne, or again in Paris, are masterly, and give admirable effects of atmosphere and *couleur locale*, without ever interrupting or impeding the flow of the story. The Nihilist plot is treated with great dramatic power; and the lucid exposition of the philosophy of Bakounin will be new to most readers and interesting to all.

Very pretty and agreeable reading are the "Essays" called "In the Country,"[28] by the Rev. M. G. Watkins. They have already appeared in sundry magazines, and been duly appreciated. A keen observer and sincere lover of Nature, the author is equally happy in his descriptions of the lanes of Devon and the wilds of Cornwall, the Scotch mountains and the wolds of Yorkshire; and with much interesting detail concerning the natural features of each district he has skilfully interwoven the fairy legends and other folk lores peculiar to it, thereby imparting to the book a fantastic glamour which is an additional charm.

It seems to us that Mr. Vernon Lee might safely have given to the world "The Prince of the Hundred Soups,"[29] like any other story book, without any explanation of its origin. If the critics had thereby been "mystified," they would never have known it, and could therefore never have resented it; for, except that the characters bear the time-honoured names of "Pantalone," "Arlecchino," "Scarramuccio," &c., they seem to us to be *no* more like puppets than the heroes and heroines of a hundred other stories. Nevertheless, we rejoice that Mr. Unwin did exact an explanatory preface; for, to grown up readers, the story of "Mangia Zucchero" (whether he really existed in the flesh or was himself one of the puppets he delighted in) is the best part of the entertainment. Nor would we willingly have missed the pleasant gossip about "The Italian Comedy of Masks," and its influence on the writings of such authors as Madame Sand and Théophile Gauthier.

---

[27] "The Gentle Savage." By Edward King. One vol. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1883.

[28] "In the Country." Essays. By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A. W. Satchell & Co., Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 1883.

[29] "The Prince of the Hundred Soups." By Vernon Lee. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1883.

As to the story thus charmingly introduced, we think it lively and entertaining, and calculated to amuse children of older growth than the "two long-legged foals" to whom it is dedicated.

"Myths of Hellas,"[30] translated by Frances Younghusband out of the German of Professor C. Witt, is a charming and instructive child's book—charming not only with the charm inherent in Greek myths, but because they are here so simply and gracefully narrated—and especially instructive at the present time, when, the press of varied subjects necessarily trenching on the time hitherto devoted to Greek, it becomes important to facilitate the study of the language by a previous familiarity with the principal topics on which its literature turns. This opinion is ably set forth in Mr. A. Sidgwick's preface.

It may be conceded that, in arranging "Tales from Ariosto"[31] for children's reading, Mr. Hollway-Calthrop had much to modify, but we think that occasionally he carries his modifications too far. Accepting his plea that he writes for children, and must be judged by them, we believe that, from that very point of view, he has best succeeded where he has most closely followed the original. No audience is so exacting in the matter of good faith and correctness in a narrator as an audience of children. They are, according to their lights, the most rigorous of realists; hence the universal success of "Robinson Crusoe" as a child's book. Now Mr. Calthrop occasionally shows his own face, and talks in his own voice, instead of the faces and voices of his personages, who thereby lose somewhat, as it were, of their solidity, and consequently, as it seems to us, of their charm for children. What do children care about Shelley's place being reserved for him among the departed and beatified poets? or what interest have they in Astulf's yearnings for a chop and porter at the Cock? It is for his own amusement, not that of his child-readers, that Mr. Calthrop has introduced these anachronisms. With the exception of this one flaw, we think "Stories from Ariosto" well calculated to amuse children, and we are not ashamed to confess that they have amused us too.

We have no intention of classing with children's books Miss Helen Zimmern's English version of the "Shah Nameh,"[32] of Firdusi, but, from the family likeness which runs through all Aryan myths, the stories which form its subject-matter bear so close a resemblance to the "Myths of Hellas," and the "Stories from Ariosto," that the three books seem in a manner to belong to each other. Then, too, the painstakingly simple and old-fashioned diction which Miss Zimmern has judged most suitable to her subject, and which she somewhat vaguely describes as "The English of the age of Shakspeare and of the English Bible," gives to her translation a certain air of being

---

[30] "Myths of Hellas; or, Greek Tales." Translated into English by Frances Younghusband, from the German of Professor Witt. With a Preface, by Arthur Sidgwick, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

[31] "Paladin and Saracen." Stories from Ariosto. By H. C. Hollway-Calthrop. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

[32] "The Epic of Kings." Stories re-told from Firdusi. By Helen Zimmern. With a Prefatory Poem, by E. W. Gosse. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1883.

written for children. To many readers, the introduction narrating the life of Firdusi, and the romantic incidents connected with the production of his great work, will not be the least interesting portion of the volume. The Prefatory Poem, too, "Ferdusi in Exile," by Mr. E. W. Gosse, is gracefully written, and tells the sad tale of the great poet's persecuted old age with considerable power and pathos. For us, however, the main interest of the book lies in the adventures of Rustem, the son of Zal. Rustem may be roughly described as the Persian Hercules, for, like Hercules, he is the mythical embodiment of physical force; but such a comparison gives but a faint and inadequate idea of Firdusi's hero, who, besides being the supreme type of personal strength and prowess, is not less that of patriotism and loyalty. He is, too, the typical leader, under whose banner the forces of Iran are invincible; the wise and faithful counsellor of successive Shahs, and their never-failing resource in defeat or misfortune. But, above all else, he is the *preux chevalier*—the paladin: mounted on his steed Rakush, his life-long friend and companion, he says of himself, "Rakush is my throne, my sword is my seal, and my helmet is my crown." Altogether, Rustem is one of the most admirable and sympathetic mythical creations we have met with, and his later adventures and tragic end (at the ripe age of 300 and odd years!) are highly pathetic.

One of the last of Paul Heyse's works of fiction is now before us. and is called, from the name of its first story, "Anvergessbare Worte."[33] The title story is in Heyse's best style. It opens with a graphic scene at a villa near Vicenza, which lends itself well to the author's descriptive powers. The hero and heroine are somewhat unceremoniously introduced, both to each other and to the reader. Victorine, a wealthy young lady, who possesses much landed property in Austria, sees an interesting young gentleman (Philip) asleep in the garden of the villa. She wakes him, saying that he is in danger of sunstroke in the position in which she saw him. After this, Philip becomes a tutor in her mother's family, and the scene is transferred to Victorine's chateau. We cannot follow out the history of the young couple through all its complications; suffice it to say that a few careless words lead to many troubles. The end, which is truly pathetic, is that they both die, unmarried to each other, or to anyone else; and the words *Oblivisci nequeo* appear on the grave of each. The story, though a trifle too sentimental, is most cleverly worked out, while the delicate shades of colour which make Heyse's novels so admirable, are, perhaps, better seen here than in any of his other works. Of the other stories we have not much to say. The second, "Die Eslin," is somewhat imaginative. The author tells us of a certain old woman, and a favourite donkey which she credits with a soul. But beyond this feat of the imagination there is little to recommend the story, except the admirable way in which Paul Heyse expresses himself. In all these novelettes the language is invariably simple, graceful, and not too lengthy. The style is, in fact, the author's great attraction, when he

---

[33] "Anvergessbare Worte und andere Novellen." Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: 1883.

has not exerted himself in any other direction as well. The remainder of the volume before us consists of two tales, which amply bear out the promise of the first. "Das Glück von Rothenburg" is a story of Würtzburg; and "Getheiltes Hertz," the last, will be by many thought to be the most interesting of the four. The collection is one which will fully maintain the author's reputation.

Another instance may be given of the rebellion against long and dry romances which is taking the form of a demand for collections of more easily digested novelettes. One of these we have particularly marked out for mention. Presber's "Rheinische Novellen"[34] includes some stories of great merit. They are well written throughout, and not being of excessive length, they commend themselves kindly to those who are weary of heavier writings. Many a beautiful spot on the Rhine will be recognized in these animated and often humorous tales. Perhaps the one which will please most is entitled "Lampeler." On the whole, we are not surprised to hear that some of the stories comprised in this volume have appeared before, though under the somewhat ludicrous name of "Wolkenkukuksheim," a title which would not go far to commend them to most readers.

But the most important work we have to mention is "Die Frau Burgemeisterin,"[35] by Georg Ebers. It forms an exception to Ebers' usual choice of Egyptian subjects. The scene is laid at Leyden, at the time of its famous siege by the Spaniards; and the miseries of warfare form a vivid picture, in which the sentimental element of the story occupies a somewhat secondary position. The Burgomaster of Leyden is the principal personage in the novel; he is represented as having recently married his second wife, at the opening of the story, of which the plot is somewhat as follows: The young Burgemeisterin finds that her husband gives her a very small place in the household; his family by his first wife is left in the care of his sister, while he himself is constantly occupied with the affairs of the community, which is then threatened by the fear of a Spanish invasion. In the midst of her discontent matters are complicated by the appearance of a former lover, Georg von Dornburg. Meanwhile, the city is invested by the Catholic forces, and all the horrors of the siege are graphically pictured. Georg, who, as a friend of the Burgomaster, is staying in the same house as the heroine, is, after a powerfully described scene, dismissed; the Burgomaster himself, who, from being somewhat callous about his wife, suddenly becomes impressed with her fortitude and dignity, has much difficulty in preventing the town from being surrendered; but the lady's courage enables him to maintain his attitude, in spite of the death and starvation around; and when the city is eventually relieved, the two are fully impressed with their mutual fitness for each other. On this foundation Ebers has written a story of great dignity and pathos; and the character of the Burgemeisterin is very finely shown amid the trials of the siege and the difficulties of her domestic relations. Of the minor characters, the fencing-master is a singularly

---

[34] "Rheinische Novellen." By H. Presber. Theodor Thomas. 1882.

[35] "Die Frau Burgemeisterin." By G. Ebers. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1882.

faithful sketch, while the history of the musician Wilhelm is very touchingly described. In this last novel of Ebers, though we miss the force which he showed in "Homo Sum," the author appears to great advantage as a depicter of the lighter and more delicate shades of character. The Burgemeisterin herself is a fine type of human character.

Any work by E. Werner (a lady, whose real name is Elise Bürstenbinder) will readily command attention. "Der Egoist"[36] is not by any means the best she has written, but has the advantage of being very much more readable than most novels of the kind where the details of trade or business form a conspicuous element in the story. The scene of the novel is in America; the Egoist, a partner in a prosperous commercial house, is a man who has become entirely absorbed in his business; his prosaic nature is only relieved by a fortunate element of mystery that surrounds his early life, and this the plot of the novel is entirely occupied in clearing up. The author, however, shows considerable skill in developing the character of this human machine into that of a sentimental *père de famille.* The share which his daughter has in this very satisfactory transformation is the most interesting portion of the volume. There seems to be a political object in the novel which is worth noticing. The Government officials of the German Empire have for some time past been making great exertions to stay the flow of emigration to the North American continent; and, unless we are mistaken, Emile Werner has written this work with a view to assisting their efforts. This is apparently the object of the graphic picture which she draws of the false representations to which emigrants are exposed at the hands of interested agents; and the moral is drawn by the conversion of the Egoist, and his determination to abandon his somewhat doubtful practices. But we do not wish to detract from the author's probably honest intentions of warning intending settlers against the cupidity of emigration agents; and we leave it to her readers to judge whether there is not a little of both objects in her mind. The work itself is beautifully got up, and both printer and publisher deserve to be congratulated on their efforts.

Marlitt's last novel[37] is quite up to the level of his previous works of fiction in picturesque effect. But it forms no exception to the rule in this author's writings, that one of the characters shall be a gentleman possessed of nearly every virtue, but of so rough an exterior that his merits are only discernible with difficulty. The conditions under which he appears are, it is true, somewhat varied in "Amptmann's Magd," but we have now become quite sufficiently acquainted with him.

In "Felicitas"[38] Dahn has drawn a vivid picture of the decadence of the Romans, and of the barbarian irruption. The contrast between the life and vigour of the latter, and of the effeminate luxury and immorality of their opponents, is very clearly brought out. Through-

---

36 "Der Egoist." Von E. Werner. Stuttgart: W. Spemann. 1882.

37 "Amptmann's Magd." Roman von E. Marlitt. Second edition.

38 "Felicitas." Historische Romane aus der Völkerwanderung (a. 476 n. Chr.), Felix Dahn. Leipzig. 1882.

out the whole work, however, the personal history of Felicitas is made of quite secondary interest compared to the stirring events of the time.

"Aus dem Ghetto"[39] and "Geschichten einer Gasse"[40] form two out of a long series of eight volumes. The author, Leopold Kompert, intends this series to illustrate the life of the Jews at different periods of their history in modern times. This is done by means of many short stories, sufficiently interesting in themselves perhaps to those who wish to know more of the motives and traditional ideas of that venerable race, but not of such importance as a literary chronicle to require further notice.

One of the chief reasons for Mr. Shandy's admiration for the curse of Ernulphus was, that it was so comprehensive that he "defied a man to swear out of it." We are irresistibly reminded of this dictum, by Mrs. Henry Pott's "Bacon's Promus, illustrated by passages from Shakspeare."[41] So all-embracing is the net in which the too ingenious authoress has ensnared the great dramatist, that we defy him to write out of it! Whatever phrase or expression he used, it is either a quotation from the Bible, from a classical author, or from Erasmus. That he uses the word in quite a different sense and connection is a trifle; the word is identified, and duly printed in italics, so he is convicted of quoting—or, worse still, of never having existed: Shakspeare was but Sir Francis Bacon, writing under a *faux nez*. To prove this negative—to raze from the roll of English authors the greatest name which England can boast, perhaps the greatest which the world has ever known—such is the task which Mrs. Henry Pott heavily and laboriously attempts in the ponderous volume before us. But out of evil comes good; neither the name nor fame of Shakspeare is likely to be seriously endangered by the attacks of Mrs. Pott, and in the meantime she has brought to light some writings of Bacon's never previously published. It is true that they have been rejected by previous editors, as not worth publishing; but still every word written by so great a man deserves to be known, and the "Promus" contains, undoubtedly, many memorable and striking passages. The words, phrases, and proverbs, taken from various sources—especially from Erasmus, and of which an echo more or less distinct may be heard in Shakspeare, are also interesting, as showing the dawning of certain ideas and locutions in English literature. Of the labour and research that have been expended in collecting this mass of parallel passages—or passages supposed to be parallel—we desire to speak with all respect; it is only the mistaken, and, as it seems to us, wrong-headed purpose for which they have been collected, that we venture to ridicule. It has long ago been proved that Shakspeare took his plots from old Italian stories, from old English chronicles—in fact, from everywhere and anywhere. He of all men had a right to say: "Je

[39] "Aus dem Ghetto." Geschichten von Leopold Kompert. Berlin. 1882.
[40] "Geschichten einer Gasse." Novellen von Leopold Kompert. Berlin. 1882.
[41] "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies, by Francis Bacon, illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakspeare." By Mrs. Henry Pott. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

prends mon bien où je le trouve." If now it should be proved that he borrowed not only his plots, but even his diction and phraseology, it would still be true that the force which transmuted all these commonplace and comparatively base materials into priceless gold, was the flame of his own sublime genius.

Another attack on Shakspeare is Mr. Appleton Morgan's pamphlet, "Some Shakspearian Commentators."[42] We cannot compliment Mr. Morgan either on the force of his arguments or the grace and amenity of his style. In fact, after wading through forty-four pages of angry vituperation, and imputation of unworthy motives, against all who are so unfortunate as to differ from him, we are still unable to define the exact nature of his contention. He seems to see an analogy between his "rummaging around" (the words are his own) on the subject of "the Shakspeare myth," and the great discoveries of Newton and of Galileo—so we cannot wonder that he is willing to "go *solitary* and *alone*" in the pursuit. But we do wonder that he should take pride in his entire want of acquaintance with the works of Johnson, Pope, Addison, and other great English classics of the last century. Why boast of having had an edition of Walter Scott "on his shelves for seventeen years" without reading it? Surely, when a man who poses as a literary critic is conscious of so vast a hiatus in his knowledge of English literature, the less said about it the better. Mr. Morgan in one passage speaks of Shakspeare as "the Stratford boy"—a pleasing phrase, awaking old memories of the "Benicia Boy," of pugilistic fame. Now, would not our author do well to vary his reading by a little "rummaging around" after the Twickenham boy, the Abbotsford boy, &c.?

Though we confess to an antipathy for expurgated editions of great authors, yet we are willing to admit that Dr. Wordsworth's "Historical Plays of Shakspeare"[43] may be as useful for reading aloud in families as, he tells us, he has found them in his own. On other grounds, too, the edition is not without a special value. The copious annotations and marginal notes cannot fail to be of great use to young students of Shakspeare, though our own conviction is that he will best find Shakspeare's meaning who laboriously reads and re-reads the text from an un-annotated copy. He will thus see with his own eyes, instead of through the spectacles of a commentator.

The English Dialect Society continues its valuable work of rescuing and preserving archaic words, names, and modes of speech, fast disappearing before London-trained schoolmasters. We have three of their publications to acknowlege—viz., a reprint of "The Book of Husbandry,"[44] by Master Fitzherbert, with an introduction and notes

[42] "Some Shakspearian Commentators." By Appleton Morgan. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

[43] "Shakspeare's Historical Plays." With revised Text, Introductions Glossarial, Critical and Historical. By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L. Three vols. Vol. I. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood. 1883.

[44] "The Book of Husbandry." By Master Fitzherbert. Reprinted from the edition of 1534. With Introductions, Notes, &c., by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. (English Dialect Society.) Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill.

by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat; "A Glossary of West Worcestershire Words,"[45] by Mrs. Chamberlain; and "A Glossary of Devonshire Plant Names,"[46] by the Rev. Hilderic Friend. "The Book of the Farm" has an intrinsic interest, apart from its philological value as a specimen of old English. It is a curious record of the state of agricultural science in England 350 years ago. Here and there, especially in what relates to the management of beasts, and their treatment in diseases, amid much that is obsolete, we find methods which are still in use. Thus at page 56, in a passage which is, unfortunately, too long to quote, Master Fitzherbert speaks of a disease in sheep which he calls "the turne," a name which indicates the nature of the disorder, sheep affected by it turning round and round as if giddy, ceasing to feed, and finally dying, unless the proper remedy be applied. "The turne," he correctly states, is caused by "a bladder in the forehead, bytwene the brayne pan and the braynes," which he directs to be cut out, giving minute instructions for the operation. A similar mode of curing this same malady is to this day practised by the shepherds of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the only difference being that they burn (with an instrument specially fashioned for the purpose) the bone of the skull lying above the intruding "bladder," instead of cutting it. It is further worthy of remark, in connection with dialect lore, that the disease here called "the turne" is known in Cumberland and Westmoreland as "stoordy," and that the same affection is named in the Wallon dialect of the South of Belgium "stourdi;" the one appellation throws light upon the other, and both are evidently ancient congeners of the French "étourdi."

The latest additions to the elegant "Parchment Library" are the sixth volume of "Shakspeare,"[47] a volume of "French Lyrics,"[48] selected by Mr. G. Saintsbury, and another containing "Gay's Fables,"[49] preceded by a memoir of the author by Mr. Austin Dobson. The "French Lyrics" are, as might be expected, admirably chosen, and in his introductory essay on French lyrical poetry, from its commencement down to our own time, Mr. Saintsbury shows not only a profound knowledge of his subject, but a true feeling for the beauties of French poetry—a qualification often lacking in English critics. In what degree French lyric poets are hampered by the iambic rhythm which the genius of the spoken language imposes, we do not pretend to determine, less, perhaps, than may seem possible to an Englishman; but of the existence of that rhythm to which Mr. Saintsbury adverts, there can be no doubt. French, as spoken by Frenchmen, seems to be composed of iambics, whereas English (and alas! French, as spoken by Englishmen) is made

[45] "A Glossary of West Worcestershire Words." By Mrs. Chamberlain. (English Dialect Society.) London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

[46] "A Glossary of Devonshire Plant Names." By the Rev. Hilderic Friend. (English Dialect Society.) London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

[47] Sixth Vol. of "Shakspeare's Works." Parchment Library. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1883.

[48] "French Lyrics." Selected by G. Saintsbury. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1883.

[49] "Gay's Fables." With Memoir, by Austin Dobson. London: Kegan Paul Trench & Co., Paternoster Square. 1883.

up of dactyls and trochees. The "Fables by Mr. John Gay" certainly do not furnish forth quite so fascinating a volume as the "French Lyrics," still, as Mr. Austin Dobson justly remarks concerning them, "they have given pleasure to several generations of readers, old and young, and they have enriched the language with more than one indispensable quotation." We should much like to see a volume of the "Parchment Library" devoted to the incomparable fables of Lafontaine.

Messrs. Wilson and M'Cormick have published a choice little edition of "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd,"[50] by the late Sir Arthur Helps. It is printed on rough paper, in beautiful clear type, and bound in the grey and white boards that modern fashion has decreed to be the supreme expression of refined taste, but which fifty years ago were the ordinary attire of cookery books, works on domestic medicine, &c.

[50] "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd." By Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B. Glasgow: Wilson & M'Cormick. 1883.

INDIA AND OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.

INDIA.—During the last few weeks discussion on the subject of Mr. C. P. Ilbert's Criminal Jurisdiction Bill has filled men's minds, to the virtual exclusion of all other important Indian topics, in which, however, the past quarter has by no means been unfruitful. It needs no apology, therefore, to devote a short space towards the consideration of this measure, though matters are in an intermediate stage, and it is as yet difficult to foretell what the practical outcome of the situation may be. The question of the jurisdiction of native magistrates over Europeans was raised in January, 1882, by Mr. B. L. Gupta, a native member of the Bengal Civil Service, who appears to have felt somewhat keenly in his own case the disabilities under which he and others similarly situated laboured, and who took advantage of the fact that the revision of the Criminal Code was then under consideration, to urge upon Government the propriety of abolishing this class distinction, and giving to native magistrates and sessions judges outside of the Presidency towns the power of trying Europeans. Sir Ashley Eden, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, clearly saw the important significance of the proposed reform, and deferred submitting it for the consideration of Government, preferring that a momentous question of this nature should be argued as a substantive proposal, rather than as a point of detail in the general revision of a code. A few weeks later the papers were laid before the Government of India, who proceeded to ascertain the views of the local administrations on the proposed change. The full correspondence is now accessible to everybody, and it is certainly impossible to deny that there is a very decided, though perhaps not (as contended by the Government of India) an "overwhelming," consensus of opinion among the provincial administrations in favour of the change. The arguments for the change may be briefly stated as follows: Native *presidency* magistrates have full powers to try Europeans, even in comparatively serious cases, but when, in the ordinary course of things, they happen to be removed into the interior, they cease to be qualified to deal with even the most trivial cases affecting the liberty of Europeans, although their own European subordinates may possess the power. The disability is undoubtedly an exceptional and anomalous feature. Our general policy has been to admit the right of qualified natives to an equal share in the government of the country, though for obvious reasons comparatively few natives have been able to raise themselves to the required standard of the higher posts. The proposal to abolish this disability was discussed by the Legislative Council of the Government of India in 1872, and, although rejected by seven votes to five, the minority included the President, or

acting Governor-General. the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (Sir G. Campbell), the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Napier of Magdala), Sir R. Temple, and Mr. (now Sir B.) Ellis. On the other side the most conspicuous names were Mr. (now Sir James) Stephen, Sir J. Strachey, and Sir H. Norman. But it is plainly traceable through the course of the debate which then took place, that the disqualification then imposed was felt to be a barrier, the removal of which was but a matter of time, and the extended admission of natives to the Civil Service of India—a measure passed during Lord Lytton's tenure of the Viceroyalty—*ought* to have made it clear to all Anglo-Indians that so flagrant a discrepancy between the position of native and European members of the same covenanted Civil Service could not long endure.

Such may be said to be the principal arguments in favour of Mr. Ilbert's Bill. Against it there has arisen a very strong feeling, chiefly due no doubt to an irrepressible antagonism of race which the question at issue has brought into unpleasant prominence. The English residents in the Mofussil, feeling a sense of insecurity in their comparatively isolated position, resent extremely the thought of being made amenable to native jurisdiction, even though it may be limited to that of natives who have risen to the position of district magistrates or sessions judges. Such instances as those of European railway guards, planters in secluded districts, and others are cited as cases in which a false charge might be readily trumped up on the sworn evidence of native witnesses, and in which it might be difficult to secure justice at the hands of a native magistrate. It is pointed out that the privilege of a governing race is no mere sentimental right, and that a British subject is entitled to be judged *per legale judicium parium.* Lastly, we are reminded that it is to British capital that India must look for its future development, and that to discourage its introduction by what may appear to be a weakening of our judicial administration is a suicidal policy.

On a calm review of the principal arguments, it is almost impossible to refrain from a suspicion that the practical effect and actual importance of the present measure have been unduly exaggerated. For years to come its operation will be extremely limited in its scope, and will apply only to native civilians of long standing, whose ability and competence to exercise judicial powers have been thoroughly and satisfactorily tested. There is an obvious truth in the remark that it was a quasi-mockery to admit natives of India to the covenanted civil service, unless it was to be on equal terms with their European brethren. At the same time, there is a pretty general feeling that those members of the Civil Service who have been nominated in India, and who have not experienced the advantages of an English training, should not expect to share the new privilege. Even the warmest advocates of the new measure are nearly all agreed that it should be reserved for the pick of the competition men, and in their case only after full probation.

While recognizing and even commending the force of these arguments, we cannot help deploring that the question has been raised at the present moment. The Government of India is engaged just now

in a gigantic and difficult task of organizing a plan, or rather plans, of local self-government, which shall differ according to the widely varying circumstances of each local administration, and yet shall be designed with the one object of educating the people of India in doing the work of government for themselves. This policy has not escaped criticism, and Indian opinion is much divided as to the feasibility and expediency of so extensive a reform. Our readers will not mistake our views of Lord Ripon's policy of local government. We held, and still believe, that this new departure is a wise, provident, and statesmanlike endeavour to educate the natives up to the task of self-government, without which no nation can hope to achieve real progress. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that many, whose authority is beyond dispute, have openly doubted the native capacity to undertake the responsibility of even such matters as education, sanitation, and other purely local concerns. It may be said, therefore, that, with the inauguration of the new system, the native character would have been placed on its trial throughout India. It was surely ill-timed, therefore, to choose the present moment for thrusting on them a far more delicate and difficult jurisdiction, which could have been mooted with far less risk of opposition after that the district boards had been in operation for some little time, and that a jealous and perhaps over-sensitive Anglo-Indian opinion had become accustomed to see here, there, and everywhere, natives of average capacity undertaking responsible administrative duties.

However, the die has been cast, and the Government are apparently resolved to persevere with their measure. But to ensure full discussion and consideration the Bill will be referred, during the ensuing months, to the local governments, and will not be proceeded further with until next cold season, by which time the matured views of the dependent administrations will have been collated and carefully weighed. Under these circumstances it is much to be hoped that the efforts of all those who are interested in the peace of India may be directed in the meantime towards healing the unhappy sore that has arisen, and that has been so recklessly aggravated by the journals of the day, British as well as native. Neither the Government of India, nor, be it remembered, can the British public, afford to despise the incautious utterances of the native press on this topic. Their arguments may be childish, and their language may be excitable compared to the usually more sober reasoning of our own journals; but it is just because they form the only medium for gauging the public opinion of hundreds of millions of childish yet excitable people, that we are bound to listen to them. There can be little doubt that the Anglo-Indian opposition to the measure will tone down, for the scope and importance of the change have been too palpably exaggerated for the present excitement to be long sustained. At the same time the Government will do well to do all they can to reassure the capitalists. English capital is the one thing which India needs to develop her resources, and everything which tends to deter investors is much to be deprecated. The East India Company have, it is true, given place to a non-trading administration, but, whether owing to a survival of the

old jealousy of commercial intruders or to a quasi-caste prejudice, planters and merchants do not meet with that hearty encouragement from its official classes which the best interests of the country demand. For their sake it will be well worth while making some substantial concession, say, in the form of an enlarged right of appeal for Europeans, which would doubtless tend to deprive the forthcoming Bill of much of its obnoxious character.

The excitement raised by the foregoing measure has overshadowed the importance of the Indian Budget. Major Baring's financial statement was published in the *Gazette of India* of the 15th of March, and shows, in some respects, an improvement on the anticipations formed of the financial situation a twelvemonth previously. The surplus in the figures for the financial year 1880-82, amounted to £2,583,000, instead of £1,577,000, while the revised or regular estimates for 1882-83, in spite of several discouraging incidents, such as a falling off in the opium revenue, due to increased production of Chinese grown opium, and an increased charge for loss by exchange, show a small surplus of £60,000. That this satisfactory result has been attained in the place of a deficit is chiefly attributable to good harvests and the generally prosperous condition of the country. A wise step has been taken in the reduction, by 18½ per cent., of the railway freight charges for the conveyance of wheat from Northern India to Bombay, so as to encourage the Indian product to compete with that from America. Similar reductions are anticipated on other lines. The falling off in the opium revenue, and the unsatisfactory reports on the poppy crops, give ground for some uneasiness, but Major Baring trusts that the generally healthy condition of the revenue in other respects, especially in the item of salt, where the reduction of the duty has been attended with happy results, may compensate for any possible deficiencies in regard to opium.

The death of Sir Salar Jung, from rapid cholera at Haidarabad, on the 8th of February, has removed one of the most conspicuous native administrators that have arisen during the British supremacy in India. Sprung of a noble lineage, and himself nephew to the Prime Minister of a former Nizam, he was undoubtedly favoured by fortune, but it was to his abilities that his rise was mainly due. At the early age of twenty-four we find him appointed Prime Minister to Nasir-ud-Dowlah, whose rule had brought the Haidarabad State to the verge of anarchy and bankruptcy. Every department had become disorganized, and the credit of the State was so bad that bankers refused loans. It was at such a juncture that Sir Salar Jung set himself to work with a will to effect a thorough reform. The departments of State were taken in hand and re-organized; a trustworthy fiscal system, with salaried officers, was established in place of the farming system till then prevalent; judicial officers were appointed; the police force reformed; a Public Works Department, with English engineers in charge, was constituted, and large educational grants were made. The loyal attitude taken by Sir Salar Jung during the troublous times of the mutiny of 1857 was beyond all praise. The crisis in Haidarabad was indeed alarming, for there was open sympathy with the mutineers in Northern India, the

Residency was threatened, the green flag had been hoisted from a mosque, and thousands of armed fanatics were ripe for pillage and rebellion. The true heart, cool head, and steady hand of Sir Salar Jung promptly repressed every outrage and saved the State, a service for which the British Government were not slow to show their gratitude, for three years later the debt due by the Nizam, amounting to half a million sterling, was forgiven, and two of the ceded or permanently mortgaged districts were restored. The influence of Sir Salar Jung, as might be supposed, was enormously increased after these events, and he was at full liberty to continue the work of reform which had been interrupted by the mutiny. He was made a K.C.S.I in 1867, and a G.C.S.I. in 1871, and during his visit to England in 1876 he received the freedom of the City of London and the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. In character Sir Salar Jung was singularly unprejudiced and straightforward; his tastes and mode of living were most simple and unostentatious, and those Europeans who were brought into contact with him were ever ready to testify to his charm of manner. It is a matter of much regret that he was brought into collision with the Government of India shortly after his return from England; but though the facts are obscure and not generally known, there is ground for the conclusion that tact and consideration on the part of the Foreign Department of the Government of India might have averted even a temporary misunderstanding with an eminent public servant of such proved fidelity as Sir Salar Jung. His death at the present moment has compelled the Government to appoint a Council of Regency, who will continue to exercise plenary powers till the Nizam attains his majority.

Troubles have been reported from Ali Rajpur, a petty native State, lying south-west of Indore. The country is wild and broken up with hills, and inhabitated by Bhils, a nationality which has always been notorious for its restless and independent character, though Outram did much to tame them and convert the better disposed among them from lawless freebooters into good soldiers. One Chittoo appears to have put himself at the head of some 1,500 men, and having looted the town of Nanpur, to have threatened Rajpur itself. Troops were, however, promptly despatched from Mhow, Sirdarpur, and elsewhere, and Major Biddulph, the political agent, with a portion of the Malwa Bhil Corps, and a troop of the Central India Horse, attacked Chittoo's position, and drove him towards the hills south of Rajpur. Following up the success, Biddulph again attacked them, and effectually dispersed what, with less vigorous treatment, might have developed into a serious uprising.

[Owing to the sudden illness of the writer of our "Critical Survey" of Colonial Affairs that part of our Review is unavoidably omitted this quarter.—*Editors of the* WESTMINSTER REVIEW.]

INDEX.

*** *All Books must be looked for under the Author's name.*

Acland, A. H. D., and C. Ransome, "A Handbook in Outline of the Political History of England to 1882," 574
Acting, The Art of, 190–205
Alberg, A., "Gustavus Vasa and his Stirring Times," 576
Alexander, W., "Life Among My Ain Folk," 289
Allen, J. A., "The True and Romantic Love Story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson," 589
—— W. F., "The Reader's Guide to English History," 575
"Alternative, The: A Study on Psychology," 220
Amos, Sheldon, M.A., "The Science of Politics," 541
Anson, W. S. W., "The Three Foolish Little Gnomes," 291
Arnold, Edwin, M.A., "Pearls of the Faith," 592
Ashton, J., "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," 258
Australia, 303

Babcock, W. H., "Lord Stirling's Stand," 281
Baker, Ella, "Tales of Olden Time," 291
Ballard, R., "The Solution of the Pyramid Problem," 238
Bancroft, H. H., "History of the Pacific States of North America," vol. i., 257
Barbadoes, 308
Barlow, G., "A Life's Love," 278
——— J. W., "The Ultimatum of Pessimism," 222
Bateman, J., "The Great Landowners of Great Britain and Ireland," 551
"Bathing Places: Climatic Health Resorts," 569
Bell, H. T. M., "Verses of Varied Life," 280
Benn, A. W., "The Greek Philosophers," 532
Bennett, A. H., M.D., "A Practical Treatise on Electro-Diagnosis in Diseases of the Nervous System," 246
Besant, W., "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," 288
Blandford, H. F., F.R.S., "Indian Meteorological Memoirs," vol. i., 240
———————— "Meteorological Observations Recorded at Six Stations in India in the year 1880," 241
———————— "Report on the Meteorology of India in 1880," 557
Bloomfield, R., "The Horkey, a Provincial Ballad," 292
Boase, H. S., F.R.S., "A Few Words on Evolution and Creation," 539
Bourne, C. E., "African Discovery and Adventure," 2 vols., 231
Brace, C. L., "Gesta Christi," 255
Bradlaugh, C., "Genesis: Its Authorship and Authenticity," 208
Bramston, A. R., and A. C. Leroy, "Historic Winchester," 260
Brassey, Sir T., K.C.B., M.P., "The British Navy: Its Strength, Resources and Administration," vol. iii., Part iii., 241
Buchanan, D., "Speech on Fiscal Policy," 226
——— — R., "Love Me for Ever," 600
Buchheim, C. A., "Lessing's 'Nathan der Weise,'" edited, with English Notes, by, 294
Buckley, Arabella B., "Winners in Life's Race; or, the Great Back-boned Family," 236
Burdett, H. C., "The Relative Mortality of Large and Small Hospitals," 568
"Burn, James; the Beggar Boy:" An Autobiography, 582
Burton, R. F., and V. L. Cameron, "To the Gold Coast for Gold," 550

Caine, T. H., "Recollections of D. G. Rossetti," 267
Caird, E., LL.D., "Hegel," 536
Cameron, *see* Burton
Campbell, Lewis, and W. Garnett, "Life of James C. Maxwell," 265
Canada, 306
Cappie, J., M.D., "The Causation of Sleep," 564

CARLYLE-EMERSON CORRESPONDENCE, THE, 451-493; present publication especially timely, 453; Carlyle's estimate of his own works, 454; beneficial influence of Emerson on Carlyle, 455; letter from Carlyle to Emerson on the death of John Sterling, 456; Carlyle's "arousing influence" on Emerson, 457; Carlyle's opinions of his contemporaries, 458; Emerson's early days, 459; an enthusiastic abolitionist, 460; in collision with popular opinion, 461; his catholic nature, 462; his inconsistency in opinion, and rare consistency in life and thought, 463; a natural believer, 464; his theory of wealth and prudence, 465; personal character, 466; his family, 467; personal appearance, 469, 470; influence on his hearers and readers, 471; unpublished writings, 472; published works, 473, 474; as a literary worker, 475; "Nature" and the "Conduct of Life," 476; "English Traits," 477; style and characteristics, 479, 481; favourite authors, 482, 483; his teachings, 484, 485; "uses of Nature," 486; man's origin and destiny, 487; Emerson's ethics and philosophy, 488, 493

Carr, A., "Treherne's Temptation," 286

Cartwright, J. J., M.A., "The Wentworth Papers (1705-1739)," edited by, 572

"Ceylon Handbook and Directory, 1882," 234

Chambers, J. D., M.A., "The Theological and Philosophical Works of Trismegistus, Christian Neo-Platonist," translated from the original Greek, with Preface, Notes, and Indices, 211

Chapman, W., "Life of John Wiclif," 577

———— "Life of Martin Luther," 577

Charteris, A. H., D.D., "The New Testament Scriptures: their Claims, History, and Authority," 524

Clement, Dr. E., "Tabular View of the Geological Systems, &c.," 237

Clifford-Smith, J. L., "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," 227

Cocker, B. F., D.D., "The Student's Handbook of Philosophy: Psychology," 223

Colomb, Colonel, "For King and Kent," 289

Colonies, The, 302

COMMON SENSE ABOUT WOMEN, 155-165

Conway, Moncure D., "Lessons for the Day," 214

Cook, F. C., M.A., "The Revised Version of the First Three Gospels," 212

Cooke, F. E., "True to Himself," 577

Corbett, E. K., "Lessing's 'Nathan the Wise,'" translated into English verse, 590

Courtney, W. L., M.A., "Studies in Philosophy, Ancient and Modern," 218

Coutts, J., "The Kingdom of Grace Triumphant," 528

Creighton, M., M. A., "History of the Papacy during the Reformation," 248

Cumming, C. F. Gordon-, "Fire Fountains," 547

DAHN, FELIX, "Felicitas," 605

DIAMOND, THE, 97-120; antiquity of the diamond industry in India, 99; early literature relating to the diamond, 100, 101; Mr. Streeter's new work, 102; "the Braganza," "the Matan," "the Nizam," 103; Tavernier's accounts of the "Great Mogul" diamond, 104; "the Koh-i-nur," 105, 106; "the Orloff," "the Pitt, or Regent," 107; the "Tavernier Blue," 108, 109; the most famous African diamonds, 110; the "Mani Mala" accounts of diamonds, 112, 113; other accounts, 114; geographical distribution of diamond bearing rocks, 115, 116; no near prospect of the production of diamonds by artificial means, 120

Dodgson, C. L., "Euclid," Books I., II., 233

Doyle, J. A., "The English in America," 252

EBERS, G., "Die Frau Burgemeisterin," 604

Ellicott, C. J., D.D., edited by, "The Old Testament Commentary for English Readers," vol. i., 528

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT, 1880: ACCIDENTS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE, 54-71

"Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th edition, vol. xiv., 294

"Encyclopædic Dictionary, The," vol. iii., part i., 294

English Dialect Society, "The Book of Husbandry," by Master Fitzherbert, 607

———— ———— "A Glossary of West Worcestershire Words," by Mrs. Chamberlain, 608

English Dialect Society, "A Glossary of Devonshire Plant Names," by the Rev. Hilderic Friend, 608
ERSKINE, THE BROTHERS HENRY AND THOMAS, 123-155; the second and third sons of the tenth Earl of Buchan, 121; pedigree of the family, 122; Thomas Erskine's defence of Paine in 1792, 123, 124; T. Erskine, Chancellor in 1806, 125; Lady Buchan, 127; Henry Erskine studies at Glasgow and Edinburgh, 128; passes as advocate in 1768, 129; his society eagerly sought for, 130; his training in the General Assembly, 131; each brother distinguished by a gaiety of manner, 132: Henry's wit, 134, 138; his gains at the Bar, 139; becomes Lord Advocate in 1806, 140; official morality, 142; H. Erskine declines to join the "Friends of the People," to whom his two brothers belonged, 144; opposed to Pitt's administration, 145; is defeated by Robert Dundas, and ceases to be Dean of Faculty, 146; enters Parliament in his sixtieth year, 148; ministerial intrigues against the Erskines, 150, 151; Henry Erskine retires from public life, 153; and dies in October, 1817, "the best beloved man in Scotland," 154
Esmarch, Prof., "First Aid to the Injured," translated by H.R.H. Princess Christian, 247
"Evolution of Christianity, The," 524

"FAIR and Free," 598
"Family Physician, The," 241
Farrer, T. H., "The State in its Relation to Trade," 542
Fasnacht, G. E., "A Synthetic French Grammar for Schools," 552
Flagg, J., "Anacreontics," 282
Fonblanque, A. de, "The Blackest of Lies," 289
Freiligrath, Kate, "Alice through the Looking-glass," 291
Fremantle, Hon. H. W., "The Gospel of the Secular Life," 527
Froude, J. A., "Short Studies on Great Subjects," 570

GAGE, A. P., "A Text-book on the Elements of Physics for High Schools and Academies," 239
"Garden of Fragrance, The," 281
Gardiner, B. M., "The French Revolution, 1789-1795," 574
Garnett, *see* Campbell
"Gay's Fables," with Memoir by Austin Dobson, 608
Geddie, J., F.R.G.S., "The Russian Empire: Historical and Descriptive," 571
Gibbon, C., "The Golden Shaft," 599
Graham, H. G., "Rousseau," 582
Graves, R. P., "Life of Sir W. R. Hamilton," vol. i., 266
Green, A. H., M.A., "Geology," part i., Physical Geology, 237
Greenough, J. B., edited by, "Virgil's Bucolics, and Six Books of the Æneid," 595
Grey, H., "The Classics for the Million," 594
"Grimm's Household Stories," translated by Lucy Crane, 291
Grove, G., edited by, "Dictionary of Music," parts xv., xvi., 263
Guthrie, M., "On Mr. Spencer's Unification of Knowledge," 219
Guyot, Yves, "Bibliothèque Metérialiste: La Morale," 534

HAKE, T. G., "The Serpent Play," 538
Haldane, *see* Seth
Hamilton, S. G., edited by, "Homer's Odyssey," books xxi-xxiv, 595
HARDY'S NOVELS, THOMAS, 334-364
Harting, J. E., "Essays on Sport and Natural History," 561
Hasell, E. J., "Tasso: Foreign Classics for English Readers," 268
Haweis, Rev. H. R., American Humourists," 292
Hawthorne, N., "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," edited by J. Hawthorne, 595
Helps, Sir A., K.C.B., "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd," 609
Heyse, Paul, "Auvergessbare Worte und Andere Novellen," 603
Hide, A., "The Age to Come," 527
Hill, *see* Wentworth
Hime, M. C., M.A., "Morality: Addressed to Young Men," 233
—— Major H. W., R.A., F.R.S., "Wagnerism—a Protest," 293
Hobson, Mrs. Carey, "The Farm in the Karoo," 290
Holbrooke, G. O., M.A., edited by, "The Annals of Tacitus," 283
Holloway-Calthrop, H. C., "Paladin and Saracen," 602
Hopley, C. C., "Snakes: Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life," 560
Howells, W. D., "A Modern Instance," 285
HUMANISM IN GERMANY, 315-333
Humanism, the protest of Free

Thought, due to the revival of classical learning, 317; Humanists and the study of Greek, 318; successive schools of *Older*, *Rational* and *Younger Humanists*, 319; three pupils of Thomas à Kempis termed the Fathers of German Humanism, 320; Dr. Johann Eck, the opponent of Luther, 321, 322; the Abbot Tritheim and Rudolf Agricola, 323, 324; extreme mental activity created by Older Humanists was entirely in the hands of the Church, 325; the Rational Humanists threw off the theological yoke, 326; Reuchlin and Erasmus, the two leaders; Conrad Mutian, 327; Canon of Gotha, quoted, 328, 329; the younger Humanists, the direct descendants of the strolling scholars, 330; and, leading a wild, careless life, were recruited from all classes, 331; Ulrich van Hutten, 332

Humphrey, W. G., "A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament," 530

Hunter, W. W., LL.D., "A Brief History of the Indian People," 261

Hutton, Rev. C. F., "Unconscious Testimony," 530

Hyatt, A., "Worms and Crustacea"—Guides for Science Teaching, 237

IBSEN, H., "Nora," a Play; translated by H. F. Lord, 283

India, 296, 610

"Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U.S. Army," vol. iii., 243

Irving, Washington; "Bracebridge Hall," and Old Christmas," 293

Jamaica, 309

Jeans, Rev. G. C., "Cicero—Select Letters," 282

Jenkins, Edward, "Jobson's Enemies," 286

Johnson, Rossiter, "Idler and Poet," 587

Joly, N., "Man before Metals," 562

"KEARY, Memoir of Annie." By her Sister, 580

Kehrbach, K., "Z. F. Herbart's sammtliche Werke," 583

Kerr, J., M.A., "Essays on some Aspects of Human Nature," 214

King, E., "The Gentle Savage," 601

Knapp, W. J., "A Grammar of the Modern Spanish Language," 552

Knight, Prof., edited by, "Spinoza, Four Essays on," 215

Kompert, L., "Aus dem Ghetto," and "Geschichten einer Gasse," 606

LANG, A., M.A., W. Leaf, M.D., and E. Myers, M.A., "The Iliad of Homer done into English Prose," 592

Leaf, *see* Lang

Lee, Vernon, "The Prince of the Hundred Soups," 601

Lee-Hamilton, E., "The New Medusa, and other Poems," 279

Lendrum, Rev. A., "The Judicial Committee, the Misgovernment of the Church, and the Remedy, 214

Leroy, *see* Bramston

Lilienfeld, Paul von, "Gedanken über die Socialwissenschaft der Zukunft," 540

Lincoln, W., "Lectures on the Book of the Revelation," 213

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN COUNTIES, THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF, 364-375; County ratepayers demand control of expenditure of county rates, 365; elective self-government in counties in vogue among early English, 366; origin of the "shire," "hundred," and "township," 367; duties of the *shire-moot*, or county court, 368; the ealdorman, sheriff, and their duties, 369; "Frankpledge;" Justices of Assize, and modern grand jury, 370; gradual absorption of local jurisdiction by officers of the Crown, 371; change under the Tudors, 372; functions of the Lord Lieutenant; Courts of Quarter Sessions, 373; Modern Local Authorities, 374

Lossius, J., "Die Urkunden der Grafende Legardie, in der Universitäts Bibliothek zu Dorpat," 585

Lucy, H. W., "Gideon Fleyce," 599

MACGREGOR, Major-Gen. Sir C. M., "Wanderings in Baluchistan," 230

Mackintosh, Mrs., "Damascus and its People," 549

Mackay, C., LL.D., "The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language," 294

Malabari, B. M., "Gujarat and the Gujaratis," 544

Malley, A. C., "Micro-Photography," 560

Malortie, Baron de, "Egypt," 224

Marlitt, E., "Amptmann's Magd," 605

Mason, O., jun., "The Treble Angel and Two Maidens," 282
Max Müller, F., "India: What can it Teach us?" 575
Maxwell, W. H., "The Life of Wellington;" new edition, 583
McAlpine, D., "The Botanical Atlas," vol. i., Phenerogams, 562
Mendenhall, T. C., "Memoirs of the Science Department Tokio Daigaku. No. 7. Report on the Meteorology of Tokio for 1880," 239
——————Report on "The Wave Lengths of some of the Principal Fraunhofer Lines of the Solar Spectrum," 240
Metcalfe, W. M., "The Reasonableness of Christianity," 210
Milton, J. L., "The Laws of Life, and their Relation to Diseases of the Skin," 243
Mivart, St. George, "Nature and Thought," 223
Momerie, Rev. A. W., "Defects of Modern Christianity, and other Sermons," 526
—————— "The Basis of Religion," 527
Morgan, A., "Some Shakespearian Commentators," 607
Moriarty, L. M., "L'Avàre" (Molière), 283
Morison, Jeanie, "Ane Booke of Ballads," 281
——— J. C., "Macaulay"—English Men of Letters Series, 269
Morton, A. S., "The Refraction of the Eye," 569
MOZLEY'S (T.) REMINISCENCES, 166-189
Mozley, the late Canon J. B., D.D., "Lectures and other Theological Papers," 522
Munro, R., M.A., M.D., "Ancient Scottish Lake Dwellings, or Crannogs," 262
Murison, A. F., compiled and edited by, "The Globe Readers," 8 vols., 552
Murray, D. C., "Val Strange," 286
Murphy, J. N., "The Chair of Peter," 531
Myers, *see* Lang

"NASMYTH, JAMES, Engineer;" An Autobiography, 579
Newall, Major-Gen., D. J. F., R.A., "The Highlands of India, Strategically considered," 232
New South Wales, 310
New Zealand, 312
Nicholson, H. A., M.D., D.Sc., "Synopsis of the Classification of the Animal Kingdom," 235
Nicoll, H. J., edited by, "C. Sonnets, by C. Authors," 590
Nordhoff, C., "California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," 231

O'DONOVAN, E., "The Merv Oasis," 229
Ogle, J. W., M.A., M.D., "The Harveian Oration for 1880," 568
Ogilvie, J., LL.D., "The Imperial Dictionary of the English Language," vol. iv., 294
Oxoniensis, "Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism," 214

PAGE, H. W., "Injuries of the Spine and Spinal Cord," 566
—— T. E., "Horace—Odes. Book iv.," 595
Palmer, the late W., "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841," 545
"Parallel (The) New Testament, Greek and English," 215
Patterson, R. H., "The New Golden Age," 543
Payn, James, "Kit: A Memory," 599
Peterson, H., "Poems," 280
Playfair, W. S., M.D., "The Systematic Treatment of Nerve Prostration and Hysteria," 565
Poole, C. H., "The Customs, Superstitions, and Legends of the County of Stafford," 234
—— R. S., "The Cities of Egypt," 261
Pott, Mrs. H, "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies, by Francis Bacon," 606
POUSHKIN, ALEXANDER, 420–451; born at Moscow, May, 1799, 420; his ancestors, 421; parents, and early education, 522; attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, 423; "Ode on Liberty," 424; life in Bessarabia, 425; early poems, 426; influence of Byron, 427, 428; Secret Societies, 429; returns to his father's seat, thence to St. Petersburg, 429; studies old Russian popular poetry, 431; "Boris Godunov," a tragedy, published in 1825, 432; quoted, 433, 434; outbreak of the Dekabrists, 435; makes his peace with the Czar; "The Talisman," 436; publishes "Poltava" in 1828; marriage in 1831, 437; "Eugène Oniéguin," quoted, 438–444; fatal duel in 1837, described, 445–8; Poushkin, the greatest poet produced by Russia, 449; specimen Sonnets, 450

"Praise (The), and Blame of Love," 279
Presber, H., "Rheinische Novellen," 604
Pressensé, E. de, D.D, "A Study of Origins," 537
Preuss, W. H., "Geist und Stoff," 222
Probyn, May, "A Ballad of the Road, and other Poems," 586
PROSTITUTION IN PARIS, 494–521
Purvis, J., "Selections from Plato," 594
"Pusey (E. B.), Maxims and Gleanings from," 531

RAMANN, L., "Franz Liszt, Artist and Man;" translated by Miss Cowdery, 268
Ransome, *see* Acland,
"Religion in the Light of Philosophy," 210
Ribot, T., "The Diseases of Memory," 244
Richardson, R., M.D., "A Critique on the Criticisms of the Simplicity of Life," 248
——— S., "Killed at Sedan," 289
Rimmer, A., "The Early Homes of Prince Albert," 544
Robinson, F. W., "Women are Strange, and other Stories," 598
——— T., M.D., "The Etiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Baldness and Greyness," 248
Rosmini, Antonio, "The Origin of Ideas." Translated from the Fifth Italian Edition of the "Nuovo Saggio sull'Origine delle Idee," vol. i, 537
Ross, R., "Ariadne in Naxos," 278
Rule, Martin, M.A., "The Life and Times of St. Anselm, 578
Rutherford, W. G., M.A., edited by, "Babrius," 594

SAINTSBURY, G., edited by, "Corneille's Horace," 283
——— selected by, "French Lyrics," 608
Sala, G. A., "America Revisited," 2nd edition, 230
Sanborn, F. D., "Henry D. Thoreau," 271
Sandford, E., "A Manual of Exotic Ferns and Selaginella," &c., 561
Sarvadhikari, Rajkumar, B. L., "Principles of the Hindu Law of Inheritance," 552
Saunders, J., "Love's Martyrdom; Play and Poem," 274
Savage, J., "Beliefs about Man," 209
Schodde, Rev. G. H., "The Book of Enoch." Translated from the Ethiopic, with Introduction and Notes," 207
Scott, Leader, "Messer Agnolo's Household," 285
——— R. H., M.A., F.R.S., "Elementary Meteorology," 556
Seebohm, H., "Siberia in Asia," 546
Seymour, W. D., "The Hebrew Psalter, or Book of Psalms," &c., 213
SHAFTESBURY AS A MORAL PHILOSOPHER, 71–97
"Shakespeare's Works;" Parchment Library, vols. ii., iii., iv., v., 293
——— Parchment Library, vol. vi., 608
Sharp, W., "Dante G. Rossetti," 581
Shaw, W. E., M.A., "Juvenal," 282
SHELLEY: HIS FRIENDS AND CRITICS, 1–54; E. J. Trelawney, 2; and Mrs. Shelley, 3–5; G. F. Furnivall, 6; Captain Medwin, 7, 8; E. C. Williams, 9; Mrs. Williams, 10; Shelley's friendship for Mrs. Williams, 11, 12; Mr. Jefferson Hogg, 13; Leigh Hunt, 14; two letters from Hunt to Trelawney, 15; letters from Mrs. Shelley to Trelawney, 16–18; the Gisbornes, 19; letter from John Gisborne to Shelley, 20, 21; Godwin and Shelley, 22–24; "Revolt of Islam," 25; "Prometheus Unbound," 26, 27; "the Glorification of Man," 28; Shelley's Poetry, the poetry of ideal creation, 29; "The Cenci" the most dramatic play produced in England since the age of Shakespeare, 29, 30; the "Epipsychidion," 31, 33; Macaulay on the poetry of Shelley, 34; the charm of Shelley's prose writings, 35; Shelley's religious ideas, 36; attack on the popular creed in "Queen Mab," 37; theology of "Queen Mab" supported by eminent members of the Church of to-day, 38, 39; Shelley, a social as well as religious reformer, 40; his first wife, 41; charges against Shelley refuted, 42, 43; his affectionate disposition, 44; his benevolence, 45; a political reformer, 46, 47; Shelley and science, 48; his poetry and character imperfect, 49, 50; his consistency and courage, 51, 52; a subtle and various thinker, 53
"Shelley's Letters," Parchment Series, 293
Shuckburgh, E. S., M.A., "Lysias, Orationes XVI.," 282
Skeat, Rev. W. W., edited by, "The Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic," 531
Sladen, D. B. W., "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," 280

Smith, W. H., "The St. Clair Papers," 253
South Africa, 313
Spyri, Johanna, "Heidi's Early Experiences," 291
Stephen, Leslie, "Swift," English Men of Letters Series, 269
——— Mrs. Leslie, "Notes from Sick-Rooms," 564
Sterne, S., "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States," 254
Stevenson, R. L., "New Arabian Nights," 284
Stock, St. George, "Attempts at Truth," 222
Stockton, F. R., "Rudder Grange," 597

"Tales of Modern Oxford," 598
Thomson, W., "The Germ Theory of Phthisis, 563
"Thousand and One Nights," with an Introduction by Dr. J. Scott, 285
Traill, H. D., "Sterne," English Men of Letters Series, 269
"Trinity (The), a Nineteenth Century Passion Play," 272
Trollope, A., "Kept in the Dark," 287

Verrall, A. W., M.A., "The Medea of Euripides," 595
Veitch, J., LL.D., "Hamilton," 220
Veley, Margaret, "Damocles," 286

Waddington, S., "Arthur Hugh Clough," 584
Walpole, A. S., M.A., "Xenophon's Anabasis, Book I.," "Cæsar's Gallic War, Book I.," and "Virgil's Æneid, Book I.," 282
Watkins, Rev. M. G., "In the Country" Essays, 601
"Way Thither, The," 600
Webster, Augusta, "In a day:" a Drama, 277
"Webster: an Ode," 281
Wentworth, G. A., "A Practical Arithmetic," and "Elements of Algebra," 233
Werner, E., "Der Egoist," 605
West Indies, 308
White, S. C., "Bedlam Ballads," 292
Wilkinson, H., "Sunny Lands and Seas: a Voyage in the s.s. *Ceylon*," 548
——— T. C., "The Conquest, and other Poems," 590
——— W. C., "Preparatory Greek Course in English," 593
Wilman, G., "Sketches of Living Celebrities," 584
Witt, Professor, "Myths of Hellas," translated by Frances Younghusband, 602
Wordsworth, C., D.C.L., "Shakespeare's Historical Plays," vol. i., 607
Wrighton, Rev. W. G., "Functional Elements of an English Sentence," 282

Yeo, J. B., "The Contagiousness of Pulmonary Consumption and its Antiseptic Treatment," 246
Younge, C. D., "Essays of John Dryden," 283
Youngman, Rev. W. E., "Gleanings from Western Prairies," 290

Zimmerman, Dr., "Die Kichliche Verfassungs kampfe in XV Jahrhundert," 251
——— Helen, "Tales from the Edda," 291
——————— "The Epic of Kings:" Stories re-told from Firdusi, 603

END OF VOL. LXIII.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
LONDON AND EDINBURGH